

Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Volume 15 eBook

Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Volume 15 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

Tales and Novels of J. de La Fontaine — Volume 15 eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
Page 1.....	4
Page 2.....	6
Page 3.....	8
Page 4.....	10
Page 5.....	12
Page 6.....	14
Page 7.....	16
Page 8.....	18
Page 9.....	20
Page 10.....	22
Page 11.....	24
Page 12.....	26
Page 13.....	28
Page 14.....	30
Page 15.....	32
Page 16.....	33
Page 17.....	35

Table of Contents

Table of Contents	
Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
Title: The Tales and Novels, v15: The Mandrake & The Rhemese	1
ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:	11
Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)	12
(Three Pages)	14

Page 1

Title: The Tales and Novels, v15: The Mandrake & The Rhemese

Author: Jean de La Fontaine

Release Date: March, 2004 [EBook #5289] [Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule] [This file was first posted on June 21, 2002]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

*** Start of the project gutenberg Ebook tales and novels of Fontaine, V15 ***

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 15.

Contains:
The Mandrake
The Rhemese

The mandrake

Florentine we now design to show;—
A greater blockhead ne'er appeared below;
It seems a prudent woman he had wed,
With beauty that might grace a monarch's bed;
Young, brisk, good-humoured, with engaging mien;
None in the town, or round, the like was seen:
Her praises every voice inclined to sing,
And judged her worthy of a mighty king;
At least a better husband she deserved:
An arrant fool he looked, and quite unnerved.
This Nicia Calfucci (for such his name)



Was fully bent to have a father's fame,
And thought his country honour he could do,
Could he contrive his lineage to pursue.
No holy saint in Paradise was blessed,
But what this husband fervently addressed;
From day to day, so oft he teased for grace,
They scarcely knew his off'rings where to place.
No matron, quack, nor conjurer around,
But what he tried their qualities profound;
Yet all in vain: in spite of charm or book,
No father he, whatever pains he took.

To Florence then returned a youth from France;
Where he had studied,—more than complaisance:
Well trained as any from that polished court;
To Fortune's favours anxious to resort;
Gallant and seeking ev'ry *fair* to please;
Each house, road, alley, soon he knew at ease;
The husbands, good or bad, their whims and years,
With ev'ry thing that moved their hopes or fears;
What sort of fuel best their females charmed;
What spies were kept by those who felt alarmed;
The if's, for's, to's, and ev'ry artful wile,
That might in love a confidant beguile,
Or nurse, or father-confessor, or dog;
When passion prompts, few obstacles can clog.

Page 2

*Thesnares were spread, each stratagem was laid;
And every thing arranged to furnish aid,
When our gay spark determined to invest
Old Nicia with the cuckold's branching crest.
The plan no doubt was well conceived and bold;
The lady to her friends appeared not cold;
Within her husband's house she seemed polite;
But ne'er familiarly was seen invite,
No further could a lover dare proceed;
Not one had hope the belle his flame would heed.*

*Ouryouth, Calimachus, no sooner came,
But he howe'er appeared to please the dame;
His camp he pitched and entered on the siege
Of fair Lucretia, faithful to her liege,
Who presently the haughty tigress played,
And sent him, like the rest, away dismayed.*

*He, scarcely knew what saint he could invoke;
When Nicia's folly served him for a cloak;
However strange, no stratagem nor snare,
But what the fool would willingly prepare
With all his heart, and nothing fancy wrong;
That might to others possibly belong.
The lover and himself, as learned men,
Had conversations ev'ry now and then;
For Nicia was a doctor in the law:
Degree, to him, not worth a single straw;
Far better had he common prudence traced;
And not his confidence so badly placed.*

*Oneday he to Calimachus complained,
Of want of heirs, and wished they could be gained:
Where lay the fault? He was a gay gallant;
Lucretia young with features to enchant.
When I at Paris was, replied our wight,
There passed a clever man, a curious sight,
His company with anxious care I sought,
And was at length a hundred secrets taught;
'Mong others how, at will, to get an heir:—
A certain thing, he often would declare;
The great Mogul had tried it on his queen,
just two years since, the heir might then be seen;
And many other princesses of fame,*



Had added by it to their husband's name.
'Twas very true; I've seen it fully proved:
The remedy all obstacles removed;
'Tis from the root of certain tree expressed;
A juice most potent ev'ry where confessed,
And Mandrake called, which taken by a wife;
More pow'r evinces o'er organick life,
Than from conventual grace was e'er derived,
Though in the cloister youthful friars hived.

