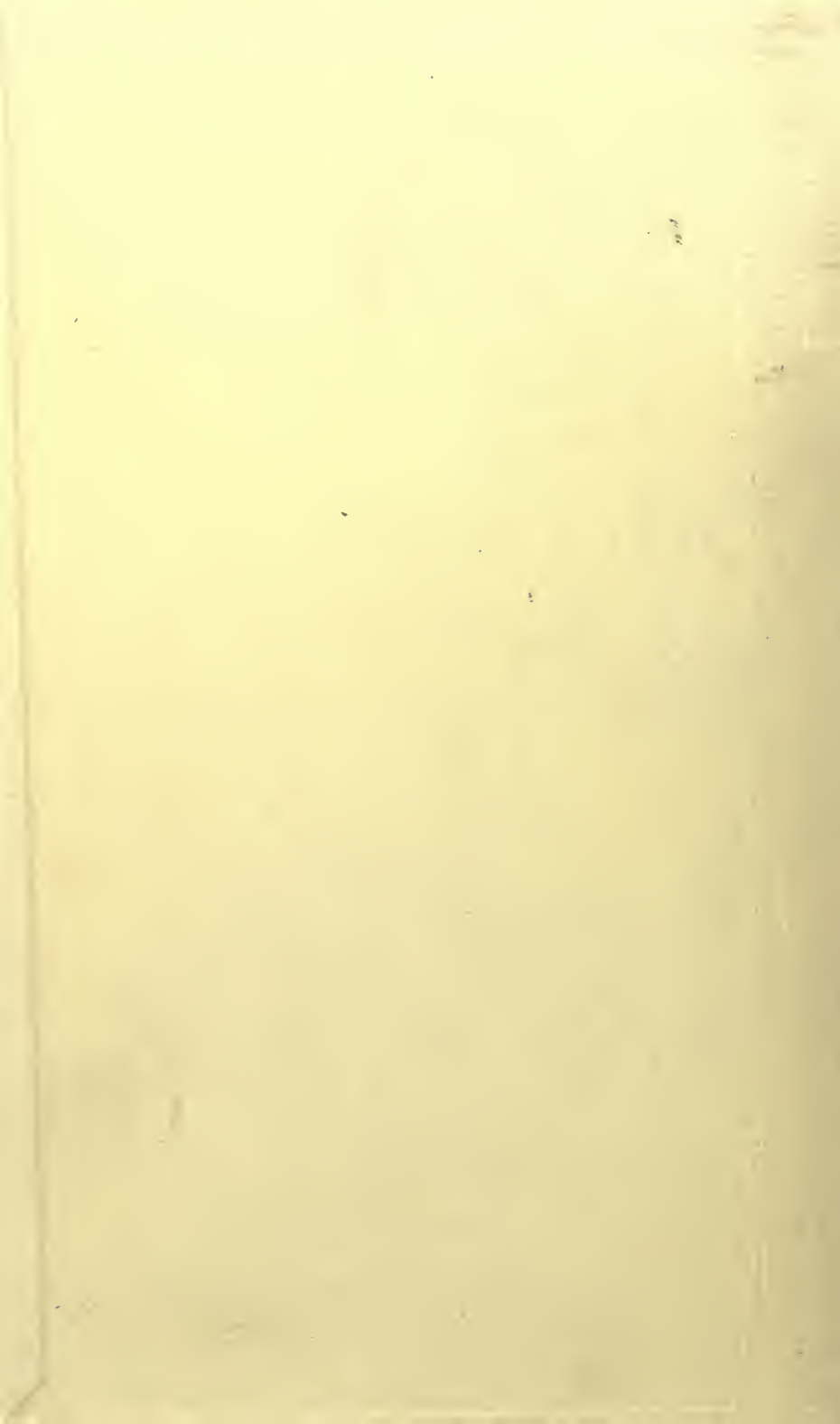


Izaak Walton
and His Friends

Stapleton Martin







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Izaak Walton and his Friends





*From the portrait in the National
Portrait Gallery.*

IZAACK WALTON

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Frontispiece.

IZAAK WALTON AND HIS FRIENDS

BY

STAPLETON MARTIN, M.A.

OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND REVISED

"One generation shall praise thy works to another."—PSALM CXIV. 12, 14.

"By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote."—R. W. EMERSON.

"The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages may be preserved by quotation."—CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

LONDON

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED

1904



Dedicated
TO
MY WIFE
AND CHILD



PREFACE

WE have recently been informed that in a biography "the person delineated should have the power of permanently interesting his fellow-men; and next, that the delineator should be able to recall him to life."¹

Izaak Walton, as years go on, is loved as a man and writer more and more; but whether I have succeeded in re-animating him must be left to the reader to determine.

This book is written chiefly with a view to bring out the spiritual side of Walton's character. I cannot find that anyone before me has attempted to do this. Walton was (to borrow a splendid phrase) a "God-intoxicated man," and to ignore this fact seems fatal to any right estimate of his character and life.

I venture to think that some little fresh information may be found in this book which may

¹ See an article in the *National Review* of December 1901, by Mr Asquith.

be acceptable to Waltonians. It is, however, written in the first instance for those who only know of Walton as a "Fisherman" and as the author of *The Complete Angler*; and in hope that this humble contribution to Waltonian lore may not only instruct, but so enamour the reader that he may for himself "rummage" Walton's writings, the only way, I apprehend, to get to the heart of the writer.

STAPLETON MARTIN.

THE FIRS,
NORTON,
WORCESTER.

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IZAAK WALTON

(1593—1683)

CHAPTER I

A SHORT MEMOIR OF IZAAK WALTON

“We seldom find

· The man of business with the artist join'd.”

Curiosities of Literature.

IZAAK WALTON was born on the 9th of August 1593, in the parish of St Mary, in the town of Stafford. Research as to his parentage has proved unsatisfactory, and nothing certain is known on the subject beyond that his father's name was Jervis Walton. The late Mr Thomas Westwood, who died in 1888, and was a great authority on Walton, wrote in 1873 (see *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. XI. p. 41): “It may be we shall never know which is the roof that sheltered Walton's youthful head in Stafford, even if such relic be still in existence.” It has been conjectured by Dean Stanley (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*) that he was named Izaak after the learned Isaac Casaubon, who was a friend of Walton's father,

and who died in 1614, and this seems highly probable.¹

Walton married twice. His first wife, to whom he was married at St Mildred's Church, Canterbury, on the 27th of December 1626, she being then aged nineteen, was Rachel, daughter of William and Susanna Floud, of Chevening, Kent, and she was maternally descended from Archdeacon Cranmer, brother of the Archbishop.² Rachel Walton died on the 22nd of August 1640, and was buried at St Dunstan's in the West, Fleet Street, London. There was issue of this marriage seven children, all of whom died young.

Walton married as his second wife, in 1646, Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, an attorney, and half-sister to Dr Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the most remarkable man among the non-juring prelates. Anne Walton died on the 17th of April 1662, and as she was buried in the Cathedral of Worcester, it is generally supposed that her death occurred while on a visit with her husband to George Morley, who was then Bishop of Worcester,

¹ Casaubon was also a friend of Sir Henry Wotton. We find Wotton, writing in 1593 to Lord Zouch, saying: "I am placed to my very great contentment, in the house of Mr Isaac Casaubon, a person of sober condition among the French."

² As regards the corruption of the Welsh name Llwyd (meaning grey), or Lloyd into the English forms Floud, Floyd, etc., and as to Cranmer's pedigree, see *The Perverse Widow; or, Memorials of the Boevey Family* (Longmans & Co., 1898).



THE FONT IN WHICH WALTON WAS BAPTISED IN ST MARY'S CHURCH, STAFFORD

To face page 2.

and who soon after became Bishop of Winchester, and from whom Walton has been said to have "sucked wit and wisdom." By this second marriage Walton had issue three children, short particulars of whom are given in Chapter XIV.

It is a curious fact that none of Walton's biographers, before Sir Harris Nicolas,¹ make any mention of his first marriage, and very few of them mention that by his second marriage he had issue two sons, respectively called by the name of Izaak.

Of Walton's youth we know nothing for certain. We may well believe that it was spotless and that he possessed "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," added to that which St Augustine has called "a mind naturally Christian," and that he sat "self-governed, in the fiery prime of youth, obedient at the feet of law." This makes his life much more interesting than if he had been a great sinner before he became a great saint. I consider that he must have received a very good education, and that he must have read a great deal, having a special knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. *The Love of Amos and Laura*,² written in 1613, is dedicated "To my approved and much respected friend, Iz. Wa." In that year Walton was only

¹ His full names appear in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as Nicholas Harriss Nicolas.

² The unique first edition (1613) was sold at Sotheby's in May 1903. The second edition (1619) is in the British Museum.

twenty years old. This alone shows that his devotion to literature must have begun early in his career; indeed, he appears to have been possessed of an almost immoderate thirst for knowledge. Most of his biographers state Walton had but an imperfect education, and knew Latin very imperfectly—"small Latin and less Greek." The reasons given are poor. Walton could never, says Lowell, "have been taught even the rudiments of Latin," and he gives some instances which he considers carry his point. It is enough for us, he says, "that he contrived to pick up somewhere and somehow a competent mastery of his mother tongue (far harder because seeming easier than Latin) and a diction of persuasive simplicity, capable of dignity where that was natural and becoming, such as not even the Universities can bestow."

Bethune writes that Walton's "knowledge of Latin, a few scraps of which appear on his pages, was evidently very slight." I suggest he was at least a fair Latin scholar. I do not forget that many of his own quotations from ancient authors might have been supplied to him in translations in English books, which are known to have been in existence in his day.¹ And I admit, he says of himself, "when I look back upon

¹ Walton quotes Thucydides in his *Life of Sanderson*; but a translation of that writer's *History of the Grecian War* was printed in 1628.

my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself that I am come to be publicly in print," and he would not boast "of acquired learning or study." However, he must have conversed much with learned men, and walking with wise men, without doubt, made him wise. Canon Beeching points out in his *Religio Laici* (Smith, Elder & Co., 1902) that it is important to insist that Walton was a man of education, and draws attention to his handwriting, "which is beautiful and scholarlike." Early in life he seems to have made friends with the best-known literary men of the day, and with those who "excelled in virtue." He appears to have followed the counsel given to cleave unto him that is wise, and be willing to hear every godly discourse, and when he saw a man of understanding—to get betimes unto him, and to let his foot wear the steps of his door (Ecclesiasticus vi. 34, 36).

Walton came to London before the year 1613, and was engaged in business in or near Chancery Lane for many years. Perhaps the real nature of his business will never now be discovered. It is usually supposed that he was a linendraper, sempster, haberdasher, milliner or merchant. That he was an ironmonger, as has been lately so confidently asserted, is improbable. It is true that, on the 12th of November 1618, he was admitted

a free brother of the Ironmongers' Company, and that in the license for his marriage with Rachel Floud he was described as of the "Cittie of London, Ironmonger," but, as the master for the time being of the Ironmongers' Company remarked on the occasion of the unveiling of the Walton Memorial Window at St Dunstan's Church in 1895, one who is free of the City of London "when styling himself as a citizen, appends the name of some trade or craft; that, however, does not necessarily indicate the trade or craft he actually follows; it simply means that he is a Freeman of the Livery Company of the City of London which bears such name."¹ It appears, therefore, that we have no good reason for supposing Walton to have been an ironmonger by trade. The same reasoning that would make him out to have been an ironmonger might just as well make him out to have been an attorney, since he is described in several documents and writings as "Gentleman," which, until quite a recent date, has been the proper and legal description of an attorney.²

In a petition to the "Court of Judicature for

¹ *The Fishing Gazette*, April 13, 1895.

² William Combe in his *Dance of Death* wrote:—

"And thus the most opprobrious fame
Attends upon the attorney's name.
Nay, these professors seem ashamed
To have their legal title named:
Unless my observation errs,
They're all become Solicitors."

determination of differences touching houses burnt in London," presented in 1670, Walton is described as "Isaac Walton, Gentleman."

Bethune says of Walton: "Gentleman he was by orthography and spirit, but gentleman in any other sense he cared not to be."

Of himself Walton writes: "I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that they were my ancestors'."

CHAPTER II

(1) WALTON AS A ROYALIST

“And they shall scoff at the kings, and the princes shall be a scorn unto them.”—HAB. i. 10.

“The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.”

ISAIAH i. 5.

It is necessary that the reader should regard the state the country was in when Walton lived, if he would estimate rightly the man.

S. T. Coleridge wrote:—

“I know no portion of history which a man might write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles I., because he may feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by any particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another line to another. No man of that age saw the truth, the whole truth; there was not light enough for that. The consequence, of course, was a

violent exaggeration of each party for the time. The King became a martyr, and the Parliamentarians traitors and *vice versâ*."

It has been well said that it is the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions.

We wonder if Walton ever hesitated as to which party he would side with. He says, in his *Life of Bishop Sanderson*: "I praise God that He prevented me from being of the party which helped to bring in this Covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it."

However, his hesitation, if the sentence really means he ever thought twice on the subject, was not for long, as he became a strong partisan and the trusted friend of the Royalists.

After the Battle of Worcester, the Royalists who took part in it dispersed. The following extracts taken from *Boscobel, or, The Compleat History of His Sacred Majestie's Most Miraculous Preservation after the Battle of Worcester, 3rd September 1651*, by Sir Thomas Blount, follow the account of the King's hiding in the neighbourhood of Worcester: "His Majesty having put off his garter, blue riband, George of diamonds, buff coat, and other princely ornaments,

committed his watch to the custody of the Lord Wilmot, and his George to Colonel Blague, and distributed the gold he had in his pocket among his servants, etc., did advertise the company to make haste away." And, quaintly adds the writer: "Thus David and his men departed out of Keilah, and went whithersoever they could go" (1 Sam. xxiii. 13).

"Colonel Blague remaining at Mr Barlow's house at Bloorpipe, about eight miles from Stafford, his first action was, with Mrs Barlow's privity and advice, to hide his Majesty's George under a heap of chips and dust; yet the Colonel could not conceal himself so well, but that he was here, soon after, taken and carried prisoner to Stafford, and from thence conveyed to the Tower of London. Meantime the George was transmitted to Mr Robert Milward, of Stafford, for better security, who afterwards faithfully conveyed it to Colonel Blague in the Tower by the trusty hands of Mr Isaac Walton." Most biographers of Walton give an account of the George incident with the reference to Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*.

Charles II., after an exile of twelve years, landed in England on the 25th May 1660, and five days later Walton wrote a joyous eclogue to Mr Alexander Brome (one of Ben Jonson's sons) on

the event. By an Act of Parliament of 1660, those of the parish clergy who had been turned out of their benefices during the Civil War were reinstated. In 1661 the New Parliament assured the Church in possession of all the property which she had held at the outbreak of the Civil War, and replaced the bishops in the House of Lords.

(2) WALTON AS THE RELIGIOUS MAN

“Pectus est quod facit theologum.”—NEANDER'S MOTTO.

Walton's friendship appears to have been confined almost entirely to Churchmen and Royalists, though it is true he informs us in his will he had a very long and true friendship with some of the Roman Church. Very likely Dr Donne, Dean of St Paul's Cathedral,¹ and Vicar of St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, introduced him to a “set” among the bishops and certain of the learned clergy, in return, perhaps, for Walton's undertaking various parochial duties. With the “taint of trade” upon him Walton must have found him-

¹ St Paul's Cathedral which in 1643 was completely restored, suffered at the hands of the Puritans, but was being repaired again in 1663 when in 1666 it was entirely destroyed by the Great Fire. The present St Paul's Cathedral was commenced in 1675. It was begun and completed under *one* architect, Sir Christopher Wren, under *one* Bishop of London, Dr Henry Crompton, and under *one* master-mason.

self sometimes like a fish out of water in company with the high-born and cultured Cotton, and in that of scholars and Church dignitaries. He had, says Lowell, "a genius for friendships and an amiability of nature ample for the comfortable housing of many at a time; he had even a special genius for bishops, and seems to have known nearly the whole episcopal bench of his day." Lowell gives us his own explanation of what he means by "genius."

We may imagine that Walton was as good a listener as he was a great converser and a maker of good talk "across the walnuts and the wine," never making harsh remarks; a repeater of reminiscences, though no mere man of anecdote, a man full of *bonhomie*. If these conjectures are right such a man would have been a welcome guest anywhere, but especially among the clergy.

Dr Johnson said: "It was wonderful that Walton, who was in a very low situation in life, should have been familiarly received by so many great men, and that at a time when the ranks of society were kept more separate than they are now." Yet Johnson might have wondered how it was that he was similarly treated by his superiors. It is never recorded that Walton was on terms of intimacy with any of the leading nonconformists of his day. He might have known John Milton,

since Wotton called him friend, and he might have known Richard Baxter, but we never read that he even came into contact with either of them. *The Complete Angler* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* are two of the most popular books ever published in the English language, yet Bunyan, though an angler himself, would have been quite an impossible companion for Walton, since his views on the Book of Common Prayer would alone have hindered, we may feel sure, their friendship.

Bunyan's view of prayer was that it should be, to use a phrase of Bishop Sanderson's, "open prayer;" in other words, that prayer should be extemporaneous, not preconceived. Judge Keeling cautioned Bunyan thus: "Take heed of speaking irreverently of the Book of Common Prayer, for if you do, you will bring great damage upon yourself." It is to be hoped few nonconformists will be found in this age to say with Dr Horton, that the Book of Common Prayer is a book of "unanswered prayers."¹

Walton's views of the book may be gathered from the following verses, written by his friend, Christopher Harvie, which he quotes in *The Complete Angler*, but I observe it is not to be found in the first edition:—

¹See the *Dissolution of Dissent*, by Robert F. Horton, D.D. (London: Arthur H. Stockwell, 1902).

“What! Prayer by the Book? and Common? Yes; why not?
 The spirit of grace
 And supplication
 Is not left free alone
 For time and place,
 But manner too: to read, or speak by rote
 Is all alike to him that prays
 In’s heart, what with his mouth he says.

“They that in private, by themselves alone,
 Do pray, may take
 What liberty they please,
 In choosing of the ways
 Wherein to make
 Their soul’s most intimate affections known
 To Him that sees in secret, when
 Th’ are most conceal’d from other men.

“But he that unto others leads the way
 In public prayer
 Should do it so
 As all that hear may know
 They need not fear
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
 Amen! not doubt they were betrayed
 To blaspheme, when they meant to have prayed.

“Devotion will add life unto the letter:
 And why should not
 That which authority
 Prescribes esteemed be
 Advantage got?
 If th’ prayer be good, the commoner the better,
 Prayer in the Church’s words as well
 As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.”

Excepting the prayers in the Liturgy, many regard Dr Jeremy Taylor’s to be superior to all

others. The reader may be referred to the published prayers of George Dawson of Birmingham, as being seemingly almost inspired. Dawson thought he might perhaps go down to posterity in his prayers. Some persons dread any new forms of service with prayers not found in the Prayer-book. Christopher Wordsworth, the late Bishop of Lincoln, said : "It would indeed be a misfortune deeply to be regretted, if Convocation in these days were to present itself before the public in the character of a manufactory of prayers" (*see his Life*, p. 172, Rivingtons).

About the year 1644 Walton left London, "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there." He appears to have made money by his business, and we expect he was an exception to the statement that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong" (*Ecclesiasticus*, xxvi. 29), for we cannot conceive him effecting a "deal" to the detriment of anyone, or being a party to "the wrongful dealings of men." We expect those who did business with him soon found :—

"His Nay was Nay, without recall ;
 His Yea was Yea, and powerful all ;
 He gave his yea with careful heed,
 His thoughts and words were well agreed,
 His word his bond and seal."

Whilst engaged in his business and "midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men," we think he

must have been one of those referred to in these beautiful lines :—

“There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th’ everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

JOHN KEBLE.

This “saint of the mart and busy street” seems by opportunity of leisure to have given his mind to literature, and his free-time to the study and practice of angling. It is indeed difficult to know exactly where to place him. He was saturated with religion and with theology from his youth up, and the man who only knows of him as a fisherman will receive a mighty revelation when he discovers he was a most religious man, as well as a theologian and a literary one, though also “undoubtedly the best angler with a minnow in England,” if we are to believe Cotton’s statement on the point. We may be permitted to wonder where Walton would have found himself in the ecclesiastical world if now alive. No “peacock” ritualism, as Emerson expresses it, would, we may be sure, have attracted him. The sight of the churches staggering backward to the mummeries of the dark ages would probably have made him

“tremble for the ark.” He would have grieved over those who, taking the pay and status of the English Church, openly deny the principles of the Reformation, and, hating the very name of “Protestant,” seek altogether to alter the geographical boundaries of that Church.

The late Bishop Harvey Goodwin, of Carlisle, well said, “that any English Churchman should doubt whether upon the whole the Church was better or worse for being reformed, or should regard the Reformation not as a necessity, but as a crime—this is to my mind absolutely wonderful” (“The Message of the Spirit to the Church of England,” a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, 1869).

In no period has the Anglican Church, writes Hallam, referring to the period 1650-1700, stood up so powerfully in defence of the Protestant cause. From the era of the Restoration to the close of the century, the war was unremitting and vigorous. And it is particularly to be remarked, he says, that the principal champions of the Church of England “threw off that ambiguous syncretism which had displayed itself under the first Stuarts, and, comparatively at least with their immediate predecessors, avoided every admission which might facilitate a deceitful compromise.” Many of Walton’s greatest friends were out and out Protestants.

Macaulay has said "that the school of divinity of which Hooker was the chief occupies a middle place between the school of Cranmer and the school of Laud." Walton, in my opinion, must be placed in Hooker's school, and must certainly be classed as a "High Churchman." That he received his knowledge of Christ from Donne's teaching we can have no doubt at all.

He thus describes Donne's preaching: "Preaching the Word so, as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others; a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud¹ but in none; carrying some, as St Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it: and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness."²

¹ This is a phrase in a poem of Donne's.

² Dean Milman said Donne's sermons "held the congregation enthralled, unwearied, unsatiated." "It is my full conviction" (says Coleridge), "that in any half-dozen sermons of Donne or Taylor there are more thoughts, more facts and images, more excitement to inquiry and intellectual effort, than are presented to the congregations of the present day in as many churches or meetings during twice as many months."

In the most pathetic elegy Walton wrote on Donne's death, beginning "Our Donne is dead," he writes that Donne

"Went to see
That blessed place of Christ's nativity
Did he return and preach him? preach him so
As since St Paul none did, none could! Those know
(Such as were blest to hear him) this is truth."

And his agony (we can use no other word) on Donne's death is vividly shown by the haunting wail:—

"Oh! do not call grief back, by thinking on his funeral."¹

Walton probably adopted the direction to "decline the company and society of known schismatics, not conversing frequently or familiarly with them, or more than the necessary affairs of life and the rules of neighbourhood and common civility will require, especially not to give countenance unto their Church Assemblies by our presence among them, if we can avoid it."² However, it appears from a letter of Walton's, dated the 2nd of October 1651, that he attended a "fanatical meeting called an Evening Lecture, in St Dunstan's Church, where a brawling trooper filled that pulpit which was once occupied by ye learned and heavenly-minded Dr Donne":—

¹ Jeremy Taylor, in his *Holy Dying*, writes: "I desire to die a dry death, but am not very desirous to have a dry funeral."

² See Bishop Sanderson's *Judgment Concerning Submission to Usurpers*.

“Where first I caught the rays divine,
And drank the Eternal Word.”

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

This semi-delirious sectary was probably one of those of whom Sydney Smith, the witty Canon of St Paul's Cathedral, sarcastically said: “He could gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton.” In the introduction to Walton's *Lives*, written by Henry Morley (George Routledge & Sons, 1888), he states that Walton “went to church” at St Paul's, where Donne had been made dean, and that he had “from the pulpit of St Paul's first stirred in him the depths of spiritual life.” He never refers to St Dunstan's Church and appears ignorant of the fact that it was the church Walton attended.

Sir Leslie Stephen can imagine Walton “gazing reverently from his seat at the dean in the pulpit, dazzled by a vast learning and a majestic flow of elaborate rhetoric which seemed to the worthy tradesman to come as from an ‘angel in the clouds,’ and offering a posthumous homage as sincere and touching as that which, no doubt, engaged the condescending kindness of the great man in life.” How radically false this view is Canon Beeching well points out.

Some of Walton's views of the nonconformists

of his own time will be found recorded in the remarkable "digression," as he himself calls it, which he makes on the subject in his *Life of Hooker*. We must suppose Walton observed Saints' days and fasting, for he sings:—

" Each Saint's day
Stands as a landmark in an erring age,
To guide frail mortals in their pilgrimage
To the celestial Canaan; and each fast
Is both the soul's direction, and repast."

He would also appear from his remarks in the *Life of Hooker* to have approved of the clergy being celibate, for he speaks of "those corroding cares that attend a married Priest, and a country Parsonage."

If the reader believes that Walton was the author of the treatise *Love and Truth*, as to which see Chapter IX., he will be fully acquainted with his attitude to the nonconformists of his time and as to his views of religion and habits of worship, and he will be forced to rank him nearer to Laud's school than to Hooker's. Walton's views of heaven show that he had not gone very deeply into the distinction between it and Paradise, and he seems to have believed, with certain Roman Catholic theologians, that "perfectly cleansed souls pass at once to heaven." His ideas also on the subject of our occupation in heaven are rather antiquated; he seemingly

thought that its occupants would be engaged in perpetual singing, and in "sweeping idle harps before a throne." It is quite impossible to dissociate Walton from his religion, as I have before intimated. His character is best shown by applying two words to him, "distinctive" and "transparent." "None but himself can be his parallel;" he was indeed quite a unique personage. Lowell has written that Walton's "real business in this world was to write the Lives and *The Complete Angler*, and to leave the example of a useful and unspotted life behind him."

CHAPTER III

WALTON AS AN ANGLER

“O come, and rich in intellectual wealth,
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge, health ;
Long, in this sheltered scene of lettered talk,
With sober step repeat the pensive walk ;
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease,
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,
And many an idle hour—not idly passed.”

SAMUEL ROGERS (*An Epistle to a Friend*).

“He that wonders shall reign.”—*Gospel According to the Hebrews*, quoted by Clem. Alex., Strom, ii. 9, 45.

WHEN residing in London, Walton must often have left “City noise” for the purpose of fishing in the rivers round it—the River Lea in particular. Although most, but not all, of Walton’s biographers think it very improbable that he ever himself used a reel, and although the Thames and other southern rivers drew good store of sea-fish, they nearly all think that most of his information on salmon-fishing was derived from hearsay only.¹

¹ See *Salmon and Sea Trout*, by Sir H. Maxwell, Bart. Walton informs us that though some of our northern countries have as fat and as large salmon as the Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.

Sir Henry Wotton in his old age built himself a fishing-house near Eton. Walton styles him "that under-valuer of money," and narrates that he was "a frequent practiser of the art of angling." Wotton is supposed to allude to Walton in the line:—

"There stood my friend,"

in his verses entitled—

"On the bank as I sate a-fishing."

Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.

The friendship between Walton and Wotton is remarked upon by Edward Jesse, in *Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies* (J. Murray, 1847), thus:—

"Odd enough we should think it now-a-days, to see a provost of Eton, a dignitary of the Church and a linendraper in the same punt, bobbing for eels or hooking gudgeons!"

We must suppose Walton now and again visited Stafford for fishing purposes, and when he tells us he used to

"Loiter long days near Shawford Brook,"

we are to infer that it is the water of that name about five miles from Stafford that is meant, and not the Shawford Brook near Winchester, although he appears to have fished in Hampshire. This latter brook is dear to anglers of this generation as a trout stream.

