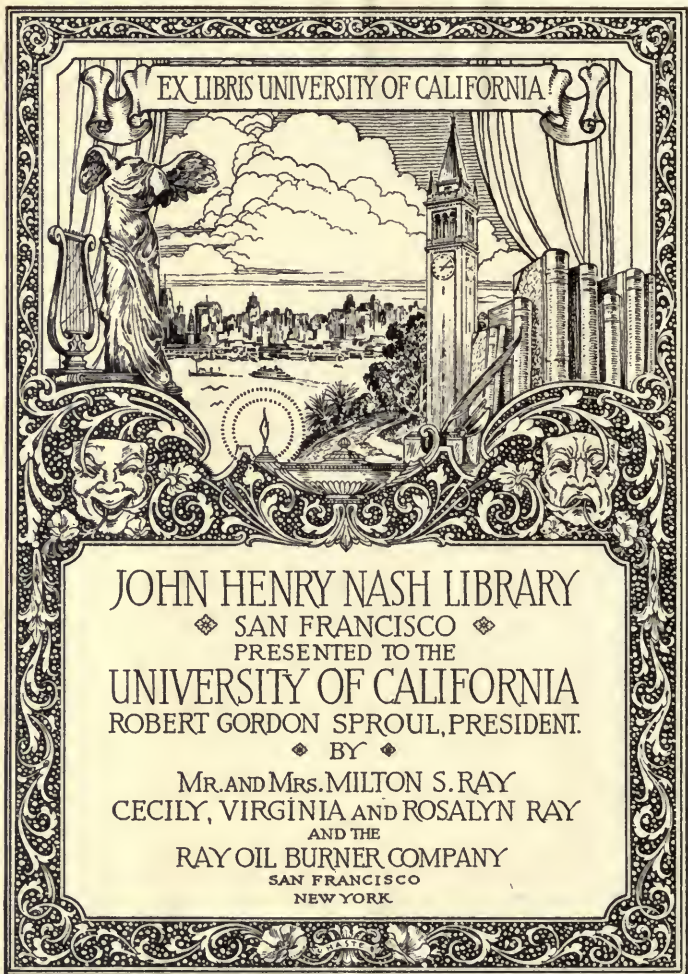


A Book
of Hospitalities and a
Record of Guests



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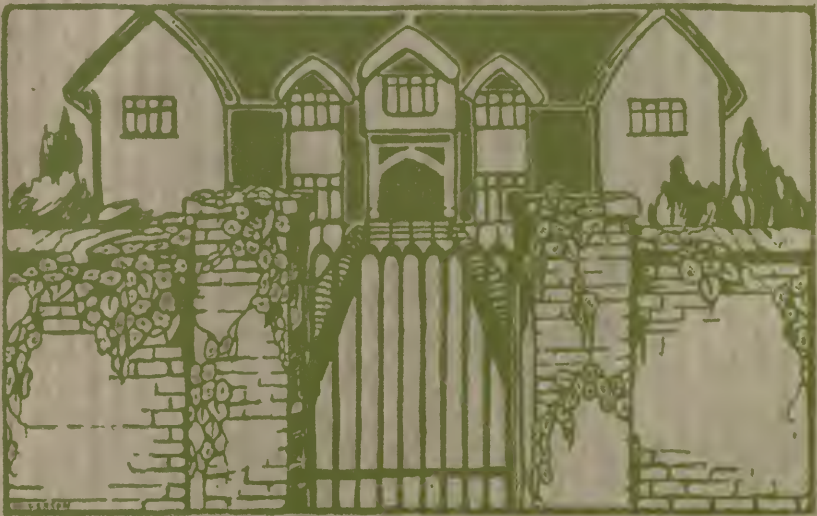
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Ifail Guest, we ask not
what thou art;
If friend, we greet thee,
hand and heart;
If stranger, such no
longer be;
If foe, our love shall
conquer thee.



A Book
of Hospitalities and a
Record of Guests

With a Foreword
on Old House Mottoes by
Arthur Guiterman


Paul Elder and Company
Publishers
San Francisco




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San Francisco

To Vida

Foreword on
Old House Mottoes



Foreword on Old House Mottoes




Probably the Cave-man started this pleasant custom. Surely, when that antediluvian ancestor of ours painfully carved with a flint on the boulder before his hollow dwelling, rude pictures of the mammoth and the giant elk, he meant to extend to all his friends a hospitable invitation to share his venison and elephant-steak. Following his worthy example, his descendants through the centuries have inscribed on their gateposts and walls, above the lintel and over the hearth, appropriate lines of welcome and counsel. Yea, even the modern cliff-dwellers, the inmates of city apartments, display handsomely illuminated house mottoes among the adornments of their cosy though often transient homes.


The walls of old-world castles, palaces, manses, abbeys and cottages afford a wealth of welcoming verses, many of which are well adapted for present-day use. Here, for example, is a translation of a very ancient Welsh door verse that would not be out of place carved upon any gate or hung upon any wall:

Hail, Guest! We ask not what thou art:
If Friend, we greet thee, hand and heart:
If Stranger, such no longer be:
If Foe, our love shall conquer thee.

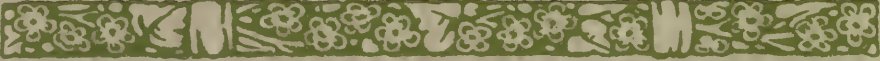
A companion verse to the foregoing, speeding the parting guest upon his way, reads:

Godspeed! too soon departing Guest:
A blessing leave, and be thou blest.
Fair hap be thine on land or foam,
And joy attend thy coming home.





Foreword on Old House Mottoes



Two old English house mottoes are equally suitable for use either together or separately. The first, a word of welcome, runs:

This is the Welcome I'm to tell:
Ye are well-come, ye are come-well;
So share what bountie Fortune sends.
All here that's mine, is yours, my Friends.

The second stanza thus speaks the host's farewell:

A blithe Farewell 'tis mine to bear
Of, "Fare ye well, well may ye fare."
God speed ye, lords and gentlemen,
And hither bring ye soon again.

The heartiest of welcomes is expressed in the old couplet:

Welcome to all through this wide-opening gate;
None come too early, none depart too late.

Another generous couplet runs:


I hate no person — yeoman, knight, nor peer;
But bid good peace to all that enter here.


Among the quaintest of inscriptions is the single line:

Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Women.


It is only right to add that over another gate of the old manor-house in Buckinghamshire which treasures the above paraphrase, written, probably, by some bluff squire who was at least not a misogynist, appears the hint:

An obedient Wife governs her Husband.





