**Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Volume 09 eBook**

**Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Volume 09 by Jean de La Fontaine**

The following sections of this BookRags Literature Study Guide is offprint from Gale's For Students Series: Presenting Analysis, Context, and Criticism on Commonly Studied Works: Introduction, Author Biography, Plot Summary, Characters, Themes, Style, Historical Context, Critical Overview, Criticism and Critical Essays, Media Adaptations, Topics for Further Study, Compare & Contrast, What Do I Read Next?, For Further Study, and Sources.

(c)1998-2002; (c)2002 by Gale. Gale is an imprint of The Gale Group, Inc., a division of Thomson Learning, Inc. Gale and Design and Thomson Learning are trademarks used herein under license.

The following sections, if they exist, are offprint from Beacham's Encyclopedia of Popular Fiction: "Social Concerns", "Thematic Overview", "Techniques", "Literary Precedents", "Key Questions", "Related Titles", "Adaptations", "Related Web Sites". (c)1994-2005, by Walton Beacham.

The following sections, if they exist, are offprint from Beacham's Guide to Literature for Young Adults: "About the Author", "Overview", "Setting", "Literary Qualities", "Social Sensitivity", "Topics for Discussion", "Ideas for Reports and Papers". (c)1994-2005, by Walton Beacham.

All other sections in this Literature Study Guide are owned and copyrighted by BookRags, Inc.

**Contents**

**Table of Contents**

|  |
| --- |
| Table of Contents |
| Section | Page |
|  |
| Start of eBook | 1 |
| Title:  The Tales and Novels, v9:  Belphegor and Others | 1 |
| ETEXT EDITOR’S BOOKMARKS:  | 8 |
| Information about Project Gutenberg (one page) | 9 |
| (Three Pages) | 11 |

**Page 1**

**Title:  The Tales and Novels, v9:  Belphegor and Others**

Author:  Jean de La Fontaine

Release Date:  March, 2004 [EBook #5283] [Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule] [This file was first posted on June 14, 2002]

Edition:  10

Language:  English

Character set encoding:  ASCII

\*\*\* *Start* *of* *the* *project* *gutenberg* *Ebook* *tales* *and* *novels* *of* *Fontaine*, V9 \*\*\*

This eBook was produced by David Widger *widger@cecomet.net*

[*Note*:  There is a short list of bookmarks, or pointers, at the end of the file for those who may wish to sample the author’s ideas before making an entire meal of them.  D.W.]

*The* *tales* *and* *novels
of*
J. *De* *La* *Fontaine*

Volume 9.

Contains:
Belphegor
The Little Bell
The Glutton]

*Belphegor
addressed* *to* *Miss* *de* CHAMMELAY

*Your* name with ev’ry pleasure here I place,
The last effusions of my muse to grace.
O charming Phillis! may the same extend
Through time’s dark night:  our praise together blend;
To this we surely may pretend to aim
Your acting and my rhymes attention claim.
Long, long in mem’ry’s page your fame shall live;
You, who such ecstacy so often give;
O’er minds, o’er hearts triumphantly you reign:
In Berenice, in Phaedra, and Chimene,
Your tears and plaintive accents all engage:
Beyond compare in proud Camilla’s rage;
Your voice and manner auditors delight;
Who strong emotions can so well excite?
No fine eulogium from my pen expect:
With you each air and grace appear correct
My first of Phillis’s you ought to be;
My sole affection had been placed on thee;
Long since, had I presumed the truth to tell;
But he who loves would fain be loved as well.

          *No*hope of gaining such a charming fair,
          Too soon, perhaps, I ceded to despair;
          Your friend, was all I ventured to be thought,
          Though in your net I more than half was caught.
          Most willingly your lover I’d have been;
          But time it is our story should be seen.