Page 3

Ten months from hence I'll you a father make;
No longer time than that I ask to take;
This period o'er, the child to church we'll bring,—
If true, said Nicia, what a glorious thing!
You'll do me services I can't express.—
Don't doubt it, cried the spark of smart address:
Must I the fact so oft to you repeat?
I've seen it with my eyes; 'tis most complete;
You mean to jest, assuredly my friend;
Would you by doubts the great Mogul offend?
So handsomely this traveller he paid,
No sign of discontent he e'er betrayed.

'Tis excellent, the Florentine replied;
Lucretia must be pleased to have it tried;
What satisfaction! in her arms to view
An infant that my lineage will renew.
Now, worthy friend, you god-father shall stand;
This very day pray take the thing in hand.

Not quite so fast, rejoined our smart gallant,
First know the plan, before consent you grant;
There is an ill attends the whole affair;
But what below, alas! is free from care;
This juice, possessing virtues so divine,
Has also pow'rs that prove the most malign:
Whoe'er receives the patient's first embrace;
Too fatally the dire effects will trace;
Death oft succeeds the momentary joy;
We scarcely good can find without alloy.

Your servant; sir, said Nicia with surprise;
No more of this: the name will me suffice;
Lucretia we will let remain at ease:
What you propose can never truly please;
If I must die by getting of a son,
'Tis better far the benefit to shun;
Go find some other for your wondrous art;
In fact I'm not inclined with life to part.

How strange your conduct, cried the sprightly youth:
Extremes you seek, and overleap the truth;
Just now the fond desire to have a boy
Chased ev'ry care and filled your heart with joy;



At present quite the contrary appears
A moment changed your fondest hopes to fears;
Come, hear the rest; no longer waste your breath:
Kind Nature all can cure, excepting death.
What's necessary pray, that things succeed?
Some youthful clod for once should take the lead,
And clear the way of ev'ry venom round
Then you with safety may commence to sound;
No time you'll lose, but instantly begin
And you'll most certainly your object win.
This step is necessary to the end;
Some lad of little worth I recommend;

Page 4

But not ill made, nor savagely robust,
To give your lady terror nor disgust.
We know that, used to Nicia's soft caress,
Lucretia would disrelish rude address;
Indeed 'tis possible in such event,
Her tender heart would never give consent;
This led me to propose a man that's young;
Besides, the more he proves for action strong,
The less of venom will behind remain,
And I'll engage that ev'ry drop he'll drain.

Atfirst the husband disapproved the plan,
The infamy, and danger which they ran
Perhaps the magistrate might have him sought,
And he, of murder, guilty might be thought;
The sudden death would mightily perplex;
A fellow's creature's loss would sorely vex;
Lucretia, who'd withstood each tempter's charms,
Was now to be disgraced in rustick arms!

Calimachus, with eagerness replied;
I would a man of consequence provide,
Or one, at all events, whose anxious aim
Would be, aloud the myst'ry, to proclaim!
But fear and folly would contain the clown,
Or money at the worst would stop renown,
Your better half apparently resigned;
The clod without intention of the kind;
In short whate'er arrived, 'tis clear your case
Could not with Cuckoldom be well in place.
Besides 'tis no way certain but our blade,
By strength of nerves the poison may evade;
And that's a double reason for the choice,
Since with more certainty we shall rejoice:
The venom may evaporate in fume,
And Mandrake pleasing pow'rs at once assume;
For when I spoke of death, I did not mean,
That nothing from it would the person screen;
To-morrow we the rustick lad must name;
To-night the potion given your charming dame;



I've some already with me, all prepared;
Let nothing of your project be declared:
You should not seem to know what we've designed;
Ligurio you'll permit this clod to find;
You can most thoroughly in him confide:
Discretion, secrecy, with him reside.
One thing, however, nearly I'd forgot;
A bandage for the eyes we should allot;
And when well bound he nothing e'er can trace
Of whom, or what, the lady, or the place.

