

A WISH.

By NORA GRAY.

If I might nestle to your side and soothe you when you're sad,
 If I might know your sorrows, dear, and make your life more glad,
 If I might kiss your tears away as quickly as they fall,
 Then I should be content, because I love you more than all.

If I might give my sight that better you might see,
 If I might still my voice that yours might sweeter be,
 If I might give my youth and life that brighter yours might shine,
 Then, dear, I should be happy, for your happiness is mine.



HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

PART I.

THE history of inscriptions of all kinds, whether of mottoes, or historical records, "graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock" (Job xix. 24 and Jer. xvii. 1) carries us back in our researches even to prehistoric ages of the world. The Pelasgi left records in stone, and so did the Assyrians, of whose history we gather precious fragments from the "pen of iron," of which the visitors to the British Museum may find examples, in their study of the colossal, human-headed, and winged bulls therein preserved. In Egypt also, of which, without visiting the National Museum, you may see a wonderful example in the Obelisk, which once stood before the Temple of On, or, "House of the Sun." You may remember that Joseph's wife, Asenath, was a daughter of Potiphera, priest, or prince, of On, when Pharaoh set him (Joseph) over all the land of Egypt. Space in a brief article would fail me to speak of the inscriptions in Persia, on the still extant ruins of beautiful Palmyra, and in the far western world, where the history of the Nabnans, who settled in the gulf States of Mexico, of whom we know little more than the few inscriptions still to be deciphered on the beautiful specimens of art, displayed in the majestic ruins of their temples and palaces. Of the Greeks and Romans, the Saracens, and other nations I need make little remark; but turn to those with which we are more especially concerned. As revelations of human thought, characterising certain epochs of the world's history in divers lands and climes, such records must awaken the liveliest interest in any reflecting

mind, and often prove most highly instructive. "He, being dead, yet speaketh," and those old-world men, whether dating back a few hundreds, or as many thousands of years, have left us lessons in a multitude of instances, from which we may learn wisdom.

Some of the earlier centuries have given evidence of a more naturally religious drift and bias of mind and feeling, than (at least, in our own country) has been exemplified in recent times, when the rule is said to obtain, that "the subject of religion, like that of politics, should be prohibited in our social reunions."

I have already given two articles in this paper, on the mottoes inscribed on sundials; these find a corresponding *animus* in those on bells, posey-rings, and monumental memorials, as well as in those of which I must specially give a selection of examples, on public and private houses, and ancient castles. It does one good to see the devout feeling exhibited by those who have gone before, and so far left us a lesson of Christian faith. But some are of another class, and are full of quaint humour, and of these I shall give a few examples likewise.

At Speke Hall, near Liverpool, there is an inscription of special interest on the frieze of the panelling in the hall, which is credited with having been transferred to its present position from Holyrood Palace, after the battle of Flodden Field.

"Slepe . not . teil . ye . hathe . considered . thow . hathe . spent . ye . day . past . if . thow have . well . don . thank . God . if . othways repent . ye."

Over the door of the oak drawing-room there is another admonition, which runs thus—

"The stregttest way to Heaven, is, God to love and serve above all thing."

In the old castle of Rockingham, Northants (the remains still existing of the original castle built by the Conqueror), the following lines may still be read on the roof of the hall—

"The house shal be preserved, and never will decay,
 Where the Almighty God is honoured
 and served daye by daye."

In olden times, not only were mottoes placed without the walls of the mansions and feudal castles, but were, as you will observe, given a place within them; as again may be seen in Haddon Hall, Cheshire, where, in the banquet room, the words are inscribed—

"Drede God, and honor the King."

At Chichley Hall near Newport Pagnel, Bucks, the seat of the Chester family, the following inscription will be seen on a beam in a large room—

"*Cave ne Deum offendas, cave ne proximum liedas, cave ne tua negligentia familiam deseras, 1550.*"

which, being translated, means—

"Beware lest thou offend God; beware lest thou injure thy neighbours; beware lest by thy negligence thou neglect thy family."