          *One*, day, old Satan, sov’reign dread of hell;
          Reviewed his subjects, as our hist’ries tell;
          The diff’rent ranks, confounded as they stood,
          Kings, nobles, females, and plebeian blood,
          Such grief expressed, and made such horrid cries,
          As almost stunned, and filled him with surprise.
          The monarch, as he passed, desired to know
          The cause that sent each shade to realms below.
          Some said—­my *husband*; others *wife* replied;
          The same was echoed loud from ev’ry side.

**Page 2**

          His majesty on this was heard to say:
          If truth these shadows to my ears convey,
          With ease our glory we may now augment:
          I’m fully bent to try th’ experiment.
          With this design we must some demon send,
          Who wily art with prudence well can blend;
          And, not content with watching Hymen’s flock,
          Must add his own experience to the stock.

          *The*sable senate instantly approved
          The proposition that the monarch moved;
          Belphegor was to execute the work;
          The proper talent in him seemed to lurk:
          All ears and eyes, a prying knave in grain
          In short, the very thing they wished to gain.

          *That*he might all expense and cost defray,
          They gave him num’rous bills without delay,
          And credit too, in ev’ry place of note,
          With various things that might their plan promote.
          He was, besides, the human lot to fill,
          Of pleasure and of pain:—­of good and ill;
          In fact, whate’er for mortals was designed,
          With his legation was to be combined.
          He might by industry and wily art,
          His own afflictions dissipate in part;
          But die he could not, nor his country see,
          Till he ten years complete on earth should be.

          *Behold*him trav’lling o’er th’ extensive space;
          Between the realms of darkness and our race.
          To pass it, scarcely he a moment took;
          On Florence instantly he cast a look;—­
          Delighted with the beauty of the spot,
          He there resolved to fix his earthly lot,
          Regarding it as proper for his wiles,
          A city famed for wanton freaks and guiles.
          Belphegor soon a noble mansion hired,
          And furnished it with ev’ry thing desired;
          As signor Roderick he designed to pass;
          His equipage was large of ev’ry class;
          Expense anticipating day by day,
          What, in ten years, he had to throw away.

          *His*noble entertainments raised surprise;
          Magnificence alone would not suffice;
          Delightful pleasures he dispensed around,
          And flattery abundantly was found,
          An art in which a demon should excel:
          No devil surely e’er was liked so well.
          His heart was soon the object of the *fair*;
          To please Belphegor was their constant care.

          *Who*lib’rally with presents smoothes the road,
          Will meet no obstacles to *love’s* abode.
          In ev’ry situation they are sweet,
          I’ve often said, and now the same repeat:
          The primum mobile of human kind,
          Are gold and silver, through the world we find.

**Page 3**

          *Our*envoy kept two books, in which he wrote
          The names of all the married pairs of note;
          But that assigned to couples satisfied,
          He scarcely for it could a name provide,
          Which made the demon almost blush to see,
          How few, alas! in wedlock’s chains agree;
          While presently the other, which contained
          Th’ unhappy—­not a leaf in blank remained.

          No other choice Belphegor now had got,
          Than—­try himself the hymeneal knot.
          In Florence he beheld a certain fair,
          With charming face and smart engaging air;
          Of noble birth, but puffed with empty pride;
          Some marks of virtue, though not much beside.
          For Roderick was asked this lofty dame;
          The father said Honesta\* (such her name)
          Had many eligible offers found;
          But, ’mong the num’rous band that hovered round,
          Perhaps his daughter, Rod’rick’s suit might take,
          Though he should wish for time the choice to make.
          This approbation met, and Rod’rick ’gan
          To use his arts and execute his plan.

          *The*entertainments, balls, and serenades,
          Plays, concerts, presents, feasts, and masquerades,
          Much lessened what the demon with him brought;
          He nothing grudged:—­whate’er was wished he bought.
          The dame believed high honour she bestowed,
          When she attention to his offer showed;
          And, after prayers, entreaties, and the rest,
          To be his wife she full assent expressed.

