

Loves garland : or, Posies for rings, hand-kerchers, & gloves and such pretty tokens that lovers send their loves. A reprint. Whereunto is added a collection of posie mottoes ... entitled, Ye garland of ye Sette of odd volumes. To which is prefixed an introduction, in which some trite things are said concerning the efforts of the early alchemists to transmute the baser metals into gold ... / by James Roberts Brown.

Contributors

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Privately Printed Opuscula
Issued to the Members of the Sette of
Odd Volumes.

NO. IV

LOBES + Garland

AND

Garland of the Sette of Odd Volumes.



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By the author

James Roberts Drovers

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Privately Printed Opuscula
Issued to the Members of the Sette of ODD VOLUMES.

No. IV.

Loves Garland :

OR,

Posies for Rings, Hand-kerchers, & Globes :
And such pretty Tokens that Lovers
send their Loves ;

AND

The Garland of ye Sette of
Odd Volumes.



Privately Printed Opuscula
Issued to the Members of the Sette of ODD VOLUMES.

I. B. Q.

A Biographical and Bibliographical Fragment.
Written and Presented in 1880, by Bro. CHARLES WYMAN.

II. John Trotter Brockett.

A Glossary and Biography.
Presented in 1882, by Bro. BERNARD QUARITCH.


III. De Boke of ye ODD Volumes.

From 1878 to 1883.
Compiled by Bro. WILLIAM MORT THOMPSON.
Presented by Bro. BERNARD QUARITCH.

IV. Loves Garland.

Or Posies for Rings, Hand-kerchers, & Gloves :
And such pretty tokens that Lovers send their Loves.
London, 1674.

Reprinted and Presented in 1883, by
Bro. JAMES ROBERTS BROWN.



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YE ALCHEMIST.

(AFTER JOHN CAWSE.)

It was too late, the desired opportunity I had so long desired had come, I had failed to seize it, and my dream of being the discoverer of the Philosophers' Stone had melted away into thin air.—See page 23.

Loves Garland :

OR,

*Posies for Rings, Hand-kerchers, & Gloves :
And such pretty Tokens that Lovers send
their Loves.*

A REPRINT.

WHEREUNTO IS ADDED A COLLECTION OF POSIE MOTTOES,
GATHERED FROM DIVERS SOURCES, AND ENTITLED,

Ye Garland of Ye Sette of Odd Volumes.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED AN INTRODUCTION, IN WHICH
SOME TRITE THINGS ARE SAID CONCERNING
THE EFFORTS OF
THE EARLY ALCHEMISTS TO
TRANSMUTE THE BASER METALS INTO GOLD,
SHOWING A WAY THROUGH THE LABYRINTHS OF

“Ye Mystic Art”

TO

THE ABODE OF CUPID.

CONCLUDING BY A FEW WORDS TO
THE UNSENTIMENTAL SCEPTIC,
AND AN AUTHENTIC DEFINITION OF
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

By JAMES ROBERTS BROWN,

Alchymist, &c. &c.

F.R.G.S., F.A.S.L., F.R.S.N.A. Copenhagen.

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Dedicated and Presented

TO

De Sette of Odd Volumes

BY

BRO. JAMES ROBERTS BROWN,

Alchymist.

London, September, 1883.





DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.—*Horace.*

DULCE—*Delightful*, says the poet,
EST—*is it*, and right well we know it,
DESIPERE—*to play the fool*
IN LOCO—*when we're out of school.*

W. M. T.



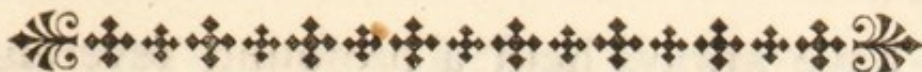


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INTRODUCTION.