Walton also fished in Kent, for he says he knew himself of a certain brook there that bred trouts "remarkable alike to their number and smallness," and he says he had seen in the beginning of July, "some parts of a river not far from Canterbury covered over with young eels about the thickness of a straw." He writes of himself as a man who is a master of his art, thus cock sure of his knowledge, he says: "I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows."

Cotton tells us Walton understood "as much of fish and fishing as any man living," and that he really did believe he understood "as much of it (angling) at least as any man in England," and that it was only because he had from his childhood pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers that he presumed to supplement the instructions given by Walton in Part I. of *The Complete Angler*. There is no life, Walton says, so happy and pleasant as the life of a "well-governed angler;" it invites to contemplation and quietness; its lawfulness he justifies by appeal to the Scriptures and to the practice of it by apostles, the saints and primitive Christians. Our Saviour, he says, never reproved the apostles for their employment or calling, and he suggests that Christ found the hearts of such men by nature fitted for contemplation and quietness. He quotes some

verses expressing this idea. The last stanza runs :—

“The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon Him here,
Bless'd fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that He on earth did taste :
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.”

Walton informs us very minutely how to fish with frogs for pike, yet to use the reptile “as though you loved him.” It was, I presume, on account of these directions he incurred the censure of Byron, who wrote :—

“And angling too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.”

Don Juan.

He also called Walton “a sentimental savage,” and said of angling that it was “the cursedest, coldest, and the stupidest of sports.”

As if to resent the term “carnifex” being applied to him, Walton says of himself : “I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.”

Richard Franck (1624-1708)¹—of whom the reader will read more later on—quieted his own qualms about taking life in sport, by quoting the command : “Arise, Peter, kill and eat !” I here remark that no good sportsman glories in the

¹ Sir Harris Nicolas calls him Robert Frank, and Jesse calls him Richard Franks, in their editions of *The Complete Angler*.

death merely of his quarry, and takes "no comfort" in killing. He would rather hide his eyes, if possible, over that part of the business, considering that it rather detracts from his enjoyment than otherwise. We have the right to believe that fish suffer no more pain when taken by a fly or minnow than when captured by nets. Unless we are strict vegetarians we surely have every right to indulge in fishing and field sports, but this is very far from justifying vivisection, which—allowing for the sake of argument that discoveries have been, or may be, made by its practice for the benefit of man and also beasts—is so absolutely hellish that it should cease to be tolerated in this country at least. The late Bishop Westcott, of Durham, has written :—

"If He who made us made all other creatures also, if they find a place in His providential plan, if His tender mercies reach to them—and this we Christians most certainly believe—then I find it absolutely inconceivable that He should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge that we can attain to truths which it is His will that we should master only through the unutterable agonies of beings which trust in us. Life is more than a bundle of physical facts. Life in each distinct form is a sacred gift to be dealt with reverently. Life for the Christian is an energy not apart from Christ. Better, then, than any precarious increase

of our acquaintance with phenomena, better than any fresh supply of vital force drawn for man from the mutilated beast, better than a brief span possibly added to our earthly sojourn, is the pure consciousness that we have not broken down the barriers of a holy reverence, or sought relief for our own pain by inflicting it on some weaker being." No man by reason of his philosophy need be afraid to adopt this reasoning. The words are noble and fearless.

Franck wrote: "The creatures in the creation (we must grant) were designed for nutrition and sustentation; yet no man had a commission so large to take away life upon no other account than to gratify his lust. Then the next question arising will be, whether the rod or the net is rather to be approved of. I have only this answer (since both contribute to health and maintenance), the apostles themselves used the one, why then may not the angler plead for the other?"

Walton insists strongly that angling is an art, and an art worth the learning, and worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man; he discusses the question whether the happiness of a man consists more in contemplation or in action, and declares his own belief to be that in angling both meet together. The very sitting, he says, by the riverside is the fittest place for contemplation and for revelation. He learnt much about

fishing from *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, a fourth part issued in 1496 to a second edition of the *Book of St Albans*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1486 in three parts; the first part being on Hawking, the second in verse on Hunting and the third on Coat Armour. The writer of this *Treatyse of Fysshynge* has been generally supposed to have been Dame Juliana Barnes or Berners. A few years ago doubts were raised (seemingly on no sufficient authority) as to whether she really wrote or compiled it. A charming facsimile reproduction of *The Treatyse* was brought out by Elliot Stock in 1880, and I possess another privately printed in Edinburgh in 1885. Walton, all admit, copied from this work, without any acknowledgment, the writer's directions for making flies. His other chief authorities were Androvanus, Dubravius and Gesner, and the reader gets a trifle weary of the mention of their names and especially of the name of the latter. Walton admits that a great deal of information on fly-fishing was derived second-hand from one Thomas Barker, whom he describes in the first edition of *The Complete Angler* as a gentleman that had spent much time and money in angling. Barker had been "admitted into the most Ambassadors' kitchens that had come to England for forty years, and drest fish for them." It was probably he who gave Walton instructions of a

culinary nature, for the reader of *The Complete Angler* is often instructed how to dress fish for dinner; indeed, Franck hints that the book became popular because it taught the reader to cook as well as to catch fish.

Until Walton's time the principles of angling were propagated mainly by tradition. An account of angling among the ancients and down to Walton's time is to be found in Dr Bethune's learned edition of *The Complete Angler*, published in 1847 by Willy & Putnam, of New York; and the reader is also referred to *Angling Literature in England*, by Osmund Lambert (1881), and to *Walton and the Earlier Fishing Writers*, by R. B. Marston (1894). Only a few books on the subject of angling had appeared in England when Walton brought out his book. His discourse caused various books to be written in his lifetime. In 1651 Thomas Barker wrote his book entitled *The Art of Angling*, and in 1657 the second edition was published under the enlarged title of *Barker's Delight; or, The Art of Angling*. One of the commendatory verses of that edition runs:—

“Bark not at Barker, lest he bite;
But if in angling thou delight,
To kill the trout, and cook the fish,
Follow his rules and have thy wish.”

In 1658 Richard Franck wrote a book entitled *Northern Memoirs*, calculated for the Meridian of

Scotland. Wherein most or all of the Cities, Citadels, Seaports, Castles, Forts, Fortresses, Rivers, and Riverlets, are compendiously described. It was not, however, published until 1694, and a new edition of it appeared in 1821, with a preface by Sir Walter Scott.

Franck was a practical fisherman and a very independent man. His *Northern Memoirs* is a very interesting book, but is now rarely read. It consists of a dialogue carried on between Theophilus and Arnoldus. In one place the latter says: "What would you propound to yourself?" The former replies: "The exercise of the rod and learn to fish." Arnoldus—"And who shall instruct us?" Theophilus—"Ourselves: who should? You shall be my tutor, and I'll be your pupil." Sir Walter Scott, in his preface to the 1821 edition, remarks that Franck seems to have entertained peculiar and mystical notions in theology, yet, in general, expresses himself as a good Christian and well-meaning man.

Another interesting book written in Walton's lifetime was *The Angler's Vade Mecum; or, A Compendious, yet Full, Discourse of Angling*. Chetham's name did not appear as the writer in the first edition of 1681, in the preface he says the author hath forborne to annex his name; not that he is ashamed to own it, but wishes the reader to regard things more than

empty names, which, if all would do, many would not so long labour under the veil of ignorance as they do. In after editions, however, he annexes his name, not, he says, out of the common itch, or ostentation, to be seen in print, but to evidence that he's not ashamed to own the work. I think that at least until the year 1740, when John Williamson published *The British Angler; or, A Pocket Companion for Gentlemen-Fishers*, little advancement had really been made in the knowledge of the angler's art. In the preface to that work, the writer states that the improvements that had been made by the generality of writers since Walton's time "are indeed so few, and for the most part so trivial, rather adding to and perplexing his words," that he could not but wonder at seeing so much done to so little purpose; and he further states that the improvements that had been made in experimental philosophy justified his writing his own book. He probably had *The Complete Angler* in view when he said, he rejected "idle superstitious observances, and weak fabulous accounts of natural causes." He also says: "The great advantage, as well as ornament of this book, and which must eminently distinguish it from all others, is the poetical part, which cannot but be equally useful and entertaining. I dare speak so highly of it because a great number of the lines are by authors of the first rank. It was my

remembering so many of these, and at the same time lighting on an ingenious little book called *The Innocent Epicure*, which more than doubled my quantity, that first put me in the head of thus adding a summary in verse to each chapter." The full title of the interesting book referred to is *The Innocent Epicure; or, The Art of Angling. A Poem*. It was published in 1697. The preface is by N. Tate, who says: "The copy of this poem being sent to me from the unknown author, with commission to publish or suppress it, as I thought fitting; his indifference about the matter convinced me that he was a gentleman who wrote it for his diversion, or at least in kindness to those who are lovers of that ingenious and innocent recreation, concerning which he has made so judicious observations. I immediately communicated the sight of his manuscript to several experienced anglers, (and some of them no enemies to the Muses) who agreed in their opinions, that notwithstanding the confinement that verse lays upon a writer, it far excels anything that has been published in prose upon this subject, even in the useful and instructive part of the work. They assured me, that it contains all the necessary rules that have yet been delivered; and those rules digested into a much better method; together with several uncommon and surprising remarks, which many who are reputed artists at the Sport, may receive

advantage by." After the year 1740 the works on angling fast increased, and now their number is legion.

Hugh Miller might have considered Walton his model when he gave the following advice: "Occupy your leisure in making yourselves wiser men. Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all." Walton could say, with Sir Henry Wotton, of angling: "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent." We picture him at one time walking alone by shadowed waters and amongst odoriferous flowers, at another time sitting under a honeysuckle hedge finding "solitude the audience chamber of God."¹

He was "to catch men," by the example of a godly life, unique holy living, a loving heart, alacrity of spirit, cheerfulness, and by his writings. Living in a "world of opportunity and wonder," he was to enjoy life and to obtain knowledge and learning while pursuing a lawful recreation. This attitude is beautifully expressed in the six verses by J. Davors to be found set out in the first chapter of *The Complete Angler*. The singer prays for a quiet and happy life, and to have what we read of in the Book of Job as the "hear-

¹ W. S. Landor.

ing ear, and the seeing eye," for appreciating fully the glories and beauties of the natural world with its birds and fish. The last stanza runs :—

“ All these, and many more of His creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see :
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be !
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from other fancies free.
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry sky.”

All this is just what the ordinary man cannot understand—it is “foolishness” to him. An “athlete” is understood, and a “capuchin,” as Napoleon calls the religious man, is understood, but only the few can reconcile the meaning of *il santo atleta*—the athlete sanctified.¹ We can claim Walton as being rightly described as an “athlete,” for he states, “no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me,” when he expresses his eagerness to join in pursuit of the otter ; so he was able, we must suppose, to get across a country at least on foot ! The careful reader will not accept the ridiculous belief of some writers on Walton that he only followed angling “as a pretext for a day or two in the fields” ; on the contrary, it may be taken for granted he was keen. He was not first a lover of the picturesque, and merely, in the second place, an angler. Walton says he does

¹ Dante, *Paradiso*, XII. 55.

not consider it proper to talk of some fish "because they make us anglers no sport"; and he quotes the saying: "I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." Yet a recent writer in his edition of *The Complete Angler* (published by Methuen & Co., 1901), can say he is "not sure if Walton ever deserved the fine name of sportsman in its truer sense!"

Walton greatly disliked swearing. A companion, he says, that feasts the company with wit and mirth and leaves out the sin (which is usually mixed with them), he is the man. He says, "good company and good discourse are the very sinues of virtue." With quaint humour he advises anglers to be patient and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish, but he assures us that anglers seldom take the name of God into their mouths but it is either to praise Him or pray to Him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, he tells us it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it.¹ He says he loves such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another the next morning. Fancy in these days men praying before, and as part of, their recreation! Yet in "primitive" times they did.

¹ Mercurius Hermon, in verses to Richard Franck, writes:—

"Sir, you have taught the angler that good fashion
Not to catch fish with oaths, but contemplation."

What a number of times in his writings does Walton use this word primitive! At a meeting of brothers of the angle he says: "Let's e'en say grace, and turn to the fire, and drink the other cup to wet our whistles, and so sing away sad thoughts." *The Treatyse of Fysshynge* before mentioned contains this advice near the end: "Whanne ye purpoos to goo on your disportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persones wyth you, whiche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye maye serve God deuowtly in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer. And thus doynge ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices." It may be worth observing that in no age has angling been considered repugnant to the clergyman's calling. Amongst many clerical votaries of the art who have lived since Walton's day may be mentioned—Dr William Paley, the author of *Natural Theology*, who died in 1805,¹ who had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; Charles Kingsley, Canon of Westminster, who died in 1875; the Rev. John Russell, best known as "the sporting parson," or as "Jack" Russell, who died in 1883; Archbishop Magee, who died in 1891; the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, who died in 1845; the Rev. William Kirby, the entomologist, who died in 1850; the Rev. Theobald Mathew, called

¹ He was Senior Wrangler, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

the "Apostle of Temperance," a Roman Catholic priest, who died in 1856; the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, Canon of Salisbury, who died in 1850; Bishop Claughton of St Albans, who died in 1892; and the Rev. Morgan George Watkins, now living. Mr Watkins, in his preface to the above-mentioned facsimile reproduction of *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle* (see p. 29), well says that the last two pages of it give us a portrait of the writer's conception of the perfect angler—"simplicity of disposition, forbearance to our neighbour's rights, and consideration in fishing or employment of its gentle art to increase worldly gain and fill the larder is equally condemned. She holds the highest view of angling; that it is to serve a man for solace, and to cause the health of his body, but especially of his soul. So she would have him pursue his craft alone for the most part, when his mind can rise to high and holy things, and he may serve God devoutly by saying from his heart his customary prayer. Nor should a man ever carry his amusement to excess and catch too much at one time; this is to destroy his future pleasure and to interfere with that of his neighbours. A good sportsman too, she adds, will busy himself in nourishing the game and destroying all vermin." I cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph from *Salmonia; or, Days of Fly Fishing*, which might have come

from the pen of Walton instead of from that of the great philosopher and chemist, Sir Humphrey Davy. He thus describes the benefits of angling to the philosopher and the lover of nature: "It carries us into the most vivid and beautiful scenery of nature, among the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the highest ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful, in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee, and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like gems in the sunbeam, to hear the twittering of the water birds, with other like sights and sounds, and to finish all by catching a salmon, and carrying him home."

CHAPTER IV

“THE COMPLETE ANGLER”

It containeth “wise sayings, dark sentences, and parables, and certain particular ancient godly stories of men that pleased God.”—ECCLESIASTICUS (*Prologue*).

“This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest ingenuously 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book and you.”

To my dear brother, Mr Iz. Walton, on his Complete Angler.
ROB. FLOUD, C.¹

IN 1653 Walton published *The Compleat Angler; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing not Unworthy the Perusal of Most Anglers*, adorned with exquisite cuts of some of the fish mentioned in it.² The title-page had the motto:—

“Simon Peter said, I go a-fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee” (John xxi. 3). This motto has been omitted in all subsequent editions. The author's name did not appear on the title-page of this edition.

Sir Harris Nicolas says that Walton framed his treatise upon *A Treatise on the Nature of God*

¹ R. Floud was Walton's brother-in-law.

² Generally supposed to be the work of Lombart.

(often attributed to Bishop Morton), a small volume first printed in 1599, which not only commences in nearly the identical words of, but bears, in other places, a great similarity to *The Complete Angler*, and there is so much resemblance between many passages of Walton's work and *Heresbachius' Husbandry*, by Googe, which was first printed in 1577, as to render it probable that he was indebted to that work for some of his ideas.

The subject-matter of the treatise is carried on in dialogue between two interlocutors, Piscator (a fisherman) and Viator (a traveller). A second edition was demanded in 1655, and various important alterations were made, there now being three interlocutors, "Piscator," "Venator" (a hunter) and "Auceps" (a falconer), Viator being eliminated.

Of this most wonderful work five editions were brought out during Walton's life, viz., in 1653, 1655, 1661, 1668 and 1676. A short discourse by way of postscript, touching the laws of angling, was first published with, and was printed at the end of, the third edition of the book; it is, however, omitted in most of the subsequent editions. Who the writer was is not known, but he was evidently learned in the law. The fifth edition contained a second part, which Cotton wrote, and this second part had the title *The Complete Angler: Being Instructions how to Angle for Trout or*

Grayling in a Clear Stream. In the title-page is a cypher composed of the initial letters of Walton and Cotton, with the words:—

“Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periculum,
Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.”¹

All the later editions have been founded upon this fifth edition. The second part consists of a dialogue between two persons, “Piscator” junior, (who was Cotton himself), and Viator, a supposed friend of Walton’s, who had been addicted to the chase till taught by Walton “a good, a more quiet, innocent and less dangerous diversion.” It has often been remarked that, considering the state the country was in when the book was first published, it is wonderful how it could have been written, but it should be remembered that it must have been well thought out after many years of cogitation, since Walton was sixty years old when the first edition was published. Cotton writes, in 1675, that for some years past he had often thought on the subject which he “scribbled” in little more than ten days’ time, and which constitutes Part II. of the book.

Some attempts have been made during recent years to discard Part II. altogether, and to pro-

¹ A translation of which reads: He who does not believe me, let him make trial himself, and he will be fairer to my writings.

duce Part I. by itself. This seems a great mistake, considering how many years the two parts have formed one book, and considering also how pleasant in their lives Walton and Cotton were together.

The Experienced Angler; or, Angling Improved, by Colonel Robert Venables, was published in 1662, and was reprinted by some booksellers, and bound as a third part to one of the editions of *The Complete Angler*. Such copies were known by the name of *The Universal Angler*. Walton wrote a preface to *The Experienced Angler* signed I. W., though he says he had never to his knowledge had the happiness to see the author's face, and that he had accidentally "come to a view of the discourse" before it went to the press. This work is now seldom read, and as it differs so much in style from both Parts I. and II. of *The Complete Angler*, it is hardly likely it will ever again form one book with it.

In *Book-Prices Current*, 1892, on p. 274, it will be seen that *The Universal Angler* has had bound up with it *The Complete Troller; or, The Art of Trolling*, making four volumes in one. This last-named book is described in the preface to a book entitled *The Whole Art of Fishing* (E. Curll, 1714) as usually bound up with *The Experienced Angler*, and Walton's and Cotton's *Complete Angler*. I cannot, however, find *The Whole Art of Fishing* in

any catalogue or index at the British Museum, though I happily possess a copy of it.

In the body of *The Innocent Epicure*, before mentioned in Chapter III., Walton, Cotton and Venables are referred to in the lines:—

“Hail! Great Triumvirate of Angling! Hail!”

Hallam has said of *The Complete Angler*, that “its simplicity, its sweetness, its natural grace, and happy intermixture of graver strains with the precepts of angling, have rendered this book deservedly popular” (*Literary History*, Vol. IV., p. 323). Charles Lamb, in a letter to Coleridge, wrote: “Among all your quaint readings did you ever light upon Walton’s *Complete Angler*? I asked you the question once before; it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man’s temper at any time to read it, it would christianise every discordant angry passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it.” Its remarkable power to fascinate is most amusingly shown by Washington Irving in one of his chapters in *The Sketch Book*. William Hazlitt wrote: “Walton’s *Complete Angler* makes that work a great favourite with sportsmen; the alloy of an amiable humanity, and the modest but touching description of familiar incidents and rural objects scattered through it, have

made it an equal favourite with every reader of taste and feeling" (*Plain Speaker*). This high authority also wrote: "I should suppose no other language than ours can show such a book as an oft-mentioned one, Walton's *Complete Angler*, so full of *naïveté*, of unaffected sprightliness, of busy trifling, of dainty songs, of refreshing brooks, of shady arbours, of happy thoughts, and of the herb called heart's-ease!" ("Merry England" in *Sketches and Essays*). Miss Mary Russell Mitford, in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, says: "Certainly it was not amongst the least of the many excellencies of Izaak Walton's charming book, that he helped to render popular so many pure and beautiful lyrics." Thomas Westwood's estimate of the value of the book is neatly given: it "is essentially a book to be loved, and to be discoursed of lovingly."

The following remarks I take from the *Works of Alexander Pope, with Memoirs of His Life*, by William L. Bowles, Vol. I., p. 135: "Let me take this opportunity of recommending the amiable and venerable Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*, a work the most singular of its kind, breathing the very spirit of contentment, of quiet and unaffected philanthropy, and interspersed with some beautiful relics of poetry, old songs and ballads." It has been asked, see *Notes and Queries* (3rd S., VIII., p. 353), who it was that wrote of

The Complete Angler that it will hold its place in our literature "as long as the white-thorn blossoms in the hedgerows, and the lark carols in the cloud."

We get at the Scotsman's estimate of Walton by reading an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, 1823, soon after Major's edition of *The Complete Angler* was brought out. The writer says that Walton was more tenderly beloved in England than in Scotland: "Such a being could never have been in Scotland, and therefore we do not thoroughly understand either his character or the impassioned veneration with which it is regarded. He is rather considered as a sort of oddity; and the book itself is not so much felt, as the real record of the experience of a flesh and blood old man: as a pleasant, although somewhat unnatural, fiction, too often bordering upon silliness; and to a grave philosophical people like us, throughout tinged with a childish and Utopian spirit." Of course, it was quite impossible that such a book should not have fierce criticism bestowed upon it, and Hazlitt says: "There are those who if you praise Walton's *Complete Angler*, sneer at it as a childish or old-womanish performance." The greatest by far of Walton's detractors, however, was Richard Franck; this is what he writes: "Isaac Walton (late author of *The Compleat Angler*) has imposed upon the world this monthly

novelty which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the trolling-rod, who lays the steps of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiarist, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing other men's notions."

Sir Walter Scott, in his preface when he edited the book written by Franck, as to which see Chapter III., states: "Probably no reader, while he reads the disparaging passages in which the venerable Isaac Walton is introduced, can forbear wishing that good old man, who had so true an eye for nature, so simple a taste for her most innocent pleasures, and withal, so sound a judgment, both concerning men and things, had made this northern tour instead of Franck, and had detailed in the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language, his observations on the scenery and manners of Scotland." Here I digress in order to make some observations as to Walton's reasons for writing his books.

In Boswell's *Life of Dr Johnson*, we read of a letter which runs thus: "It gives me much pleasure to hear that a republication of Isaac

Walton's Lives is intended. You have been in a mistake in thinking that Lord Hailes had it in view. I remember one morning, while he sat with you in my house, he said, that there should be a new edition of Walton's Lives, and you said that they should be noted a little. This was all that passed on that subject. You must, therefore, inform Dr Horne, that he may resume his plan. I enclose a note concerning it; and if Dr Horne will write to me, all the attention that I can give shall be cheerfully bestowed upon what I think a pious work, the preservation and elucidation of Walton, by whose writings I have been most pleasingly edified."

Later on, however, we read: "Pray get for me all the editions of Walton's Lives. I have a notion that the republication of them with notes will fall upon me, between Dr Horne and Lord Hailes."

It has been said most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the present in the future. In his epistle to the reader in Walton's *Life of Donne* he informs us that he wrote the *Life of George Herbert* chiefly to please himself, but yet not without some respect to posterity. In 1676, when the fifth edition of *The Complete Angler* was given to the world, in his epistle to the reader Walton says: "I did not

write this discourse to please myself but to please others," and he says, "that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation," and again: "I write not to get money but for pleasure." In spite of this admission Walton was no fool in the estimation of Dr Johnson, who remarked that "nobody but a fool wrote except for money." A modern thinker¹ has remarked that the desire of posthumous fame, though a very high one, is a very unusual ambition. We rather think with Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, that most of us "long to be remembered after death." Certainly we must suppose that Walton desired fame in his life and after. We remember his well-known monogram, scratched by him on Isaac Casaubon's tomb in the south transept in Westminster Abbey in 1658, "earliest of those unhappy inscriptions of names of visitors which have since defaced so many a sacred space in the Abbey. 'O si sic omnia!' We forgive the Greek soldiers who recorded their journey on the foot of the statue at Ipsambul; the Platonist who has left his name in the tomb of Rameses at Thebes; the Roman Emperor who has carved his attestation of Memnon's music on the colossal knees of Amenophis. Let us in like manner forgive the angler for this mark of himself in Poets' Corner" (Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*).

¹ Dean Vaughan, Master of the Temple.

We read of a stone near Madeley Pond on which Walton is said to have carved his initials. In some twenty of his own books now in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury¹ can be seen his name or initials (all, however, may not be autographs), and now and again some book will turn up at auction, ear-marked in that way, as having been once in his possession, and therefore fetching far more than its fair market value on that account.² Johnson called Walton "a great panegyrist," and once Boswell said to him: "No quality will get a man more friends than a disposition to admire the qualities of others. I do not mean flattery but a sincere admiration." Dr Johnson: "Nay, sir, flattery pleases very generally." In his *Life of Donne*, Walton himself says: "It is observed that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there; yet they have not been able to kill

¹ In the Winchester edition of *The Complete Angler* (1902), the editor inserts a letter dated the 23rd of March 1901, from the librarian of Salisbury Cathedral Library, in which he gives a list of Walton's books in that library. This list varies from the list given by Sir Harris Nicolas.

² In the Cathedral Library at Worcester his name can be seen inscribed in a copy of the first edition of his *Lives* (1670), which he presented to Mrs Eliza Johnson, to whom he bequeathed a ring by his will.

this desire of glory, but that like our radical heat it will both live and die with us, and many think it should do so, and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to out-live our lives." Man praises man. We must construe his life like his will, with the "love my memory" motto in view throughout it, and conclude that Walton's little weakness was love of fame.

Of the many editions of *The Complete Angler* brought out since Walton's death, I only mention those that seem to me to be the best, with the dates of the original issues :—

Moses Brown	1750
Sir John Hawkins	1760
S. Bagster	1808
J. Major	1823
Sir Harris Nicolas	1836
Dr Bethune	1847
R. B. Marston	1888
R. Le Gallienne	1897
G. A. B. Dewar	1902

With regard to the edition brought out by Moses Brown in 1750, he tells us in his preface that the book having by an unaccountable neglect become of late years difficult to obtain, though frequently inquired after by several who desired it, it was thought the recovering it in such a way would be reckoned a very acceptable service; accordingly, at the invitation of Dr Johnson, he undertook this employment of introducing a

favourite author of the last age who seemed exposed to the unkindness of being forgotten. He says he "pruned" away some inaccuracies and redundancies and claimed to have used great deliberation in these retouches! The edition brought out by Sir John Hawkins in 1760 contains an account of the author's Lives, the information given being derived from the researches made by William Oldys. It was the late Mr William John Thoms, formerly the editor of *Notes and Queries*, who pointed out how much we owe to William Oldys for information as to Walton and Cotton.¹ This Oldys was a curious character, but little is known of his early life. He became the keeper of Lord Oxford's library, and superintended the publication of the *Harleian Miscellany*. Formerly Norfolk Herald Extraordinary, but not belonging to Heralds' College, he was appointed Norroy King-of-Arms, by patent, in 1755. He was fond of ale, but drinking it did not make him inaccurate as a writer on our literary history. Oldys had contracted to supply ten years of the life of Shakespeare unknown to the biographers, with one Walker, a bookseller in the Strand; but Oldys did not live to fulfil the engagement (see *Curiosities of Literature* under "Oldys and his Manuscripts").

Two small editions I value, one published by

¹ See on the subject Mr Marston's works on Walton.