*But* first a pettifogger to him came, Of whom (aside) Belphegor made a game; What! said the demon, is a lady gained just like a house?—­these scoundrels have obtained Such pow’r and sway, without them nothing’s done; But hell will get them when their course is run.  He reasoned properly; when faith’s no more, True honesty is forced to leave the door; When men with confidence no longer view Their fellow-mortals,—­happiness adieu!  The very means we use t’ escape the snare, Oft deeper plunge us in the gulph of care; Avoid attorneys, if you comfort crave Who knows a *pettifogger*, knows a *knave*; Their contracts, filled with IFS and *Fors*, appear The gate through which *Strife* found admittance here.  In vain we hope again the earth ’twill leave Still *Strife* remains, and we ourselves deceive:  In spite of solemn forms and laws we see, That *love* and *Hymen* often disagree.  The heart alone can tranquilize the mind; In mutual passion ev’ry bliss we find.

          *How*diff’rent things in other states appear!
          With friends—­’tis who can be the most sincere;
          With lovers—­all is sweetness, balm of life;
          While all is *irksomeness* with man and wife.
          We daily see from *Duty* springs disgust,
          And *pleasure* likes true *Liberty* to trust.

**Page 4**

          *Are*happy marriages for ever flown?
          On full consideration I will own,
          That when each other’s follies couples bear;
          They then deserve the name of *happy* *Pair*.

          *Enough*of this:—­no sooner had our wight
          The belle possessed, and passed the month’s delight;
          But he perceived what marriage must be here,
          With such a demon in our nether sphere.
          For ever jars and discords rang around;
          Of follies, ev’ry class our couple found;
          Honesta often times such noise would make,
          Her screams and cries the neighbours kept awake,
          Who, running thither, by the wife were told:—­
          Some paltry tradesman’s daughter, coarse and bold,
          He should have had:—­not one of rank like me;
          To treat me thus, what villain he must be!
          A wife so virtuous, could he e’er deserve!
          My scruples are too great, or I should swerve;
          Indeed, without dispute, ’twould serve him right:—­
          We are not sure she nothing did in spite;
          These prudes can make us credit what they please:
          Few ponder long when they can dupe with ease.

          *This*wife and husband, as our hist’ries say,
          Each moment squabbled through the passing day;
          Their disagreements often would arise
          About a petticoat, cards, tables, pies,
          Gowns, chairs, dice, summer-houses, in a word,
          Things most ridiculous and quite absurd.

          *Well*might this spouse regret his Hell profound,
          When he considered what he’d met on ground.
          To make our demon’s wretchedness complete,
          Honesta’s relatives, from ev’ry street,
          He seemed to marry, since he daily fed
          The father, mother, sister (fit to wed,)
          And little brother, whom he sent to school;
          While *Miss* he portioned to a wealthy fool.

          His utter ruin, howsoe’er, arose
          From his attorney-steward that he chose.
          What’s that? you ask—­a wily sneaking knave,
          Who, while his master spends, contrives to save;
          Till, in the end, grown rich, the lands he buys,
          Which his good lord is forced to sacrifice.

          *If*, in the course of time, the master take
          The place of steward, and his fortune make,
          ’Twould only to their proper rank restore,
          Those who become just what they were before.

**Page 5**

          *Poor*Rod’rick now no other hope had got,
          Than what the chance of traffick might allot;
          Illusion vain, or doubtful at the best:—­
          Though some grow rich, yet all are not so blessed.
          ’Twas said our husband never would succeed;
          And truly, such it seemed to be decreed.
          His agents (similar to those we see
          In modern days) were with his treasure free;
          His ships were wrecked; his commerce came to naught;
          Deceived by knaves, of whom he well had thought;
          Obliged to borrow money, which to pay,
          He was unable at th’ appointed day,
          He fled, and with a farmer shelter took,
          Where he might hope the bailiffs would not look.

          *He*told to Matthew, (such the farmer’s name,)
          His situation, character, and fame:
          By duns assailed, and harassed by a wife,
          Who proved the very torment of his life,
          He knew no place of safety to obtain,
          Like ent’ring other bodies, where ’twas plain,
          He might escape the catchpole’s prowling eye,
          Honesta’s wrath, and all her rage defy.
          From these he promised he would thrice retire;
          Whenever Matthew should the same desire:
          Thrice, but no more, t’oblige this worthy man,
          Who shelter gave when from the fiends he ran.