There is an old Norman inscription at

Farnham Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Winchester—

"*Au Dieu foy, aux amies foyer.*"

"To God, faith, to friends, a hearth."

The Montacute House, Somersetshire, boasts of at least three mottoes. Over the chief entrance we find the hospitable welcome—

"Through this wide opening gate,
None come too early, none return too late."

The second surmounts the north porch, making the visitors truly at home—

"And yours, my friends."

The third is inscribed over one of the lodges—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

This last motto has been repeated at Pontnewidd House, Monmouthshire, painted round the cornice in the modern dining-room.

Kent supplies our collection with a specimen of house mottoes. At Lullington Castle, the seat of the Dykes (baronets), the following inscription surrounds a rose nearly two feet in diameter—

"Kentish true blue,
Take this as a token,
That what is said here,
Under the Rose is spoken."

There is a curious old inscription carved on wood, of the time of either Edward VI. or Mary I. in an ancient manor house in Yorkshire, viz. :—

"*Soli deo honor et gloria,*
I. H. C. for thy wovnds smerte,
On thy fet and hondes two, make
me in x x x x x x
x x x x x x x x
ter is Poverte wi x x
nes then x x x ise
with soro and sadnes
I. H. C. kepe the Fownder.
Amen."

It is a pity that time should have obliterated so much of it.

At Skipton Castle, also in Yorkshire, there is a single word, inscribed in French, but with what special reference remains unexplained, viz., "*Desormais,*" meaning "hereafter," or "from this time."

In the same county we find an appeal to the worshippers in Almondbury church under the date "1522."

"Thou man unkind, have in thy mind,
My bloody face;
My wounds wide, on every side,
For thy trespass,
Thou sinner hard, turn hitherward,
Behold thy Saviour free;
Unkind thou art, from me to depart,
When mercy I would grant thee."

And at Hardwick Hall we find—

"The conclusion of all things is, to feare God, and keepe his commandments."

There is an inscription in Greek on Conway Castle, which may be translated—

"Bear, and forbear," rather a curious motto for a feudal castle!

Over the door of a house at Towcester, Northamptonshire, we find a very sage little hint, which many would do well to remember—

"Hee that earneth wages
By labour and care. By
The blessing of God may
Have something to spare.—T. B., 1618."

Somewhat in a different spirit is the inscription, dating some years later, to be seen over the entrance-door of the Plough Inn, at Alnwick, the lines being written without reference to the comparative length of the lines, nor their due punctuation—

"That which your Father
Old hath purchased and left;
You to possess, do you dearly
Hold, to show his worthiness."

Taking a flight to Harleyford, Marlow, we find some thirty-one mottoes severally surmounting the doors. Of these I can only give a few examples, that over the portico at the entrance being a specially good one—

"If thou speakest evil of thy neighbour,
come not nigh the door of this house."

"Peace on Earth, good will towards women"

(a little change from the original, somewhat prophetic of the present day!).

"For God, Queen, and Country" (resembling the national motto of the Tyrol).

A very noteworthy piece of advice, anent the rules of good breeding, appears over another door, i.e.—

"In waiting for a late guest, insult is offered to the punctual ones."

Over that of another room—

"As creatures passing from time to eternity,
let us remember our bed may be the bridge."

Yet one more wise saying, worthy of special consideration, must conclude my selection from this rich collection—

"An obedient wife governs her husband"

(a statement worth consideration—young wives, take note of it!).

Specimens of art very often accompany the inscriptions on and inside the houses of our predecessors. This is notably the case at Moreton Hall, Cheshire, a beautiful, two-storey, gabled house, thoroughly representative of the county. It is lined and decorated all over with characteristic outside beams, with which travellers in those and many other parts of England are familiar. In this picturesque mansion we find a figure of Fortune, on traversing the long gallery to the extreme end. It is carved in the panelling, and there is a representation of a wheel, bearing the Latin words—

"*Qui modo scandit corruet statim,*"

which means, "Who in a hurry climbs, will quickly fall." Underneath this there is a second line—

"The Wheel of Fortune, whose Rule is Ignorance."