Tegg in two volumes in 1826, the other published by C. Tilt and others, in two volumes, in 1837 (32mo). This last is the smallest edition I can find ever published. It has a note on page xi in Vol. I., stating: "It has not been thought necessary or desirable to introduce notes in this edition of *The Complete Angler*, which is got up rather in relation to its literary and poetical than its technical character. To most readers they are (un)necessary or readily supplied by the common books of reference, while, on the other hand, they have often only the effects of disturbing the tone of the more agreeable thoughts excited by the text."

Inasmuch as a nice copy of *The Complete Angler* can now be bought for a few shillings there seems no reason for giving further information as to its contents. It is worth remarking that the first edition of the book was published "of eighteen pence price." Messrs Sotheby, in May 1898, sold a beautiful set from the Ashburnham Library of the first five editions, in the original bindings, for £800!¹ For a few shillings a facsimile reprint of the first edition can be bought.

Americans are buying up all the best editions of Walton. The reader may note that the second edition of *The Complete Angler* is extremely scarce, more so than the first edition.

¹ In May 1903, they sold a copy of the first edition for £405.

CHAPTER V

CHARLES COTTON

(B. 1630, D. 1687)

“The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.”—*All's Well That Ends Well*.

“It seems the world was always bright
With some divine unclouded weather,
When we, with hearts and footsteps light,
By lawn and river walked together.”

WILLIAM WATSON.

ONE of Walton's friends was Charles Cotton, of Ovingden, Sussex, who married Olive, daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, Derbyshire, by Olivia or Olive, his first wife, who was the daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford and Bentley respectively, on the borders of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. The ancient township of Beresford is now generally regarded as part of Fawfield Head (*see Kelly's Directory of Staffordshire*, 1900). About two miles from Alstonfield stood Beresford Hall.



CHARLES COTTON

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Beresford Dale forms the uppermost part of the glen called Dovedale.

The Beresford estates came to the Cottons by the aforesaid marriage. The Hall is now a ruin. The only child of this marriage was Charles Cotton, who was born at Beresford on the 28th of April 1630. It is doubtful whether he was educated at Cambridge, as most of his biographers state he was, but it appears he was highly educated and had travelled abroad for some time, and was a particularly good French scholar. He obtained a captain's commission in the army, and if we construe rightly some lines of his own poetry he became a Justice of the Peace. He married twice—first his cousin, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, Notts, Knight; she died in 1670, having had issue three sons and five daughters. About 1675 he married his second wife, Mary, eldest daughter of Sir William Russell, Baronet, of Strensham Park, Worcestershire, and widow of Wingfield, Earl of Ardglass, by whom he had no issue. The elder Cotton died in 1658.

The friendship between Walton and Cotton was no doubt due in the first instance to the fact that the former was the friend of the latter's father; but a similarity of political opinions existed between them, which must be noted, as well as a common love of literature and angling.

The men, however, were widely different, both by birth and in character, and the strangeness of the close friendship has been often discussed.¹

Nevertheless in this case the "kettle and the earthen pot" seemed to agree together, though Cotton was "much mightier and richer" than Walton. Cotton became Walton's adopted son, and he refers to Walton as "the truest friend any man ever had," and writes that "he gives me leave to call him father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted son." In the beautiful verses written in 1672 to Walton he is gratefully mentioned as being "the best friend I now or ever knew." He became "father and friend and tutor all in one." Although Cotton's chief claim to fame may be said to rest on his contribution to *The Complete Angler*, still he was famous for his translations from various French writers, and especially as being the translator of the *Essays* of Montaigne. He wrote a good deal of prose, poems and verse, a few specimens of which appear at the end of this book.

In 1664 he published a burlesque poem entitled *Scarronides; or, The First Book of Virgil Travestie*,

¹ Moses Brown, it may be remarked, one of Walton's earliest editors, published *The Complete Angler*, as "by the ingenious and celebrated Mr Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, Esq." This shows, I think, that the title of Esquire was not considered as a proper description of a man of Walton's traditional position in life.



BERESFORD HALL

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and in 1670 he published a new edition dealing with the first and fourth books. Fifteen editions of this work were produced.

In 1670 he translated the *History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon*, with a dedication to Archbishop Sheldon. In 1675 he published his *Burlesque upon Burlesque; or, The Scoffer Scoffed*, "being some of Lucian's Dialogues newly put into English Fustian, for the consolation of those who had rather Laugh and be Merry than be Merry and Wise." He tells us in the prologue it was written in a month and that:—

"The subject is without offence,
Do but some smutty Words dispense,
We'll make amends with Rime, if not with sense."

In the epilogue he refers to the lewdness of the age:—

"Which made our Author wisely choose
To dizen up his dirty Muse
In such an odd Fantastic Weed
As every one, he knew, would read."

He tells us he wrote it "to please himself" as well as the reader. In the same year he wrote the *Planter's Manual*, being instructions for cultivating all sorts of fruit trees. In the preface to the reader he states that the treatise was only written for the private satisfaction of "a very worthy gentleman who is exceedingly curious in his choice of his fruits, and has great judgment in planting." In

1676 he wrote Part II. of *The Complete Angler*, as to which see Chapter IV. He was the author of various other books, and is generally believed to have written *The Complete Gamester*,¹ which is the earliest account of the game of billiards in English. It is there said: "The genteel, cleanly and ingenious game at billiards had its first original in Italy (in another place he says in Spain), and for the excellency of the recreation is much approved of and played by most nations in Europe, especially in England, there being few towns of note therein which hath not a public billiard-table, neither are they wanting in many noble and private families in the country for the recreation of the mind and exercise of the body." In 1681 Cotton produced *The Wonders of the Peak*, and in 1685 he published his famous translation of Montaigne's *Essays*. Although it is true Cotton could not have sung in the words of Sir Lewis Morris:—

"Nay, what care I though all verse shall die,
If only it is pure ;"

still, we must recollect the "peculiarities of the age in which the author lived" before we judge him too severely. He seems to have been a most inconsistent man and inconsistent writer also, and

¹ In the preface the author says, "It is not any private interest of my own that caused me to adventure on this subject."

George Herbert's lines may well be applied to him :—

“ O what a thing is man ! how far from power,
From settled peace and rest !
He is some twenty several men at least
Each several hour.”

Yes ! at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew !

Cotton was of a kindly nature, and, though usually hard up, a generous giver. He enjoyed “ good company,” with plenty of wine and ale and tobacco, and delighted, to use his own words, “ to toss the can merrily round.” His language was also often not exactly “ Parliamentary.” Possibly—

“ He erred, he sinned : and if there be
Who, from his hapless frailties free,
Rich in the poorer virtues, see
His faults alone.
To such, O Lord of Charity,
Be mercy shown.”¹

It is amusing to notice how many of his biographers repeat, one after another, his weaknesses, and on close examination show how little original examination of the man and his writings they have made, and nearly all state that Cotton wrote because he was forced to write for money, omitting all mention of what he says in his

¹ William Watson.

prefaces to his *Burlesque upon Burlesque; or, The Scoffer Scoffed*, and to *The Complete Gamester*.

In his charming verses to Walton on his *Life of Donne*, written in 1672, he certainly shows his appreciation of good men, and also that he himself at least with "mind," if not with "heart," understood what religion meant. He desires to be considered a worthy member of society, for he says: "My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me."

He appears to have refrained from fishing on a Sunday, for he writes of killing fish "winter or summer, every day throughout the year, those days always excepted, that upon a more serious account ought always so to be." He may have considered Sunday a day when all that is noblest in a man should predominate; and that it is a day for wit, intellect, spirit, light and God:—

"His greatness, not his littleness, concerns mankind."

Cotton was a Royalist to the backbone, and a highly-accomplished man. He was a rider, and as a native of a mountainous county could ride

over it fearlessly, disdaining "to alight where a foreigner might prefer entrusting his neck to the fidelity of his feet rather than to those of his horse."

It is dangerous riding in Dovedale. There was a bad road to Reynard's Cave, and it was there that a Dean of Clogher lost his life many years ago. His horse was carrying him, and a lady behind him, when it lost its foothold and rolled over a precipice. The Dean was killed, but the lady's hair saved her by becoming entangled in some bushes and arresting her descent.

Cotton played at bowls, having a bowling-green near Beresford Hall. He says of himself: "Though I am no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure; but that I have also some regard to other men's!" He also, we may fairly infer from what we have before said, knew something of billiards and probably played with Walton at the then popular game of shovel-board. Sir Aston Cockayne, his cousin, has in some highly eulogistic verses claimed, and rightly so, that Cotton should be considered as a good all-round man. Cotton wrote complimentary verses to him on his *Tragedy of Ovid*. In February, 1687, Cotton died in the parish of St James, Westminster, it is generally supposed of a fever, without having attained his coveted age of sixty years—"try to

live out to sixty full years old," he wrote in "The Retirement."

No stone, monument, or tablet of any sort or kind has ever been erected or put up in memory of Cotton :—

" No marble columns or engraven brass
To tell the world that such a person was."

Apart from his connection with Walton, I think that Cotton has good reason to be remembered.

Cotton's *Poems on Several Occasions* were published after his death in 1689. As to the ode "Winter," written by him, the poet Wordsworth says in his preface to his *Miscellaneous Poems* : "The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as a palsied King,¹ and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army, the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipment, are described with a rapidity of detail and a profusion of fanciful comparisons which indicate on the part of the poet extreme activity of intellect and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling."

Cotton's widow, and his eldest son, Beresford Cotton, and also his four daughters—Olive,

¹In the twenty-eighth stanza of "Winter," which contains fifty-three stanzas, the line occurs : "The Entry of their Palsied King." In this collection of poems there are two poems on Winter besides one on the Great Frost.

Catherine, Jane and Mary—survived him. Beresford Cotton became a captain in the army, and served in Ireland. He is believed to have died at Nottingham, a bachelor. He published in 1689 a translation from the French of the *Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis*, on which his father was engaged at the time of his death.

The pedigree of Cotton will be found set out in the edition of *The Complete Angler*, by Sir Harris Nicolas, tracing his daughters' descendants down to the year 1836; and it is carried one step further by Mr R. B. Marston in his edition of the book published in 1888.

CHAPTER VI

COLONEL ROBERT VENABLES

(1612-1687)

“I am a man
More sinned against, than sinning.”

HE was a son of Robert Venables, of Antrobus, Cheshire, a member of an ancient Cheshire house. He served in the Parliamentary Army and held various posts. In 1649 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ulster, and became Governor of Belfast, Antrim and Lisnegarvey. He left Ireland in 1654, having gained great renown there. “Cromwell demanded from the Spaniards that they should treat the English as friends in South America, and in regard to the trade of Spain, that a clause should be struck out of the last treaty which made it still possible for the Inquisition to molest English merchants. But these were proposals which seemed to the Spaniards little else than insults.”¹ Accordingly placing Admiral William Penn at the head of the fleet, and Venables at the head of the army with the rank of general, Cromwell despatched them

¹ Ranke's *History of England*, 1875, Vol. II., Chapter V.

hastily from England in 1654. The two chiefs did not get on well together. The men Venables had to command were a raw rabble, and very different from the men he had had under his command when in Ireland. The expedition was very badly equipped, much "stuff" being wanting. After touching at Barbadoes, the troops landed at Hispaniola, at the mouth of the Nizao, some twenty miles from Santa Domingo, the city and port of the island, without opposition.¹ The march there was attended with disaster, chiefly on account of want of water. Venables fell ill, and it was deemed best, after various encounters and many repulses, to withdraw from the island altogether and try for better fortune against Jamaica. This they had, and the island was easily captured. It has ever since remained part of our possessions. Penn was now delighted of the excuse to return to England in order to report on the affairs that had taken place. Venables soon after followed. Cromwell was greatly "discomposed" on hearing of the disaster and "shut himself up in his room, brooding over it." He considered that the West Indies, if prosperous, afforded facilities for future attempts on the American continent. On their arrival in England, Penn and Venables were committed to the Tower. "Have you ever read," said Cromwell

¹ Lingard, in his *History of England*, Vol. VIII., gives the distance as forty miles.

to Venables, "of any general that had left his army, and not commanded back?" Cromwell had made up his mind not to set Penn and Venables at liberty till they had formally acknowledged their offences. Penn did this soon. Venables held out longer, but also did so. Cromwell could never be persuaded to trust either of them again. "For Penn there was little to be said, as his presence was manifestly required at the head of the fleet remaining in the West Indies. Venables, on the other hand, was guilty at the most of saving his own life at a time when hundreds of his officers and men were perishing. It was out of the question that he could have lived long enough to render efficient service in Jamaica" (see *The History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, by G. S. R. Gardiner, Vol. III., Longmans & Co.). Venables became very bitter against Cromwell, and became a Royalist, though remaining to the end of his life an Independent. In 1660 he was made Governor of Chester, and in 1662 he published *The Experienced Angler*, of which mention has been made in Chapter IV. In his prefatory address he remarks on the undervalued subject of angling that nothing passes for "noble or delightful which is not costly; as though men could not gratify their senses, but with the consumption of their fortunes." How these words agree with Wordsworth's—

“The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us !”¹

Venables contends that “the minds of anglers are usually more calm and composed than many others, especially hunters and falconers, who too frequently lose their delight in their passion, and too often bring home more of melancholy and discontent than satisfaction in their thoughts; but the angler, when he hath the worst success, loseth but a hook or line, or perhaps, what he never possessed, a fish !”

Amongst his general observations he says : “Deny not part of what your endeavours shall purchase unto any sick or indigent persons, but willingly distribute a part of your purchase to those who may desire a share”; and he ends thus : “Make not a profession of any recreation lest your immoderate love towards it should bring a cross wish on the same.” There was a very nice reprint brought out of the book in 1827, by T. Gosden. Venables bought the estate of Wincham, in Cheshire, where his descendants are still settled.

In the notes to *Robinson's Discourse of the War in Lancashire*, printed for the Chetham Society, p. 97, will be found the best information as to his life, and it is thence that the information given

¹ The *Sonnets*.

of him in the *Dictionary of National Biography* seems to be derived.

Venables was twice married; first to Elizabeth Rudyard, and secondly to Elizabeth, widow of Thomas Lee, of Darn Hall, and daughter of Samuel Aldersey. The reader can find the story of the unfortunate expedition against the Spaniards well narrated in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, though Dr Gardiner says the account is not to be "trusted implicitly."

Venables was probably a disappointed man, and the later part of his life is likely to have been his happiest. The following lines of James Thomson, the poet, seem to be applicable to his last days:—

"An elegant sufficiency, content, retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books, ease and alternate labour, useful life, progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."

CHAPTER VII

THE FISHING-HOUSE

“Methinks I see Charles Cotton and his friend,
The modest Walton, from Augusta’s Town,
Enter the fishing-house, an hour to spend,
And by the marble table set them down.”¹

“Now we sit to chat.”

Taming of the Shrew.

IN 1676 Cotton finished building the celebrated little fishing-house, dedicated to anglers, “my seat’s best grace,” as he calls it—on the margin of the River Dove—“Princess of Rivers,” near to his house, Beresford Hall. Mr Edwards (the Poet of the Dove as he has been called), after describing the beauties of “Beresford’s enchanting glen,” very finely writes:—

“Enough, methinks, is told of Nature’s grace
Poured freely on this stream, to anglers dear,
Diviner worth has sanctified the place.
That Fishing-House amid those firs which rear
Their tops above it, leads me to revere
The seal of Friendship warm as filial love.
Twined in one cypher, on the first appear

¹ See *A Journey to Beresford Hall*, by W. Alexander.

Walton and Cotton's names ; there fixed to prove
 A record of affection near their favourite Dove.
 Cheerful, sage, and mild,
 Walton's discourse was like the honey balm
 Distilled by flowers. Along these waters wild,
 Smit with the love of angling, he beguiled,
 With his adopted son, the hours away ;
 While Cotton owned the fondness of a child
 For him, in whose glad company to stay
 Had made the whole year pass like one sweet month of May."¹

The following description of the fishing-house was written by a Mr White for Sir John Hawkins, in 1784 :—

“It is of stone, and the room inside a cube of about fifteen feet ; it is also paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a square black marble table, supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscotted with curious mouldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling ; in the larger panels are represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing ; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner on the left is a fireplace, with a chimney, and on the right a large *beaufet* with folding doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr Cotton, his boy-servant, and Walton in the dress of the time. Underneath is a cupboard, on the

¹ The Dove, which has its source in the High Peak, a few miles south of Buxton, is for many miles the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffordshire ; it falls into the Derwent near Newton-Solney.



THE BERESFORD MONUMENT IN FENNY BENTLEY CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE.

door of which are the figures of a trout, and also a grayling, well portrayed.”

The Beresford family trace from John Beresford, of Beresford, in the Parish of Alstonfield, in the County of Stafford, in 1087, and from him the descent has continued to the present time (Glover's *Derbyshire*, and Lyson's *Derbyshire*).

The bulk of the Beresford Estates were sold in the year 1681, but conveyed back that year into the family by John Beresford, of Newton Grange, in Derbyshire. A portion of these estates, including the fishing-house, was sold in 1825 to Viscount Beresford, and shortly after that date the fishing-house was repaired, and its appearance now corresponds externally with the earliest descriptions and pictures known of it. In the reign of King Henry VI. a younger branch of the Beresfords settled at Fenny Bentley, about two miles north of Ashbourne, and the Manor was held by the family for many generations. In the chancel of the church are various monuments, erected to members of the family, including one of particular interest to Thomas Beresford, who raised a troop of horse consisting only of his own sons and retainers to fight for Henry VI. in his French wars.¹ The present head of the house

¹ The monument consists of a square alabaster altar-tomb with figures of two bodies enveloped in shrouds, and upon the sides twenty-

of Beresford is the Rev. Gilbert Beresford (see *Burke's Peerage* for further information of the family).

In October 1901 the fishing-house and other adjoining property was sold to Mr Frank Green, of Treasurer's House, York. A letter appeared about that time in the *Field* newspaper suggesting that the National Trust for the Preservation of Historic Buildings or some other like body should purchase the fishing-house. It has been stated, however, in the Press, that "this property, is preserved from being broken up and developed for at least some considerable time to come."

Tissington Hall is the seat of Sir Richard Fitz-Herbert, Bart., whose family has intermarried frequently with the Beresfords, and certain estates of the latter were acquired by the ancestors of the present Baronet.¹ The Waterford Beresfords are a younger branch of the English Beresfords, tracing from the sixth son of Thomas Beresford before mentioned, whereas the English Beresfords trace from the fourth son.

In 1808 a copy of *The Complete Angler*, with the bands of the book made of wood from the

one similar effigies for sixteen sons and five daughters, with a long inscription in hexameter verses. There are seven other mural monuments to the same family, dating from 1516 to 1815, and a brass to Richard Beresford (1733). Three new windows have recently (*i.e.*, in 1895), been erected by the Beresford (English) family.

¹ Tissington has been in the Fitz-Herbert family since 1466 (see *Burke's Peerage*). The word was originally spelt "Tiscinctuna."



COTTON'S FISHING-HOUSE

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door of the fishing-house, sold for £63. The fishing-house was reproduced at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 to celebrate the 300th anniversary of Walton's birthday on 9th August 1893.

“THE FISHING-HOUSE

“What spot more honoured than this peaceful place?
 Twice honoured, truly. Here Charles Cotton sang,
 Hilarious—his whole-hearted songs, that rang
 With a true note, through town and country ways,
 While the Dove trout—in chorus—splashed their praise.
 Here Walton sat with Cotton, in the shade,
 And watched him dubb his flies, and doubtless made
 The time seem short, with gossips of old days.
 Their cyphers are enlaced above the door,
 And in each Angler's heart, firm-set and sure.
 While rivers run, shall those twin names endure—
 WALTON and COTTON linked for evermore—
 And ‘Piscatoribus sacrum,’—where more fit
 A motto, for their wisdom, worth and wit?”

One of Twelve Sonnets by T. WESTWOOD.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LIVES

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

LONGFELLOW.

“O God-lit cloud of witnesses,
Souls of the sainted dead.”

E. HATCH.

“There ought to be death-beds worth going to.”

GEORGE DAWSON.

“God give us men!

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour, men who will not lie.”

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It has been recently remarked that the biographic memoir was in England a comparatively late growth.

“Meagre seeds of the modern art of biography were indeed sown within a few years of Shakespeare’s death, but outside the unique little field of Isaak Walton’s tillage the first sproutings

were plants so different from the fully-developed tree that they can with difficulty be identified with the genus." . . . "In the days of Walton, of course what we now call conscientious biography was unknown" (Mr Edmund Gosse in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for February 1902).

In a letter dated the 10th of May 1678, commencing, "My Worthy Friend, Mr Walton," the then Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Barlow, says: "I am heartily glad that you have undertaken to write the life of that excellent person, and, both for learning and piety, eminent Prelate, Dr Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, because I know your ability to know and integrity to write truth." This writer at least considers that what Walton wrote would be exact.

"Besides *The Complete Angler*," Miss Mitford writes, "Izaak Walton has left us a volume containing four or five lives of eminent men, quite as fine as that great Pastoral, although in a very different way. His *Life of Dr Donne*, the satirist and theologian, contains an account of a vision (the apparition of a beloved wife in England, passing before the waking eyes of her husband in Paris), which, both for the cleverness of the narration and the undoubted authenticity of the event, is amongst the most interesting that is to be found in the long catalogue of supernatural visitations." It is right here to

mention that this event as narrated has been the subject of a great deal of criticism. It is not narrated in the edition of 1670, but appears in the fourth edition of *The Life of Donne* (1674).

The history of the publication of the Lives is usually given as follows:—

In a letter (undated), written by Wotton to Walton as to the promise given by the former to write the life of Donne, Wotton says he will write again and set down certain general heads, “wherein I desire information by your loving diligence; hoping shortly to enjoy your own ever welcome company in this approaching time of the Fly and the Cork.” Wotton dying before he could write the life, Walton published his *Life of Donne* in 1640, with a collection of his sermons. In 1651 he published the life of Sir Henry Wotton prefixed to the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* of which he was also the editor. In 1666 Walton published *The Life of Richard Hooker*, which he wrote at the request of Dr Sheldon, when he was Bishop of London. In 1670 he published *The Life of George Herbert* (together with the other Lives). In 1678 he published *The Life of Dr Robert Sanderson*.

The Life of Donne was at first a mere sketch. Walton was always altering and retouching his writings, like a true artist not finding readily “a chisel fine enough to cut the breath of his

thought," and he has well "padded" *The Life of Donne* in particular. Baxter was very different in this respect; of one of his books he says: "I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived."

The lives of Hooker and Herbert were written when Walton was residing with Bishop Morley at Winchester. The text of the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert is usually taken from the fourth edition of 1675, and the text of the life of Dr Sanderson from the edition of 1678. There was a second impression of it produced in 1681, which, however, does not contain many alterations from the text of the first edition.

Mr T. Westwood's communication to *Notes and Queries* in 1865 should be read as to his opinion on the editions of the Lives (see 3rd S. VIII., p. 482). He considers no such editions as 1670 and 1675 ever appeared, and that the edition of 1675 is really the second collective issue, and he accounts for its being styled the "fourth" on the title page by the fact that two of the Lives were therein reprinted for the fourth time—those of Donne and Hooker.

From the beautiful verses written by Cotton to Walton in 1672, and set out at the end of this

volume, the reader can get at a glance a very good idea of the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert, so graphically has Cotton depicted their characters and appropriated their very language. But a study of the Lives should be made by any reader as yet unacquainted with them :—

“ the feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good Men,
Dropped from an Angel’s wing,”

as Wordsworth has in a sonnet so beautifully expressed it.

“ These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar ” (Heb. xi. 13).

“ Rare Lives ! that whoso reads, to him is given
To pace the precincts of the courts of Heaven.”

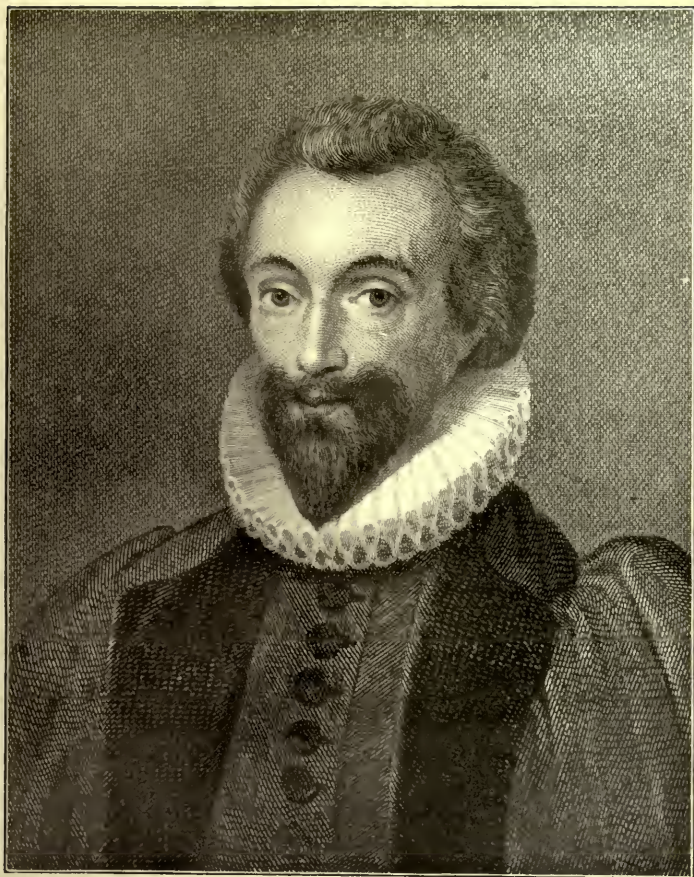
T. WESTWOOD.

(a) JOHN DONNE

(1573-1631)

“ Diligent and believing.”

Dr John Donne was born in the Parish of St Nicholas Olave, London, in 1573 ; he was a son of John Donne, a London merchant. His mother was the daughter of a Mr John Heywood. They belonged to the Church of Rome. He was sent when in his twelfth year to Hart



JOHN DONNE

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Hall,¹ Oxford. He was entered in 1592 as a student at Lincoln's Inn with the intention of becoming a barrister. His tutors were instructed "to instil into him particular principles of the Roman Church." He early began seriously "to survey and consider the body of Divinity as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman Church." Having a good competence, he spent a large part of it in travelling abroad. A runaway match, in 1601, with the third daughter of Sir George More of Loseley in Surrey, caused him to be committed to the Fleet Prison, and also caused him to lose an appointment which he held as a secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Keeper of the Great Seal of England. He sent his wife a letter acquainting her with his dismissal which ended thus :—

"John Donne, Anne Donne, Undone."²

The idea of taking Holy Orders appears to have first been put into his head by Dr Morton, who became Bishop of Durham, and who at the great age of ninety-four, enjoyed, as Walton describes it, "perfect intellectuals and a cheerful

¹ Hart Hall was so called from Elias de Hertford, who lived in the reign of Edward the First. In 1312 the name was changed to Stapledon Hall. In 1739 it was by a Royal charter erected into a college by the name of Hertford College in the University of Oxford.

² Donne was very fond of making puns on his name. In some verses to Sir Henry Wotton he ends thus :—

"But if myself I've won,
To know my rules I have, and you have Donne."

heart." It was after much hesitation that Donne became an "ambassador for the God of Glory"; this was due to some irregularities of his life which, having been visible to some men, might, he thought, bring censure upon him and upon the sacred calling dishonour, although he had made his peace with God against them. He was ordained on the Feast of the Conversion of St Paul, on the 25th of January, 1615, by Dr John King, Bishop of London.

Donne wrote:—

"If our souls have stained their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith, and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity."