          *Theambassador* commenced his form to change:—­
          From human frame to frame he ’gan to range;
          But what became his own fantastick state,
          Our books are silent, nor the facts relate.

          *An*only daughter was the first he seized,
          Whose charms corporeal much our demon pleased;
          But Matthew, for a handsome sum of gold,
          Obliged him, at a word, to quit his hold.
          This passed at Naples—­next to Rome he came,
          Where, with another fair, he did the same;
          But still the farmer banished him again,
          So well he could the devil’s will restrain;
          Another weighty purse to him was paid
          Thrice Matthew drove him out from belle and maid.

          *The*king of Naples had a daughter fair,
          Admired, adored:—­her parents’ darling care;
          In wedlock oft by many princes sought;
          Within her form, the wily demon thought
          He might be sheltered from Honesta’s rage;
          And none to drive him thence would dare engage.

          *Naught*else was talked of, in or out of town,
          But devils driven by the cunning clown;
          Large sums were offered, if, by any art,
          He’d make the demon from the fair depart.

**Page 6**

          *Afflicted*much was Matthew, now to lose
          The gold thus tendered, but he could not choose,
          For since Belphegor had obliged him thrice,
          He durst not hope the demon to entice;
          Poor man was he, a sinner, who, by chance,
          (He knew not how, it surely was romance,)
          Had some few devils, truly, driven out:
          Most worthy of contempt without a doubt.
          But all in vain:—­the man they took by force;
          Proceed he must, or hanged he’d be of course.

          *The*demon was before our farmer placed;
          The sight was by the prince in person graced;
          The wond’rous contest numbers ran to see,
          And all the world spectators fain would be.

          *If*vanquished by the devil:—­he must swing;
          If vanquisher:—­’twould thousands to him bring:
          The gallows was, no doubt, a horrid view;
          Yet, at the purse, his glances often flew;
          The evil spirit laughed within his sleeve,
          To see the farmer tremble, fret, and grieve.
          He pleaded that the wight he’d thrice obeyed;
          The demon was by Matthew often prayed;
          But all in vain,—­the more he terror showed,
          The more Belphegor ridicule bestowed.

          *At*length the clown was driven to declare,
          The fiend he was unable to ensnare;
          Away they Matthew to the gallows led;
          But as he went, it entered in his head,
          And, in a sort of whisper he averred
          (As was in fact the case) a drum he heard.

          *The*demon, with surprise, to Matthew cried;
          What noise is that?  Honesta, he replied,
          Who you demands, and every where pursues,
          The spouse who treats her with such vile abuse.

          *These*words were thunder to Belphegor’s ears,
          Who instantly took flight, so great his fears;
          To hell’s abyss he fled without delay,
          To tell adventures through the realms of day.
          Sire, said the demon, it is clearly true,
          Damnation does the marriage knot pursue.
          Your highness often hither sees arrive,
          Not squads, but regiments, who, when alive,
          By Hymen were indissolubly tied:—­
          In person I the fact have fully tried.
          Th’ institution, perhaps, most just could be:
          Past ages far more happiness might see;
          But ev’ry thing, with time, corruption shows;
          No jewel in your crown more lustre throws.

**Page 7**

          *Belphegor’s*tale by Satan was believed;
          Reward he got:  the term, which-sorely grieved,
          Was now reduced; indeed, what had he done,
          That should prevent it?—­If away he’d run,
          Who would not do the same who weds a shrew?
          Sure worse below the devil never knew!
          A brawling woman’s tongue, what saint can bear?
          E’en Job, Honesta would have taught despair.

          *What*is the inference? you ask:—­I’ll tell;—­
          Live single, if you know you are well;
          But if old Hymen o’er your senses reign,
          Beware Honestas, or you’ll rue the chain.