At the eastern end of this gallery there is another figure, that of Fate, holding a globe in one hand, and in the other a pair of compasses (could a pair of scissors have been intended? we think so), and the explanatory lines—

"The Speare of Destiny,
Whose Rule is Knowledge."

Another of our admonition mottoes may be seen at an old half-ruined country-seat, called Earlsall, a few miles distant from St. Andrews. The panelled ceiling of the large hall was at one time covered with coats-of-arms, and the walls with inscriptions, which are now unfortunately unreadable, with little exception. Time, "the destroyer," and the continual changes of atmosphere, having touched them with "effacing fingers." The poor remains of one inscription reads as fol-

lows; the small crosses appear on the original, between the several words—

"Be x merrye x and x glaid x honest x and x verteous. For x that x —ffict x the x anger x of x the x invious."

"Try x and x put x trust x —eeter x gude x assurance. Bot x trust x not x or x ye x try x for x fear x of x repentance."

There is a Latin motto surmounting the entrance of Benthall Hall, Shropshire—

"*Tende bene, et alta pete,*"

to be rendered in English, "Strive on well, and seek high place," otherwise, "maintain a high ideal, and let your aspirations and efforts be towards the best and highest."

Before giving any more specimens of the type with which I have commenced, the reader must be diverted with a few of a comic character. At Wymondham, Norfolk, one of this kind is to be found engraved on an oak board, all on one line, viz.—

"*Nec mihiglis servus, nec hospes herudo.*"

This motto is cut in antique Roman capital letters, and translated from the Latin would be rendered thus—

"No Dormouse as a Servant for me;
Neither a Horse-Leech for a Guest."

(The word "glis" is not Latin.) In reading this shrewd advertisement, and warning to all who would seek a domicile within, it seems that the old-time owner of the house had had experience of a guest such as some years ago imposed her company on a friend of my own. She was a travelling acquaintance of a few hours only, and cunningly exerted herself—as an item of her "stock-in-trade"—to make herself specially agreeable. The bait took my hospitable but most unwary friend, and when parting at the post-town near her own country-house, she said that "If the pleasant stranger were ever passing that way again, she would be pleased to see her." What was her surprise and consternation when, without one word of warning, a cab drove up to her door covered with luggage, not a mere valise with the requirements of a night's sojourn, and the once fellow-traveller entered, saying sweetly, "You see, I have taken you at your word, and am come to pay you a visit." My poor friend endeavoured to smile blandly, though her Irish hospitality was being rudely taxed, and she had at once to prepare a room, and make new housekeeping arrangements. A week passed over, but no word of parting was uttered. A fortnight dragged through its weary length, and hints began to show the impatience of the family; but "none are so blind as those who will not see." Then a third week began its creeping course, so, driven to desperation, the hostess had to inform the "leech" that they were all leaving home, and the house would be shut up during their absence. Thus at last they shook her off, and saw her no more. I was residing in the same parish when this episode took place.

Another curious and quaint inscription is to be seen on a house on Dimmore Hill, between Hereford and Leominster. It is illustrated by the figure of a man holding an axe, the words running thus—

"He that gives away before that he is dead,
Take this hatchet and chop off his head."

Another of these humorous mottoes, one in High Street, Rochester, is worth recording. It is an old house, standing on the original site of "Watts's Charity," and an inscription states that "by his will, dated 1579," he founded it "for six poor travellers, who, not being rogues or proctors, were to receive a night's lodging, entertainment and fourpence each." Now, the dictionary tells us that our

modern proctor is an attorney in a "spiritual court," or a "college official;" so it would seem that their morals were of no great account, as they were debarred from any participation in the benefits of this institution; being placed in the same category as the "rogues."