IN an address to the Sette of Odd Volumes, March 31, 1882, his Ex-Oddship, Bernard Quaritch, our "Librarian," in allusion to myself as "Auditor" for that year, remarked that my duties would be light ; but that he hoped I should, on that account, from time to time favour the Sette with my researches with the crucible (in my capacity as Alchemist to the Sette). "In time," he remarked, "Bro. Brown will no doubt discover the Philosopher's Stone, and issue it as an Odd Volume." Bro. C. W. H. Wyman on another occasion announced that I intended to write and in due time present to you "a History of Finger Rings."

I have always held a profound reverence for the "Fathers of our Sette," and felt that I was in duty bound not altogether to ignore what had fallen from their lips; I therefore set to work to think in what way I could carry out the spirit of their remarks. In his statement, Bro. Wyman forgot that abler men than myself had already dealt with the subject in such a way that it would have been superfluous, not to say impertinent, for me to attempt to handle it after them; there were likewise other and more cogent reasons why I should not do so.

I began to think with Falstaff,—

"Company, villanous company
Hath been the spoil of me."

For Bro. Quaritch's remarks, although only made suggestively, seemed to me almost to amount to a command, coming as they did from the Imperial Cæsar of the Sette. I knew he held strong views (and I uphold him in

them) that each member of the Sette should endeavour by some overt act to show that he rightly understood the *raison-d'être* of its existence.

With regard to myself, the high dignity of being the Alchymist to the Sette had been allotted to me, and if there were one thing above all others that it was incumbent on me to do it was to try to solve for ever the great problem of centuries, the existence of the Philosopher's Stone ; this, at any rate, was Bro. Quaritch's opinion, and he spoke with authority. Bro. Cornelius Walford, our esteemed Master of the Rolls, may say :—

“ Nemo tentetur ad impossibile.”

But this hardly meets the question, for it is an acknowledged fact that to Bro. Quaritch nothing is impossible ; hence, having resolutely and determinedly refused in his own mind to believe in the non-existence of the Philosopher's Stone, he, regardless of all

consequences, bequeathed the vexed question to an "Odd Volume" to unravel. That a weighty task was before me you will all admit.

I found myself launched as it were on an unknown sea, and I appeal to you all not to crush me by your criticism on these few remarks I am about to make, but rather to deal charitably with me; for, after all my labours, the surprise to myself is, that

"Yet I live and bear
The aspect and the form of breathing man."

Often as I have sat in my sanctum, crucible before me, boiling and coagulating, watching and waiting, hoping against hope, till my very senses seemed to depart from me, have I exclaimed with Manfred,—

"The lamp must be replenished, but even then
It will not last so long as I must watch!—
My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought
Which then I can resist not."

It would be tedious as well as unprofitable were I to enlarge on the loss of nerve-power my labours cost me. The names of the following books will give some idea of the amount of literary work alone to be done before one can hope to acquire anything but a superficial knowledge of the great subject.

Roger Bacon, *Thesaurus Chemicus*, 8vo, Francof., 1603.

Francis Bacon Lord Verulam, *Hist. of Metals*, vol., London, 1670.

J. J. Becher, *Opera Omnia*, Francof., 1680.

Chymia Philosophica, 8vo, Nuremberg, 1639.

John Espagnet, *Enchiridion Philosophiæ Hermeticæ*, Paris, 1638.

Robert Fludd, *Clavis Alchimicæ*, 2 vols., Francof.

T. R. Glauber, *Works, Chemistry*, fol. London, 1689.

Hermis Trismegisti, Traduction par J. Mesnard, 8vo, Paris.

J. Kunkel, *Experiments*, 8vo, London, 1705.

Paracelsi, *Opera Omnia*. Preface by Fred. Bitiski, 2 vols. folio.

J. B. Porta, *De Æris Transmutationibus*, 4to, Romæ, 1610.

Quercetan, *Hermetical Physic*, 4to, London, 1605.

Georgii Ripley, *Opera Omnia*, 8vo, Cassel, 1649.

J. Trithemius, *De Lapide Philosophico*, 8vo, Paris, 1611.

Basil Valentin, *Last Will, &c.*, 8vo, London, 1671.

But, having committed myself to a course, it was clearly my duty to prolong my efforts and to try every means open to me before admitting myself baffled.