\* By this character La Fontaine is supposed to
have meant his own wife.

*The* *little* *bell*

*How* weak is man! how changeable his mind!
His promises are naught, too oft we find;
I vowed (I hope in tolerable verse,)
Again no idle story to rehearse.
And whence this promise?—­Not two days ago;
I’m quite confounded; better I should know:
A rhymer hear then, who himself can boast,
Quite steady for—­a minute at the most.
The pow’rs above could *prudence* ne’er design;
For those who fondly court the *Sisters* *Nine*.
Some means to please they’ve got, you will confess;
But none with certainty the charm possess.
If, howsoever, I were doomed to find
Such lines as fully would content the mind:
Though I should fail in matter, still in art;
I might contrive some pleasure to impart.

          *Let’s*see what we are able to obtain:—­
          A bachelor resided in Touraine.
          A sprightly youth, who oft the maids beset,
          And liked to prattle to the girls he met,
          With sparkling eyes, white teeth, and easy air,
          Plain russet petticoat and flowing hair,
          Beside a rivulet, while Io round,
          With little bell that gave a tinkling sound,
          On herbs her palate gratified at will,
          And gazed and played, and fondly took her fill.

          *Among*the rustic nymphs our spark perceived
          A charming girl, for whom his bosom heaved;
          Too young, however, to feel the poignant smart,
          By Cupid oft inflicted on the heart.
          I will not say thirteen’s an age unfit
          The contrary most fully I admit;
          The *law* supposes (such its prudent fears)
          Maturity at still more early years;
          But this apparently refers to towns,
          While *love* was born for groves, and lawns, and downs.

          *The*youth exerted ev’ry art to please;
          But all in vain:  he only seemed to teaze:
          Whate’er he said, however nicely graced,
          Ill-humour, inexperience, or distaste,
          Induced the belle, unlearned in Cupid’s book;
          To treat his passion with a froward look.

**Page 8**

          *Believing*ev’ry artifice in love
          Was tolerated by the pow’rs above,
          One eve he turned a heifer from the rest;
          Conducted by the girl his thoughts possessed;
          The others left, not counted by the fair,
          (Youth seldom shows the necessary care,)
          With easy, loit’ring steps the cottage sought,
          Where ev’ry night they usually were brought.

          *Her*mother, more experienced than the maid,
          Observed, that from the cattle one had strayed;
          The girl was scolded much, and sent to find
          The heifer indiscreetly left behind.
          Fair Isabella gave a vent to tears;
          Invoked sweet echo to disperse her fears:
          Solicited with fervent, piercing cry,
          To tell her where lorn Io she might spy,
          Whose little bell the spark deprived of sound;
          When he withdrew her from the herd around.

          *The*lover now the tinkling metal shook;
          The path that t’wards it led the charmer took.
          The well known note was pleasing to her ear;
          Without suspecting treachery was near,
          She followed to a wood, both deep and large,
          In hopes at least she might regain her charge.

          *Guess*her surprise, good reader, when she heard,
          A lover’s voice, who would not be deterred.
          Said he, fair maid whene’er the heart’s on fire,
          ’Tis all permitted that can quench desire.
          On this, with piercing cries she rent the air;
          But no one came:—­she sunk to dire despair.

          *Ye*beauteous dames avoid the Sylvan shade;
          Dread dangers solitary woods pervade.

*The* *glutton*

          A *Sturgeon*, once, a glutton famed was led
          To have for supper—­all, except the head.
          With wond’rous glee he feasted on the fish;
          And quickly swallowed down the royal dish.
          O’ercharged, howe’er, his stomach soon gave way;
          And doctors were required without delay.

          *The*danger imminent, his friends desired
          He’d settle ev’ry thing affairs required.
          Said he, in that respect I’m quite prepared;
          And, since my time so little is declared,
          With diligence, I earnestly request,
          The sturgeon’s head you’ll get me nicely dressed.