Still of the order of the grotesque, I may give an inscription to be seen at West Stow Hall, Suffolk, where some paintings were discovered within the present century. I cannot tell the precise date, but that they are very old is evident. One represents a boy hawking, who is saying, "Thus doe I all the day." The next shows a young man courting, who says, "Thus doe I while I may." The third picture is that of a man of middle age, who says, with apparent regret, "So did I, while I might;" and the last of the series shows the fourth epoch of human life—an aged man, groping along on his weary way, and exclaiming, "Good Lord, let not this life last for ever!" a somewhat unnecessary petition.

I can scarcely regard the inscription (so suitable in a material, rather than a spiritual sense) to be seen over the door of a certain church in Sussex, as intended to be grotesque, or anything more than a curious coincidence; the edifice being of a most unsightly character; yet it borders on the ridiculous, viz.,

"How awful is this place."

Passing on to a type of a different character, we find on the end of the colonnade at Knowsley Hall, Lancashire, there is rather a long memorial of the ill-return made by Charles II. to the Derby family.

"James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, having been beheaded for his adherence to him at Botton xv. Oct. *M.D.C.LII.*, and was rewarded for his fidelity by the King's refusal to sanction a bill, passed by both Houses of Parliament, for restoring to the family the estate lost by his loyalty to him."

There is a couplet to be seen on a beam of what remains of the fine old country seat in the same county (Lancashire), called Bradley Hall, now reduced to the level of a farmhouse. It runs thus—

"Here mister doth, and mistress, both
Agree with one accorde,
With Godlyc mindes and zealous heartes
To serve the living Lorde."

Over that of the drawing-room—

"*Probis, non pravus,*" or, "To the good, not to the wicked," and over the cellar door—
"*Sisi, non ebrietati,*" or, "Sufficient, not drunkenness." In another place we find the inscription—

"*Aversos componis animos et seculæ cogo.*"

"I compose estranged hearts, and bring together (distant or separated) ages."

There are few houses so rich in mottoes as Loseley House, or Park, near Guildford, Surrey, comparing well with Harleyford, Marlow, before-named. At one time it belonged to the More family; and we find, amongst others, rebus allusions to the family name carved on the ceilings of the rooms. On that of the drawing-room there is a representation of a mulberry-tree, and round this, in four panels—

"*Morus tarde Moriens Morum cito Morturum;*" in English, "The mulberry-tree slow in dying (long lived) warns More that he will soon die." A moor-hen is introduced into several of the compartments of the ceiling of

the principal bed-room. Over the entrance there is the motto—

"*Invidia claudor pateo sed semper amico,*" which may be translated, "I am closed to envy (ill-will), but am always open to a friend."

Those acquainted with Worcester will doubtless have noticed the motto over the principal entrance-door of the Guildhall, *i.e.*—

"*Floreat semper fidelis civitas,*"—"May the faithful king always flourish." On one side is a statue of Charles I. holding a church, and on the other side one of Charles II.

"Up and bee doing, and God will prosper,"

may be seen on a kind of memorial stone in Althorp Park, Northants, which had reference to the plantation made there by Sir William Spencer, ancestor to the Earls of Spencer, in 1624. A subsequent peer of the name placed another stone in the park, having improved the estate in the same way in 1798, and again a third in 1890. The first bears the words—

"*Serus factura nepotibus,*" or, "One being plucked up," and the second inscription—

"*Uno avulso non deficit alter,*" or "Another is not wanting," being a quotation from Horace.

When giving some inscriptions to be seen in Yorkshire, I might have mentioned one over the schoolmaster's house at Leyburn. I cannot give the date. It is of the same character as those on our ancient sundials—

"Time is, thou hast, see that thou well employ;
Time past, is gone, thou can'st not that employ;
Time future, is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee."