*The whole arrangement Nicia much approved;
But now 'twas time the lady should be moved.
At first she thought it jest, then angry grew,
And vowed the plan she never would pursue;
Her life she'd rather forfeit than her name:*

Page 5

Once known, for ever lost would be her fame
Besides the heinous sin and vile offence,
God knew she rather would with all dispense;
Mere complaisance had led her to comply;
Would she admit a wretch with blearing eye,
To incommode, and banish tranquil ease?
Who could conceive her formed a clod to please?
Can I, said she, the paths of honour quit,
And in my bed a loathsome brute permit?
Or e'er regard the plan but with disdain?
No, by saint John, I ever will maintain,
Nor beau, nor clown, nor king, nor lord, nor 'squire,
Save Nicia, with me freely shall retire.

The fair Lucretia seemed so firmly bent,
To father Timothy at length they went,
Who preached the lady such a fine discourse,
She ceded more through penitence than force.

More over she was promised that the lad
Should be nor clownish, nor in person bad;
Nor such as any way might give disgust,
But one to whom she perfectly might trust.

The wondrous draught was taken by the fair;
Next day our Wight prepared his wily snare:
Himself bepowdered like a miller's man,
With beard and whiskers to complete his plan;
A better metamorphose ne'er was seen;
Ligurio, who had in the secret been,
So thoroughly disguised the lover thought,
At midnight him to Nicia freely brought,
With bandage o'er the eyes and hair disdained,
Not once the husband of deceit complained.

Beside the dame in silence slid our spark;
In silence she attended in the dark,
Perfumed and nicely ev'ry way bedecked;
For what? you ask, or whom did she expect;
Were all these pains a miller to receive?—



Too much they cannot take, the sex believe;
And whether kings or millers be their aim,
The wish to please is ever found the same.
'Tis double honour in a woman thought,
When by her charms a torpid heart is caught;
She, who in icy bosoms flame can raise,
Deserving doubtless is of treble praise.

Thespark disguised, his place no sooner took,
But awkwardness he presently forsook;
No more the miller, but the smart gallant:
The lady found him kind and complaisant;
Such moments we'll suppose were well employed;
Though trembling fears not perfectly destroyed.

Page 6

She, to herself, remarked, 'tis very strange,
This lad's demeanour should so quickly change;
He's quite another character, 'tis clear;
What pity that his end should be so near;
Alas! he merits not so hard a fate;
I feel regret the lot should him await;
And while soft pleasure seems his heart's delight;
His soul is doomed from hence to take its flight.

The husband who so fully gave consent,
Was led his partner's suff'rings to lament
The spirit of a queen in truth she showed,
When cuckoldom was on her spouse bestowed;
In decoration, forced to acquiesce,
She would not condescend to join caress.

Lucretia how soe'er the lad approved;
His winning manners much her favour moved.

When he the subtle venom had subdued,
He took her hand, and having fondly sued,
Said he, your pardon lady now I ask;
Be not displeased when I remove the mask;
Your rage restrain; a trick on you's been played;
Calimachus am I; be not dismayed;
Approve my sacrifice; the secret's known;
Your rigour would be useless now if shown;
Should I be doomed howe'er to breathe my last,
I die content, rememb'ring what has passed;
You have the means my life at will to take;
More havock with me soft delight could make,
Than any poison that the draught possessed;
Mere folly, imposition, all the rest.

Till then Lucretia had resistance made;
To seem submissive she was still afraid;
The lover was not hated by the belle,
But bashfulness she could not well dispel,
Which, joined to simple manners mixed with fear,
Ungrateful made her, spite of self, appear.