He had had great expectations of a Crown employment, but he counted all his Court-hopes but "loss for Christ." "Now," says Walton, "the English Church had gained a second St Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St Ambrose after it, and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other; the learning and holiness of both. And now all his studies which had been occasionally diffused, were centred in Divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now, all his earthly affections were changed into Divine love; and all the faculties

of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others ; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul." In 1616 we find Donne chosen to be the preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

In 1617 his wife died, aged thirty-six ; she was buried in St Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London. Her death caused him extreme grief, and for a time he retired from the world. "He began the day and ended the night : ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations."

His first sermon, Walton states, after her death was preached from the text in Lamentations iii. 1, "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction." Dr Jessopp, in his life of Donne in *Leaders of Religion* (Methuen & Co., 1897), states it to be "a fable" that Donne preached a funeral sermon upon his wife in St Clement's Church upon that text. His reason is, that some ten years afterwards he preached from the same text in St Dunstan's Church a sermon that was not a funeral sermon. Why Donne could not preach twice within ten years from the same text a fresh sermon, I quite fail to see. Walton writes without any doubt as having himself heard the sermon preached in St Clement's Church,¹ and to doubt him upon the

¹ Only an eye-witness, I contend, could have written thus: "And indeed his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man ;

point is simply to make him a liar. In 1621 Donne became Dean of St Paul's Cathedral, and in 1624 Vicar of St Dunstan's in the West, and soon after became the greatest preacher in England.¹ St Dunstan, to whom the church is dedicated, was Abbot of Glastonbury, and rose successively to be Bishop of Worcester and London (holding both in conjunction for about a year) and Archbishop of Canterbury, dying in 987. The first mention of the church in Fleet Street is in 1237. The great fire of London was arrested within three doors of the church. The present church was built about the year 1830. In 1630 Donne began to "die daily." Walton gives an interesting account of how Donne in his illness caused a figure to be drawn of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor—the emblem of hope; many of these figures thus drawn he had engraved very small in heliotropium or blood-stone,² and set in gold. He sent them to several of his dearest friends to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him. Walton and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness."

¹ "The greatest preacher of the seventeenth century; the admired of all hearers" (Coleridge).

² "The helotropium is a very beautiful species of jasper, and has been long known to the world as a gem. Its colour is a fine and strong green, sometimes pure and simple, but more frequently with an admixture of blue in it. It is moderately transparent in thin pieces, and is always veined, clouded and spotted with a blood-red. From this, its most obvious character, it has obtained among our jewellers the name of the bloodstone" (Lewis's *Materia Medica*).

sealed his will with one of these seals. The reader who would pursue the history of these seals must consult *The Perverse Widow; or, Memorials of the Boevey Family* (Longmans & Co., 1898), where all the learning on the subject of these seals will be found. His illness left Donne but as much flesh as did "only cover his bones," but he would preach, and he amazed the beholders when he appeared in the pulpit to preach what turned out to be his last sermon. Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professed they thought that Dr Donne had preached his own funeral sermon:—

"When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was feared and prophesied by all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral."¹

Donne was easily persuaded to have a monument erected to his memory. A "choice painter" was taken into his study, and Donne draped himself in his shroud and closed his eyes, and, "with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East,² from whence he expected the second coming of his and of our Saviour Jesus," his portrait was taken. When the portrait was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued his hourly

¹ Bishop King's "Elegy" on Donne.

² The statue as now placed in St Paul's does not look eastward.

object till his death, after which it was reproduced in stone by Nicholas Stone, the famous sculptor. During his last illness Donne for several days lay waiting for the appointed hour of his death, then closing his own eyes and disposing his hands and body into such a posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him,¹ "The world's beloved Donne," "Our Donne," falling on sleep, bade farewell to the world. His last words were, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."—"Death had set the seal of immortality upon him, and the beautiful had become eternal."

Donne was buried in St Paul's Cathedral; many noted persons attended the funeral. His grave was strewed with choice flowers.

The next day, writes Walton, after his burial, some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave:—

"Reader, I am to let thee know,
Donne's body only lies below ;
For could the grave his soul comprise
Earth would be richer than the skies."

In *Notes and Queries* I have raised the question

"If I must die I'll snatch at everything
That may but mind me of my latest breath ;
Death's heads, graves, knells, blacks, tombs, all these shall bring,
Into my soul such useful thoughts of death
That this noble king of fears
Shall not catch me unawares."

QUARLE'S *Midnight Meditations*.



DONNE'S STATUE IN ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

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whether anyone has ever surmised who the unknown friend was? It seems very likely it might have been Walton himself,¹ because we have seen, in Chapter IV., how fond Walton was of scribbling on stones and the like, and we have certainly a right to presume he was present at the funeral himself, and in London the next day. We know he was at Donne's deathbed shortly before he died. The incident was not narrated by Walton until over thirty years after the death of Donne, and it is most improbable, if not impossible, that the Cathedral authorities would have allowed a writing in coal to have remained unobliterated; and who except the author would have been likely to remember the lines after that lapse of time?²

Walton never mentions Donne as being an angler. The author of *The Angler's Sure Guide*, published in 1706, ascribed a book called *The Secrets of Angling*, by J. D., "to that great Practitioner, Master, and Patron of Angling, Dr Donne." The real author was, however, in 1811, clearly shown to have been John Dennys.³

¹ I see Mr Gosse, in his *Life and Letters of Donne*, suggests this: but he gives no reasons.

² Walton published his *Life of Donne* in 1640, but the epitaph incident is not narrated in it. It is one of the many additions he made after the first collected edition of the Lives published in 1670, for it appears for the first time in the first collected edition of the Lives republished in 1675. There is an epitaph on Dr Donne's death worth reading, to be found in Sir John Mennis's *Musarum Deliciæ*, Vol. II., commencing, "He that would write an epitaph for me."

³ *The Secrets of Angling* was first printed in 1613.

Donne is said to have been very beautiful, and to have become so after his golden age, *i.e.*, eighteen :—

“Thine was thy later years, so much refined
From youth’s dross mirth and wit.”

His company was “one of the delights of mankind, and his fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, and his melting eye showed he had a soft heart.”

Walton ends his *Life of Donne* thus : “He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body ; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust :—

“ ‘But I shall see it re-animated.’ ”

Donne’s white marble effigy escaped damage in the great fire of London¹ :—

“In Paul’s I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone.”

His epitaph in St Paul’s Cathedral is in

¹ Hare, in his *London*, says : “Out of some remains saved from the fire only one statue has been given a place in the Cathedral, that of Donne.”

Latin, and the following is a translation made by Archdeacon Francis Wrangham :—

“JOHN DONNE, DOCTOR OF DIVINITY,

after various studies pursued by him from his earliest years with assiduity and not without success, entered into Holy Orders under the influence and impulse of the Divine Spirit and by the advice and exhortation of King James, in the year of his Saviour 1614, and of his own age forty-two; having been invested with the Deanery of the Church, Nov. 27, 1621, he was stripped of it by death on the last day of March 1631, and here though set in dust, he beholdeth Him whose name is the Rising.”

Donne wrote and published a great many books, sermons and poetry. His *Pseudo-Martyr* was written in answer to Bellarmine's justification of Popish recusants. His secular poems are supposed to have been published before he was twenty-five at the latest, and he is always included amongst the metaphysical poets of his period.

In 1651 Donne's son published a book his father had in 1607 written entitled *βιαθάνατος*, “A Declaration of that Paradoxe, or Thesis, that Selfe-homicide is not so naturally sinne, that it may never be otherwise. Wherein the Nature and the extent of all those Laws which seeme to be violated by this Act, are diligently surveyed.” He says: “It was written long since by my Father, and by him forbid both the Press and the Fire,

neither had I subjected it now to public view, but that I could find no certain way to defend it from the one, but by committing it to the other." In the preface Donne says because he thought, as in the Pool of Bethsaida,¹ there was no health till the water was troubled, so the best way to find the truth in this matter was to debate and vex it, he abstained not for fear of misinterpretation from this undertaking. He states that Self-homicide is no more against the law of nature than any other sin, and that that cannot be against the law of nature which men (and he cites many by name), have affected. Hallam says: "No one would be induced to kill himself by reading such a book, unless he were threatened with another volume" (*Literary History*, Vol. II., note on p. 457).

Under the euphonical name of "Euthanasia"² the subject was discussed in the *Fortnightly Review* for February 1873, in the *Spectator* for the 15th of February 1874, and quite recently in the *Spectator* in February 1902.

Anyone interested in Donne should read his *Life and Letters*, by Mr Gosse, the article on him

¹ Bethesda is generally given as the word in St John's Gospel v. 2; the Revised Version, however, has the note: "Some ancient authorities read Bethsaida, others, Bethzatha." Bethesda means the house of mercy, Bethsaida means the house of fishing.

² "Euthanasia! Euthanasia! an easy death! was the exclamation of Augustus; it was what Antoninus Pius enjoyed" (see *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. III., p 228. Cf. *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. XI., p. 276).

by Sir Leslie Stephen in the December number of the *National Review* of 1899, and Canon Beeching's study of Walton in his *Religio Laici* (1902), and Dr Jessopp's *Life of Donne*.

I do not think it has been made out that Donne was in any way a humbug, as some will have it. I only here refer to two points these recent critics touch on, viz., his so-called "conversion" and his sincerity in preaching. It really seems most amusing for pure literary men to be troubling as to the exact date of Donne's real "conversion" even in their attempt to prove Walton inaccurate.

It may be that Donne was transformed "at a bound into a saint," but it is more likely that, as a literary man and one religiously brought up, the change came about through the effect his wife's death had upon him. We know that extreme melancholy marked him for her own after it, yet, as Canon Beeching points out, it is possible that her influence in life, and not his grief at her death, was the cause of his conversion :—

"Here the admiring her my mind did whet
To seek Thee, God ; so streams do show their head ;
But tho' I have Thee, and Thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy dropsy melts me yet."

Walton writes : "Dr Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and

mind, especially of his mind from vertiginous giddiness ; and would as often say ' his great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment,' in which he was so happy that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost ; and the beginning of it to be from his first entering into Sacred Orders, and serving his most merciful God at His altar."

Again, as to Walton's account of Donne's preaching being so unreal, no case is made out. Has no preacher wept over his own composition before or since Donne ?¹

Dr Cary, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Dean of St Paul's Cathedral in 1614, as Vice-Chancellor preached a funeral sermon for Prince Henry, son of King James I., who died young in 1612, " when weeping himself, he made all the people weep again and again " (College Histories : *Christ's College, Cambridge*).

Canon Beeching observes : " A preacher with a faith in God that is hardly removed from sight cannot fail of conveying his belief to his audience ; even though the matter in hand be dry and metaphysical, an emphasis, a parenthesis, which in print attract no attention, may in speaking have had the effects of a revelation ; for a fire that is always smouldering will sooner or later break out.

¹ I have been told, by one who said he had seen it, of a manuscript sermon in which the words " Here weep " were written in the margin.

This seems to be the secret of the 'tears' and 'raptures' that were at the command of the crabbed Donne, and were not at the command of the rich eloquence and graceful fancy of Jeremy Taylor."¹

I am not going into the question whether Walton may not have brought too much sentiment into his *Life of Donne*, and certainly I admit that he is very often very inaccurate and too trusting. Walton anticipates the criticism bestowed upon him. He writes: "There may be some that may incline to think my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching."

(b) HENRY WOTTON

(1568-1639)

"We shall not look upon his like again."

"Companion of the Saints!"

Sir Henry Wotton was the youngest son of Thomas Wotton, of Bocton or Boughton, Malherbe, in Kent, where he was born. He refers to his father as, "my father, the best of men." After receiving his education at Winchester and at New College and Queen's Col-

¹ In the *Life of Herbert*, by Walton, he states that in July 1627 he "saw and heard" Donne "weep, and preach" a funeral sermon on Lady Danvers, in the Parish Church of Chelsea.

leges, Oxford, he was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1595. He became Ambassador at The Hague, and was three times appointed Ambassador at Venice, viz., in 1604, 1615 and 1621. Going from Rome he went to Florence, where a romantic incident befell him. The Grand Duke of Florence had heard of a plot against the life of James, then King of Scotland, and he took Wotton into his confidence in the matter; Wotton disguised himself as an Italian, and under the name of Baldi delivered his message, letting no one but James himself know that he was an Englishman, and after three months departed as true an Italian as he came thither.¹

Wotton's house in Venice seems to have been the resort of very learned men. "Here was seen the purity of the Protestant faith in its own primitive lustre and native loveliness, recommended by its most powerful of all motives, a practice in its professors perfectly consonant with the rules of the Evangelical code." Wotton was never ashamed to confess Christ before men; he attracted and did not repulse, although he had services and sermons in his house after the Protestant "use." The effect exercised by his personality upon all who met him must have been indeed magnetic. Father Paul (Peter Paul

¹ English Public Schools: *Winchester*, Arthur F. Leach (Duckworth & Co., 1899).



HENRY WOTTON

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Sarpi), although he never formally left the Romish Church, is supposed to have been convinced of the errors of Popery when Wotton was maintaining the rights of Venice against the civil authority of the Pope.

The liberal-minded Father Fulgentio, who had been a pupil of Father Paul, was enlightened by Wotton on the subject of Popery. "I know," he said to another friend, "this Church of England, as I know it by your Liturgy, articles and canons, I know not your practice, to be the most apostolical Church in the whole world, and the Church of Rome to be at this time the most impure." He would not forsake his Church. "A man," he said, "may live in an infected city and not have the plague." Again, "Live in it and die in it I must, though it be the impurest of Christian Churches."

Without doubt Wotton was the most accomplished man of the age, "a man whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind."

"He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find."

He had "an innate pleasure of angling," and was, says Walton, "an excellent angler." He intended to write a discourse on angling, but never did so. His saying is well known that "An Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad

for the good of his country!" Wotton was generally impecunious. In a letter he wrote to his very worthie friend Nicholas Pey at Court, dated in March 1615, he says: "The substanciall pointe is to have money, for without that bladder we cannot swymme." In a letter written from Venice to Sir Walter Aston, who was Ambassador at Madrid, dated in February 1621, he says: "The common man heere knowes no other rules of a good Prince but bigg loaves."¹

Ill health was often Wotton's lot, and he suffered great pain. He writes that he intended to visit "an excellent physician inhabitant in St Edmund's Burie, whom I brought myself from Venice, where (as eather I suppose or surmise) I first contracted my infirmities of the splene."

Shortly before his death he wrote in Latin *A Panegyrick to King Charles*; "being Observations upon the Inclination, Life and Government of our late Sovereign."

He wrote many books on all sorts of subjects; his treatise on the *Elements of Architecture* being one of his best. It was published in 1624 and has been translated into Latin. Some of his beautiful verses are set out at the end of this volume. When asked by a priest of the Church of Rome, "Where was your religion to be found before

¹ See the *Archæologia*, Vol. XL.

Luther?"¹ he replied, "My religion was to be found then where yours is not to be found now, in the written Word of God." He asked the same priest, "Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled." To which the priest replied in French, "Monsieur, excusez-moi." To one that asked him "whether a Papist may be saved," he replied: "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself." But to another he gave this advice: "Take heed of thinking, the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

He took Deacon's orders late in life, and became Provost of Eton in 1624. Near the end of his life he said to a friend, the learned John Hales, Fellow of Eton College: "I now see that I draw near my harbour of death; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better;

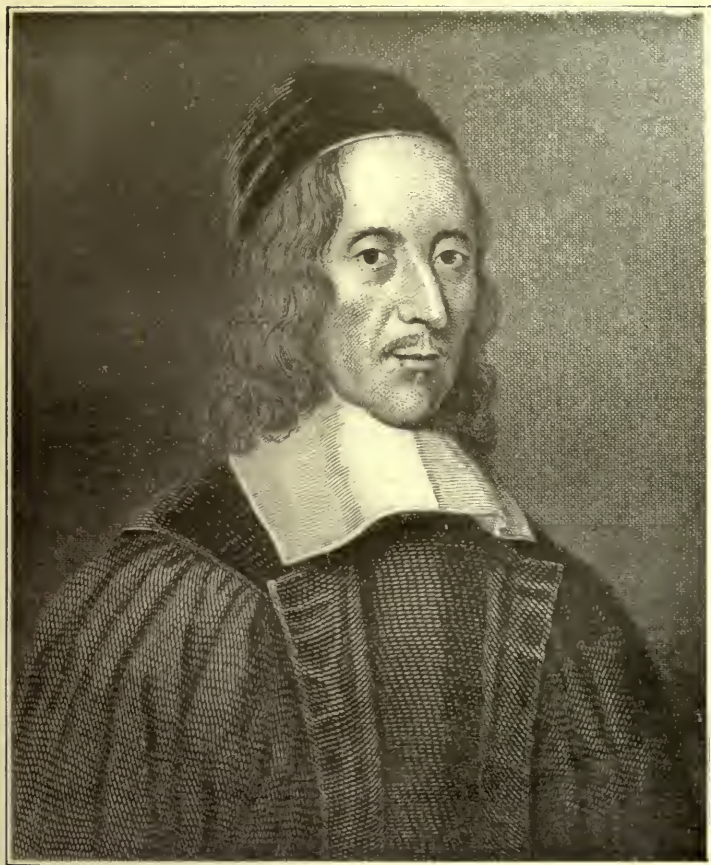
¹ "They may ask us, where was your religion before Luther? and our reply is, In the Word of the living God, in the creeds of Apostles and apostolical men, and in the practice of those witnesses who in every age refused to participate in the abominations of Rome" (*Sermons by Henry Melvill, Canon of St Paul's Cathedral*, Vol. II., p. 100: Rivingtons, 1872).

that world wherein dwelleth righteousness; and I long for it."

He was taken very ill, and in the beginning of December 1639, "his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man." He died at Eton, and was buried in the College Chapel in accordance with the directions contained in his will in that behalf should he end his "transitory days at or near" Eton.

By his will he bequeathed to the Library of Eton College all his manuscripts not before disposed of, and to each of the Fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, "Amor unit omnia."

Amongst some of the books given or bequeathed to Eton College by Wotton are a *Xenophon*, an *Ovid*, known as the *Codex Lango-bardicus*, a fifteenth-century *Dante*, and a fourteenth-century *Life of St Francis*, by Bartholomew of Pisa.



GEORGE HERBERT

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(c) GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1632)

“The man I held as half-divine.”

In Memoriam.

“Friend of my friend! I love thee, though unknown,
And boldly call thee, being his, my own.”

W. COWPER.

“Content dwells not at Court.”

Thealma and Clearchus.

George Herbert was born in 1593, near the town of Montgomery. He was the fifth son of Richard Herbert, a descendant of the famous William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who lived in the reign of Edward IV. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He was B.A. in 1612, M.A. 1616. In October 1619 he became Public Orator. In 1615, while at Cambridge, in a letter to his mother, he remarked, that so many poems were written and consecrated to Venus that, for his own part, he had determined that his “poor abilities in poetry should be all and ever consecrated to God’s glory.” His mother was one of the most talented women of the day, and Donne wrote in her praise. Over her children she had great influence. Walton tells us he never knew Herbert, “I have only seen him.” He says he “had heard he loved angling.” Herbert

was ordained in 1626. He was a friend of Bacon. His poems were published under the title of *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.*" The book was issued to the public in 1633, and read by King Charles I. when in prison. Walton, in his *Life of Herbert*, says his verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, "that Dr Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough, had collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr George Herbert, and the cause he undertook." Richard Baxter loved Herbert's poetry. A writer in the *Times* newspaper of the 1st of August 1902 makes the following excellent remarks upon the poems:—

"Widely as Herbert is read for the sake of his piety, we doubt whether he is reckoned at his full value. The temptation is to stop short at his conceits; to take them for all he has to offer, and to smile or close the book according to the reader's taste and knowledge. These conceits are not of the essence; they are the accidents of the age, and in particular, perhaps, of the influence of his mother's friend, Donne. Beneath them lies subtle and piercing thought, masterly insight into the spiritual nature, rare tenderness, a delight in things of beauty that his asceticism cannot conceal, and technical attainments of the highest order." Herbert wrote a prose sequel to *The Temple* as

a guide to country parsons, which Hallam calls a pleasing little book; but the precepts are sometimes so overstrained, according to our notions, as to give an air of affectation (*Literary History*, Vol. II., Part III., Chapter II.) The first edition of Herbert's *Outlandish Proverbs, &c.*, appeared in 1640.

When Archbishop Benson was an undergraduate at Cambridge he won a prize for an English declamation on Herbert. It ended thus:—

“The man himself has been far more to Englishmen, to scholars and to priests, than his work has been, far more deserving too of admiration and imitation than many weaklings whom late years have seen held up to us for examples. For he was not the mere muser or devout sentimentalist, but a most active and prosperous clergyman.”

This was delivered in the Hall of Trinity College on Commemoration Day, 1851. (See *Benson's Life*, by his son, Vol. I., p. 102). The footnote runs thus: “24 Jan. 1852. At the suggestion of the Master . . . a window to commemorate George Herbert, notice of whom had lately been brought before the College by Mr E. W. Benson's English Speech on Commemoration Day.” There are two windows in Trinity in which George Herbert is represented. In the one in the ante-chapel he appears standing behind our Lord in an

attitude of reverence. He is represented also in a window in the chapel itself which was put up about 1870. It is this former window which was put up on account of the suggestion before mentioned.

Herbert protested, says Walton, against ministers that "huddle 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. But for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every Collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions." He was a good musician. Cathedral music greatly affected him—"it elevated his soul and was with prayer his Heaven upon earth." He wrote : "Resort to sermons, but to prayers most." Walton, however, narrates that by his order the reading pew and pulpit were, in a church he served, a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height ; for he would often say : "They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other ; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation." Herbert dedicated himself afresh to a life for God on taking the preferment of Bemerton Church, near Salisbury. Cowper's words apply to his case :—

“ I thirst, but not as once I did,
 The vain delights of earth to share ;
 Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
 That I should seek my pleasures there.”

He said on the night of his induction : “ I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for.¹ And I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary painted pleasures ; pleasures that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God and His services, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust Him. But above all, I will be sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like Him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts.”

¹ “ Not always turned
 His soul to Heaven ; the splendours of the Court
 Dazzled his youth, and the fair boundless dreams
 Of youthful hope.”

A Vision of Saints, by Sir LEWIS MORRIS.

He thought much as to the clergy living well ; he said it would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of the age if they themselves would be sure to live unblamably, and if “the dignified clergy especially which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives.” We read that the Sunday before his death he rose up and called for one of his instruments, and, having tuned it, played and sang his beautiful hymn beginning :—

“The Sundays of Man’s life.”

“When the end was near he fell into a sudden agony.” His wife asked him how he felt, and he replied “that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus.” Having given certain directions as to his will, he said: “I am now ready to die,” and “Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me : but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now Lord—Lord, now receive my soul.” And with those words he calmly passed away. He was very happily married to a daughter of Charles Danvers, of Baynton, Wiltshire, a near relation of the Earl of Danby, but had no issue.

Herbert is buried in Bemerton Church. On his death the following verses were found wrapped

up with a seal which was given to him by Donne :—

“When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal and so gave o'er.”

“When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure,
This anchor keeps my faith, that me secure.”

The parish register of Bemerton states that “Mr George Herbert, Esq., Parson of Inggleston and Bemerton, was buried the 3rd day of March 1632.”

His widow married Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, Gloucestershire. She died and was buried there in 1656.

(*d*) RICHARD HOOKER

(1553-1600)

“Thy gentleness hath made me great.”
(2 SAMUEL xxii. 36).

“Give me the lowest place.”
C. G. ROSSETTI.

“Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seemed to be.”
TENNYSON.

Hooker was born about 1553 near Exeter. Of his parentage little is known. His mother was a most excellent woman, and Hooker often affectionately refers to her. He was educated at the

grammar school there. He proceeded to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. It is not within the plan of this book to say much about him. He was no angler so far as we know. His marriage was unfortunate, and his wife appears to have been a foe to his life, and a "clownish silly woman." Her maiden name was Churchman. Hooker was Master of the Temple from 1581 to 1591. The reader or lecturer there was one Walter Travers, a man of Ultra-Calvinistic and Presbyterian views, but "a man of learning and good manners," and the controversy between them on theology became very acute. Fuller says: "The pulpit spake pure Canterbury in the morning and Geneva in the afternoon." In their disputations Travers seems from all accounts to have come off more than conqueror. In 1595 Hooker became Rector of Bishopbourne, near Canterbury. He was a most exemplary parish priest, and noted for his great humility. His fame of course rests on his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Mr Bayne, the latest writer on Hooker, insists that Hooker wrote under the influence of Calvin, and that Calvin, the leading theologian of the Sacramentarians, did not hold what are called "low" — what Hooker calls "cold"—views of the Lord's Supper (see *The Pilot*, January 3, 1903).

The reader is referred to Hallam's *Constitutional History* and to his *Literary History* for informa-



RICHARD HOOKER

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tion shortly given as to the contents of this great work. Pope Clement VIII. said of it: "There are in it such seeds of eternity as will continue till the last fire shall devour all learning." Hallam remarks that Hooker never entirely emancipated himself from the trammels of prejudice on the subject of religious toleration. We should remember, however, that very few men of the period had done so, and that even Baxter pronounced universal toleration to be "soul murder," though he was, on the whole, somewhat more liberal than his co-religionists on the subject (Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe*, Vol. II., Chap. IV., Part II.).

Dr Arnold (see his *Life*, by Stanley, Vol. II.) wrote: "I long to see something which should solve what is to me the great problem of Hooker's mind. He is the only man that I know, who, holding with his whole mind and soul the idea of the eternal distinction between moral and positive laws, holds with it the love for priestly and ceremonial religion, such as appears in the fifth book." In Landor's imaginary conversations between Lord Bacon and Hooker, the former is made to say: "Good master . . . you would define to a hair's breadth, the qualities, states and dependencies of Principalities, Dominations and Powers; you would be unerring about the Apostles and the Churches; and 'tis marvellous how you wander about a pot herb," and Hooker's reply is: "Wisdom con-

sisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory. And this wisdom, my Lord of Verulam, cometh from above."

On his death-bed Hooker said: "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by His grace loved Him in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to Him and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? and therefore when I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners."

And now, says Walton, in exquisite language, "Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the Patriarchs and Apostles, the most Noble army of Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble holy man, shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of."

Hooker's papers and manuscripts were left, it

is narrated, in a state of great confusion at his death, and some appear to have been purposely burnt by, or at the least with the privity of, his wife. Hooker's wife married again and died suddenly within five months of his death. In his will Hooker made Joane Hooker, my well-beloved wife, sole executrix (he wrote executor), of his will. Hallam thinks all the stories on this subject given in the *Life of Hooker* by Walton (who, he says, seems to have been a man always too credulous of anecdote), are unsatisfactory to anyone who exacts real truth (*Literary History*, Vol. II., Part II., Chapter IV.).

Fuller states that Hooker's "voice was low, stature little, and gesture none at all in the pulpit."

Hooker died at Bishopsbourne in 1600, and was buried there, where a monument was erected to his memory in 1634. There is a bust of him by the west wall of the south aisle of the Temple Church in London. Hooker left four daughters, two of whom married; his family were left very ill provided for.

In the first edition (1670) of *Hooker's Life*, by Walton, his portrait appears. In 1890 his portrait, by a painter uncertain, was presented to the National Portrait Gallery.