Amongst those of our old houses in the United Kingdom which have Latin mottoes (as well as Dutch and German), I may name one in the village of Stoke Bishop, near Bristol. The house dated from about the middle of the last century, and had not only a Latin, but an English motto, the latter constituting its name.

"Wise in time," and, over the front door, carved on the stone—

"*Ut corpus animo.
Sic domus corpori,*"

"As the body is to the soul, so is the house to the body."

At about a mile distant from Cheltenham there stands a house called "The Dutch Farm," which is distinguished by the motto:

"*Nichts zonder arbyt,*" or, "Nothing without work." This inscription runs along the front of the house.

There is an admirable motto over the Wentworth Arms, Kirby Malory, Leicestershire, to wit—

"May he who has little to spend, spend nothing in drink;
May he who has more than enough keep it for better uses;
May he who goes in to rest never remain to riot,
And he who fears God elsewhere never forget him here."

We must admire the poor Boniface, whose conscience triumphed over his pecuniary interests. But, unless inherited from his

father, we can only wonder he became a tavern proprietor.

Carlisle supplies a brief but excellent motto to our collection—

"Be just and fear not."

I have already given a contribution from Cheshire, and may add two more. The arms of Queen Elizabeth are sculptured on the hall chimney-piece of old Bramall Hall, accompanied by the inscription, "*Vive la Roynne.*" Again, in the most unique and picturesque street of Chester, known as Watergate Street, there is a specially interesting house and memorial of long past times, viz., "Bishop Lloyd's house," which is covered with sculptured representations of Scriptural history; but no mottoes nor writings of any kind; but one house bears the grateful acknowledgment of the special mercy of God towards its occupants; where, amidst all the plague-smitten neighbouring houses, it was the one solitary dwelling where the gruesome "black death" entered not. Thus, over the wooden colonnade the motto appears, engraved by the proprietor—

"1652. God's Providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

At West Marlocks, Norfolk, there is an inscription over the door of the entrance hall of the vicarage, which runs thus—

"God bless and God keep all those that pass this doorway, and those that spend their nights beneath this roof."

On the first Eddystone Lighthouse, of ill-fated memory, the too-confident architect caused decorations to be made—pictorial, interspersed with mottoes—in great variety and dispersed all over the exterior. Amongst the pictures were representations of suns and compasses, and amongst the mottoes the words, "*Post tenebras Lux,*" "After darkness light;" "Glory be to God;" "*Pax in Bello.*" The architect, Winstanley, was a retired London mercer, and so sure was he of the stability of his work, that he declared he "would like to be in the lighthouse himself during the greatest storm that ever blew under heaven," in reply to a warning that the structure was not strong enough to resist the power of the waves. The unfortunate man had his wish. Having gone into it to superintend some repairs shortly before a great storm came on, the warnings only proved too true, and together with five other persons, Winstanley was swept away in its destruction. The terrific and memorable hurricane, which was of a week's duration, commenced on the morning of November 27th, 1703; but for how many days the edifice withstood its violence, and the indwellers saw themselves face to face with a terrible death, beyond all hope of succour, I am not able to say. It is pleasant, at least, to note that the responsible man amongst the victims gave evidence of being a devout and God-fearing man, by the mottoes he inscribed on his work, and trust that he realised the blessedness of one of those he selected:

"After darkness light,"

Here it may be well to divide my collection. In the second part (the last) I propose to give some examples gathered from a few cottage homes, and others in London or the near neighbourhood, and to conclude with a selection collected in Scotland and Ireland.

(To be continued.)





SONNET.

SOMETIMES, when gazing on thy brows benign,
 Where yet youth lingers, while a sadder grace
 Born of self-sacrifice endears thy face,
 I think that should'st thou die, no tears were mine,
 That stumbling weary down the dark decline
 Of life, unlighted by thy tender love,
 I would not Orpheus-like Death's angel move
 With selfish prayer his victim to resign.
 Too well I know the sordid struggle dire,
 Too clearly see the iron entering in
 Thy patient soul that day by day soars higher
 To purer altitudes, until it win
 The eternal Silence, or return more blest
 To lead lost souls and lonely back to rest.