**ETEXT EDITOR’S BOOKMARKS:**

Avoid attorneys, if you comfort crave
Few ponder long when they can dupe with ease
He who loves would fain be loved as well

\*\*\* *End* *of* *the* *project* *gutenberg* *Ebook* *tales* *and* *novels* *of* *Fontaine*, V9 \*\*\*

**Page 9**

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* This file should be named lf09w10.txt or lf09w10.zip \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Corrected *editions* of our eBooks get a new *number*, lf09w11.txt *versions* based on separate sources get new *letter*, lf09w10a.txt

This eBook was produced by David Widger *widger@cecomet.net*

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the *us* unless a copyright notice is included.  Thus, we usually do not keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our eBooks one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing.  Please be encouraged to tell us about any error or corrections, even years after the official publication date.

Please note neither this listing nor its contents are final til midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement.  The official release date of all Project Gutenberg eBooks is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month.  A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our Web sites at:  http://gutenberg.net or http://promo.net/pg

These Web sites include award-winning information about Project Gutenberg, including how to donate, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter (free!).

Those of you who want to download any eBook before announcement can get to them as follows, and just download by date.  This is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext03 or ftp://ftp.ibi
blio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext03

Or *etext02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 92, 91 or 90*

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

**Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)**

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work.  The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any eBook selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, *etc*.  Our projected audience is one hundred million readers.  If the value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce $2 million dollars per hour in 2002 as we release over 100 new text files per month:  1240 more eBooks in 2001 for a total of 4000+ We are already on our way to trying for 2000 more eBooks in 2002 If they reach just 1-2% of the world’s population then the total will reach over half a trillion eBooks given away by year’s end.

**Page 10**

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away 1 Trillion eBooks!  This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

Here is the briefest record of our progress (\* means estimated):

eBooks Year Month

    1 1971 July
   10 1991 January
  100 1994 January
 1000 1997 August
 1500 1998 October
 2000 1999 December
 2500 2000 December
 3000 2001 November
 4000 2001 October/November
 6000 2002 December\*
 9000 2003 November\*
10000 2004 January\*

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been created to secure a future for Project Gutenberg into the next millennium.

We need your donations more than ever!

As of February, 2002, contributions are being solicited from people and organizations in:  Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

We have filed in all 50 states now, but these are the only ones that have responded.

As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states.  Please feel free to ask to check the status of your state.

In answer to various questions we have received on this:

We are constantly working on finishing the paperwork to legally request donations in all 50 states.  If your state is not listed and you would like to know if we have added it since the list you have, just ask.

While we cannot solicit donations from people in states where we are not yet registered, we know of no prohibition against accepting donations from donors in these states who approach us with an offer to donate.

International donations are accepted, but we don’t know *anything* about how to make them tax-deductible, or even if they *can* be made deductible, and don’t have the staff to handle it even if there are ways.

Donations by check or money order may be sent to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
PMB 113
1739 University Ave.
Oxford, *Ms* 38655-4109

Contact us if you want to arrange for a wire transfer or payment method other than by check or money order.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been approved by the *us* Internal Revenue Service as a 501(c)(3) organization with *ein* [Employee Identification Number] 64-622154.  Donations are tax-deductible to the maximum extent permitted by law.  As fund-raising requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund-raising will begin in the additional states.

**Page 11**

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information online at:

http://www.gutenberg.net/donation.html

\*\*\*

If you can’t reach Project Gutenberg,
you can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart *hart@pobox.com*

Prof.  Hart will answer or forward your message.

We would prefer to send you information by email.

\*\*The Legal Small Print\*\*

**(Three Pages)**

\*\*\**Start*\*\**the* *small* *print*!\*\**For* *public* *domain* EBOOKS\*\**start*\*\*\* Why is this “Small Print!” statement here?  You know:  lawyers.  They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this eBook, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what’s wrong is not our fault.  So, among other things, this “Small Print!” statement disclaims most of our liability to you.  It also tells you how you may distribute copies of this eBook if you want to.