Foreword on Old House Mottoes



Here is a homely greeting from a house in Bed-
dington, Sussex:

To those who cross the threshold of this door
A hearty welcome, be they rich or poor.
One favor only we would bid you grant:
Feel you're at home and ask for what you want.

Upon the house of an old English schoolmaster
appears a stanza which shows that the former tenant,
even as a home-builder, could not forget his conju-
gations:

Time is, thou hast: see that thou well employ.
Time was, is gone; thou canst not that enjoy.
Time future, is not, and may never be.
Time present, is the only time for thee.

Sometimes the inscription indicates a cautious dis-
crimination in hospitality,—like the couplet on John
Selden's house in Sussex:


Walk in and welcome, honest friend, repose.
Thief, get thee hence! to thee I'll not unclose.


Another couplet, somewhat less blunt, declares:

This door is closed to Envy, Hate and Pride;
But to a Friend it ever opens wide.

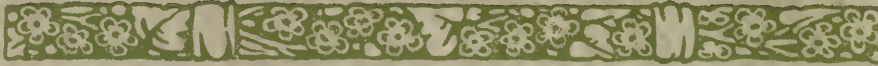
Scandal-mongers, gossips and talebearers were
clearly anathema to many of the old householders. One
plain-spoken Englishman thus expressed his detestation
of the loose-tongued:

Thou that speakest evil of thy Neighbour,
Come not nigh the door of this House!





Foreword on Old House Mottoes



A like sentiment is thus voiced by a yet more laconic Scot:

Here bring no Tattle in,
Nor take none out.

However, another old Scot,—and so very old a Scot that his spelling has necessarily been much modernized,—says philosophically:

They say.—They will say.—Let them say.

On Rockingham Castle appears this motto that has several other versions, both in English and German:

The House shall be preserved and never will decay
Where the Almighty God is honoured night and daye.

A Tyrolian couplet which also expresses an often repeated idea, runs:

The Lord this dwelling be about,
And bless all who go in and out.

A favorite Italian sentiment, true the world over, declares:


My house, my house! Small as it is,
Still always my house!


One form of an old Scotch verse reads:

Travel East, travel West,
A man's own house is still the best
Within whose walls to take his rest,
To read his book, to cheer his Guest.


But perhaps the better form is the curt:

East, West,
Home's best.





Foreword on Old House Mottoes



The same thought inspires the Swedish:

It is good to travel,
But better to be at home.

Some old member of the Masonic fraternity was evidently the author of the following:

Here we live with Love and Care
Upon the Level, on the Square.

An oddity which seems to have been original in the German reads:

May ye live in cheer and mirth,
Till a Snail goes round the Earthe.
May thys House protected be,
Till an Ant drinks up the Sea.

Ariosto's house motto, perhaps somewhat too stately for modern use, is thus translated:


Small is my humble roof, but well designed
To suit the temper of the master's mind.
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride
That my poor purse the modest cost supplied.

That man of many talents, our own Charles Godfrey Leland, composed the simple motto:

May no Enmity nor Sin
Ever find its way herein.

Here is a cottage verse of proper simplicity:

Small is my House as my Estate,
But may thy rest herein be great.



Foreword on Old House Mottoes

But not all house verses are of a cheerful cast. Swinburne Rectory in Northumberland displays the grave reminder :

Here we are but Guests ; — Citizens in Heaven.
We count ourselves as Pilgrims.

And Melrose Abbey still preserves the sententious quatrain :

The Earth goes on the Earth glittering with gold ;
The Earth goes to the Earth sooner than it wolde ;
The Earth builds on the Earth castles and towers ;
The Earth says to the Earth, " All this is ours. "

A somber-minded Englishman soliloquizes :


Mine to-day,
His to-morrow ;
Whose afterward, I know not.

But a cheerful Scot replies :


Ha' done, ha' done wi' grievin'
Till the light is fled !
Be happy while ye're leevin' —
Ye're a lang time dead.

While verses for interior decoration are not quite so plenty as house mottoes for external use only, there is an ample supply to be gleaned from the walls of dwellings of the statelier sort. A most impressive verse is that placed on the roostree of the great hall at Knebworth by the first Lord Lytton :

Read the rede of this Old Roostree —
Here be trust fast — Opinion free —
Knightly right hand and reverent Knee —
Worth in all — Wit in some —



Foreword on Old House Mottoes



Laughter open—Slander dumb—
Hearth where rooted friendships grow.
Safe as altar e'en to foe.

Of hearth mottoes, a fair proportion inhibit slander and loose speaking or promise friendly secrecy. A warning of the former class, also used as a door verse, runs:

Since word is thrall and thought is free,
Keep well thy tongue I counsel thee.

Another of the same tenor in homelier phrase is the following from a fireplace in Flintshire:

When you sit by the fire yourselves to warm,
Take care that your tongues do your neighbours
no harm.

One of the best representatives of the second class is a quatrain engraved with a rose above the hearth of a Kentish home:

Speak without fear:
This Rose is a token
That all that's said here
Under the rose is spoken.


The warmth of hospitality is the theme of this hearth verse:


When Friends meet,
Hearts warm.

And this from Farnham Castle, Hampshire:


To God, faith.
To Friends, hearth.

Also appropriate for the hearth is the old English couplet:





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'Tis merry in hall
When beards wag all.

And the Hindu couplet:

In Summer a fan, and a tale, not too long.
In Winter a fire, a friend and a song.

Words of good cheer for the dining-room wall are not hard to find. A favorite inscription is the so-called "Selkirk grace," attributed to Robert Burns:

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

Here is a simple couplet from the wall of an English manse:

Though poor and plain our diet,
Yet merry 'tis and quiet.

Another couplet contains a wise admonition, the spirit of which is too often disregarded:


Hosts that await too long the tardy guest
Do shew discourtesy to all the rest.


Aside from time-honored quotations such as Cicero's,

Life without Literature is Death,

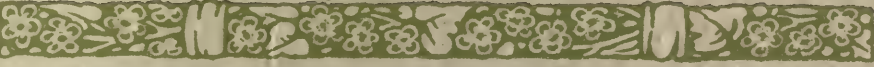
library inscriptions are far from plentiful. One of the best is the following taken from a London library:

Take down the book;
Open it; read it;
Do it no harm;
Put it back.





Foreword on Old House Mottoes



It would be difficult to sum up in fewer words the whole duty of man toward books.

In the composition or selection of bed-chamber inscriptions the ancient architect was more at home. Below is a modernized form of a motto that originally appeared in the palace of Holyrood, the old seat of Scottish royalty:

Sleep not till thou hast considered
How thou hast spent the day past.
If thou hast well done, thank God;
If otherwise, repent thee.

There is both strength and calm faith in the old legend:

Be just and fear not.
After darkness, light.