EPITAPH TO HOOKER

BY

SIR WILLIAM COOPER

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame
 Or the remembrance of that precious name,
 Judicious¹ Hooker : though this cost be spent
 On him, that hath a lasting monument
 In his own books ; yet ought we to express,
 If not his worth yet our respectfulness.
 Church ceremonies he maintained ; then why
 Without all ceremony should he die ?
 Was it because his life and death should be
 Both equal patterns of humility ?
 Or that perhaps this only glorious one
 Was above all, to ask, why had he none ?
 Yet he that lay so long obscurely low,
 Doth now preferred to greater honours go.
 Ambitious men, learn hence to be more wise,
 Humility is the true way to rise :
 And God in me this lesson did inspire,
 To bid this humble man, Friend, sit up higher.

(e) ROBERT SANDERSON

(1587-1663)

"The Lord will beautify the meek with salvation."

PSALM cxlix. 4.

Sanderson was the youngest son of Robert Sanderson, of Gilthwaite Hall, Yorkshire. The place of his birth is uncertain. Walton says he was born at Rotherham, in the county of York,

¹ The word "judicious," invariably applied to Hooker, was taken from this epitaph.



ROBERT SANDERSON

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but this is admitted to be wrong. In 1606 we find him a Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and in 1611 he was ordained by Dr King, Bishop of London. We never read that he was an angler. He was given the living of Boothby Pagnell in Lincolnshire, and became Chaplain to King Charles I. He married Anne, daughter of the Rev. Henry Nelson, Rector of Hangham, Lincolnshire. The Parliamentarians compelled him to alter the form of the prayers read in his church. As he refused to take the Solemn League and Covenant his living was sequestered. Some say he wrote (but this is rather doubtful) the prayer in the Book of Common Prayer for all sorts and conditions of men and also the General Thanksgiving.

Walton says that the three offices added at the Savoy Conference to the Book of Common Prayer, viz. : A Form of Humiliation for the Murder of King Charles the Martyr, A Thanksgiving for the Restoration of his Son our King, and for the Baptising of Persons of Riper Age, were formed or worded more by Sanderson than any single man of the Convocation. It is agreed by all writers that he composed the preface to the Book of Common Prayer (on the subject *see* Proctor, Whately, and Barry on the Book of Common Prayer). Sanderson left the following direction : "I do absolutely renounce and disown whatsoever shall be published after my decease in my name."

After his death his *Nine Cases of Conscience Occasionally Determined* were published with other of his writings. Few now read the writings of this very learned prelate and great casuist. Walton dedicated his *Life of Sanderson* to George Morley when he was Bishop of Winchester, and states that his own friendship with Sanderson began "forty years past when I was as far from a thought as a desire to outlive him; and farther from an intention to write his life," and he expressed his thanks to the Bishop for having introduced him to Sanderson, Chillingworth and Hammond. At the Restoration Sanderson was made Bishop of Lincoln.

Sanderson in his will, after commending his soul into the hands of Almighty God, professed that as he lived so he desired to die, in the Communion of the Church of England. He mentions the danger the Church was in from the great increase of "Popery." By his will he directed: "As to my corruptible body, I bequeath it to the earth whence it was taken, to be decently buried in the Parish Church of Buckden, towards the upper end of the Chancel, upon the second, or — on the furthest — the third day after my decease; and that with as little noise, pomp, and charge as may be." And he gave further instructions for carrying out his funeral in a simple style which would have vastly

pleased Charles Dickens. He states his utter dislike of the flatteries commonly used in funeral sermons, and of the vast expenses otherwise laid out in funeral solemnities and entertainments with very little benefit to any ; which if bestowed in pious and charitable works “might redound to the public or private benefit of many persons.”

He lay ill for some three weeks before he died, longing to quit this world. It was not his desire, he said, to lead a useless life, and by filling up a place keep another out of it that might do God and His Church service. He mentioned that till he was threescore years of age he had never spent five shillings in law, nor—upon himself—so much in wine ; and he hoped he should die without an enemy. “And now,” says Walton, “his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the King of Terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night ; for he had often said he was prepared and longed for it. And as this desire seemed to come from Heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with his, and sing praise and glory to that God, who hath brought him and them to that place, into which sin and sorrow cannot enter. Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a

better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that mine may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age, and God knows it hath not: but I most humbly beseech Almighty God, that my death may: and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say, Amen." He was very happily married to a wife that made his life happy "by being always content when he was cheerful; that was always cheerful when he was content; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden, a wife that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life."

Sanderson died in January 1663, leaving his wife and a family insufficiently provided for.

His portrait is at Lincoln Palace. The curious may care to be referred to a book entitled *A Dialogue between Isaac Walton and Homologistes*, in which the character of Bishop Sanderson is defended against the Author of the Confessional.

CHAPTER IX

“ LOVE AND TRUTH ”—“ THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS ”

“ A little glooming light, much like a shade.”

Fairy Queen, Bk. I., C. II., St. 14.

THIS book does not pretend to give a list of all Walton's various writings; its chief object is, as before stated, to enamour those who hitherto have known but little of Walton, with his life-character and writings; and at the same time to give some fresh information and ideas to those who already know something about the subject. To the literary Waltonian I hope this chapter may not prove destitute of interest.

(a) AS TO THE TREATISE ENTITLED “ LOVE AND
TRUTH ”

In 1675 a pamphlet known by the name of *The Naked Truth* rose “like a comet” over the theological world; its full title was “The Naked Truth; or, The True State of the Primitive Church, by an Humble Moderator.” “Although anonymous, its manifest ability at once attracted notice,

while the comparative lull in this kind of literature, which had followed upon the Restoration, may perhaps have contributed to the interest which this tractate excited."¹

It is supposed to have been written by Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford. The chief object of the pamphlet was to suggest a scheme for including the nonconformists within the Established Church.² Dr Francis Turner, Master of St John's College, Cambridge (who became successively Bishop of Rochester and Ely, dying in 1700), wrote in 1676 a reply entitled *Animadversions on a Pamphlet entitled The Naked Truth*, adopting the view that learning and culture were absolutely essential for the clergy. Among other writers on the subject were Bishop Burnet and Andrew Marvell, the latter advising the bishops to correct many abuses that had sprung up, and insisting that a good life is a clergyman's "best syllogism and the quaintest oratory."

"At this critical period," says Dr Zouch, "Walton expressed his solicitude for the real welfare of his country, not with a view to embarrass himself in disputation—for his nature

¹ See College Histories : *St John's*, Cambridge.

² Edward Stillingfleet (Bishop of Worcester) had in 1662 republished *The Irenicum* suggesting that the form of Church Government was of little consequence; Dr Croft must have read it, and also probably Henry More's *Mystery of Godliness* published in 1660 and republished in 1662. It deals with Church matters in these days regarded as indifferent by many.

was totally abhorrent of controversy—but to give an ingenuous and undissembled account of his own faith and practice, as a true son of the Church of England.” According to his very confident opinion Walton in 1680 published the treatise entitled *Love and Truth*, the full title was “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 Fractious Shopkeepers in Coventry.” The motto to it was, “But let none of you suffer as a busie-body in other men’s matters” (1 Peter iv. 15). It is generally considered very doubtful who wrote it.

The authorship has been credited to Walton by many, merely on account of Archbishop Sancroft having in a volume called *Miscellanea* (Press-mark now 32-2-34, but formerly 14-2-34), in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, with his own hand marked its title thus:—“Is. Walton’s 2 letters conc. ye Distempers of ye Times 1680.” The author, whoever he was, tries to answer the arguments put forth in the pamphlet *The Naked Truth*, and specially deprecates schism and resistance to the authority of the Bishops, as regards the Church ceremonies enjoined by them. “Remember,” the writer says in his second letter, “you and I are but citizens, and must take much that concerns our religion and salvation upon trust.” He refers

to the "Holy life and happy death of George Herbert, as it is plainly and I hope truly writ by Mr Isaac Walton." Of course this reference *may* possibly have been made in order to deceive the world as to Walton being the writer.

There are only two copies of *Love and Truth* in the British Museum; one is of the edition of 1680 (Press-mark c. 40. c. 16), and the other is of the edition of 1795 (Press-mark 4105, bb.). The former edition has a MS. note by William Pickering in it, which runs thus: "The present is the only copy I have met with after twenty years' search, excepting the one in Emmanuel College, Cambridge.—W. PICKERING." A copy of *Love and Truth* is in a volume of tracts, formerly Archbishop Sancroft's, in Emanuel College, Cambridge; in the MS. contents at the beginning of the volume is written, probably by Archbishop Sancroft: "Walton J. two letters on ye distempers of ye times," which is Dr Zouch's authority for attributing them to Walton. The copy described above appears to be the same edition as the present, but has the following variation, after the title-page is printed: "The Author to the Stationer Mr Brome, &c.," and ends with "your friend without the N N which is found in this copy, but what is more remarkable the printed word Author is run through and corrected with a pen and over it written Publisher, which is evidently in the hand-

writing of Walton, from which I infer that its advertisement may have been written by Walton and the work probably seen through the Press and the copy given by Walton to Archbishop Sancroft, but I do not believe that the two letters were written by Walton (*see his Life* by Nicolas, p. 101). Although Dr Zouch has confidently asserted that they are his by him.—W. P.”¹

It is unlikely that further light will be forthcoming as to who the real author of this treatise was; I will, however, remark that Walton was no resident “citizen” of London in 1680.² To judge from internal evidence only it would seem highly probable it was written by Walton, as so many of his words and phrases occur in it, and the style, sentiment and argumentation are similar, as even a cursory perusal of it will show. Lowell writes: “The evidence internal and external that he was the author seems to me conclusive.” No help towards solving the difficulty is afforded by the writer of Walton’s life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the treatise not being even mentioned or referred to! My difficulty is, that if Walton wrote the work I think he would only have been too glad to tell the world he did so, for the reasons given in Chapter IV., but Dr

¹ This manuscript note was most courteously copied out and sent to me by the British Museum authorities.

² And he was not so in 1668 or 1679, the years in which the letters were respectively written.

Zouch thinks "his modesty precluded him from annexing his name to the treatise!" There are parallel passages in the treatise and in other writings admitted by all to have been written by Walton set out in Shepherd's *Waltoniana* (1878), which, as I have before said, give strong internal evidence that Walton was the author of the two letters. Zouch's edition of the Lives was brought out in 1796, and was re-issued in 1807 and (with inclusion of *Love and Truth*), in 1817; his *Life of Walton* was published in 1823, and was re-issued in 1825.

(b) AS TO "THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS"

In 1683 *Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in Smooth and Easie Verse*, was published by Walton. If curiosity is aroused over *Love and Truth* it is more so over this work. Who was John Chalkhill, by whom it was said to have been written? He is said on the title-page to have been "an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser." But Spenser died in 1599, when Walton was five years old! A mystery is here; Jo. Chalkhill signed two songs to be found in *The Complete Angler*. Walton had connections of the name. A John Chalkhill died at Winchester in 1679. This is all too wonderful. We do not offer any suggestion as to this literary mystery, but it seems rather hard

to believe that Walton, when nearly ninety years of age, could be such a gay deceiver as some would make him out to be, if he were really the author himself of this work. The preface in the book I here set out :—

“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 latter, 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 heightened by easie and fit descriptions of Joy and Sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent Truth and undissembled Honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natur'd Reader) more sympathising 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 7th, 1678.*”

This preface is followed by some verses addressed by Thomas Flatman, the poet, to Walton, including the following lines: “Happy Old Man, whose worth all mankind knows,” and—

“Hence did he know the Art of living well,
The bright Thealma was his Oracle:
Inspired by her, he knows no anxious cares,
Thro’ near a Century of pleasant years:
Easie he lives, and cheerful shall he die.
Well spoken of by late Posterity.”

The ending of *Thealma and Clearchus* is thus:—

“never fear it,
Thealma lives.”

I cannot find that the phrases used in this poem are similar to those Walton uses in his other writings. I can see no internal evidence at all that he was the author, such as there is in the case of *Love and Truth*, to go towards showing he wrote that work. Dr Zouch, however, considers “the internal evidence in the poem itself is strongly corroborative of the opinion as to the unity of Chalkhill and Walton!” It must follow, if

we think Walton was the author, that he also wrote the beautiful poems in *The Complete Angler* signed by the name of Jo. Chalkhill (see on the subject of this book *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. IV., p. 93, 5th S. III., p. 365, and 8th S. XII., pp. 441, 516).

CHAPTER X

WALTON'S DEATH

“ARCESSITUS AB ANGELIS”

“Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history.”

“Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?”

RICHARD CRASHAW.

“In the midst of *Death* we are in *Life*.”¹

“He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side ;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

His joys be mine each reader cries,
When my last hour arrives ;
They shall be yours, my verse replies,
Such only be your lives.”

W. COOPER.

WE know no particulars about Walton's death : we only know that he died on the 15th of December 1683, at the time of the great frost

¹ The Eagle Lectern in Lambeth Palace Chapel bears this motto (see *Archbishop Benson's Life*, by his son, Vol. II., p. 394.)

in that year, at his son-in-law's house at Winchester.¹

George Dawson said, "that for his own part he would rather have written on his tomb, 'He was a good fellow, bless him,' than, 'Of your charity pray for the soul of George Dawson, deceased.'" We know not what Walton would have wished written on his tombstone, but we may well think that up to the last day of his life he possessed "all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." At peace with God, at peace with man, life's work well done, and happy in that no shadow of doubt ever probably disturbed the serenity of his faith, we may suppose his death was

"serene and bright
And calm as is a Lapland night."

We need not apply to his death-bed any such phrase as "unique hopefulness," for most probably he could have said with St Paul that he had "the desire to depart and be with Christ." No mere "minimum of salvation" could be his!

We may suppose he could have said, as John Wilson, "Christopher North," said of himself:—

"It has pleased Heaven to crown my life with

¹ The great frost began on the 15th of December, and lasted over eight weeks, till the 4th of February. Cotton refers to the state of the River Dove, and the fish in it thus: "And doubtless there was great mortality of trout and grayling of great quality." He, however, never mentions, as we might have expected he would, that Walton died during the frost. As to a sermon preached on the subject of the frost (London, 1684), see *Notes and Queries* for August 1902.

such a load of happiness, that ofttimes my very soul is faint with bearing up the blessed burden."

In fancy we can imagine Walton "babbling of green fields"; and thanking God for long and happy days, for friends made and kept, for learning won and knowledge gained; but above all for the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, and for the hope of glory.

Walton was buried amidst some of the virtuous and the greatly wise, and lies under a marble slab in Prior Silkstead's Chapel in Winchester Cathedral:—

" In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall."

DR ALEXANDER.



WALTON'S TOMB IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

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CHAPTER XI

“FARRAGO LIBELLI.”—*Juv.*

IN Warwick Castle may be seen Walton's marriage chest. The inscription on it is :—

“ IZAAK WALTON. RACHEL FLOUD.
Joyned Together In ye Holie Bonde Of
Wedlocke on ye 27th Daie Of
Decembere. A. 1626. D.

We once were two, we two made one,
We no more two, through life Bee one.”

A writer in *Notes and Queries* (6th S. XII., p. 326) states that at an auction sale of carved oak furniture, which took place at Worcester on the 10th of October 1884, the auctioneers described in their printed catalogue a Curious Dower Coffin said to have come from the Cathedral precincts, Worcester, on the centre panel of which was inscribed :— “Izaak Walton and Ann Ken was joyned together in holie wedlocke on ye Eve of Saint Gregory, ano. MDCXLVII., dom.” The cabinet bequeathed by Walton was sold by public auction in 1881. His name was found on it with the date 1672. Full particulars as to the cabinet

will be found in Mr Marston's *Complete Angler*, referred to before.

In St Mary's Church, Stafford, may be seen Walton's bust by Belt, which was erected by public subscription in 1878.

In 1888, by the permission of Dean Kitchin, a small statue of Walton was placed in the Great Screen in Winchester Cathedral. It was the work of Miss Mary Grant.

In St Dunstan's Church, London, a Walton memorial window was put up in 1895. It was designed by Messrs Percy Bacon and Brothers, of Newman Street, Oxford Street. The central figure on the window is a copy of the statue of Walton in the Cathedral Screen at Winchester. On the right side are portraits of Donne, Hooker and Sanderson, and on the left side are portraits of Wotton, Ken and Herbert; and in the tracery are depicted angels holding scrolls of the virtues and the arms of St Dunstan and of the Ironmongers' Company. The centre quatrefoil contains the intertwined monograms of Walton and Cotton. The window cost £100. Cotton is given no place in the window. No one ever heard that Ken was an angler, and it seems quite out of keeping with the memorial to have included this great hymn-writer and good man in the group to the exclusion of Cotton.



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN ST DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, LONDON

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In 1891 there was purchased in an old curiosity shop near Westminster Abbey a fishing creel bearing the initials I. W., with the date 1646 marked on the side. The purchaser submitted it for examination to experts at the British Museum, who pronounced the creel to be the genuine work of Walton's period, but that the initials had been more or less recently scratched on it.

By the kind permission of the owner I have been allowed to inspect the creel for myself. Some Jew is supposed to have been guilty of the fraud (see *Notes and Queries*, 9th S. VII., p. 410). Several previous attempts have been made to deceive Waltonians as to Walton's possessions; as to a clock supposed to have been his, see *Notes and Queries*, 7th S. II., p. 459, and 7th S. III., p. 69.

I have handled Walton's Prayer-book, which is to be seen in the British Museum. It contains his studies for the epitaph of his second wife, which is in Worcester Cathedral. The words "Ex terris M. S." do not appear and there are various autobiographical notes. The article "the" between "of" and "primitive piety" is an interlineation and "Alas! that she is dead" was originally "Alas! Alas! that she dyed."

Walton rang the changes over the spelling of

his name Izaak, he and others sometimes spelling it with a "k" and sometimes with a "c." In the Prayer-book his son the Canon spells it with a "c." The Canon himself spelt his own name with a "c." In his marriage licence in the Canterbury Episcopal Register, dated the 27th of December 1626, Walton signs his name with a "c"; but his will is signed with a "k."

In Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. I., Chapter III., there is a note on the paragraph as to the scarcity of books in country houses in the year 1685 which seems misleading. It is stated: "Cotton seems, from his *Angler*, to have found room for his whole library in his hall window; and Cotton was a man of letters." I fail to find the authority for the statement. In Chapter X. of Part II. of *The Complete Angler*, Piscator says: "Walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other in the window to entertain you the while"; but surely this is a poor authority to quote to show that Cotton had but few books and that he kept all he possessed in his hall window!

With a curious desire to discover defects in Walton's character I have made careful search. The charge against him of cruelty as a fisherman has been referred to in Chapter III. The charge of his having been on one occasion "huffy, brought against him by Franck, is almost too

childish to mention, since the occasion was merely a discussion between them as to Gesner, Dubravius and Aldrovandus being better authorities as to "pickerel weed" than himself.

The fact is Franck was very dogmatic, and probably Walton was piqued if not exasperated by him. I give one instance of the former being himself a formal opinionist. After giving certain directions for the composition of a salmon fly he said: "Should any man, under the pretence of an artist, remain destitute of these printed qualifications, proclaim him a blockhead; let him angle for oysters." It is right to mention that Franck was a skilful salmon angler.

Walton is often said to have made a mistake in writing, as he did when near the end of his life, of Ben Jonson, with reference to his infirmities; but considering his letter was written to his friend John Aubrey, the antiquary, in reply to a request for information about Jonson, there was no impropriety in Walton telling all he knew. Subject as aforesaid, as lawyers write, and if it be conceded that Walton was guilty of several little literary deceptions, and frankly allowing he was to some extent a plagiarist, and "expanded unconsciously," I confess I cannot find any flaw in his character.

I have never seen it observed what a pity it is

Cotton did not write a biography of Walton, which, as he survived him four years, there was ample time for him to do. Mr Le Gallienne in his edition of *The Complete Angler* (1897) remarks that Canon Isaak Walton, "in his long quiet life in Salisbury Close, might surely have written some notes of a father to whose biographical faculty, and consequent acceptability with bishops, he owed his canonry."

One of the last editions of *The Complete Angler* I have seen is called the "Winchester Edition," published in 1902, by Freemantle, and edited by Mr George A. B. Dewar, who has discovered the lease of "Norington farme" which Walton in his will gave to his son Isaak."

There is a great deal of learned and interesting information as to Donne's seals in *The Perverse Widow; or, Memorials of the Boevey Family* before mentioned. I only remark here that many gifts passed between Walton's friends in the way of seals. Donne sent Herbert a seal depicting Christ upon an anchor, which Donne adopted in lieu of the crest of his family, which was a sheaf of snakes:—

" Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new Arms I go."

Walton sealed his will with one of these seals

of Donne's, and by his will bequeathed many rings, some of which bear quaint mottoes.

There are in certain cities and towns in England various clubs calling themselves after the names of "Walton and Cotton."

I possess a very rare work, of which only thirty-three copies were printed; it is beautifully printed and illustrated and was published in London in 1840. It is headed Rules and Regulations of the Walton and Cotton Club. Instituted 19th March 1817. Revised 8th April 1840. "Dum capimus capimur." The frontispiece contains a view of Cotton's fishing-house. The contents are shown by the following extracts:—

"At a meeting held at the Freemason's Tavern, London, on Wednesday the 19th March 1817.

"PRESENT—Charles Harvey, Esq., M.P.; Thomas Butts Aveling, Esq.; Michael Bland, Esq.; John Caley, Esq.; Henry Ellis, Esq.; Robert Gatty, Esq.; John Bland Hanbury, Esq.; William Henry Sharp, Esq.

"IT WAS RESOLVED—That with sentiments of veneration for the memory of *honest* Isaak Walton, and of the high respect for that of the eminent Fly-fisher, Charles Cotton, a Society be now in-

stituted by the title of the Walton and Cotton Club.

“That Charles Harvey, Esq., be the first and modern President of the Club.

“That Michael Bland, Esq., be the first Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary.

“That the above Gentlemen, together with the Reverend Jeremiah Ives, of Norwich, be declared the Founders of the said Club.

“At a meeting of the Walton and Cotton Club held at the Freemason’s Tavern, on the 26th of March 1840, it was proposed and carried, that a Committee consisting of the following Gentlemen be appointed to revise the Rules and Regulations of the Club :—

“Edward Jesse, Esq. ; William Dunn, Esq. ; William R. Collett, Esq. ; A. Jenkins, Esq. ; William Yarrell, Esq. ; R. G. Parnter ; William Pickering, Esq.

“The Committee met on the 8th of April, and the ensuing Rules and Regulations were submitted to the General Meeting of the Club, and confirmed. . . .”

Then, following the list of members, it is stated that :—

“The object of this Club being to promote and

improve the 'delightful Science of Angling,' it is hoped that, following the example of those eminent men, Walton and Cotton, every Member will study to ensure the Harmony thereof, by a steady adherence to Good - humour, Temperance, and Sobriety; gratefully sensible of the Blessings of that Constitution of Government, which, while it protects our Rights, permits us, with our Brethren, 'quietly to go a-fishing!'"

Then are set out ten ordinary club rules, the seventh providing that any visitor introduced to dinner was to be a gentleman attached to "the Contemplative Man's Recreation." This club, so far as I can discover, no longer exists (see *Notes and Queries*, 9th S. XI., p. 7).

There appears to have been a Walton and Cotton Club founded at Cambridge in 1825; but my letter addressed there has been returned through the Dead Letter Office.

Bethune, in his edition of *The Complete Angler*, tells us about the formation of a club, called "The Lake Piseco Trout Club," for anglers who fished the waters in Hamilton county, in the northern part of the State of New York, and that they had erected a fishing-lodge and named it "Walton Hall," in honour of their patron saint, "with convenient rooms for each member of the Club."

There is an amusing letter to Walton, written by Mr Andrew Lang in his *Letters to Dead Authors* (Longmans, 1896), which recognises Walton's kindness and acknowledges the stability of his religion.

It has been much debated whether Walton smoked. Some infer by a curious construction, as it seems to me, of a sentence in *The Complete Angler* that he did; others again quote the line in his elegy on Donne, "as poison'd fumes do waste the braine," to show he did not. The poet and the man are often very different beings! We know from his own words that Cotton obtained his tobacco from London, but he wrote a crushing satire against its use. Walton tells us that Wotton had taken tobacco "somewhat immoderately." He and Isaac Barrow are both instances of men who died "of the poisons that most sweetly slay."¹

I fear we must for ever guess in vain on how many of the "prints and pickters" and "littell things" specifically bequeathed to his son the Canon, Walton had emblazoned his name or initials. One likes to know that Virgil wore patched shoes, that Horace had no gilt cornices

¹ Barrow called tobacco his "*πανφαρμακον*." He is supposed to have learned the use of it where he found the opium which killed him at last, in Turkey (see his *Life* by James Hamilton, 1839).

at the Sabine farm, that Samuel Johnson wore snuff brown, that Voltaire had gay embroidered bed-gowns, that Oliver Goldsmith was vain of a cherry-coloured coat, and that Barry Cornwall had a patent lamp and a flunky in green livery (see *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. XII., p. 166), so every scrap of information as to Walton is eagerly sought for by his many devotees.¹

Walton was no teetotaler. We read of his resorting to "an honest ale-house, where we may have a good cup of good barley-wine." By this wine was probably meant common beer.²

He seems fond of the word "honest ale-house," for he uses it more than once. Again we read: "Come, hostess, dress it (a trout) presently, and get us what other meat the house will afford, and give us some of your best barley-wine and good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and do so many good deeds." When asked, "Will you drink a draught of red cow's milk?"³ his answer was, "No, I thank you."

¹ One of Walton's watches, or what is believed to be such, is in the possession of a sister of the Rev. A. S. Wyndham Merewether, of North Bradley Vicarage, Trowbridge, Wilts.

² Beer then (1685) was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea and ardent spirits now are. (Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. I., Chap. III.).

³ This was supposed to be good for consumption.

Walton did not make his fishing "pay." "It is a good beginning of your art," he writes, "to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank God and you for it." And again we read: "Having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none."¹

Walton was very fond of backing his opinion; but it does not appear that money really passed. Sometimes it is "twenty to one" if he had taken up a certain rod; then it is an "even lay" as to which rod catches, and at another time it is "twenty to one" on his catching the biggest of some twenty chubs.

Mr F. C. Burnand has written a funny book entitled *The Incomplete Angler* (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.), consisting of amusing conversation between Piscator, Venator and Auiceps and others; it is well worth perusing.

The question has been raised by Mr Marston whether Walton kept a horse. He observes Walton could not go from London fishing "by train or tram or 'bus, as the modern Londoner does." Certainly Walton once refers to "my horse" when referring to baits for bream. However, the question seems hardly worth pursuing,

¹ Walton tells us that Dr Nowell (1507-1602), Dean of St Paul's Cathedral, who was a great angler, "usually bestowed all his fish amongst the poor."

but the following fancy conversation written by W. S. Landor in his *Imaginary Conversations*, Vol. IV., is interesting;—

“*Walton.* Hold my mare, son Cotton. I will try whether my whip can reach the window, when I have mounted the bank.

“*Cotton.* Curious! the middle of a street to be lower than the side by several feet. People would not believe it in London or Hull.”¹ Again we read; “I never could have believed, master Izaak, that you would have trusted your tackle out of your own hand”; and Walton says: “Without cogent reason, no indeed; but—let me whisper. I told youngster it was because I carried a hunting-whip, and could not hold that and rod too.”

The play-writer has not forgotten to make Walton the subject for a drama. I possess a booklet printed from the prompter's copy by Charles Dance (Chapman & Hall). The dedication runs as follows: “To the President and Members of The Walton & Cotton Club, the following humble tribute to the memory of their revered ‘Father and Friend, honest Izaak Walton,’ is especially dedicated by their very obedient Servant, Charles Dance.” It is written from the Garrick Club, and dated 1st July 1839.