In silence wrapt, and scarcely drawing breath,
By passion moved, and yet ashamed to death,
Not knowing how to act, so great her grief,



From tears, her throbbing bosom sought relief.
Look, could she e'er her lover in the face?
Will he not think me covered with disgrace?
Said she, within herself;—what else believe?
My wits were lost to let him thus deceive.
O'ercome by sorrow, then she turned her head,
And tried to hide herself within the bed,
At furthest end, but vain alas her aim,
The lover thither in a moment came:
Her only ground, remaining unsubdued,
Surrendered when the vanquisher pursued,
Who every thing submitted to his will,
And tears no more her eyes were found to fill;
Shame took to flight, and scruples spread the wing;
How happy those whom duping *gain* can bring!

Page 7

*Toosoon Aurora for our spark appeared;
Too soon for her so thoroughly revered;
Said he, the poison, that can life devour,
Requires repeated acts to crush its pow'r.
The foll'wing days our youthful am'rous pair
Found opportunities for pleasing fare.
The husband scarcely could himself contain,
So anxiously he wished his aim to gain.*

*The lover from the belle at length arose,
And hastened to his house to seek repose;
But scarcely had he placed himself in bed,
When our good husband's footsteps thither led;
He, to the spark, related with delight,
How mandrake-juice succeeded in the night.
Said he, at first beside the bed I crept,
And listened if the miller near her kept,
Or whether he to converse was inclined,
And ev'ry way to act as was designed.
I then my wife was anxious to address,
And whispered that she should the youth caress;
Nor dread too much the spoiling of her charms:
Indeed 'twas all embarrassing alarms.
Don't think, said I, that either can deceive;
I ev'ry thing shall hear, you may believe;
Know, Nicia is a man, who well may say,
He's trusted without measure ev'ry day.*

*Pray recollect my very life 's at stake,
And do not many difficulties make.
Convince thereby how much your spouse you love;
'Twill pleasure doubtless give the pow'rs above.
But should the blockhead any how prove shy
Send instantly to me; I shall be nigh;
I'm going now to rest; by no means fail;
We'll soon contrive and ev'ry way prevail.
But there was no necessity for this;
'Tis pretty clear that nothing went amiss.
In fact the rustick liked the business well,
And seemed unwilling to resign the belle,
I pity him, and much lament his lot;
But—he must die and soon will be forgot:
A fig for those who used to crack their jest;
In nine months' time a child will be the test.*

The Rhemese

Nocity I to Rheims would e'er prefer:
Of France the pride and honour I aver;
The Holy Ampoule * and delicious wine,
Which ev'ry one regards as most divine,
We'll set apart, and other objects take:
The beauties round a paradise might make!
I mean not tow'rs nor churches, gates, nor streets;
But charming belles with soft enchanting sweets:
Such oft among the fair Rhemese we view:
Kings might be proud those graces to pursue.

Page 8

*One'mong these belles had to the altar led,
A painter, much esteemed, and who had bread.
What more was requisite!—he lived at ease,
And by his occupation sought to please.
A happy woman all believed his wife;
The husband's talents pleased her to the life:
For gallantry howe'er he was renowned,
And many am'rous dames, who dwelled around,
Would seek the artist with a double aim:
So all our chronicles record his fame.
But since much penetration 's not my boast,
I just believe—what's requisite at most.*

*WHENE'ER the painter had in hand a fair,
He'd jest his wife, and laugh with easy air;
But Hymen's rights proceeding as they ought,
With jealous fears her breast was never fraught.
She might indeed repay his tricks in kind,
And gratify, in soft amours, her mind,
Except that she less confidence had shown,
And was not led to him the truth to own.*

*Among the men attracted by her smiles,
Two neighbours, much delighted with her wiles;
Were often tempted, by her sprightly wit,
To listen to her chat, and with her sit;
For she had far the most engaging mien,
Of any charmer that around was seen.
Superior understanding she possessed;
Though fond of laughter, frolick, fun, and jest.
She to her husband presently disclosed
The love these cit-gallants to her proposed;
Both known for arrant blockheads through the town,
And ever boasting of their own renown.
To him she gave their various speeches, tones,
Each silly air: their tears, and sighs, and groans;
They'd read, or rather heard, we may believe,
That, when in love, with sighs fond bosoms heave.
Their utmost to succeed these coxcombs tried,
And seemed convinced they should not be denied;
A common cause they would the business hold,
And what one knew the other must be told.
Whichever first a favour might obtain,
Should tell his happiness to t'other swain.*