There are a few quotations frequent use of which has made them traditional bed-chamber verses, such as:


Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise.


Or,

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


Or even this from an old Italian writer, not inappropriate to the guest-chamber that shelters some young bachelor:

Sleep, sleep! mine only jewel;
Much more thou didst delight me
Than my Belov'd, too cruel,
That hid her face to spite me.





Foreword on Old House Mottoes




A typical "Good night" verse runs thus:

Here shall no Nightmare ride, no dreams affright.
Soft slumber be thy lot,
With every care forgot.
Good night! Good night!


There are many versions, modified or abridged, of an old bed-room verse called, for some unknown reason, the "Hag's Prayer"—"hag" being simply old English for an old woman, without the sinister meaning now usually attached to the word. The following form, in use in Lancashire, seems the best:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed which I lie on.
There are four corners to my bed,
Which four angels overspread,
Two at the feet, two at the head.
If any ill thing me betide,
Beneath your wings my body hide,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on.


But though there are so many good old mottoes, such are the demands of boundless hospitality that new welcomes, adapted to present circumstances, are ever in demand. Hence the foregoing brief essay on old house verses may serve to introduce the following sequence of little lyrics of hospitality—couplets and quatrains in which the parts, appurtenances and inmates of the modern home in turn speak their words of greeting to the guest.



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of Hospitalities and a
Record of Guests



A Book of Hospitalities



The Weather-Vane:

Afar I see our Guest. Oh, ye that dwell
Below, prepare Good Cheer and greet him well!

The Carriage Stone:

Before the Gate I stand, expected Friend,
A Mile-stone set to mark thy Journey's End.
Alight! alight!—Let me be first to greet
Our Guest, and feel the touch of kindly Feet.

The Gate:


Now list my Latch, and readily I swing
To bid thee come where Courtesy is King.
My Hinges creak,—for that I cannot teach
Their Tongues to welcome thee in plainer Speech.


The Hedge:

Compact and green, my smooth-clipped Ramparts rise
To screen thy Sport and Ease from prying Eyes.
Without are Turmoil, Trouble, Strife and Sin;
But here are Happiness and Love shut in.


The Walk:


Thy Foot within my Gravel leaves a Trace:—
The Rake of Time alone shall that efface.






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The Pergola:

My Roses, let your Petals fall in Showers,
To welcome those that pass with Drift of Flowers.

The Door-Step:

Rough Stone am I, but void of all Deceit—
Not polished smooth to trip unwary Feet.
The sound of coming Feet is dear to me;
Well worn by Feet of Friends I hope to be.

The Mat:


A lowly Servitor, yet true to Trust,
I cleanse thy Shoes of Travel's weary Dust;
And as I cleanse thy Shoes, free thou thy Mind—
Bring only Joy within, leave Care behind.


The Knocker:

"Rat-tat! rat-tat!"—a merry Noise I make.
What ho! Is none in all the House awake?
Bestir! Unbar the Door and Lift the Pin,
For one ye long to greet would fain come in!


The Porch:


My Trellis trains the Honeysuckle-vine,
Whose Perfume adds a Welcome unto mine.






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The Door-Knob:

Thy hearty Clasp my stolid Metal lends
Unwonted Warmth; — the House and thou art
Friends.

The Door:

A faithful Door I stand, both strong and stout,
To keep all Good within, all Ill without.
You knock, — I open wide with right Good-will,
While Hearts that love thee open wider still.

The Lintel:


Above the Door the cunning Builder placed
My seasoned Timber, tough and firmly braced;
And then the Master charged me to bestow
A Blessing on all Heads that pass below.


The Threshold:

Betwixt the World and Home I mark the Bounds.
My Heart awakes whene'er the Knocker sounds;
For, though he come from farthest East or West,
The Stranger, crossing me, becomes a Guest.


The Footman:


Please thee to enter. Phyllis shall purvey
Some cooling Draught to wash the Dust away.






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The Children:

Become our Playmate: join our sturdy Band,
And we will take thee back to Fairyland.

The Hat-Rack:

Flow like a Footman at the Door, I deign
To take thy Hat, Umbrella, Coat and Cane!
More true than Man am I, so do not fear;
When thou wouldst have thine own thou'lt find me
here.

The Master:


While here you bide, be free of Hearth and Hall;
Make this your Castle, me your Seneschal.
If Aught's amiss, our Care shall that amend;
If all that's here be mine, 'tis yours, my Friend.


The Housewife:

They style me "Queen" of this, our little Land
Of Home. If Queen I be, I give Command
That thou shalt let thy smallest Wish be known
And let thy Comfort glorify our Throne.