Walton's portrait, formerly in the National

¹ The scene is Ashbourne.

Gallery, was in July 1898 deposited in the National Portrait Gallery. It was painted by Jacob Huysman (1656-1696), a Dutch artist, who was born at Antwerp, and settled in England. He was the rival as a portrait painter of Sir Peter Lely. One of the portraits among the "Windsor Beauties," now at Hampton Court, was painted by him, also an altar-piece in the King's Chapel, St James's. He died in London.

The portrait has been thought to show "mild complacency, forbearance, mature consideration, calm activity, peace, sound understanding, power of thought, discerning attention, and secretly active friendship."

There are several portraits of Charles Cotton. The portrait by Sir Peter Lely, now in the possession of the writer, was formerly in the possession of his great uncle, John Beresford, of Ashbourne, and it is the one to be found copied in Sir Harris Nicolas's, and Baxter's edition of *The Complete Angler*.

Sir Peter Lely (1618-1680) became intimate with Charles II. and painted many beauties of his Court. He was knighted in 1679. He died suddenly, and was buried in St Paul's Cathedral, where a monument was erected to his memory. He married and had two children.

The real lover of Walton will enjoy the

following extract from Major: "I had long been asking myself in the language of Abraham Cowley, 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' and my good genius whispered, 'Give your days and nights to emblazon the worth of Izaak Walton.'"

CHAPTER XII

SHORT SKETCHES OF SOME FAMOUS ECCLESIASTICS WHO WERE WALTON'S FRIENDS

"Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting."
20, 385, *The Spectator*.

"In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirits."
Merchant of Venice.

"Life is never finished in its purpose and idea; and its work is at best but a fragment."—JAMES MARTINEAU.

IN his youth and early manhood Walton appears to have had the power to make "troops of friends," and he possessed the still greater power of keeping them. We have seen in a former chapter he was very particular whom he would reckon as his friends; his will shows he had many who survived him, though he outlived nearly all of the most famous of them.

I now give concise biographical sketches of some of them.

“And we may well wonder how many more sons of Memory must he not have known or seen in all those years—so populous with men justly famous.”

I have dived into a multitude of books to gain my information, and I think that certain matters not generally known will here be found narrated.

THOMAS BARLOW, BISHOP OF LINCOLN
(1607-1691).

“Fling away ambition.”

He was born at Langhill, in the Parish of Orton, in Westmoreland, and was a son of Richard Barlow, descended from the ancient family of that name, of Barlow Moore, in Lancashire. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. He was a strong Protestant and Calvinist, and became a very ambitious man and a great time-server. In 1660 he wrote in favour of toleration.¹ Becoming Provost of Queen's College, and a prebendary of Worcester Cathedral, he was, in 1675, appointed Bishop of Lincoln. It appears he changed his views in 1684, for in a charge to his clergy he called on them to enforce the laws against the dissenters, “agreeably to the resolution of the

¹ The title of the treatise being *The Case of Toleration in Matters of Religion*; it was addressed to Robert Boyle.

Bedfordshire Justices adopted at Ampthill." In this charge he both justifies and enforces the persecution of dissenters as necessary to "bring them to a sense of their duty by the blessing of God for that 'afflictio dat intellectum.'" He died at Buckdon and was buried in the chancel of the Parish Church there, near to the body of Bishop Sanderson. By his will he bequeathed some of his books to Queen's College and some to the University of Oxford. His portrait "was bequeathed by Bishop Cartwright of Chester, to be hung up and kept for ever in the provost's lodgings."

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH

(1602-1644).

"Thy commandment is exceeding broad."

He was the son of an Oxford mercer, and was educated at the Grammar School in Oxford, and became a Fellow of Trinity College in that university in 1628, and was ordained in 1638. His fame rests on his book *The Religion of Protestants*, the full title being "The Religion of Protestants, a Safe Way of Salvation, or an Answer to a Book entitled 'Mercy and Truth; or, Charity Maintained by Catholiques.'" The writer pleads for the right of private judgment, and declares it is

impossible for any man to attain to more than relative certainty on religious matters. "Chillingworth," says Sir James Stephen, "wants little but a change in punctuation to be a writer of our own day, and a writer as powerful, as expressive and as idiomatic as any in the whole history of our language." A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1902 asks if it can be said that there still survives sufficient interest in the long argumentation between a Protestant and a Jesuit on the facts of the case, as they appeared in the earliest part of the seventeenth century, to make it worth while to republish *The Religion of Protestants*.

Chillingworth has been styled "The Immortal." He died on the 30th of January 1644, and was buried in Chichester Cathedral.¹

JAMES DUPORT

(1606-1679).

"He was a scholar ; and a ripe and good one."

He was the son of John Duport, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, who assisted in the translation of King James's Bible.

He was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a

¹ His life was much harassed by Francis Cheynell, the Parliamentary Chaplain, who threw the famous book into Chillingworth's grave.

Fellow in 1627, and later on Vice-Master. He was Greek professor at Cambridge, and was said "to have been the main instrument by which literature was upheld in this university during the civil disturbances of the seventeenth century." Isaac Barrow was his pupil, and when, in 1654, Duport resigned the Greek professorship at Cambridge he recommended him for the post. Barrow did not then succeed in obtaining it, although he did so at the Restoration. He complained, however, that no one attended his lectures. "I sit like an Attic owl," he says, "driven out from the society of all other birds." In 1662 Duport published a collection of Latin poems. In 1664 he was made Dean of Peterborough, and in 1668 Master of Magdalene College. He was not allowed to preach in St Paul's Cathedral a second time, because of a sermon he had preached there as to the way that Cathedral was profaned. He said: "Church aisles were exchanged into shops, and churchyards into markets."¹

Duport was buried in Peterborough Cathedral, where there is a tablet erected to his memory. He wrote verses in praise of Walton. They are set out at the end of this book, and translated

¹St Paul's Cathedral was turned into a market, and the aisles, the communion table and the altar served for the foulest purposes. Churchyards seem to have been in old times used as market-places. An Act of Parliament provided that neither fairs nor markets be kept in churchyards, for the honour of the Church.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

into English for the benefit of readers who may not be competent to translate them.

BRIAN DUPPA, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

(1588-1662).

“There has perhaps never passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful.”

DR JOHNSON.

His father was by repute Vicar of Lewisham in Kent, where he was born. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, becoming a Fellow of All Souls' in 1612, and Dean of Christ Church in 1629, where during his reign he made many changes in the interior of the Cathedral. In 1626 he married, and later on he became tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., who visited Duppa when he was dying and knelt at his bedside to receive his blessing. In 1638 he was made Bishop of Chichester, and translated to Salisbury in 1641. At the Restoration he was, in 1660, made Bishop of Winchester. Some say he assisted Charles I. in the composition of *Eikon Basilike*, but he did not write much. Duppa was a man of “exemplary piety, lively conversation, and excess of good-nature.” He was noted for his charity. His last days were spent in retirement at Richmond in Surrey,

where he interested himself in the preservation of the Episcopal succession during the Commonwealth, even admitting men privately to holy orders. He died at Richmond, Surrey, and was buried on the north side of Edward the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey; and King, Bishop of Chichester, preached his funeral sermon. His portrait is at Salisbury and at Christ Church, and a bust of him is at All Souls' College. He bequeathed legacies to his old school, to Christ Church and All Souls, to his former sees, and to various charities.

DANIEL FEATLEY

(1582-1645).

“The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.”

He was born at Charlton-upon-Otmoor, in Oxfordshire, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He became domestic chaplain to Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, and was presented to the living of Lambeth in February 1618, on resigning Northhill Rectory, in Cornwall. He became a great controversialist and was a Calvinist. His best known works are, “The Dippers dipt: or, the Anabaptists duck'd and plung'd over head and ears at a Disputation in Southwark, &c.,” and *Clavis Mystica*.

He died at Chelsea College, and was buried in the chancel of Lambeth Parish Church.¹ It is most curious to note that Featley, who was so very bitter against the Baptists, should have been buried in a church where a font-grave for baptising adults by immersion has been dedicated as a memorial to Archbishop Benson. It is designed after the general plan of one in the ruined Church of St Stephen, in the Campagna at Rome. The inscription, in open copper work, is taken from the font of St Sophia at Constantinople—

NIYON ANOMHMATA
MH MONAN OYIN,

which, being translated, means “Wash your transgressions, not only your face.”² The last Rector, the Rev. J. Andrewes Reeve, received the approval of Archbishop Benson to the erection of such font in his lifetime. There is no other church belonging to the Establishment in London in which baptism can be duly administered by immersion. Featley spelt his name in four different ways, viz., Fertlough, Fairclough, Fairclowe and Featley.

¹ *The History and Antiquities of Lambeth*, by John Tanswell (F. Pickton, 1858).

² There is a silver dish used for rose-water, belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge, on which these words appear in a little circle in the centre of the dish. For various references to this inscription, see *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. XI., etc., under Palindromes.

JOHN FELL, BISHOP OF OXFORD

(1625-1686).

“Clad with zeal as a cloke.”—ISAIAH lix. 17.

He was the son of Dr Samuel Fell, who was Dean of Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1638, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas Wilde or Wyld, of Worcester. When only eleven years old he was sent to Christ Church, and took his degree in 1640. He was in arms for Charles I. within the garrison of Oxford, and later on was ordained; after the Restoration he was made Prebendary of Chichester, and Canon of Christ Church, and in 1660 he was made D.D. and Dean of Christ Church. He restored the college by his own benefactions and with what he collected from others, and built the tower over the chief gateway of the college, to which he had transferred out of the steeple in the Cathedral the bell known as “Great Tom,” which he had re-cast with additional metal.¹

Walton sent his son to Christ Church, most probably to be under the eye of his friend.

Fell was a great Protestant. When Master of

¹ “Hark! the *first* and *second* bell
On ev’ry day, at four and ten,
Cries: come, come, come to prayers,
And the verger walks before the dean.’

DEAN ALDRICH.

St Oswald Hospital, Worcester,¹ he rebuilt it in a sumptuous manner, bestowing all the profits of his income there in augmenting and recovering its estates. In 1663 an Act of Parliament was passed for "governing of the hospital of St Oswald in the county of Worcester."

In 1666-1669 Fell was Vice-chancellor of the university, during which time he successfully restored discipline there and greatly raised the reputation of the college. In 1675 he became Bishop of Oxford. He rebuilt the Episcopal Palace of Cuddesden. He was, says Wood, "The most zealous man of his time for the Church of England; a great encourager and promoter of learning in the university, and of all public works belonging thereunto; of great resolution and exemplary charity; of strict integrity; a learned divine, and excellently skilled in the Latin and Greek languages." It is now generally allowed that he was the subject of the epigram, "I do not like you, Dr Fell," though the origin of the epigram has been the subject of much learned and interesting discussion.² Fell wrote a life of Dr Henry Hammond. He died a bachelor, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral. There is a picture in which he figures

¹ This hospital was originally an infirmary, founded for leprous monks of Worcester Priory.

² So popular was Fell, says W. L. Bowles in his *Life of Ken*, that a loyal Oxford apothecary left eight pounds a year for a prize composition at Christ Church, "In laudem Doctoris Fell."

in the hall at Christ Church, and there is a statue of him in the quadrangle at Christ Church, which, since it is thereon recorded that he was born at Longworth in Berkshire, should settle the doubts that have been raised as to his birthplace, since such evidence would, *primâ facie*, be taken as conclusive in a Court of Judicature.¹

THOMAS FULLER

(1608-1661).

“In moderation placing all my glory,
The Tories call me Whig, the Whigs a Tory.”

“I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as it was said to me.”

He was born in Northampton and became “a boy of pregnant wit,” and was educated at Queen’s College, Cambridge, but being disappointed in not obtaining a Fellowship there he migrated to Sidney Sussex College, where he succeeded in becoming a Fellow. He became a popular preacher, and in 1631, was made a Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. He was a rigid ascetic. He became Lecturer at St Bride’s, Fleet Street. The best known of his works are his *Church History of Britain* and *Worthies of England*, which was com-

¹ Lysons states Fell was baptised on July 16, 1624.

pleted in 1660, but not published until a year after his death. After Walton had read *The Church History* he asked Fuller for some information as to Hooker, whose life he was preparing to write. In return Fuller asked Walton's opinion of the history and what his friends thought of it. Walton answered, that "he thought it would be very acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution: that with youthful readers, the facetious parts would be profitable to make the serious more palatable, while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves, in his *History of the Church*, as in a flower garden, or one full of evergreens." "And why not," said Fuller, "*The Church History* so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most holy season, or the Tabernacle of old at the feast of boughs?" "That was but for a season," said Walton, "in your feast of boughs, they may conceive, we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation—and this sometimes, invisible to its own acquaintance, who may wander in the search till they are lost in the labyrinth." "Oh," said Fuller, "the very children of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness." "True," replied Walton, "as, indeed, they have here such a Moses to conduct them." Fuller, who was a Royalist, was, on the Restoration, created a D.D.

He was no strong partisan, however. He was deemed by one party before whom he preached "a hot Royalist," while for his discourses before the King and Court at Oxford he was blamed as being too lukewarm. He was noted for having a wonderful memory. He died in Covent Garden and was buried in the chancel of Cranford Church in Middlesex, of which he had been appointed Rector in 1658. His epitaph says that "while he was endeavouring to give immortality to others he himself attained it." His wife survived him over twenty-one years and was buried in Cranford Church.

JOHN HALES

(1584-1656).

"Ever memorable."

He was the fourth son of John Hales of Highchurch, near Bath, in Somersetshire, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, being subsequently elected to a Fellowship at Merton in 1605. He was a great Greek scholar; Wotton dubbed him "Our Bibliotheca ambulans." He was a friend of Chillingworth's. Laud made him a Canon of Windsor in 1639. Dr King styled him "the best critic of our time." His chief work was

a small book on *Schism and Schismatics*. He died and was buried at Eton. There is no known portrait of him, but Sir Harris Nicolas says that Walton's memoranda show that his portrait after his death was painted by Anne, Lady Howe, sister of Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.

JOSEPH HALL, BISHOP OF NORWICH

(1574-1656).

“Satire's my weapon.”

He was the son of a keeper near Norwich, and was born in Bristow Park, in the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, and was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and became a Fellow there in 1595. He considered himself to be the best English satirist, and wrote:—

“I first adventure; follow me who list,
And be the second English Satirist.”

Hall has often been called “The Christian”; or, “Our English Seneca.” Appointed Dean of Worcester, and in 1627 promoted to be Bishop of Exeter, he was transferred, in 1641, to Norwich. He is said to have written his finest discourses at Worcester. He was a Calvinist and a decided Low Churchman. Among other works,

he wrote one entitled *No Peace with Rome*. Lord Clarendon refers to him as being a popular prelate. He married, and several of his sons obtained good positions as clergymen. Walton, by his will, bequeathed to his daughter "Dr Hall's works, which be now at Farnham." In 1643, upon being turned out of his Norwich bishopric by the Commissioners who were sent there on the passing of the Act for Sequestration of the Property of Malignants, in which he was named, Hall retired to Heigham village, near to Norwich, where he lived till his death. He was buried in the church-yard there and not in the church, for he did not hold "God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints." Affixed to some of his books is a portrait of him.

HENRY HAMMOND

(1605-1660).

"Inter Silvas Academi quærere Verum."

He was a son of Dr John Hammond, Physician to Prince Henry, and was born at Chertsey in Surrey, and educated at Eton and at Magdalene College, Oxford. He became Canon of Christ Church and Public Orator, and one of Charles the First's chaplains. In 1630 he was Rector of Penshurst, Kent, and in 1639 became D.D. He

became a great friend of Sir John Pakington, who married Lady Dorothy Coventry, the fifth daughter of Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, who was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Coventry of Aylesborough, county Worcester, in 1628. She was known by the name of "The good Lady Pakington," and has been credited with being the authoress of *The Whole Duty of Man*. Although many others have had the work attributed to them (in the Bodleian Catalogue, in Oxford, the book is ascribed to Richard Allestree), it seems quite likely that she may have been the real authoress of the work, having the help of Bishop Morley, Bishop Henchman, Dr Fell and Hammond possibly as well, over it. Hammond gave Isaac Barrow sufficient aid to enable him to study at Cambridge and lived to see his bounty rewarded in the early eminence of his *protégé*; whilst Barrow lived to testify his gratitude in a copious Latin epitaph. During the Civil Wars, Hammond, with other learned men, found Westwood, in Worcestershire, a refuge place, where he wrote many of his books. Hallam, in his *Literary History*, says: "The Paraphrase and Annotations of Hammond on the New Testament give a different colour to the Epistles of St Paul from that which they display in the hands of Beza and the other theologians of the sixteenth century. And the name of Hammond stood so high with the Anglican clergy, that he naturally

turned the tide of interpretation his own way." Hammond was Bishop-designate of Worcester, but died before his consecration at Westwood. He was buried at Hampton Lovett, Worcestershire, where there is a marble monument erected to his memory in the nave, with a long Latin inscription.

His portrait, by an artist unknown, is in the Hall of Magdalene College, Oxford.

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

(1597-1663).

"The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery."

DEAN SWIFT.

He was a son of the Rev. Christopher Harvey, or Harvie, of Bunbury, Cheshire, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. He married and had issue. He was the author of *The Synagogue* and other works.¹ To the second edition of *The Complete Angler* he prefixed commendatory verses, and to one of the editions of *The Synagogue* Walton contributed some like verses. The beautiful poem on Common Prayer, written by Harvey, is set out on page 14. Harvey was buried at Clifton, in Warwickshire, of which place he was vicar.

¹ *Schola Cordis* is one : but it is sometimes ascribed to Quarles.

HUMPHREY HENCHMAN, BISHOP OF LONDON

(1592-1675).

“They who have steeped their souls in prayer
 Can every anguish calmly bear ;
 They who have learnt to pray aright
 From pain’s dark well draw up delight.”

HOUGHTON.

He was the son of a citizen of London, and was born at Barton Seagrove, in Northamptonshire; he was educated at Christ’s College, Cambridge, and three years after taking his B.A. degree became a Fellow on the “Freeman” Foundation at Clare College, then Clare Hall. His grandmother was a near relation of the founder, one John Freeman of Billing, in Northamptonshire. HENCHMAN married a niece of John Davenant, Bishop of Salisbury, and had issue. When Prebend of Salisbury he arranged the escape of Charles II. from England, after the battle of Worcester (1651). Clarendon, in giving the account, spells his name Hinchman, which is wrong. He suffered deprivation during the rebellion. He was one of those who attended at the Savoy Conference, and his great learning was recognised by Baxter. In 1630 he married. It has been suggested that he was the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*. Walton says he was indebted to HENCHMAN for some information as to George Herbert. During the plague

Henchman remained bravely at his post. He was noted for his hospitality. He wrote the Epitaph to Henry Hammond, which is on his monument in Hampton Lovett Church in Worcestershire. Becoming Bishop of Salisbury in 1660, he succeeded Sheldon as Bishop of London in 1663, which see he held until his death. He died at the Episcopal Palace in Aldersgate Street, and was buried in Fulham Church. Portraits of him are at Fulham and the Charterhouse, and at Lord Clarendon's place, Grove Park, in Herts. The last-mentioned portrait is by Sir Peter Lely.

RICHARD HOLDSWORTH

(1590-1649).

"A brave man struggling in the storms of fate, and greatly falling in a falling state."

"What if He hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares and violence."

MILTON.

He was a son of the Vicar of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was born there. He was educated at St John's College, Cambridge. A great dispute arose in the college whether he or a Dr Lane should be the master, but neither was elected. Holdsworth became Master of Emmanuel

College in 1637, and Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1640. He did not write much. Though a staunch Royalist, he was a very moderate Churchman, and was appointed Dean of Worcester, but was never installed. He was dispossessed of all his preferments, imprisoned, and so harassed that he died soon after the execution of the king in 1649, being deeply affected thereby (see *The Monastery and Cathedral of Worcester*, by John Noake, 1866). He was buried in St Peter's Poor Church, Broad Street, London, having remembered his College, St John's, in his will by bequeathing some books to it. There was a dispute, however, over the bulk of his library between the University and Emmanuel College. The former, by paying the College a sum of money, acquired it.

THOMAS KEN

(1637-1711).

"I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed."

He was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. He was a son of Thomas Ken by his second wife Martha, daughter of John Chaulkhill, and was born at Berkhamstead, Herts, in July 1637. It is thought likely that his home, on his father's death, was at the house of Walton, who married his half-sister Anne. In 1675 he travelled abroad with Izaak Walton's son, who was

then at Christ Church College, Oxford, and returned more convinced than before of the errors of the Romish Church. When at Winchester, Morley made him his domestic chaplain, and later on, that is, in January 1685, he became Bishop of Bath and Wells, and attended Charles II. on his deathbed. He opposed James II. in his endeavours to introduce Popery, and was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower. Though he was a non-juror he refused, unlike Sancroft, to consecrate bishops in order to continue the Episcopal succession among the non-jurors, who only died out in 1805. Queen Anne granted him a pension of £200 a year. Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns are perhaps the most popular in our language. Ken was attended in his last illness, which was very painful, by his physician, Dr Merewether, whose daughter married William Hawkins, grandson of Izaak Walton.¹ Ken died a bachelor in 1711, and was buried in the Parish Church of Frome in Somersetshire. In his will he said: "I die in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic faith, professed by the whole Church before the division of East and West; more particularly, I die in the communion of the Church of England as it stands

¹ Ken would not continue to take opium to relieve his sufferings, and wrote:—"Verse is the only laudanum for my pains." He died with the words "Laus Deo" trembling on his lips. The Rev. A. S. Wyndham Merewether (see p. 135) has Ken's watch, seal and Greek Testament.



WALTON'S STATUE IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

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distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrines of the cross." Ken's house at Winchester stood in the garden of the present Deanery. "Tradition still points to the spot in the garden at which Ken made his famous stand against 'Poor Nelly,' and won the respect of the monarch whose wishes he did not fear to withstand" (*Historic Towns: Winchester*. By G. W. Kitchin, Dean of Winchester, Longmans, 1890). Ken's figure has been placed near Walton's on the great screen of Winchester Cathedral.¹ There are two portraits of him in New College, Oxford, and one at Wells Palace and Winchester College, and he is one in the group of "The Seven Bishops" in the National Portrait Gallery. In 1885, a window to Ken was set up in Wells Cathedral, and as mentioned in a previous chapter, he is given a place in the window erected to Walton's memory in St Dunstan's Church.

HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

(1592-1669).

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."—GOLDSMITH.

He was educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was a son of John King,

¹ Dr Plumptre, in his *Life of Ken*, claims for Walton a larger share in the formation of Ken's character than the biographers before him (Plumptre) have assigned to Walton.

Bishop of London, who died in 1621, and was a celebrated preacher in his day, being styled by James I. "The King of Preachers," and is buried in St Paul's Cathedral, with the one word "Resurgam" on his gravestone. On his death a report went about that he had died a Roman Catholic. The son Henry King preached a sermon at St Paul's Cross,¹ entitled "The Scandalous Report touching the supposed Apostasie," exposing the falsity of the story. King and Walton were both present with Donne when the latter was dying. King wrote a letter from Chichester, dated the 17th of November 1664, to Walton, commencing "Honest Isaac,"² in which he stated that their friendship had existed for more than forty years, and which, after giving him certain information about Hooker, ends thus: "One who heartily wishes your happiness, and is unfeignedly, Sir, your ever faithful and Affectionate old Friend, Henry Chichester." King wrote an elegy "Upon the

¹ Stowe says that there was a pulpit cross of timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead, in which sermons were preached by learned divines every Sunday in the forenoon, when the Court and the Magistrates of the City, besides a vast concourse of people, usually attended.

It was at St Paul's Cross that, in the beginning of the Reformation, the Rood of Grace, whose eyes and lips were moved with wires, was exposed to the view of the people and destroyed by them.

² In using the word "Honest" the writer possibly remembered the force of the Latin word "honestus," and may have wished to imply that Walton possessed a fine character as well as a magnetic one.

death of my ever-desired friend Doctor Donne, Dean of St Paul's." Like his father, King gained great celebrity by his preaching. He was a Low Churchman. He died at Chichester and was buried there, where there is a monument to his memory. There is a portrait of King at Christ Church College, Oxford.

ABRAHAM MARKLAND

(1645-1728).

"We cannot all be Masters."—SHAKESPEARE.

He was a son of Michael Markland, a druggist, and was born in London. After being sent to Merchant Taylors' School, he proceeded to St John's College, Oxford, where he became a Fellow in 1662, and was ordained, and successively held various livings in Hampshire, becoming a prebend of Winchester, and, in the year 1692, D.D. In 1694 he was appointed Master of St Cross Hospital, Winchester, which post he held till his death. He was married twice and had issue—one child by each wife. He published some poems and sermons. He was one of the three witnesses to the will of Walton. James Heywood Markland, the learned antiquary, who died in 1864, was one of his descendants, and published a *Life of Bishop Ken*.

GEORGE MORLEY, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

(1597-1684).

“What I planned, I did; what I desired to be, I was; what was in me I taught.”

He was a son of Francis Morley, and was born in Cheapside, London, and was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1641 he was made a Canon of Christ Church, the only appointment he said he ever desired. He became one of Jonson's "sons." Charles I. appointed him to be one of his chaplains. In 1642 he preached one of his sermons before the House of Commons, but he was not ordered to print it according to the usual custom. He was a Calvinist, and zealous against Popery. Innocently asked "what the Armenians held," he answered pleasantly, "that they held all the best bishoprics and deaneries in England." He passed some years abroad. In 1660 he was appointed Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Worcester, but after two years he was, on Dr Duppa's death, translated to Winchester. In 1660 Morley preached the Coronation sermon (from Proverbs xxviii. 2). "The sermon was very long and was intended to show the evils of a multitude of rulers, and especially of an unnatural, unreasonable, insolent and tyrannical

democracy.”¹ His generosity was so well known that when the king gave him the Bishopric of Winchester he said that “Morley would never be the richer for it.” “He restored Farnham Castle at his own expense and built and endowed the College of Matrons,” says Dean Kitchin—“a home for the widows of the clergy of the diocese of Winchester. This is among the proofs that after the Restoration the position and needs of a married clergy were much more distinctly regarded than they had been before that time” (*Historic Towns: Winchester*). Morley was not at all acceptable to Laud’s party, as he was very tolerant of, and charitable to, many of the Non-conformists. It is supposed that Walton and his second wife were on a visit to Morley at Worcester when she died there. From a study of his life it is difficult to see what he and Walton could have had in common, although he writes he had had the advantage of forty years’ friendship with him. In 1683 Morley published a book in vindication of himself from “divers false, scandalous and injurious reflections” made upon him by Richard Baxter, who, according to his opinion, was the most fluent and chief speaker at the Savoy Conference. Walton tells us he was introduced by Morley to Sanderson, Hammond and Chillingworth. He died at Farnham Castle on the 29th of

¹ See *Notes and Queries*, 9th S. XI., p. 502.

October 1684, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral. There is a portrait of him there, and there is a portrait of him also in the National Portrait Gallery, drawn in coloured chalks on grey paper by E. Lutterel, which was presented to the Gallery in 1877. The Cathedral library at Winchester owes its origin to a bequest made in Morley's will.

THOMAS MORTON, BISHOP OF DURHAM

(1564-1659).

“All his prospects brightening to the last
His heaven commences ere the world be past.”

GOLDSMITH.