*BEFORE!* *You* *use* *or* *read* *this* *Ebook* By using or reading any part of this *project* *gutenberg*-tm eBook, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this “Small Print!” statement.  If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this eBook by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from.  If you received this eBook on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

*About* *project* *gutenberg*-*tm* EBOOKS This *project* *gutenberg*-tm eBook, like most *project* *gutenberg*-tm eBooks, is a “public domain” work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the “Project").  Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties.  Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this eBook under the “*Project* *gutenberg*” trademark.

Please do not use the “*Project* *gutenberg*” trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these eBooks, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works.  Despite these efforts, the Project’s eBooks and any medium they may be on may contain “Defects”.  Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other eBook medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

**Page 12**

*Limited* *warranty*; *disclaimer* *of* *damages* But for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described below, [1] Michael Hart and the Foundation (and any other party you may receive this eBook from as a *project* *gutenberg*-tm eBook) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] *you* *have* *no* *Remedies* *for* *negligence* *or* *under* *strict* *liability*, *or* *for* *Breach* *of* *warranty* *or* *contract*, *including* *but* *not* *limited* *to* *indirect*, *consequential*, *punitive* *or* *incidental* *damages*, *even* *if* *you* *give* *notice* *of* *the* *possibility* *of* *such* *damages*.

If you discover a Defect in this eBook within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from.  If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy.  If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

*This* *Ebook* *is* *otherwise* *provided* *to* *you* “*As*-*is*”.  *No* *other* *warranties* *of* *any* *kind*, *express* *or* *implied*, *are* *made* *to* *you* *as* *to* *the* *Ebook* *or* *any* *medium* *it* *may* *be* *on*, *including* *but* *not* *limited* *to* *warranties* *of* *merchantability* *or* *fitness* *for* A *particular* *purpose*.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

*Indemnity* You will indemnify and hold Michael Hart, the Foundation, and its trustees and agents, and any volunteers associated with the production and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm texts harmless, from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause:  [1] distribution of this eBook, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the eBook, or [3] any Defect.

*Distribution* *under* “*Project* *gutenberg*-tm” You may distribute copies of this eBook electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this “Small Print!” and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

**Page 13**

[1] Only give exact copies of it.  Among other things, this
     requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the
     eBook or this “small print!” statement.  You may however,
     if you wish, distribute this eBook in machine readable
     binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form,
     including any form resulting from conversion by word
     processing or hypertext software, but only so long as
     *EITHER*:

     [\*] The eBook, when displayed, is clearly readable, and
          does *not* contain characters other than those
          intended by the author of the work, although tilde
          (~), asterisk (\*) and underline (\_) characters may
          be used to convey punctuation intended by the
          author, and additional characters may be used to
          indicate hypertext links; *or*

     [\*] The eBook may be readily converted by the reader at
          no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent
          form by the program that displays the eBook (as is
          the case, for instance, with most word processors);
          *or*

     [\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at
          no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the
          eBook in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC
          or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the eBook refund and replacement provisions of this
     “Small Print!” statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Foundation of 20% of the
     gross profits you derive calculated using the method you
     already use to calculate your applicable taxes.  If you
     don’t derive profits, no royalty is due.  Royalties are
     payable to “Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation”
     the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were
     legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent
     periodic) tax return.  Please contact us beforehand to
     let us know your plans and to work out the details.

*What* *if* *you* *WANT* *to* *send* *money* *even* *if* *you* *don’t* *have* *to*?  Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form.

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time,
public domain materials, or royalty free copyright licenses.
Money should be paid to the:
“Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact Michael Hart at:  hart@pobox.com

[Portions of this eBook’s header and trailer may be reprinted only when distributed free of all fees.  Copyright (C) 2001, 2002 by Michael S. Hart.  Project Gutenberg is a TradeMark and may not be used in any sales of Project Gutenberg eBooks or other materials be they hardware or software or any other related product without express permission.]

**Page 14**

*END THE SMALL PRINT!  FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS*Ver.02/11/02\**End*\*