Yefair 'tis thus they oft your kindness treat:
The pleasure that he wished alone is sweet.
Love, is no more; of t'other, laid in earth,
We've here no traces scarcely from the birth.
You serve for sport and prey, to giddy youth,
Devoid of talents, principles, and truth.
'Tis right they should suppose, still two are found;
Who take their course continually round.
The first that in your pleasure grounds appears;
I'd have you, on his wings, to use the shears.

Page 9

*Our*lady then, her lovers to deceive,
One day observed—you shall, my friends, this eve;
Drink wine with me:—my husband will away,
And, what's delightful, till to-morrow stay;
We shall ourselves be able to amuse,
And laugh, and sing, and talk as we may choose.
'Tis excellent, cried they: things well you frame;
And at the promised hour, the heroes came.

*When*introduced, and all supposing clear,
A sudden knocking turned their joy to fear;
The door was barred; she to the window flew;
I think, said she, that's to the master due;
And should it prove to be as I suspect:—
'Tis he, I vow:—fly, hide, he'll you detect;
Some accident, suspicion, or design,
Has brought him back to sleep, I now divine:

*Our*two gallants, when dangers round them pressed,
A closet entered, mightily distressed;
To get away 'twere folly to have tried;
The husband came, the roast he quickly spied;
With pigeons too, in diff'rent fashions cooked;
Why, hey! said he, as round about he looked:
What guests have you that supper you prepare?
The wife replied: two neighbours taste our fare:
Sweet Alice, and good Simonetta, mean
To-night, at table with us to be seen;
I'm quite rejoiced to think that you are here:
The company will more complete appear;
These dames will, by your presence, nothing lose;
I'll run and hasten them: 'twill you amuse;
The whole is ready; I'll at once away,
And beg, in coming, they'll no more delay.

*The*ladies named were wives of our gallants,
So fond of contraband, and smuggled grants,
Who, vexed to be confined, still praised the dame,
For skewing such address to 'scape from blame.
She soon returned, and with her brought the *fair*,
Who, gaily singing, entered free from care.
The painter them received with bow and kiss;
To praise their beauty he was not remiss;
Their dress was charming; all he much admired;

Their presence frolick, fun, and jest inspired,
Which no way pleased the husbands in the cage,
Who saw the freaks with marks of bursting rage:
The door half open gave a view complete,
How freely he their wives was led to treat.

*Thing*thus commenced, the supper next was served;
From playful tricks the painter never swerved,
But placed himself at table 'twist the two,
And jest and frolicking would still pursue.
To women, wine, and fun, said he, I drink;
Put round the toast; none from it e'er must shrink;
The order was obeyed; the glass oft filled
The party soon had all the liquor swilled:

Page 10

*The*wife just then, it seems, no servant kept;
More wine to get, she to the cellar stept.
But dreading ghosts, she Simonetta prayed;
To light her down, she was so much afraid.

*The*painter was alone with Alice left,
A country belle, of beauty not bereft:
Slight, nicely made, with rather pretty face,
She thought herself possessed of ev'ry grace,
And, in a country town, she well might get
The appellation of a gay coquette.

*The*wily spark, perceiving no one near;
Soon ran from compliment to sweet and dear;
Her lips assailed;—the tucker drew aside,
And stole a kiss that hurt her husband's pride,
Who all beheld; but spouses, that are sage,
No trifles heed, nor peccadillos page;
Though, doubtless, when such meetings are possessed,
The simple kiss gives room to dread the rest;
For when the devil whispers in the ear
Of one that sleeps, he wakes at once to fear.