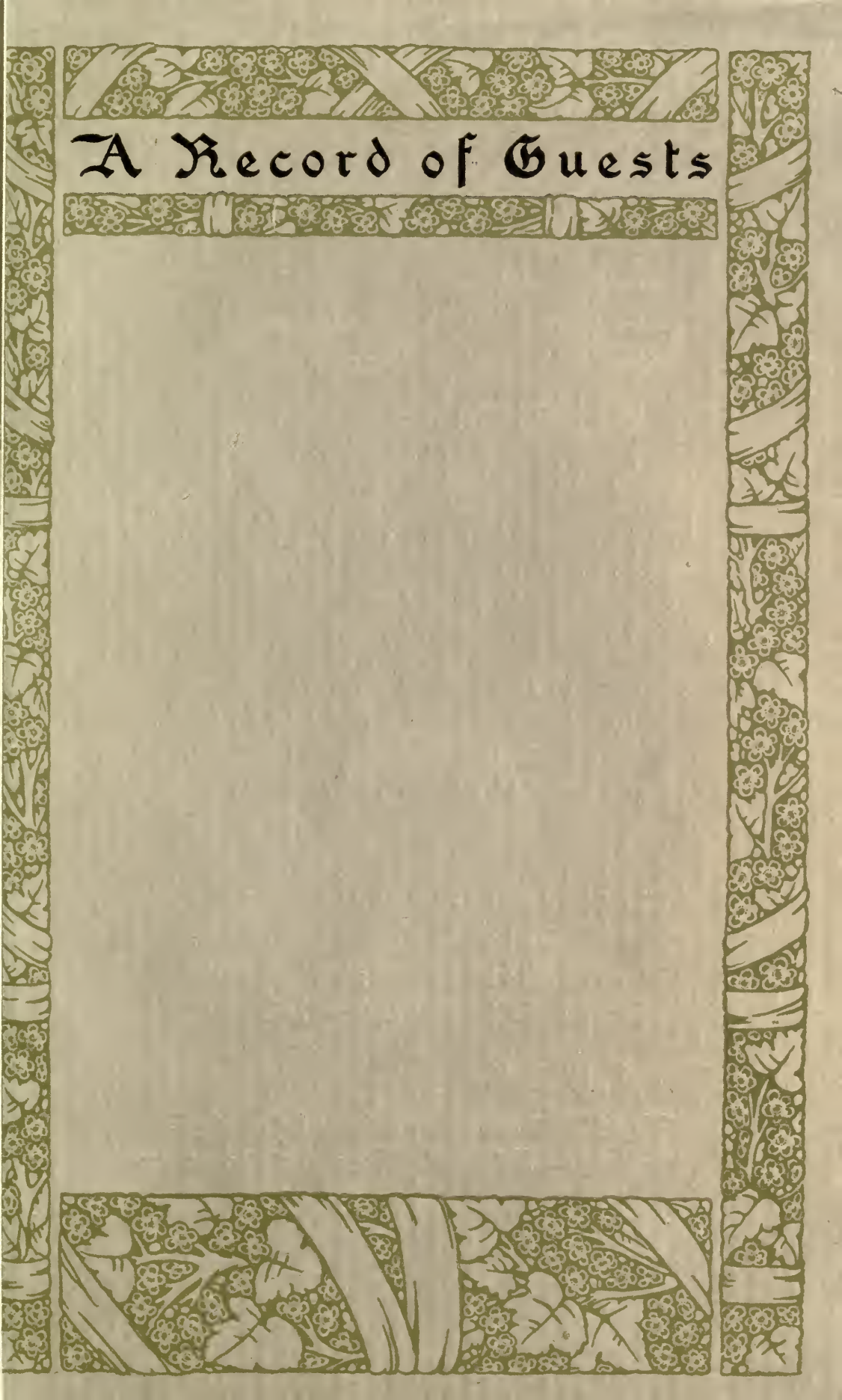

The Easy-Chair:


When long the eastward-swinging Shadow grows,
Do not my ample Depths invite Repose?






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The Hassock:

"Humility is blest," the Preacher said:—
Will please to set thy Foot upon my Head?

The Hall Clock:

An ancient Clock, within my Niche I stand;
On open Face with ever-faithful Hand
I point the Hour, and say, with mellow Chime,
"Good Cheer! O hungry Friends, 'tis Dinner Time!"

The Table:


I stand in snowy Napery arrayed,
With Silver sheen and Crystal bright displayed.
Above the Salt I bid thee take thy Seat;
Our Cook abhors Delay,—and so, to Meat!


The Cook:

The Master likes to call himself "The Host";
But who besides the Cook may rule the Roast?
Pay Court to me betimes; 'tis I that can
Purvey the Food that cheers the Inner Man.

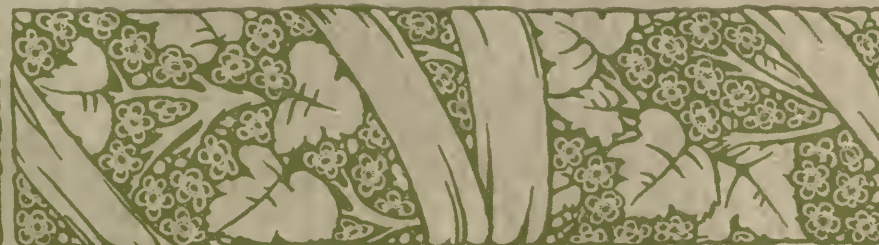
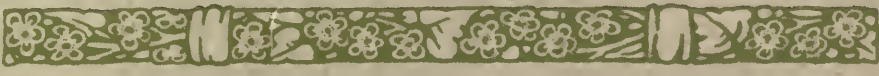
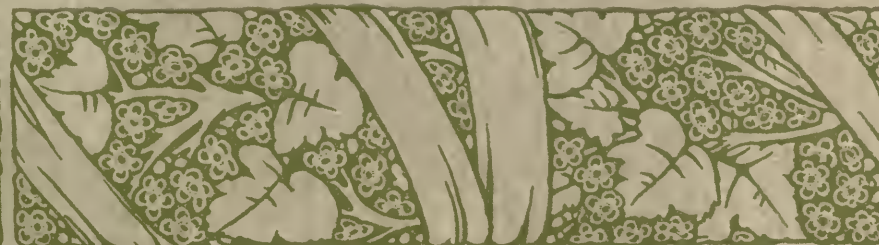
The Call Bell:


Light Feet and ready Hands before thy Door
I bring;—Aladdin's Lamp could do no more.



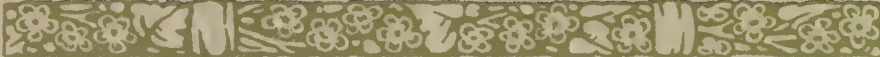


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The Well:

Far down in wholesome Earth a rock-born Rill
Gives forth my sparkling Nectar;—drink thy Fill.

The Cellarage:

Beneath thy Tread, in Caverns cool and deep,
A goodly Wealth of Aliments I keep.
Whate'er of foaming Ale, of Ruddy Wine
Or garnered Sweets my Bins afford, is thine.

The Larder:

Safe-pent from Tooth of night-marauding Mouse
I hold the Stores that nourish all the House.
Ask what thou wilt, of Flesh or Fowl or Fish,
My Shelves shall yield their Best to suit thy Wish.


The Maid:


The Floor's new-swept, the Table's neatly spread,
The Guest-room's aired,—clean Sheets upon the
Bed:

Fresh Towels are there, with water from the Well.—
If Aught is lacking, please to ring the Bell.

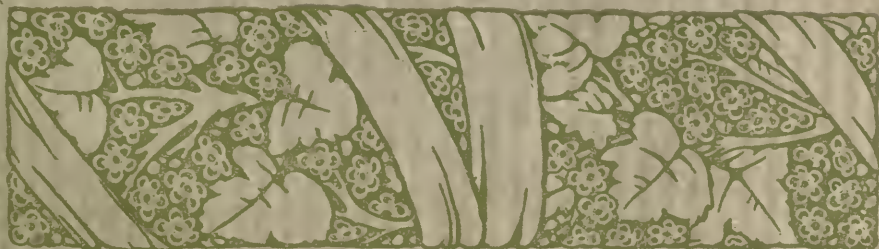

The Couch:


Disdain my downy Comfort if you can!
Each swelling Cushion tempts the weary Man.



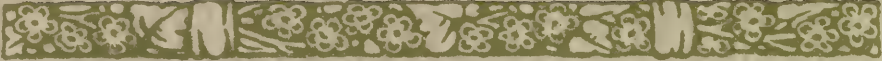


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The Awning:

I lend thee Shade when hotly glows the Day,
Yet turn no Breath of blessed Breeze away.