H. SWINBURN WARD.

HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.



ACCORDING to my promise, I now gather from a large collection a few more mottoes and inscriptions from English cottage homes, from London and the near neighbourhood, and conclude with some examples from Scotland and Ireland.

Amongst the humble dwellings of our pretty English villages there is one in Norfolk, standing close to the road leading from Sedgeford village to the hall so named, which is decorated with two painted inscriptions, one on the east and the other on the west side. That on the former, the couplet—

"Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise";

and on the latter side—

"Though the day be never so long,
 It ringeth at length to Evensong."

There is another roadside house, between Cheltenham and Gloucester, which is distinguished by a motto in Dutch, viz., "*Iniets zonder Arby*," or "Nothing without labour." A similar proverb exists in Latin, "*Nil sine labore*." The Dutch *Niets* clearly stands for the German *Nichts*, and the "y" in *Arby* stands for the "ei" in *Arbeid*.

Again, a humble domicile in the village of Axmouth, Devon, built of cobble-stones gathered from the beach; but, after the old usage, the handsome chimney-stacks were carefully constructed of cut stone, with elaborately ornamental inscriptions on the chimney-tops (in some cases). On one of these stacks, to be seen on a house standing at the entrance of the hamlet, we find—

"1570."
 "God giveth all."

In the same village there is another house, with the inscription—

"*Anno Britannico*
 "illo."
 "*Mirabilis*"
 "1641."

These examples may suffice as representing our cottage mottoes.

On the *Corn Exchange*, Windsor, dated 1707, are the words—

"Arte tua Sculptor non est imitabilis Anna. Anna; vis-similam sculpere Sculpe Deam"; which may be rendered in English—

"In thine own Art, O Sculptor, Anna is inimitable.

Anna, if thou wiltest one in Sculpture, produce a goddess."

The inscription over the *New Royal Exchange*, London, is very appropriate, and calculated to make the busy money-makers reflect—

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

With reference to this inscription, I may observe that, in a conversation with the architect, Sir William Tite, the Prince of Wales drew attention to the fact that in Germany it was the custom to place a motto, in a conspicuous place, on important public buildings, and he consented himself to suggest one. Some time afterwards the Prince informed Sir William that, after consulting Dean Milman, the latter suggested the inscription above named, having been approved by himself.

Over the doorway of *Holy Trinity Hospital*, West Croydon, you may see the words—

"*Qui dat pauperibus nunquam indigebit*;" which signify, "Who giveth to the poor will never want."

There is a modern house at *Chiselhurst* which bears the motto—

"This is the welcome I'm to tell,
 Ye are well come, ye are come well."

Should the reader take a walk on the Ditchingly Road to the Brighton Downs, she will find *Hollingbury Copse*, the residence of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, and there may read an inscription running round the whole south front, under the eaves—

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall you see no enemy, but winter and rough weather."

Another greeting to the visitor appears by the outside entrance to the study, viz.—

"Open lock, whoever knocks."

These are all painted in black; and the house is a wooden structure.

Returning for a cursory review of London, I may direct attention to a private dwelling in Chelsea, built for the painter Whistler, by Godwin. The former is, as most of my readers are aware, remarkable for his very peculiar ideas on the subject of art and the beautiful in general, and so, whether the criticism immortalised on this structure be just and fair to the distinguished architect, the passers that way must severally form their own judgment. Report says that the proprietor who employed his services quarrelled with him, and to revenge his disappointment in the work, inscribed the following lines over the entrance-door, viz.—

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

"This house was built by Godwin."

A few more old, as well as modern inscriptions, may be collected in London, as, for instance, at *Scarsdale House, Kensington*. Here there are two chimneypieces, bearing the Zouche motto—

"Let Curzon holde, what Curzon helde."