He was one of the nineteen children of Richard Morton, an Alderman of York, and was born in Berkshire and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. In 1614 he erected Casaubon's tomb in Westminster Abbey at his own expense. In 1602, when the plague raged in York, Morton visited many of the poor who had booths erected on a moor near the city, and ministered to them and helped to provide for their wants. He befriended Donne, and once gave him a sum of money, saying : “Take this, gold is restorative ;” to which Donne replied : “I doubt I shall never restore it back again.” Before becoming Bishop of Durham he was successively Dean of Winchester, Peterborough

and York, and Bishop of Chester and Lichfield. He was very generous and judicious in dispensing his princely revenues as befitted the noble purposes for which the See of Durham was founded and endowed, was an active administrator, and partly drew up King James's Declaration, commonly called *The Book of Sports*. He was a strong Broad Churchman and a great Protestant, writing much against Popery. He died a bachelor at Easton-Mauduit, near Northampton, and was buried in the Yelverton Chapel of the Parish Church, his funeral sermon being preached by Dr John Barwick, afterwards Dean of St Paul's Cathedral. His portrait is in the Hall of St John's College, Cambridge, at Christ Church, Oxford, and at the Castle at Bishop Auckland, Durham. By his will he bequeathed his chalice to All Saints' Church in York, and ten pounds to the poor of the parish where he died.

JOHN PEARSON, BISHOP OF CHESTER

(1613-1686).

"Believing where we cannot prove."

TENNYSON'S *In Memoriam*.

"O mount a stalwart guard
Of answers, to oppose invading doubt,
All aids are needful, for the strife is hard."

COLERIDGE.

He was the son of Robert Pearson, who was

a Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and Rector of Great Snoring, Norfolk, where he was born. He was educated at Eton, and was admitted sizar on the 10th of June 1631, at Queen's College, but migrated the next year as scholar to King's College, becoming a Fellow in 1634. In 1639 he was ordained, becoming, in 1640, Prebend of Salisbury and Rector of Thorington, Suffolk. In 1654 he was lecturer at St Clement's, Eastcheap, and it was there he began a series of sermons, which were published in 1659, as an exposition of the Creed. He dedicated the book "To the Right Worshipful and Well-Beloved, The Parishioners of St Clement's, Eastcheap. Mercy unto you, and peace and love be multiplied." A good query was given by him to his own question, "whether Creeds are to be extempore: Shall we stand up and begin with 'I believe' at a venture?" He lives on this standard book on the Creed, but he wrote many other works. Bentley said the "very dust of his writings was 'gold.'"¹ In 1660 we find him made Master of Jesus College, and in 1661 he was prominent at the Savoy Conference. In 1661, too, he became Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and in April 1662 he was

¹ Bishop Barry says he is especially a representative of a distinctly Anglican Theology, at a time when, by necessity, the peculiarities of the Anglican position had to be resolutely defined and maintained. (*Masters in English Theology*. J. Murray, 1877.)

elected Master of Trinity College. In 1673 he became Bishop of Chester, where he died on the 16th of July 1686, being buried in the Cathedral. No monument was erected to his memory until 1860. It is uncertain whether he ever married. There is a portrait of him at Trinity College, Cambridge, but there is no portrait of him at Jesus, and his only monument there is the inscription which he caused to be placed in the chapel on the grave of his old friend Stephen Hall, the sturdy President in 1644 (*College Histories : Jesus, Cambridge*, p. 122). Arch-deacon Churton, in 1844, edited most of his works.

THOMAS PIERCE
(1622-1691).

“Beware of entrance to a quarrel.”

Thomas Pierce, or Peirse, was a son of the Mayor of Devizes in Wiltshire. He was educated in Magdalene College, Oxford, and was elected a Fellow in 1643. He became a popular preacher. In 1661 he was elected President of his college, but he was an Ishmael in it, and in about ten years' time resigned the post. He seems to have been a very quarrelsome man, “wanting in tact and judgment at a time when the peculiar condition of the college made these qualities absolutely necessary.” In 1675 he became Dean of Salisbury and came into frequent collision with his Bishop, Seth Ward; he appears, however, to have been

very friendly with Walton. This fact tends to show how probable it was that the latter could get on with men with whom others found it impossible to remain friends. The Dean died at North Tidworth in Wiltshire, and was buried there, as also was his wife, by whom he had issue—two sons. The following epitaph was composed by him upon himself:—

“Here lies all that was mortal, the outside, dust and ashes of Thomas Pierce, D.D., once the President of a College in Oxford, at first the Rector of Brighton - cum - Membris, Canon of Lincoln and at last Dean of Sarum; who fell asleep in the Lord Jesús, but in hope of an awake at the resurrection. He knew himself, and taught others, that all the glorified saints in heaven cannot amount to one Saviour, as all the stars in the firmament cannot make up one sun. Therefore his only hope and trust was in the Lord Jesus, who will change, etc., Phil. iii. 21. ‘Disce, viator, perinde esse, seu fragile frangi, seu mortale mori.’”

GILBERT SHELDON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
(1598-1677).

“He served his generation.”

He was born at Stanton,¹ a small village in the Parish of Ellaston, two miles west of Mayfield in

¹In the *Dictionary of National Biography* it is stated he was born at Ashbourne. My authority is *The History and Topography of Ashbourne* (1839).

Derbyshire, on the 19th of July 1598. His father, Roger Sheldon, was a menial servant to the Earl of Shrewsbury. He was educated at Oxford, and became a Fellow, and later on was elected Warden of All Souls' College. Little mention of him is made in any biography of Walton beyond the fact that he was a friend of his. Yet it would seem that Walton had more in common with him than he had with many of his friends.

He was a skilful angler for barbel, a staunch Royalist, and a hard worker as a politician as well as a theologian. Lord Clarendon says he was very early looked upon as equal to any preferment the Church could yield. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of London, and at the Savoy Conference figured prominently. On the death of Archbishop Juxon, in 1663, he became Archbishop of Canterbury. He remained at his post of duty at Lambeth during the raging of the plague, relieving many afflicted persons, and he is said to have placed his chief point in religion in the practice of a good life rather than in multiplied services and the mere acts of worship. He said, "Let it be your principal care to be honest men, and afterwards be as devout and religious as you will. No piety will be of any advantage to yourselves or anybody else unless you are honest and moral men." He was noted for his amiable temper and his great generosity. He urged

Walton to write *Hooker's Life* to correct the errors of that by Bishop Gauden, which had come out in 1662. Cotton dedicated his translation of Gerard's *History of the Life of the Duke of Espernon* to Sheldon. Sheldon founded the theatre at Oxford, and was very active over the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral. His chief defect would appear to have been his severity against Dissenters.

He died a bachelor at Lambeth, and was buried under a "stately monument" at Croydon. There is a portrait of him at All Souls' College, Oxford, by an artist unknown.

JAMES SHIRLEY

(1596-1666).

'Mark what ills the scholar's life assail ;
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.'

"Shirley, the morning-child, the Muses bred,
And sent him born with bays upon his head."

He was born in London and educated at Merchant Taylors' School, London, and took his degree from St Catharine's College, then Hall, Cambridge, having previously been at St John's College, Oxford. He was ordained, but subsequently became a Roman Catholic and a very

devoted one. He wrote many plays, some of which were written in conjunction with his fellow-dramatists, and published some poems. Hallam says he had no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit. This great authority admits his mind "was poetical, his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language." From time to time he appears to have been a school-master. He married twice and had a family. He was saved, it is said, from the workhouse by the kindness of Thomas Stanley, the author of the *History of Philosophy*, who survived him. On his return from a lengthened stay in Ireland he resided in Fleet Street, near to the Temple. Being driven from there by the great fire, he and his wife found an asylum in some lodgings in St Giles-in-the-Fields.

The destruction of their home, however, combined with the awful scene of which they had been witnesses, seems to have been more than their constitutions could endure. Shirley survived his flight, some authorities inform us, scarcely twenty-four hours, and the same day died his inconsolable wife. Their remains were interred in the same grave in St Giles's churchyard,¹ which contains the bodies of various celebrities. There is a portrait of Shirley in the Bodleian Library.

¹ Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

RICHARD SIBBES

(1577-1635).

“They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

He appears to have been born in Suffolk, and was educated at St John's College, Cambridge. He was “converted” by the preaching of Paul Bayne, a Puritan writer of note. He was made preacher at Gray's Inn, and, in 1626, Master of St Catharine's College, Cambridge (then Catharine Hall), which greatly flourished under his rule. His best known books are *The Bruised Reed*, *The Soul's Conflict*, and *The Returning Backslider*. The first book is said to have converted Richard Baxter. When at Cambridge Sibbes preached often at St Mary's Church and appears to have had great influence in the pulpit, his hearers, it is said, with probable truth, including Milton. Walton in his will specifically bequeathed copies of the two first-mentioned books, desiring the legatees to read them so as to be well acquainted with them. In Walton's copy of the last-mentioned book he wrote his famous couplet:—

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

This book is, with two other books by Sibbes, in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. Sibbes died at

Gray's Inn in 1635, having, it is believed by some, bequeathed to St John's College a large number of volumes from his library, which, however, cannot be ear-marked as his, if he really did make the bequest.

JAMES USSHER, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

(1581-1656).

“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.”

These words Ussher had engraved as his motto on the Episcopal seals at Meath and at Armagh.

He was born in the Parish of St Nicholas, Dublin. His uncle, Henry Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, to be educated. Dr Johnson refers to that “great luminary of the Irish Church,” and he has been called “learned to a miracle.” He carried on a book-war with Milton, and became Bishop of Meath, and later on Bishop of Carlisle, before being appointed Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.¹ He witnessed, from a neighbouring housetop, the last moments of Charles the First on the scaffold, from the effects of which he never recovered. He died rather suddenly at

¹“His Augustinian theology commended him to the Puritans, his veneration for antiquity to the High Churchmen.” Ussher visited England many times to live, as he termed it, “among the libraries,” “hiving wisdom with each studious year.” His Protestantism was “out and out.”

Reigate in Surrey; his last words were: "Oh, Lord forgive me, especially my sins of omission." A public funeral was given, in Westminster Abbey, to this great and learned man, Cromwell contributing £200 towards the expenses. The liturgical service was heard there on that occasion for the only time during the Commonwealth. He married an heiress, and had issue—one daughter. No monument was ever erected to him in the Abbey. There is a portrait of him in the National Portrait Gallery by Sir Peter Lely, it having been transferred there in 1879 from the British Museum, and there is also one at Trinity College, Dublin. His portrait was ordered to be prefixed to his edition of the Epistles of Ignatius by the University of Oxford. (See, on the subject of his portraits, *Notes and Queries*, 9th S. VII., p. 195.) Ussher's library was bought by the State and placed, in 1661, in Trinity College, Dublin.

SETH WARD, BISHOP OF SALISBURY

(1617-1689).

"An undevout astronomer is mad."—YOUNG.

"'Tis death to me to be at enmity, I hate it, and desire
all good men's love." *Richard III.*

He was born at Aspenden, or, some will have it, at Buntingford, Herts, and educated at Sidney

Sussex College at Cambridge, proceeding B.A. in 1636, and M.A. in 1640. He became a Fellow, but was, with four others, ejected in 1644. He refused to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant. Going to Oxford he became Savilian Professor of Astronomy and President of Trinity College.¹ Later on he became Bishop of Exeter, and in 1667 was translated to Salisbury. Walton's son, the Canon, at one time was chaplain to Ward. Ward was one of the original members of the Royal Society. He was active against Dissenters but kind to many of them individually. He was much given to hospitality. His sermons were "strong, methodical, and clear." Ward's peace was much disturbed by the Dean, Dr Pierce, who was a quarrelsome man. Ward died at Knightsbridge, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral. There is a portrait of him in the Town Hall of Salisbury, and in 1881 the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery purchased a portrait, which is described in their catalogue as "drawn and engraved from the life in 1678 by David Laggan." In the *Life of the Right Reverend Seth, Lord Bishop of Salisbury*, by Dr W. Hope, 1697, the writer says:—

"Tho' I am conscious that I have not enumerated all his Benefactions yet will I conclude this

¹ In 1657 he was elected principal of Jesus College, Oxford, but was ejected by Cromwell.

chapter with his Erecting of four Scholarships at Christ's College in Cambridge, and endowing them with ten pound per annum, which in that University is a considerable allowance, the scholarships there being generally inferior to those at Oxford, as the Fellowships better. He had desired to have placed this his Benefaction at Sidney College, but upon some disgust altered his intention, tho' it is not improbable but that that College might refuse his proffer upon very good reasons: For at Oxford no College will accept a Benefaction which only increases the number of Fellows, or Scholars, for thereby the Society is rather injured, than profited, unless the Benefactor also builds Chambers for their reception, for taking away so many Chambers, takes away from the Fellows so many pupils, but on the contrary, a Benefactor who will increase the stipends of the members of the Society, will always be very gratefully embraced."

SAMUEL WOODFORD

(1636-1700).

"On the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends."—GAY.

He was born in London, and educated at St Paul's School, and at Wadham College, Oxford.

He read for the Bar, but was in 1669 ordained by Bishop Morley. In 1670 he wrote some complimentary verses to Walton, addressed "To his very worthy and much honoured friend Mr Isaak Walton upon his excellent *Life of Mr George Herbert.*" When referring to the lives of Herbert and Donne he wrote:—

"Herbert and Donne again are join'd,
Now here below, as they're above."

In 1670 he wrote some verses upon *Hooker's Life* by Walton, and he also wrote a sonnet to Seth Ward. He composed a Paraphrase on the Psalms and made many translations. In 1676 we find him Canon of Chichester. The next year Archbishop Sancroft conferred upon him the degree of D.D. by diploma. In 1680 he was appointed Canon of Winchester. He married and had issue, his youngest son becoming a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Medicine in the University. The Canon died at Winchester.

There were many more ecclesiastical friends of Walton besides those already mentioned. Among others may be named the Rev. Thomas Weaver, the Rev. Edward Powel, the Rev. Henry Bayley or Bagley, Dr Honiwood,

Dean of Lincoln, the Rev. Dr John Price and the Rev. Joseph Pullen.¹

“ Oh bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with Faith was filled !
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.”

LONGFELLOW.

¹ I merely infer that Dr Honiwood and Joseph Pullen were friends of Walton from the fact that Walton wrote their names in presentation copies of his books (see catalogue of the Ashburnham Library, 1898).

CHAPTER XIII

COPY OF WALTON'S WILL

August the ninth, one thousand six hundred eighty-three.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, I, IZAAK WALTON, the elder of Winchester, being this present day, in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God; but considering how suddainly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my last Will and Testament as followeth: And first, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me, and all mankind; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour Jesus. And because the profession of Christianity does, at this time, seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestante, I take it, at least, to be convenient, to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of England now professeth: and this I do the rather, because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Church. And for my worldly estate (which I have neither got

by falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation), I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth : First, I give my son-in-law, DOCTOR HAWKINS, and to HIS WIFE ; to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a house and shop in Pater-noster row, in London, which I hold by lease from the lord bishop of London for about fifty years to come. And I do also give to them all my right and title of or to a house in Chancery-lane, London, wherein Mrs Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteen years to come : I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. And I give to my son IZAAK all my right and title to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord bishop of Winton : And I do also give him all my right and title to a farme or land near to Stafford, which I bought of Mr Walter Noell ; I say, I give it to him and his heirs for ever ; but upon the condition following, namely ; if my son shall not marry before he shall be of age of forty and one years, or being married, shall dye before the said age, and leave no son to inherit the said farme or land,—or if his son or sons shall not live to attain the age of twenty and one years to dispose otherways of it,—then I give the said farme or land to the towne or corporation of STAFFORD in which I was borne,

for the good and benefit of some of the said towne, as I shall direct, and as followeth: (but first note, that it is at this present time rented for twenty-one pound ten shillings a year, and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and housing in repair;) and I would have, and do give ten pound of the said rent, to bind out, yearly, two boys, the sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handycraft-men, to the intent the said boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do also give five pound yearly out of the said rent, to be given to some maid-servant, that hath attained the age of twenty and one years, not less, and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage; and this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remain of the said farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth: first I do give twenty shillings yearly, to be spent by the major of Stafford and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct; and that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of, shall be employed to buy coals for some poor people, that shall most need them, in the said towne; the said coals to be delivered the first weeke in January, or in every first week in February; I say then, because I

take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people; and God reward those that shall do this without partiality, and with honesty, and a good conscience. And if the said major and others of the said towne of STAFFORD shall prove so negligent, or dishonest, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, which God forbid,—then I give the said rents and profits of the said farme or land to the towne, and chief magistrates or governors, of ECLESHALL, to be disposed of by them in such manner as I have ordered the disposal of it by the towne of Stafford, the said farme or land being near the towne of Ecleshall. And I give to my son-in-law, Dr HAWKINS, whom I love as my own son; and to MY DAUGHTER, HIS WIFE; and my son IZAAK; to each of them a ring, with these words or motto; “Love my memory, I. W., obiet”;¹ to the Lord Bishop of Winton, a ring with this motto; “A mite for a million, I. W., obiet”; and to the friends hereafter named, I give to each of them a ring with this motto, “A friend’s farewell, I. W., obiet.” And my will is, the said rings be delivered within forty days after my death; and that price of the value of all the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and fourpence a piece. I give to Dr HAWKINS Doctor Donne’s Sermons, which I have heard preacht,’ and read with much con-

¹ So spelt in the Will.

tent. To my son IZAAK, I give Doctor Sibbs His Soul's Conflict; and to MY DAUGHTER his Bruised Reed, desiring them to read them so as to be well acquainted with them. And I also give unto HER all my books at Winchester and Droxford, and whatever in those two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son IZAAK: but if he do not live to marry, or make use of it, then I give the same to my granddaughter, ANNE HAWKINS. And I give MY DAUGHTER Doctor Hall's 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 pictures; also a cabinett near my bed's head, in which are some little things that he will value, though of no great worth. And my will and desire is, that he will be kind to his aunt BEACHAME, and his aunt ROSE KEN; by allowing the first about fifty shillings a year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr John Whitehead: for his aunt KEN, I desire him to be kind to her according to her necessity and his own abilitie; and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr JOHN DARBYSHIRE the Sermons of Mr Anthony Farrington, or of Dr Sanderson, which, my executor thinks fit.

To my servant, Thomas Edgill, I give five pounds in money, and all my cloths, linen and woollen, except one suit of cloths, which I give to Mr HOLINSHED, and forty shillings if the said Thomas be my servant at my death ; if not, my cloths only. And I give my old friend Mr RICHARD MARRIOT, ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death ; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it. And I do hereby will and declare my son IZAAK to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament ; and Doctor HAWKINS, to see that he performs it ; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my last will (to which I shall only add the codicil for rings), this sixteenth day of August, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, IZAAK WALTON. Witness to this will.

The rings I give, are as on the other side. To my brother John Ken ; to my Sister his wife ; to my brother, Doctor Ken ; to my sister Pye ; to Mr Francis Morley ; to Mr George Vernon ; to his wife ; to his three daughters ; to Mistris Nelson ; to Mr Richard Walton ; to Mr Palmer ; to Mr Taylor ; to Mr Thomas Garrard ; to the Lord Bishop of Sarum ; to Mr Rede, his servant ; to my cousin Dorothy Kenrick ; to my cousin

Lewin; to Mr Walter Higgs; to Mr Charles Cotton; to Mr Richard Marryot; 22. To my brother Beacham; to my sister his wife; to the lady Anne How; to Mrs King; Doctor Phillips's wife; to Mr Valentine Harecourt; to Mrs Eliza Johnson; to Mrs Mary Rogers; to Mrs Eliza Milward; to Mrs Dorothy Wollop; to Mr Will Milward, of Christ-church, Oxford; to Mr John Darbyshire; to Mrs Undevill; to Mrs Rock; to Mr Peter White; to Mr John Lloyd; to my cousin Greinsell's Widow; Mrs Dalbin must not be forgotten, 16. IZAAK WALTON, Note, that several lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated,—and that this will is now signed and sealed this twenty and fourth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-three in the presence of us: Witness ABRAHAM MARKLAND, JOS. TAYLOR, THOMAS CRAWLEY.

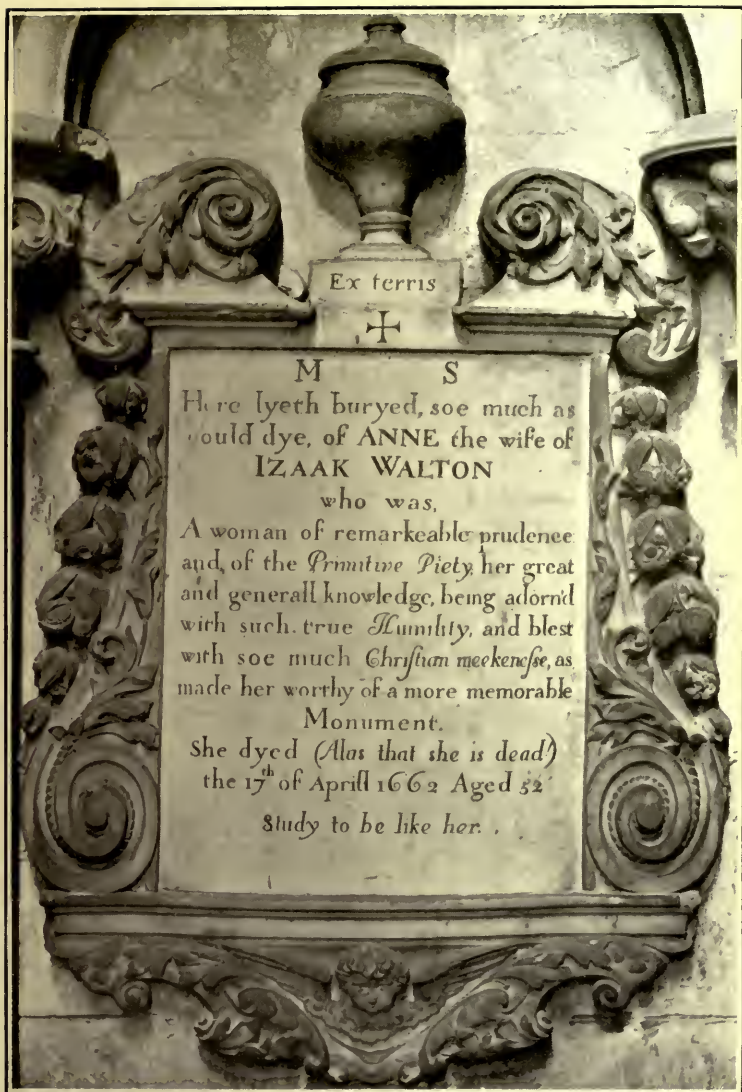
CHAPTER XIV

A SHORT NOTE ON WALTON'S FAMILY

It has already been shown that all Walton's children by his first marriage died in infancy. Of the issue by his second marriage, the elder son Isaak was born and baptised on the 10th of February 1649, and died the following June.

The younger son Isaak was baptised on the 7th of September 1651, and was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford. He became B.A. in 1672 and M.A. in 1675, and travelled abroad with Ken. He was Rector of Poulshot, Wilts, and Canon of Salisbury. The Canon refers in his will to his "many and grievous sins," and to his "unprofitable life." We know, however, that he is said to have been "a very pious, sober, learned, inoffensive, charitable, good man" (see *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. IX., p. 397). His estimate of his own character seems worthless. Sir Harris Nicolas thinks that the allusion originated in extreme humility, I think it arose from ill health.

The will states that the testator lived at present, and intended through God's grace to



ANNE WALTON'S TOMBSTONE IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

die in the communion of the Church of England as it is at present by law established. Being according to the best measure of his understanding fully satisfied that she has reformed herself with that sound judgment and godly sincerity as to be the soundest and purest part of the Church Catholic.

The Canon died a bachelor in London on the 29th of December 1719, and thereupon Walton's male issue became extinct. His will was proved on the 14th of November 1720, and is sealed with a seal bearing Donne's characteristic device. He was buried at Salisbury.

Anne, the daughter, married in 1676 Dr William Hawkins, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, who died on the 17th of July 1691, aged 58. Anne Hawkins died on the 18th of August 1715, leaving male issue, and was buried with her husband in Winchester Cathedral.

CHAPTER XV

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF WALTON,
COTTON, DONNE, HERBERT, WOTTON AND DUPORT

IN this chapter the reader will find selections from the poetry of Walton, Cotton, Donne, Wotton and Herbert, and the Latin verses by Duport, which are to be found in many editions of *The Complete Angler*. In supplementing these verses by a translation into English, I have taken a course the utility of which will, I hope, be accepted as sufficient apology for its novelty.

(a) SOME OF WALTON'S VERSES, ETC.

AN ELEGIE UPON DR DONNE

(1633).

OUR Donne is dead ; England should mourne, may
say

We had a man where language chose to stay
And shew her gracefull power. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes
Make many proud) but, as they serv'd to unlock
That Cabinet, his minde : where such a stock

Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
 (Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
 But (as I write a line) to weep a teare
 For his decease ; such sad extremities
 May make such men as I write Elegies.

And wonder not ; for, when a generall losse
 Falls on a nation, and they slight the crosse,
 God hath rais'd Prophets to awaken them
 From stupifaction ; witsesse 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, could'st thou
 Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
 For thee, and thine, successively to pay
 A sad remembrance to his dying day ?

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

Safer by reading verse ? Did he give dayes
 Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise
 He would perpetuate ? Did he (I feare
 The dull will doubt) : these at his twentieth year ?

But, more matur'd ; did his full soule conceive,

And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
 A Crown of sacred sonnets, fit to adorne
 A dying Martyrs brow : or, to be worne
 On that blest head of Mary Magdalen.
 After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then ?
 Did hee (fit for such penitents as shee
 And he to use) leave us a Litany,
 Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classically ?
 Did he write Hymnes, for piety, for wit,
 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, waived it ? Went to see
 That blessed place of Christ's nativity ?
 Did he return 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 pity they forbear
 By repetitions to renew our care ;
 Or, knowing, grieffe conceiv'd conceal'd, consumes
 Man irreparably (as poison's fumes

Doe waste the braine) make silence a safe way,
 To enlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and
 clay,

(Materials of this body) to remaine
 With Donne in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
 Lessens the joy we have, for, with him, all
 Are satisfy'd with joyes essentiall.

Dwell on this joy my thoughts ; oh, doe not
 call

Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall ;
 Forget hee lov'd mee ; waste not my sad yeares ;
 (Which haste to Davids seventy), fill'd with feares
 And sorrow for his death ; Forget his parts,
 Which find a living grave in good men's 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 vows of gratitude should so be broke ;
 Which can no more be, than Donnes vertues spoke
 By any but himself ; for which cause, I
 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 matchless worth.

IZ. WA.

LINES ENGRAVED UNDER A PORTRAIT OF DONNE
TAKEN IN HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR

THIS was for youth, Strength, Mirth and
Wit that Time
Most count their golden Age ; but
'Twas not thine.
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refine
From youths Drosse, Mirth and 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, and Teares for
sinnes. Iz. WA.

IN PRAISE OF MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, AND HIS
BOOKE¹

IF thou would'st be a Statesman, and survey
Kingdoms for information ; heres a way
Made plaine, and easie ; fitter far for thee
That great Ortelius his Geographie.

If thou would'st be a Gentleman, in more
Than title onely ; this Map yeelds thee store

¹ Verses prefixed to *The Merchants' Map of Commerce*, by Lewes Roberts, merchant (1638).

Of Observations, fit for Ornament,
Or use, or to give curious eares content.

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

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

IZ. WA.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND, MR
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

(1651).

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 tears, 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 Friend's shroud ; others have shew'd their Wit,

Learning, and Language fitly ; for these be
 Debts due to his great Merits, but for me,
 My aymes are like myself, humble and low
 Too mean to speak his praise, too mean to show
 The World what it hath lost in losing thee,
 Whose Words and Deeds were perfect Harmony.