The Baby:

Though small I be, I hold despotic Sway
O'er Home and Kin. Be politic;—obey.
Who wins my Smile, who does my least Behest,
Enslaves the loving Hearts of all the Rest.

The Dog:


My softest Paw I give in faithful Sign
Of Amity;—my Master's Friends are mine.
When thou dost walk abroad I shall not fail
To bound before with gladly-waving Tail.


The Cat:

My Claws are sheathed. The Hearth, my chosen
Lair
And dear Resort, with thee I'll freely share.
Thy Hand may soothe itself upon my Fur,
And if sweet Purrings please thee, I will purr.


The Canary:


Like thee, a willing Prisoner am I.
O Fellow Guest, why should we seek to fly?






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The Horse:

By All Four Hoofs and eke by Mane and Tail,
My Strength and Speed are thine for Hill and Vale!

The Sun-Dial:

"I mark the pleasant, sunny Hours alone,"
Is carved upon my Plinth of Granite Stone.
While thou art here, let Skies be fair or dark,
Our hearts shall find but pleasant Hours to mark.

The Flowers:

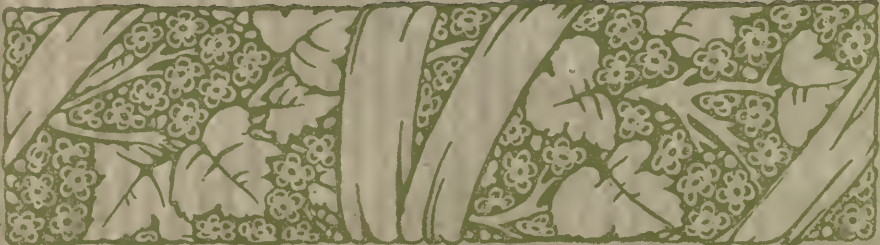
We lead our fragrant Lives, devoid of Plan,
As multicolored as the Mind of Man.
Aye, true enough, our Time is quickly past,—
But we may give thee Joy the While we last.


The Trees:

Good Hosts are we,—so say our tuneful Guests,
The Birds that in our Branches weave their Nests.
Our rustling Boughs by gentlest Winds are swayed;
Be thou our Guest and love our checkered Shade.


The Ivy:


I clothe the Wall, I creep the Tiles between,
I make thy Casement cool in living Green.






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The Chimney:

For all within I breathe the Household Prayer,
My Smoke like Incense rolling high in Air.

The Foundations:

The proud Roof flaunts himself against the Sky;
Unseen but firm, deep down in Earth we lie.
Rest, free of Fear of Storm or Tempest Shock;
Trust thou the Silent Strength of Native Rock.

The Walls:


Our Parts are Brick and Mortar, Wood and Stone;
But Home was never built of these alone.
Hast thou not felt, O Guest, the Inner Soul
Of Human Love that makes our Parts a Whole?


The Roof:

Aloft I raise my Shield; the pelting Rain
And rattling Hail assault my Slope in vain.
The burning Sun, the Weight of Winter Snow
Alike I scorn, — then rest secure below.


The Roof-Beams:


In each the Strength that made a Forest Tree,
Square-hewn, we raise the Roof that shelters thee.






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The Wardrobe:

Entrust to me thy Robes of finest Cloth;
My Cedar daunts the havoc-breeding Moth.

The Bath:

Who would not choose, at Morn or Evening's Wane,
To lie beneath my crystal Counterpane? —
In Summer Heat a never-failing Ture;
Refresh thy Frame within my Waters pure.

The Mirror:


Let others gloze; a Well of Truth am I.
No Plea of Courtesy shall make me lie.
If thou dost show a smiling Face to me,
In turn I'll show as glad a Face to thee.


The Desk:

Here's Paper, Pencil, Blotter, Pen and Ink.
So write whate'er it pleases thee to think.
To absent Friends disclose thy inmost Heart, —
Yet do not write, "To-morrow I depart."

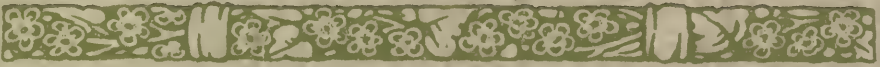
The Hammock:


I've heard them say that spoke as though they knew,
For One I'm Comfort, but I'm Bliss for Two.



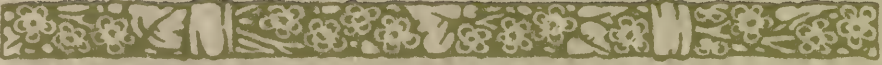


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The Screen:

Away, thou Gnat! Each humming, stinging Pest
Begone! My Bars repel thee from our Guest.

The Windows:

Clear-eyed as Faith is every lucent Pane
That turns the Wind, that checks the driven Rain,
But gives to thee the Sunlight's cheery Glow
And frames bright Pictures of the Passing Show.

The Curtains:


The Task is ours, when Night enshrouds the Skies,
To make a deeper Dark for weary Eyes;
Then draw us close along the brazen Bars,—
And yet we would not shut thee from the Stars.


The Drawing-Room:

A Place apart am I, where they that please
May talk with open Hearts in friendly Ease;
Yet,—is there Need in antique Phrase to say,
"Bring no ill Tattle in, take none away"?