Again, in Ave Maria Lane, you may read over the entrance to the "Oxford and Cambridge Press"—

"*Verbum Domini manet in aeternum*."

"The Word of God endureth for ever."

We may now take leave of England proper, and turn our attention to North Britain and Ireland. We learn that there was once an inscription in iron letters over an ancient window on *Castle Hill, Edinburgh*, adjoining the abode of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was taken down between the years 1850-60, viz.—

"*Laus Deo*," or "Praise be to God";

and at the Fountain Close, the words—

"Only be Christ." "Arys, O Lord."
 "*Vincet Veritas, 1573*."

On the house of *John Knox* we find an old inscription worthy of that divine, viz.—

"Lufe God abvee al, and yi nychtbors as yi self."

In the *Covgate* we may read one of the

sayings of the wise, on the front of an old house—

"Gif we deid, as we sould,
We myght haif as we would."

At *Inverkeithing* we may see the same motto on an old house as that on the famous and beautiful house at Chester. It is dated 1688.

"God's Providence is my inheritance."

At *Stirling Castle* (a portion of which forms the house of the Earl of Marr) there is a curious old inscription, which I leave my readers to interpret for themselves—

"Esspy, Speik, furth, and, spair, noht,
Consider, vell, cair, noht.
The, moir, I, stand, on, oppin, hilth,
My, faultis, moir, subject, ar, to, sitht.
1584."

For myself, I give it up.

On a stone fountain at *Linlithgow*, in the main street, there is a consolatory address to the wayfarer. On the top of the fountain there is a quaint little angel, who, we suppose, indites the motto below him, viz.—

"St. Michel is very kind to strangers."

On the ruined gate of *Melrose Abbey*, in Roxburghshire, founded by David I., we may read—

"The Earth goes on, the Earth glittering with gold.

The Earth goes to the Earth sooner than it would.

The Earth builds on old castles and towers.

The Earth says to the Earth—All this is ours."

Carved over the doorway of *Dundarroo Castle, Inverary*, is the following couplet—

"I man behald the end de nocht,
Wiser, nor heirst hoip in God."

This sentiment seems rather obscurely expressed, but may be rendered in somewhat simpler English, "I must (or maun) behold the end of nought, no wiser than (to have) the highest hope in God." This is the elucidation given by "C. M. T.," as stated in *Notes and Queries*.

Let us now take a flight across to the "sister isle," and make a small representative list of what may be found in the way of house-inscriptions. Most people have heard of the redoubtable "Vicar of Bray." At or near the fashionable watering-place of that name, in the co. Wicklow, a memorial with reference to the vicar may be seen on the *Oakley Arms*—

"Friend Isaac, 'tis strange, you that live
so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar.
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say;
It must needs be a sign of good liquor."

"Answer."

"Indeed, Master Poet, your reason's but
poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stay, like a baby, and lounge at the
door;
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within."

Perhaps my young readers may inquire, "Who was this clerical personage?" His name was Simon Alleyne, and his determination was to hold the incumbency of Bray, and die in possession of the same, at the price of changing, as often as needs be, from the English Church to the Roman, and from the latter back again. It is said that these changes of his took place in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth (1540 to 1588), recanting whenever he could thereby retain his benefice. There was another such weather-cock, who owned the same Christian name, one Symonds, who set this deplorable example during the Commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary.

At a small inn at *Shanganagh*, co. Dublin, but not far from Bray, we find a motto in Latin, which was one of the many adopted by Queen Elizabeth, and was also placed on the "herse" of Queen Mary II., and set up in Westminster Abbey; and was, moreover, assumed by Queen Anne by royal Act, viz.—

"Semper Eadem"; "Always the same."

There is a house by the Bridge of Allan (co. Wicklow) which once bore the name of the original proprietor by whom it was built. Circumstances obliged him to sell it, and an unsympathetic neighbour, residing opposite, improved the occasion by inscribing the mis-spelt couplet on his own dwelling—

"Heir I forbear my name, or arms to fix,
Least I or myne should sell these stones
and sticks."