But now 'tis lost, lost in the silent grave
 Lost to us mortals, lost, 'till we shall have
 Admission to that Kingdom, where He sings
 Harmonious Anthems to the King of Kings.

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

IZ. WA.

TO THE AUTHOR UPON THE SIGHT OF THE FIRST
 SHEET OF HIS BOOK

(1652).

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 usefull to poor Christians : where they may
 Learne Primitive Devotion. Each Saint's 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 soul's direction, and repast :

All so exprest, that I am glad to know
 You have begun to pay the debt you owe.¹

IZ. WA.

*To my ingenious friend, Mr Brome, on his various and
 excellent Poems :*

AN HUMBLE EGLOG²

Written on the 29th of May, 1660.

DAMON AND DORUS

Damon.

HAIL happy day ! Dorus, sit down :
 Now let no sigh, nor let a frown

¹ These verses appeared in the first edition of *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, 1652.

² From *Songs and Poems.* By Alex. Brome, Gent, 1661.

Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

Dorus.

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

Damon.

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 with mirth and merry-glee;
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's 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 chaste, 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 ?

Damon.

A Friend of mine,
 And one that's worthy to be thine :
 A civil swain, that knows his times
 For businesse, and that done, makes rhymes,
 But not till then : my Friend's a man
 Lov'd by the Muses ; dear to Pan ;
 He blest him with a 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 would fain see him.

Damon.

Go with me,
 Dorus, to yonder broad beech-tree,
 There we shall meet him and Phillis,
 Perigot, and Amaryllis,

Tityrus, and his dear Chlora,
 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 MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR OF
 "THE SYNAGOGUE"¹

(1661).

SIR,

I lov'd you for your Synagogue, before
 I knew your person ; but now love you more ;
 Because I find
 It is so true a picture of your mind ;
 Which tunes your sacred lyre
 To that eternal quire
 Where holy Herbert 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,
 And fix them there,

¹ *The Synagogue; or, the Shadow of the Temple.* Sacred poems and private ejaculations in imitation of Mr George Herbert. See *Notes and Queries*, 8th S. VII., pp. 326 and 479.

Free from the world's 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.

The following epitaph is supposed to have
been written by Walton on a servant of his¹ :—

Sacred to the Memory of DAVID HOOKHAM,
who died A.D. 1647, aged 63 years.

WITHIN this turfe, on which in life he trod,
Rests David Hookham, waiting for his God.

¹ See *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1830, Vol. C., Part II.,
p. 296. The name Hookham is rather suggestive of fiction.

A peaceful, honest, faithful life he led ;
 And blessed as he break his daily bread.
 Simple his manners, candid was his look,
 His mirror was the bright and purling brook ;
 And life's clear waters as they passed on,
 Reminded him how soon he should be gone.
 At last his rod and angle he laid by,
 And humbly dyed. May all like David dye,
 And serve their Lord and Master faithfully,
 As David Hookham in this world served me.—" I. W."

(b) SOME OF COTTON'S VERSES ¹

COTTON'S VERSES TO WALTON

(1672).

*To my old and most worthy Friend, Mr Izaak Walton, on
 his Life of Dr Donne, Etc.*

WHEN to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
 There's justly due, from every hand and eye,
 That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
 The debt we owe, great merits to defray,
 Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
 That, with their birth, they oft receive their fate ;
 Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due,
 Yet what most poets write, proves so untrue,
 It renders truth in verse suspected too.

¹ *Cotton's Lyrical Poems* have lately been edited and published by J. R. Tutin of Cottingham, near Hull.

Something more sacred then, or more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral torch expire :

This History can give ; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure,
That what you write may envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be brib'd or prest,
Flows without vanity or interest ;
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father then, to see
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit ;
Those twins of virtue, eloquence and wit,
He saw in fame's eternal annals writ ;

Where one has fortunately found a place,
More faithful to him than his marble was :
Which eating age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,
And prove a monument to that defac'd ;
Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters,
My father's grave, part of your friendship shares ;
For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular,
Virtue's whole commonweal obliged are ;
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know,
That the true friendship we to merit owe
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show.

But your's is friendship of so pure a kind,
For all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind :

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath,
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath,
Yours proves a friendship living after death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so spent,
As rais'd unto himself a monument,
With which ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by ;

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of his praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied,
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton—a nobler soul was never bred !—
You, by your narrative's most even thread,
Through all his labyrinths of life have led ;

Through his degrees of honour, and of arts,
Brought him secure from envy's venom'd darts,
Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts ;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,
Whose great effects these kingdoms, still inherit ;
The trials then, now trophies of his merit.

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest
 have,
Through all state tempests, through each wind
 and wave,
And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's belovèd Donne,
When he a long and wild career had run
To the meridian of his glorious sun ;

And being then an object of much ruth,
Led on by vanities, error and youth,
Was long ere he did find the way of truth ;

By the same clue, after his youthful swing,
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
Where once a wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
His heart was settled in religion :
Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done ;

And know, that having crucified vanities,
And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,
And then your friend a saint, and preacher, diés.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
In the Church's ruins overwhelmed and lost,
Is by your pen, recover'd from the dust.

And Herbert ;—he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted by ambition ;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim ;
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim ;

Where, with a soul composed of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he diés,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

All this you tell us, with so good success,
That our oblig'd posterity shall profess
To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud
To appear before you, if they were allow'd,
I take up room enough to serve a crowd :

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,
Both my poor testimony and my wit
Are equally invalid and unfit :

Yet this, and much more, is most justly due :
Where what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, 'tis so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great, and more proud world, must
die :

In which estate, I ask no more of fame,
Nor other monument of honour claim,
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
And abler pen, to write your life when dead ;
I think an honeste can not be read.

CHARLES COTTON.

January 17th, 1672.

“ CONTENTATION ”

*Directed to my dear Father and most worthy Friend, Mr
Isaac Walton.*

HEAV’N, what an age is this ! what race
Of giants is sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty’s face,
And with his providence make war !

I can go no where but I meet
With malecontents and mutineers ;
As if, in life, was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man ! that murmurs still
For happiness ; and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be,
By undiscerning fortune, plac’d
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

Titles and wealth are fortune’s toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare ;
The great are proud of borrow’d spoils,
The miser’s plenty breeds his care.



THE WALTON BUST IN ST MARY'S CHURCH, STAFFORD

To face page 208.

The one supinely yawns to rest,
 Th' other eternally doth toil ;
 Each of them equally a beast,
 A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

The titulado's oft disgrac'd,
 By public hate, or private frown ;
 And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
 Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
 Like a brute beast both feeds and lies ;
 Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
 And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
 Does only death and danger breed ;
 Whilst one rich worldling starves himself,
 With what would thousand others feed :

By which we see that wealth and power,
 Although they make men rich and great,
 The sweets of life do often sour,
 And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these
 Who, in a moderate estate,
 Where he might safely live at ease,
 Has lusts that are immoderate ;

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked empty head
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trickt up in favours of the fair :
Mirrors which ev'ry breath may dim ;
Birds caught in ev'ry wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss
Does offer far than serve, enslave ;
And, with the magic of a kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

Oh fruitful grief ! the world's disease ;
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things ;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings :

We call that sickness which is health ;
That persecution, which is grace ;
That poverty, which is true wealth ;
And that dishonour, which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
 And that with an impartial eye ;
 And if to misery we fall,
 'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
 Ambitious youth to danger climb ;
 And want of virtue, when the old
 At persecution do repine.

Alas ! our time is, here, so short,
 That in what state so'er 'tis spent,
 Of joy, or woe, does not import,
 Provided it be innocent :

But we may make it pleasant too,
 If we will take our measures right ;
 And not what Heav'n has done undo,
 By an unruly appetite.

'Tis contentation that, alone,
 Can make us happy here below ;
 And, when this little life is gone,
 Will lift us up to heav'n too.

A very little satisfies
 An honest and a grateful heart ;
 And who would more than will suffice,
 Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad and cleanly fed ;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed :

Who, free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear :
Who ill of princes, in worst times,
Will neither speak himself, nor hear :

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill :

Who, with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God, when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways :

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where *one* walks secure, 'tis odds
A *hundred* and a *hundred* fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
 Where the frequented are unsure ;
 And he comes soonest to his rest
 Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content, alone, that makes
 Our pilgrimage a pleasure here :
 And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
 An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortune's worst withstood,
 And happiness can never miss ;
 Can covet nought but where he stood ;
 And thinks him happy where he is.

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND, MR IZAAK
 WALTON

WHILST in this cold and blustering Clime,
 Where bleak winds howl and Tempests roar,
 We pass away the roughest time
 Has been of many years before ;

Whilst from the most tempestuous Nooks
 The chilliest Blasts our peace invade,
 And by great Rains our smallest Brooks
 Are almost navigable made ;

Whilst all the ills are so improved,
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish with us here :

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That, in a better Clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose ;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an Age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day :

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best Master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing Fly :

A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And (Master) half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
 The Scaly People to betray,
 We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
 To make the preying Trout our prey ;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
 Happier than those, though not so high,
 Who, like Leviathans, devour
 Of meaner men the smaller Fry.

This (my best Friend) at my poor Home,
 Shall be our Pastime and our Theme ;
 But then—should you not deign to come,
 You make all this a flattering Dream.¹

THE RETIREMENT

STANZES IRREGULIERS

To Mr Isaak Walton.

FAREWELL thou busie World, and may
 We never meet again :
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And do more good in one short day,
 Than he who his whole Age out-wears
 Upon thy most conspicuous Theatres,
 Where nought but Vice and Vanity do reign.
 Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
 How beautiful the Fields appear !

How cleanly do we feed and lie !
 Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
 How quietly we sleep !
 What Peace ! what Unanimity !
 How innocent from the leud Fashion,
 Is all our bus'ness, all our Conversation !

Oh how happy here's our leisure !
 Oh how innocent our pleasure !
 Oh ye Vallies, Oh ye Mountains,
 Oh ye Groves and Chrystall Fountains,
 How I love at liberty,
 By turn to come and visit ye !

O Solitude, the Soul's best Friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,
 And all his Maker's Wonders to intend ;
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still ;
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the Soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
 It is alone
 To read, and meditate, and write,
 By none offended, nor offending none ;
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
 And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease !
 Oh my belovèd Nymph ! fair Dove,
 Princess of Rivers, how I love
 Upon thy flow'ry Banks to lie,

And view thy Silver stream,
 When gilded by a Summer's Beam,
 And in it all thy wanton Fry
 Playing at liberty,
 And with my Angle upon them,
 The All of Treachery
 I ever learn'd to practise and to try !

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
 Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po ;
 The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
 Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine ;
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
 With thine much purer to compare :
 The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine
 Are both too mean,
 Beloved Dove, with thee
 To vie priority :
 Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoyn'd, submit,
 And lay their Trophies at thy Silver Feet.

Oh my belovèd Rocks ! that rise
 To awe the Earth, and brave the Skies,
 From some aspiring Mountain's crown
 How dearly do I love,
 Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
 And from the Vales to view the noble heights above !
 Oh my belovèd Caves ! from Dog-star heats
 And hotter Persecution safe Retreats,

What safety, privacy, what true delight
 In the artificial Night
 Your gloomy entrails make,
 Have I taken, do I take !
How oft, when grief has made me fly
To hide me from Society,
Even of my dearest Friends, have I
In your recesses' friendly shade
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes entrusted to your
 privacy !

Lord ! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desert place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturb'd and free !
Here in this despis'd recess
 Would I maugre Winter's cold,
 And the Summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old,
 And all the while
 Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

THE ANGLER'S BALLAD

A WAY to the Brook,
All your Tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing ;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spight
To want tools when a man goes fishing.

Your Rod with tops two,
For the same will not doe
If your manner of angling you vary ;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a Pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Then Basket, neat made
By a Master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true Brother was of the Angle.

Next, Pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a Mail,
With Wax, Crewels, Silks, Hair, Furs and Feathers,
To make several Flies
For the several Skies,
That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

The Boxes and Books

For your Lines and your Hooks,

And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,

Your Scissors, and your Hone

To adjust your points on,

With a Net to be sure for your landing.

All these being on,

'Tis high time we were gone,

Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure ;

Till, here meeting at night,

We shall have the delight

To discourse of our Fortunes at leisure.

The day's not too bright,

And the wind hits us right,

And all Nature does seem to invite us ;

We have all things at will

For to second our skill,

As they all did conspire to delight us.

Or stream now, or still,

A large Panier will fill

Trout and Grailing to rise are so willing ;

I dare venture to say

'Twill be a bloody day,

And we all shall be weary of killing.

Away then, away,

We loose sport by delay,

But first leave all our sorrows behind us ;
If misfortune doe come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.

The Angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds it self with so often tormented ;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to-day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

And though we display
All our Arts to betray
What were made for man's Pleasure and Diet ;
Yet both Princes and States
May, for all our quaint Bates,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the Rates
Our Superiors impose on our living ;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,

Acquiescing with hearty submission ;
For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last unto down-right Sedition.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an Angler t' a Fool is next neighbour ;
Let him prate, what care we,
We're as honest as he,
And so let him take that for his labour.

We covet no Wealth
But the Blessing of Health,
And that greater good Conscience within ;
Such Devotion we bring
To our God and our King,
That from either no offers can win.

Whilst we sit and fish
We do pray as we wish,
For long life to our King James the Second ;
Honest Anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good Subjects be reckon'd.

TO POET E. W.¹

Occasion'd for his writing a Panegyric on Oliver Cromwell.

FROM whence, vile Poet, did'st thou glean the Wit,
 And Words for such a vitious Poem fit ?
 Where could'st thou Paper find was not too white ;
 Or Ink, that could be black enough to write ?
 What servile Devil tempted thee to be
 A flatterer of thine own Slavery ?
 To kiss thy Bondage, and extol the deed,
 At once that made thy Prince and Country bleed ?
 I wonder much thy false Heart did not dread,
 And shame to write, what all Men blush to read ;
 Thus with a base ingratitude to rear
 Trophies unto thy Master's Murtherer ?

Who call'd thee Coward (——) much mistook
 The characters of thy pedantick Look ;
 Thou hast at once abus'd thy self, and us :
 He's stout that dares flatter a Tyranne thus.

Put up thy Pen and Ink, muzzle thy Muse
 Adulterate Hag fit for a common Stews,
 No good Man's Library ; writ thou hast
 Treason in Rhime has all thy Works defac't :

¹ E. W. is Edmund Waller. "Such a series of verses," it is said by Johnson, "had rarely appeared before in the English language." After the Restoration Waller wrote in praise of Charles II.

Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
 A punishment of the severest kind,
 For thy offence, my malice cannot name
 A greater ; than, once to commit the same.

Where was thy reason then, when thou began
 To write against the sense of God and Man ?
 Within thy guilty breast Despair took place,
 Thou would'st despairing Die in spite of Grace.
 At once th' art Judge, and Malefactor shown,
 Each Sentence in thy Poem is thine own.

Then, what thou hast pronounc'd go execute,
 Hang up thy self, and say, I bid thee do't ;
 Fear not thy memory, that cannot dye,
 This Panegyrick is thy Elegy,
 Which shall be when ; or wheresoever read,
 A living Poem to upbraid thee dead.

THE EIGHTH PSALM PARAPHRASED

O LORD, our Governour, whose potent sway
 All Pow'rs in Heav'n and Earth obey,
 Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
 How great is thy adored Name !
 Thy Glories thou hast seated, Lord, on high,
 Above the Empirean Sky.
 Out of the mouths of Infants, newly come
 From the dark Closet of the Womb,
 Thou hast ordained pow'rfull Truth to rise,
 To baffle all thine Enemies ;

That thou the furious Rage might'st calm agen,
Of bloody and revengefull men.

When on thy Glorious Heav'ns I reflect,
Thy work, almighty Architect,
The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast made
T' illuminate night's sable shade :

Oh ! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King
Should mind so poor a wretched thing ;
Or Man's frail Off-spring, that Almighty God
Should stoop to visit his abode ?

For thou createdst him but one degree
Below the Heav'nly Hierarchy
Of bless'd and happy Angels, and didst crown
Frail Dust with Glory and Renown.

Over the works of thy Almighty hand
Thou giv'st him absolute command,
And all the rest that thou hast made
Under his feet hast subject laid ;

All Sheep and Oxen, and the wilder breed
Of Beasts that on their Fellows feed ;

The Air's Inhabitants, and scaly brood,
That live and wanton in the Flood,
And whatsoe'er does either swim or creep
Through th' investigable Deep :

Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored Name !

(c) SOME OF DR DONNE'S VERSES

FEAR CAST OUT

WILT Thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which was my sin though it were done before ?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin and made my sins their door ?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear that, when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore :
And, having done that, Thou hast done :
I fear no more.

Note.—This lovely hymn, Walton tells us, Donne caused to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St Paul's Cathedral, in his own hearing.

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS

SINCE I am coming to that holy room,
Where with Thy choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made Thy music ; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before ;

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery,
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die ;

I joy, that in these straits I see my West ;
For, though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my West hurt me ? As west and east
In all flat maps—and I am one—are one,
So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home ? Or are
The eastern riches ? Is Jerusalem ?
Anvan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Ham, or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place ;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me ;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in His purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord ;
 By these His thorns, give me His other crown ;
 And as to others' souls I preach'd Thy Word,
 Be this my text, my sermon to mine own :—
 "Therefore that He may raise, the Lord throws
 down."

Note.—This hymn was written on Donne's death-bed.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move ;
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears ;
 Men reckon what it did and meant ;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
 Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
 The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care less eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so,
 As stiff twin compasses are two ;
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet, when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

Note.—These verses were given by Donne to his wife when he went abroad in 1611. Walton says: "I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say, that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them."

A SHEAF OF SNAKES USED HERETOFORE TO BE MY
SEAL, THE CREST OF OUR POOR FAMILY

ADOPTED in God's family and so
Our old coat lost, unto new arms I go.
The Cross—my seal at baptism—spread below
Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
Crosses grow Anchors ; bear, as thou shouldest do
Thy Cross, and that Cross grows an Anchor too.
But He that makes our Crosses Anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet may I, with this, my first serpents hold ;
God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old ;
The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be ;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
And, as he rounds the earth to murder sure,
My death he is, but on the Cross, my cure.
Crucify nature then, and then implore
All grace from Him, crucified there before ;
Then all is Cross, and that Cross Anchor grown ;
This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that saint which rides in our great seal,
To you who bear his name, great bounties deal !

THE BAIT

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sun ;
And there th' enamour'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowy net.

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest ;
Or curious traitors, sleeve-silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas ! is wiser far than I.

(d) SOME OF HERBERT'S VERSES

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture "for Thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold :
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cried, no more ;
I will abroad.
What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
My lines and life are free ; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit ?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did try it : there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me ?
Have I no bays to crown it ?
No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted ?
All wasted ?

Not so, my heart : but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures : leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is *fit*, and *not* : forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to
 thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ; take heed :
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's-head there : tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "*Child* :"
 And I replied, "*My Lord* !"

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessing standing by ;
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

DISCIPLINE

THROW away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath :
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent :
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
 But by book,
And Thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep :
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed :
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on Thee,
 Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
Throw away Thy wrath.

SUNDAY

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ;
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light :
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow ;
The working-days are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.

They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His :
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The Rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our sal-
vation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence :
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at His expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth :
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven !

(e) SOME OF SIR HENRY WOTTON'S VERSES

A HYMN TO MY GOD

OH Thou Great Power ! in whom I move,
 For whom I live, to whom I die,
 Behold me through Thy beams of love
 Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;
 And cleanse my sordid soul within,
 By Thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin !
 No hallowed oils, no grains I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
 One rosy drop from David's seed,
 Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire.

Oh precious ransom ! which once paid
That *consummatum est* was said ;

And said by Him that said no more,
But sealed it with his sacred breath ;
Thou, then, that hast dispunged my score,
And dying wast the death of Death,
Be to me now, on Thee I call,
My life, my strength, my joy, my all !

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend ;

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA ¹

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you, when the Sun ² shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,—
 What are you, when the Rose is blown ?

¹ She was a daughter of James I., and married, in 1613, Frederick Elector Palatine of Bavaria, afterwards King of Bohemia.

² Moon is sometimes given instead of Sun

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

(f) LAUDATORUM CARMINA

BY

DR JAMES DUPORT

*Ad Virum Optimum et Piscatorem Peritissimum Isaacum
 Waltonum.*

MAGISTER artis docte piscatoriae,
 Waltone, salve ! magne dux arundinis,
 Seu tu reductâ valle solus ambulas,
 Praeterfluentes interim observans aquas,
 Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
 Sive in tenaci gramine et ripâ sedens,
 Fallis perita squameum pecus manu ;
 O te beatum ! qui procul negotiis,
 Forique et urbis pulvere et strepitu carens,
 Extraque turbam, ad lenè manantes aquas
 Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
 Dum caetera ergo paenè gens mortalium
 Aut retia invicem sibi et technas struunt,
 Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant senes,
 Gregi natantùm tu interim nectis dolos.
 Voracem inescas advenam hamo lucium,
 Avidamvè percam parvulo alberno capis,

Aut verme ruffo, muscula aut truttam levi.
Cautumvè cyprinum, et ferè, indocilem capi
Calamoque linoque (ars at hunc superat tua),
Medicamvè tincam, gobium aut esca trahis,
Gratum palato gobium, parvum licet.
Praedamvè, non aequè salubrem barbulum,
Etsi ampliorem et mystace insignem gravi.
Hae sunt tibi artes, dum annus et tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque linea dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria et tibi
Nota artis hujus ; unde tu simul bonus
Piscator, idem et scriptor : et calami potens
Utriusque necdum et ictus, et tamen sapiens.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas !
Stylo eleganti scribis en Haliutica
Oppianus alter, artis et methodum tuae, et
Praecepta promis rite piscatoria,
Varias et escas piscium, indolem et genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam,
(Virtutis est haec et tamen quaedam schola
Patientiamque et temperantiam docet,)
Documenta quin majora das, et regulas
Sublimioris artis, et perennia
Monimenta morem, vitae et exempla optima,—
Dum tu profundum scribis Hookerum ; et pium
Donnum ac disertum ; sanctum et Herbertum,
sacrum
Vatem ; hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè et peritâ, Isaace, depictos manu.

Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.
O quae voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis !
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.

A TRANSLATION

*To the best of Men and the Most Skilled of Anglers, Izaak
Walton.*

HAIL Walton, learned master of the art of angling ! Great champion of the rod, happy art thou whether alone thou dost pace a secluded valley, or, standing on the margin of a clear stream or sitting in the matted grass of the bank, thou dost with skilled hand trick the scaley race ! Happy art thou, who far from business cares, away from the noise and dust of mart and town and beyond reach of crowds, dost by the slowly flowing waters cut off, by honest fraud, the wandering fish ! Whilst then almost all the rest of the race of mortals either in turns spread nets for themselves and bait traps with gifts as with a hook, or lie in wait for rich old men, thou dost weave plots for the tribe of fishes, dost entice the greedy foreign pike with the hook, dost catch the voracious perch with blay, a trout with red worm, or smooth mussel, or thy art overcomes even the cautious carp that rod and line can scarce take ; or thou

dost with bait betray the healing tench or gudgeon, palate pleasing gudgeon, it matters little what the fish is ; or perhaps thy prey is the less wholesome but larger mysteriously marked barbel. These are thy pursuits when time and weather allow and no day passes without a line. And not the practice only but the theory of this art is known to thee. Whence it comes that thou art at once a good angler and a good writer : and thy mastery of both rod and pen dost show thy good sense. Be thou then indeed the instructor of the young fisherman. In graceful style thou dost write a second Oppian, of all things fishing, and dost duly set forth the angler's precepts and his methods and the various kinds of bait and the different kinds of fish and their habits. Nor dost think it enough to hand down the art of angling (though this indeed form a sort of school and teaches patience and soberness) but dost give greater proofs of loftier art, the ever fresh examples of character and noble patterns of life. Thou hast written of deep Hooker and of learned and pious Donne, and of Herbert, holy priest. We see these, Izaak, painted in living colours by trained brush. By thee these Heroes though dead live once more. O what pleasure it is to read thy books ! Thus by thy books thou dost catch us fish as with lines and dost combine in wondrous wise fishing and the pursuit of the muses.

LAUDATORUM CARMINA

BY

Dr JAMES DUPORE

Ad Isaacum Waltonum, Virum et Piscatorem Optimum.

ISAACE Macte hac arte piscatoriâ ;
 Hac arte Petrus principi census dedit ;
 Hac arte princeps nec Petro multo prior,
 Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo, pater
 Patriae, solebat recreare se lubens
 Augustus, hamo instructus ac arundine.
 Tu nunc, amice, proximum clari es decus
 Post Caesarem hami, gentis ac Halieuticae :
 Euge O professor artis haud ingloriae,
 Doctor cathedrae, perlegens piscariam !
 Nae tu magister, et ego discipulus tuus,
 Nam candidatum et me ferunt arundinis,
 Socium hâc in arte nobilem nacti sumus.
 Quid amplius, Waltone, nam dici potest !
 Ipse hamiota Dominus en orbis fuit !

JACO. DUP., D.D.

A TRANSLATION.

To Isaac Walton, Best of Men and Anglers.

ISAAC, good luck to thee in the art of fishing !
 By this art Peter gave tribute to Cæsar. In this
 art, not long before Peter, that great Tranquillus,
 so Tranquillus (Suetonius) says Cæsar Augustus
 skilled in all knowledge of hook and line was

wont to find recreation. Thou now, oh my friend, art after Cæsar the greatest glory of the hook and fishing tribe. Well done! professor of no ignoble art, learned doctor deeply steeped in fish-market-lore! Verily thou master and I thy disciple we two were born, for they say that I too am a novice of the rod, comrades in this noble art. What more, Walton, remains to be said? Our Lord Himself was on earth a Fisher!

JAMES DUPORT, D.D.

Note.—In *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. VIII., p. 193, some other lines to Walton, by Duport, are to be found.

(g) LAUDATORUM CARMINA

BY

HENRY BAYLEY, ARTIUM MAGISTER

*Clarissimo amicissimoque fratri, Domino Isaaco Walton,
artis piscatoriæ peritissimo.*

UNICUS est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,

Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus

Hic typus est salvatoris mirandus Jesu,

Litera mysterium quaelibet hujus habet.

Hunc cupio, hunc cupias (bone frater arundinis) ἰχθὺν :

Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.

Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem

Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

A TRANSLATION.

*To my most distinguished friend and brother Master Izaak
Walton, past master in the art of angling.*

ONE fish and one only is doctor of the rest, and health is assured to those to whom it is given to touch the doctor. Here is a wonderful image of our Saviour Jesus, where every letter¹ holds His secret.

This fish I desire, and mayest thou catch this fish (good brother of the rod): He would pay my debts and thine to God. Fish is he and fisher, believe me, a fish would wish to love such an one though he were a fisher.

HENRY BAYLEY, M.A.

The reader may note that the fish was the usual emblem of Christ, chosen because the Greek word forms the initials of His name and titles, and also because Christians are born by baptism in water.² The fish symbol is only found in the Latin Church.

¹ Ιχθὺς, Piscis.

Ι Ἰησοῦς, Jesus.

Χ Χριστὸς, Christus.

Θ Θεοῦ, Dei.

Υ Ἵδις, Filius.

Σ Σωτὴρ, Salvator.

² Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe*, Vol. I., p. 202.

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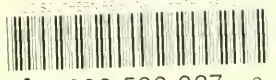
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