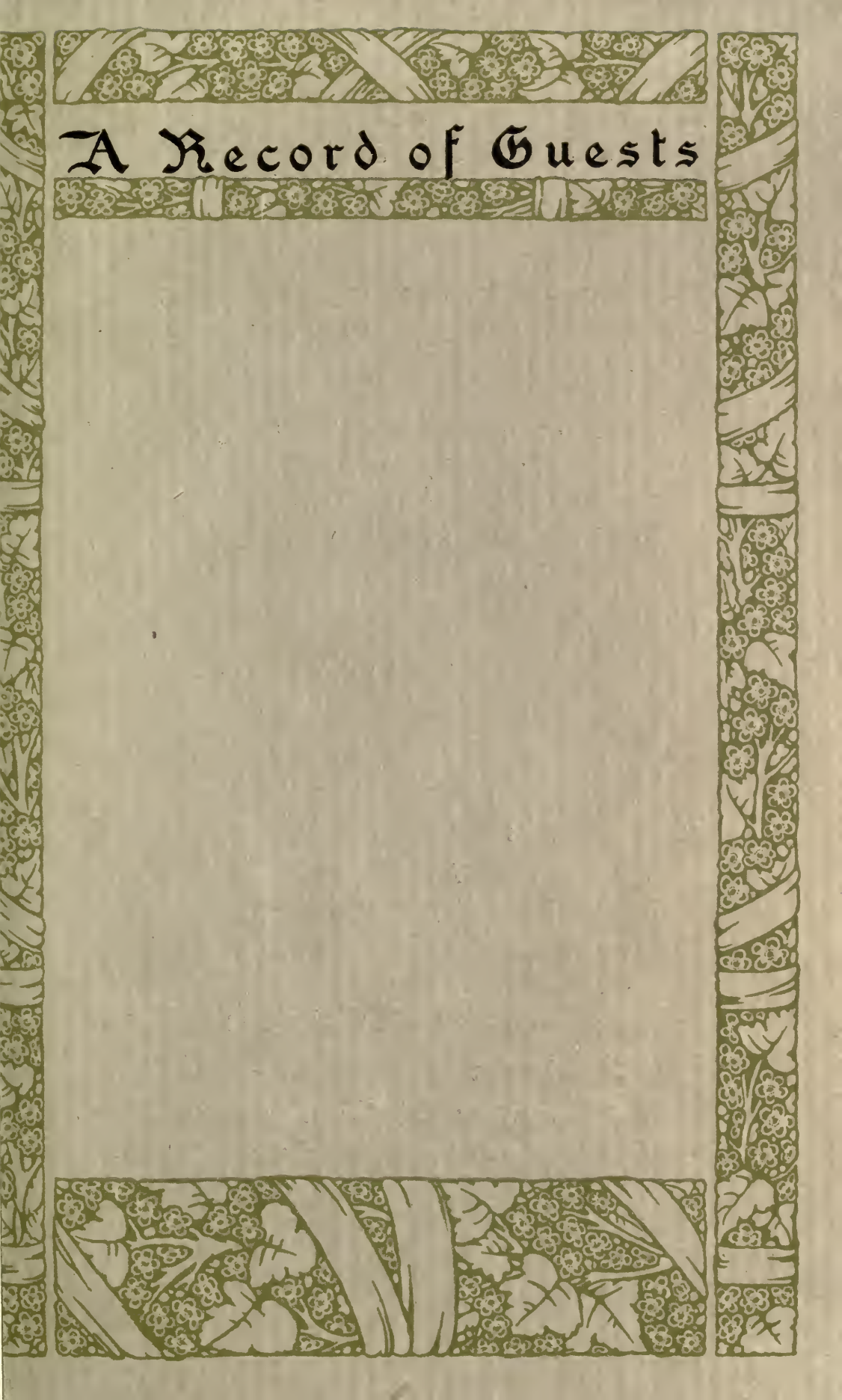

The Tea-Urn:


The stroke of Five demands my Social Brew,—
Some Cake?—A little Cream?—One Lump, or
two?






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The Piano:

Art thou for Music? — Hear my golden Trill.
Art thou for Silence? — Hush! — My Keys are still.

The Books:

Thy Host loves well, when Nights are wild or cold,
To pore upon our Pages manifold.
We Books are Friends of his, — so, prithee, make
His Friends thy Friends, O Friend, for Friend-
ship's Sake!

The Portraits:


Where those we picture ruled, we only gaze
In Wonderment at changeful Modern Ways.
But, Welcome, Honored Guest! — the cheery Flame
Of Hospitality is still the same.


The Hearth:

The Hearth am I, the deep Heart of the Dwelling:
A pleasant Nook for Ease and Story-telling;
Where Friendship's Flame shall find a glad
Renewal
While Mirth and kindly Chat supply the Fuel.

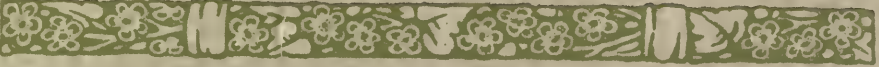
The Andirons:


Let Love endure. Thy Heart should feel no Shame
Like us to show the Marks of ancient Flame.






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The Rug:

By Persian Maidens woven, low I lie
To make thy Footfall soft, to please thine Eye.

The Hearth-Crickets:

Small wilding Gnomes, we left our native Glen
To haunt the Homes and silent Hearths of Men.
Here, warmed and fed, our grateful Choir pours
A chiming Canticle of Out-of-doors.

The Pipe-Rack:


Choose:—Creamy Meerschaum, Corncob sweet
as Flay,
The long Church-warden framed of short-lived Clay,
Or nut-brown Briar, freighted from the Jar
Of fragrant Leaf,—or else the trim Cigar.


The Lamp:

Sit, Bachelor Guest, within my rosy glow
And ponder on a Saw that thou shouldst know:
A House without a wife, poor lonely Wight,
Is like a Lanthorn left without a Light.