We doubt his possessing any "arms" to set up but those of flesh and bone.

Returning to the co. Dublin, and the neighbourhood of Bray, we are reminded to sit down and count the cost, before building the tower. My readers will remember the parable. The words of the memorial run thus—

"This goodly house was erected by Wyndham Henry, Earl of Dunraven, and Caroline, his countess, without borrowing, selling, or leaving a debt; A.D. 1850."

To bring my notes on house mottoes within the limits of a magazine article I have had to make but a small selection from a great mass of information, derived from the United Kingdom alone, leaving the whole field of German, French, Swiss, Tyrolese and Italian examples untouched. I do not include the other European nationalities, for with them I have not made myself acquainted. With reference to the Swiss and the Tyrolese, I will

only observe, what may have struck my fellow travellers in those most beautiful countries, that the mottoes are distinguished in a very remarkable way for the deep religious feeling and simple faith which they demonstrate, and the admirable moral courage evinced. There is no fear of ridicule, nor being charged with hypocrisy. They confess their Christian faith with a courageous loyalty, which is as edifying to those who read these outspoken convictions and hopes, as it is specially characteristic of those countries. Before closing I will give a specimen or two of what I have described. At Fidis, in the Prätigau valley, C. Grisons, we find a rich harvest of them, viz.—

"Ein Pilger bin ich hier auf Erden;
Und walle heir nur kurze Zeit.
Oft unter mancherlic Beschwerden
Zu meinem Ziel—die Seligkeit."

"A Pilgrim am I, here on earth;
And travel here for but a brief season,
Often under many difficulties,
To my goal—eternal life."

Further on, beyond the narrow gorge of the Klus, and at the entrance of the Prätigau valley, you arrive at the little town of Grüşch, where, amongst others, you may read—

"Durch Kreuz u. Pein, Sum Licht, u.
Schrein;
Durch Kampf u. Streit, Zur Ruh u.
Freud."

"Through Cross and Pain, to Light and brightness,
Through war and strife, to Peace (or Rest) and joy."

Two more Swiss mottoes shall wind up my collection—

"Hueth dich; fluech nicht in minem
haus,
Sunst gang' grad' zur Thür hinaus.
Sunst würde Gott vom Himmelreich
Us beide straffe, mich und dych zu-
gleich."

"Take care! Do not swear in my house,
Or else you'll go straight out of the door.

For God in His Kingdom would punish us both; thee and me also."

Lastly, at Jenay, there is a house distinguished by a very full, yet concise confession of faith and religious feeling—

"In Namen Gottes wil ich bauen
All hier auf diesen Platz;
Auf Jesum steht mein Vertrauen,
Im Himmel such ich mein Schatz."

Which may thus be rendered in English—

"In the Name of God I will build here,
on this spot.
In Jesus I put my trust,
In Heaven I seek my treasure."

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

THERE IS HOPE FOR HER.—There is hope for the girl who doesn't have to fall down more than once in order to learn how to stand up.

ONLY TRY.

Try to be something in the world and you will be something. Aim at something and excellence will be attained.

This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try," has wrought wonders.

A MODEL COLLECTOR.—There never was a better collector than Dr. Michael Hutchinson, who gathered £3,249 for rebuilding All Saints' Church, Derby, in 1730. He was so industrious and successful in this labour of love, that when the waits played at his door for a Christmas-box, he asked them in, treated them to a tankard of ale, and persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

KNOWLEDGE.—The seed of knowledge ripens but slowly in the mind, but the flowers grow quickly.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Evil events come from evil causes; and what we suffer springs generally from what we have done.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

Youth.

Oh, Sage, the parentage of Wisdom tell!
She seems not of the earth—but from above.

Sage.

Good youth, she's part of earth, men know
too well;
Pain is her father—but her mother Love.