The husband, howsoe'er, at length perceived Still more concessions, which his bosom
grieved; While on the neck a hand appeared to please, The other wandered equally at
ease; Be not offended, love! was often said; To frantick rage the sight her sposo led,
Who, beating in his hat, was on the move To sally forth, his wrath to let them prove, To
thrash his wife, and force her spark to feel his nervous arm could quickly make him reel.

*Be*not so silly, whispered t'other Wight;
To stir up noise could ne'er be reckoned right;
Be quiet now: consider where we are;
Keep close, or else you'll all our pleasures mar;
Remember, written 'tis, By others do
The same as you would like they should by you;
'Tis proper in this place we should remain
Till all is hushed in sleep: then freedom gain;
That's my opinion how we ought to act
Are you not half a cuckold now, in fact?
Fair Alice has consented:-that's enough;
The rest is mere compliance, nonsense, stuff!

*The*husband seemed the reasons to approve;
Some slight attempts the lady made to move;



No time for more. What then? you ask:—Why, then—
The lady put her cap to rights agen;
No mark appeared suspicion to awake,
Except her cheek a scarlet hue might take.
Mere trifle that; from talking it might spring;
And other causes, doubtless, we could bring.

One of the belles, howe'er, who went for wine,
Smiled, on returning, at the blushing sign:
The painter's wife; but soon they filled each glass,
And briskly round the bottle seemed to pass;
They drank the host, the hostess, and the *fair*,
Who, 'mong the three, should first her wishes share.

Page 11

Atlength, a second time the bottle failed;
The hostess' fear of ghosts again prevailed,
And mistress Alice now for escort went,
Though much she wished the other to have sent;
With Simonetta she was forced to change,
And leave the painter at his ease to range.

*This*dame at first appeared to be severe
Would leave the room, and feigned to be sincere;
But when the painter seized her by the gown,
She prudence showed, and feared he'd pull her down;
Her clothes might tear, which led her to remain:
On this the husband scarcely could contain;
He seemed resolved his hiding place to leave;
But instantly the other pulled his sleeve;
Be easy friend, said he, it is but right,
That equal favours we should have to-night,
And cuckoldom should take you to his care,
That we alike in ev'ry thing may fare.

Arewe not brothers in adventure, pray?
And such our solemn promises, to-day.
Since one the painter clearly has disgraced,
The other equally should be embraced.
In spite of ev'ry thing you now advance,
Your wife as well as mine shall have a dance;
A hand I'll lend, if wanting it be found;
Say what you will, I'll see she has her round.
She had it then:—our painter tried to please;
The lady equally appeared at ease;
Full time the others gave, and when they came,
More wine was not required by spark nor dame;
'Twas late, and for the day enough he'd done;
Good night was said: their course the belles had run;
The painter, satisfied, retired to rest;
The gay gallants, who lay so long distressed,
The wily hostess from the closet drew,
Abashed, disconsolate, and cuckolds too;
Still worse to think, with all their care and pain;
That neither of them could his wish obtain,
Or e'en return the dame what she procured
Their wives, whom she so cleverly allured.

*Hereends our tale; the business is complete;
In soft amours success alone is sweet.*

* The Saint Ampoule, or Holy Ampulla, a vial said to have descended from heaven, in which was oil for anointing the kings of France at the coronation, and formerly kept at Rheims.

ETEXT EDITOR'S BOOKMARKS:

By others do The same as you would like they should by you
The wish to please is ever found the same
We scarcely good can find without alloy
When passion prompts, few obstacles can clog

*** *End of the project gutenberg Ebook tales and novels of Fontaine, V15* ***

Page 12

***** This file should be named lf15w10.txt or lf15w10.zip *****

Corrected *editions* of our eBooks get a new *number*, lf15w11.txt *versions* based on separate sources get new *letter*, lf15w10a.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.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext03>

Or *etext02*, *01*, *00*, *99*, *98*, *97*, *96*, *95*, *94*, *93*, *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 13

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 14

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 gutenber**g-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 gutenber**g-tm* EBOOKS This *project gutenber**g-tm* eBook, like most *project gutenber**g-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 gutenber*" 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 15

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 gutenber*-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 gutenber-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 16

[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 17

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