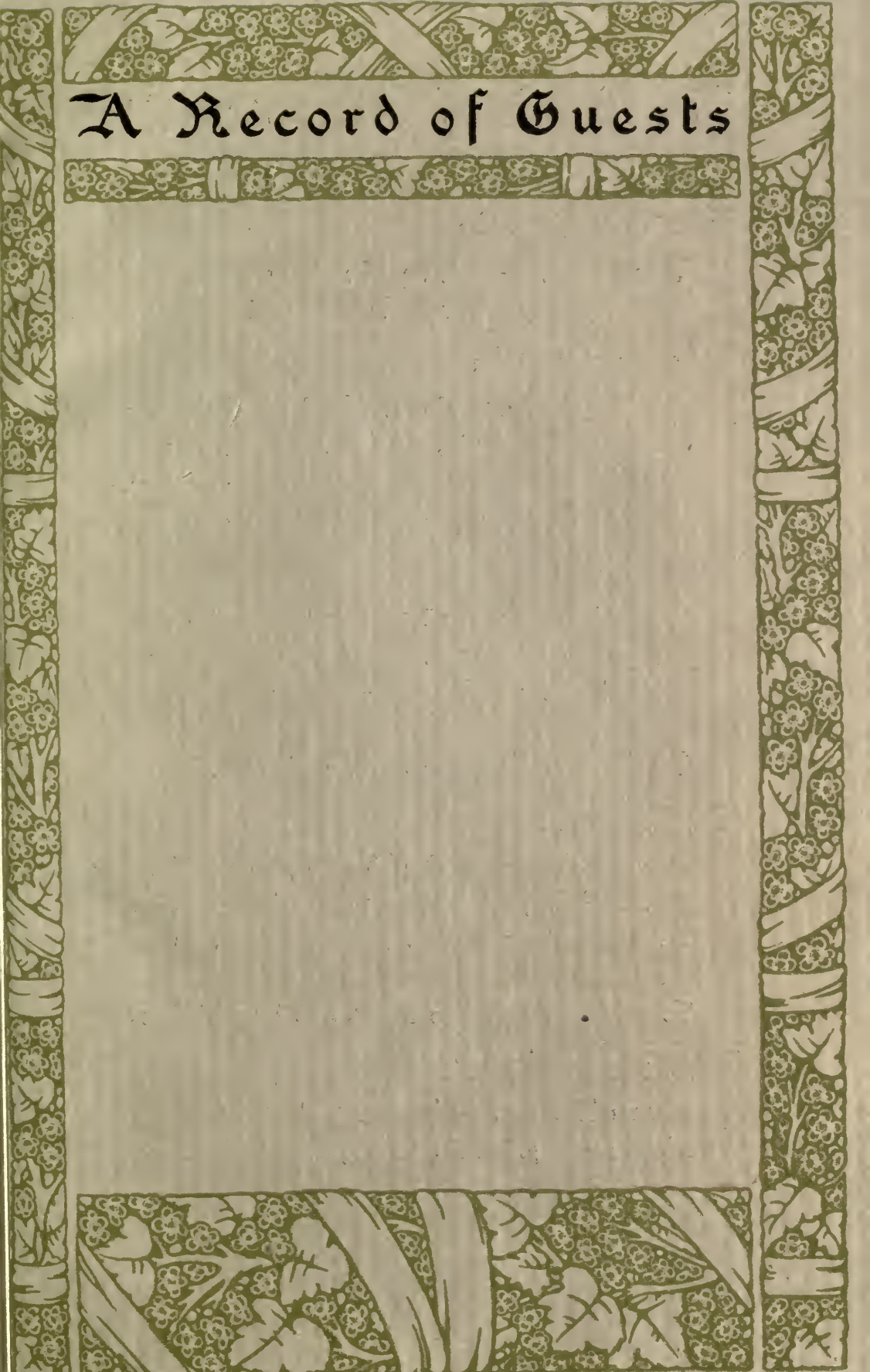

The Card Table:


Across my verdant Playground deal the Pack
And sport awhile with King and Queen and Jack.






A Record of Guests





A Book of Hospitalities



The Guest Book:

I beg a Line,—a little Sketch, or Such,
From thine own Hand. I'm sure I ask not much.

The Candlestick:

The Clock strikes slower. All the Tales are told
With Jests a-plenty, were they new or old;
And nidding-nodding droops the drowsy Head,—
Have I thy Leave to pilot thee to Bed?

The Stairs:


Ascend,—since for Ascent the Builder made
Our roomy Treads and sweeping Balustrade.
But, ah, Young Hearts!—how many low-voiced
Pairs
Have lingered long upon these shadowed Stairs!


The Pillow:

My candid Case is stuffed with pleasant Dreams
Of Meadow-girdled Woods and silver Streams,
And conscious Love's own Laughter, low and
clear—
So stoop thy Head to Rest, and banish Fear.


The House Spirit:


Unseen I brood, the Blessing old to give:
"Sleep soundly. Wake in Vigor. Gladly live."



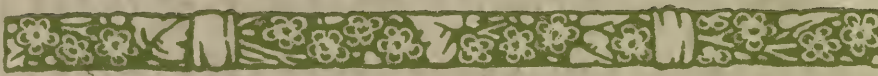



A Record of Guests







Some Extended Records







Some Extended Records






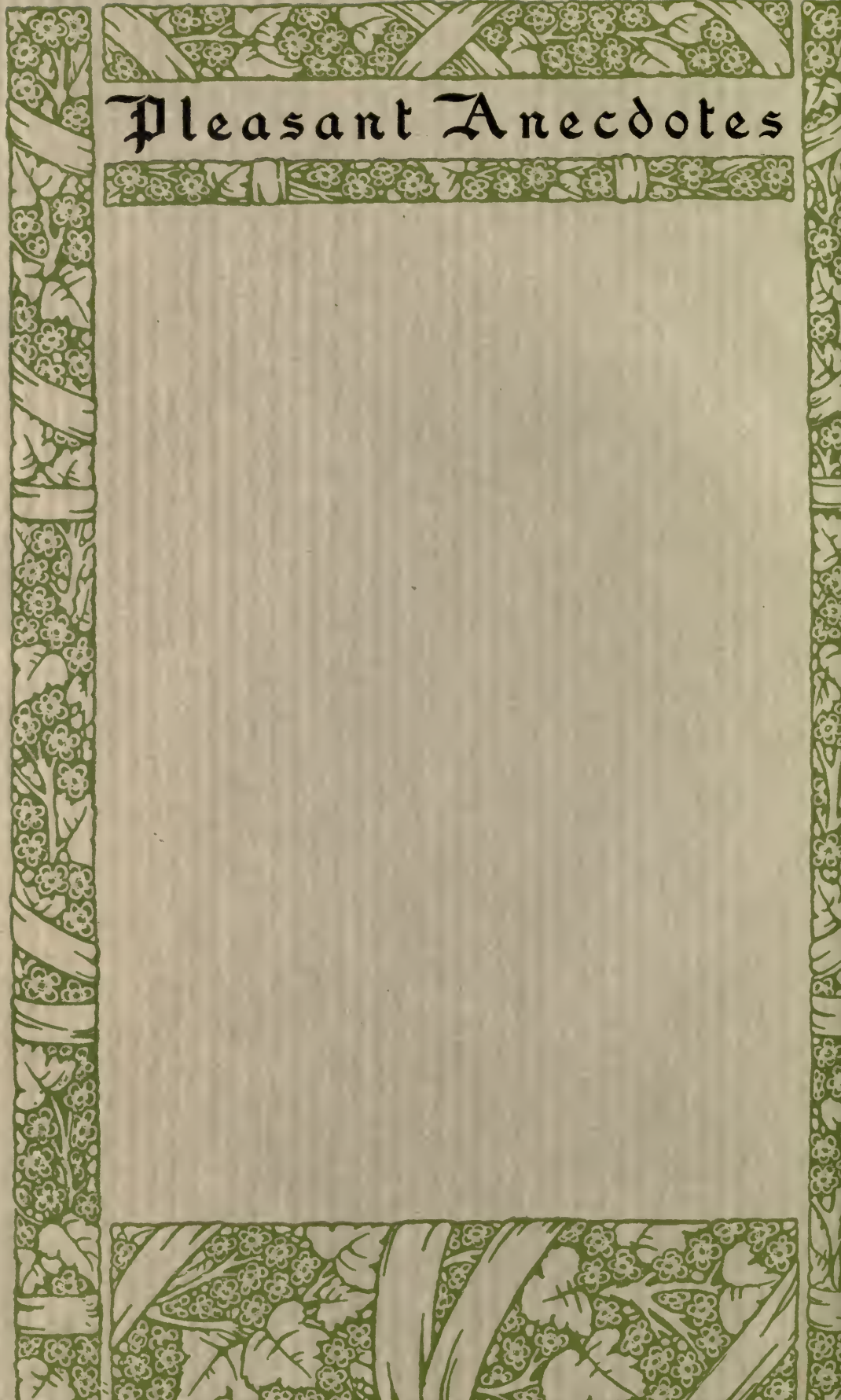
A Few Personal Verses






A Few Personal Verses



A decorative border in a light green color frames the page. It features repeating patterns of stylized flowers, leaves, and diagonal stripes. The border is composed of four main sections: a top horizontal band, a bottom horizontal band, and two vertical bands on the left and right sides.

Pleasant Anecdotes


A decorative border in a light green color frames the page. It features repeating patterns of stylized flowers, leaves, and branches. The top and bottom borders are wider and more detailed, while the side borders are narrower. The central area is a plain, light-colored background.

Pleasant Anecdotes





Sketches of People



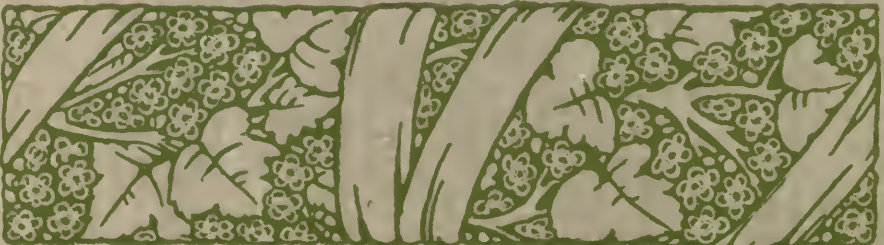



Sketches of People



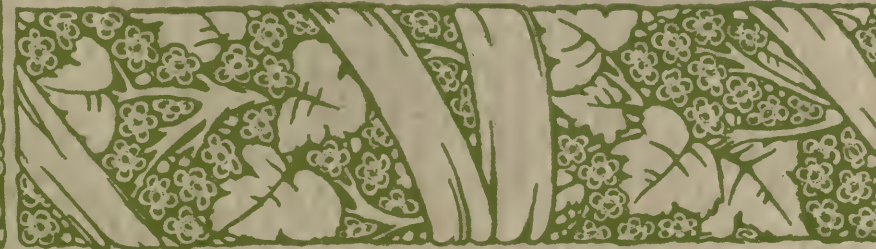


Sketches of Places



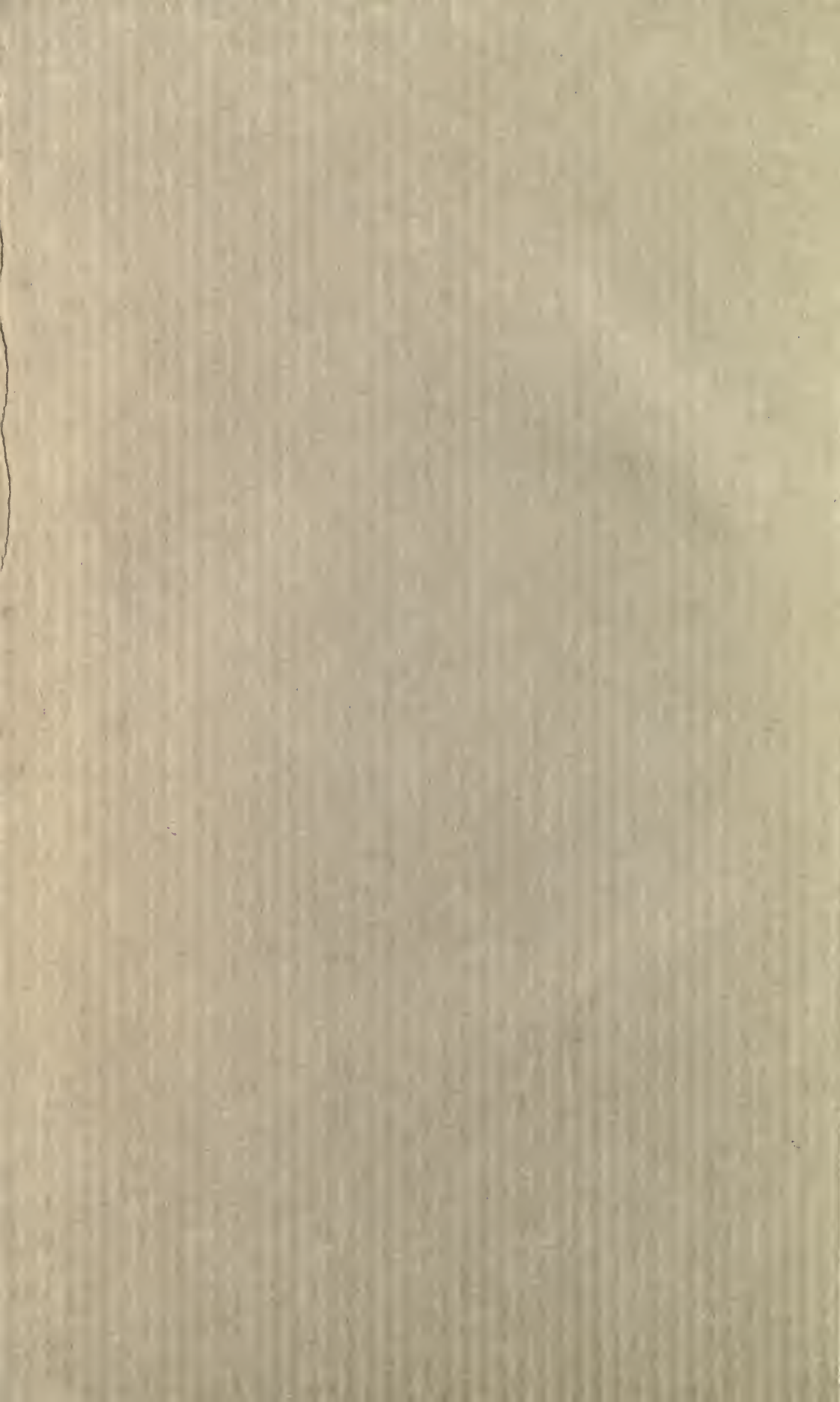


Sketches of Places



Here is a little sheaf of kindly rhymes which is called the Book of Hospitalities, for that it speaketh to the well-belovèd Guest the greetings of the House and all therein. These rhymes were wrought by Arthur Guiterman; they were put into type by John Henry Nash, Typographer, with cunning embellishments by Charles Frank Ingerson; and the book thus devised is published in the year of our Lord One-Thousand-Nine-Hundred-and-Ten, in the hospitable City of San Francisco, by those careful Craftsmen, Paul Elder and Company, with good wishes to every courteous Host and Hostess and to every pleasant Guest







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