It then occurred to me that I might, like Glendower in Shakspeare's "Henry IV.,"

“call spirits from the vasty deep.” I resolved therefore to summon those of the most learned alchymists of the past, and to commune with them, that I might have the shades of these distinguished men before me while my lamp was burning,—nay, even while my efforts to transmute the baser metals into gold were progressing.

Firstly, I called up that great Arabian Alchymist, Gebir, who has been worthily called a “captayne and a prince of this science.” I found him affable and ready to give me any hints in his power, a great scholar and learned in all the sciences. His famous work the *Summa Perfectionis*, or *Lapis Philosophorum*, was of great assistance to me. My next visitor was our own countryman, Roger Bacon (1214–1292). I found his society all I could wish. A Franciscan Monk, but one who had evidently devoted more of his thoughts to alchymic research than to his religious duties, he held a most

high opinion of Gebir, and believed very firmly in the possibility of the baser metals being converted into gold. He had, he said, "great faith in the Elixir of Life," which he considered to be potable gold, otherwise *aqua regia*, viz. gold dissolved in nitro-chloric acid. He laughed while he told me how he had tried to convert Pope Nicholas IV. to his views, by telling him a story of a labourer in Sicily, who found one day on the island a golden phial full of yellow liquor, which he thought for the moment was dew, and drank, and became from that moment a hale and strong youth. I was desirous of learning more concerning this youth, but I regret to say Roger Bacon appeared to know very little about his subsequent career; he had heard, he said, that he was a great reader, and was to be constantly seen at the British Museum Library; he was fond of old books, and "Ye Boke of ye Odd Volumes" had much delighted him, also "B. Q., a

Biographical and Bibliographical Fragment," by C. W. H. Wyman, but he could not vouch for these things. "You see," he added, thoughtfully, "we never meet now ; for, alas ! I did not take the Elixir when I might have done so."

Then, changing his tone, he added, more cheerfully : "Ask his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. I am sure, at the mention of my name, the Papal Archives will be readily opened to you or any member of the Sette of Odd Volumes who would desire to pursue the inquiry further, from an Historical or Archæological point of view,"* and I promised to do so. Before he left, I put a question as to the report that had got abroad, in which it was asserted that he had been poisoned by the Monks of Gray Friars at the moment when he was about to partake of the "Elixir Vitæ."

* The Vatican Library is now open to Historical Students.

This was, however, a delicate question : his look was such that I reproached myself afterwards that I had made it, for up to this time he had been over-anxious to give me the advantage of all his learning. I felt he was evidently disinclined to compromise his co-religionists, so I turned the conversation on to his three great works,—the “*Opus Majus*,” “*Opus Minus*,” and “*Opus Tertium*,” and assured him I would lose no time in procuring them, as they would aid me materially in my discoveries ; and, I may remark, I have found them invaluable.

I could not but feel a sense of regret at parting from this most distinguished man, his manner was so genial and his mental calibre of so high and cultivated an order.

I next conjured up Albrect Groot (1193–1280); he apologised for correcting me, but remarked he was better known as “*Albertus Magnus*.” He was, like Bacon, a “*monk*,” but of the Dominican order, and

very reserved, and it was with difficulty I gathered much about his opinions ; he, however, said, he thought few alchymists possessed a greater knowledge of the art than the famous Gebir, with many of whose theories he thoroughly coincided.

Before leaving he introduced me to his pupil, Thomas Aquinas, who proved to be a most interesting guest.

In turn came Raymund Lully (1235-1315), the great "Doctor Illuminatus"; Arnaldus de Villa Nova ; and that splendid specimen of an alchymist, the well-known Dutchman "Isaacus Hollandus." With the last-named I was particularly struck. I found him an astute scholar and profound thinker. My interview was, of necessity, short ; added to which, the space at my command is of too limited a nature to allow of my describing in detail the opinions of all these noble pioneers of modern science ; for I deem it a great mistake, and one almost

universally made, to class them among the tricksters and cheats of the day in which they lived.

False views they may have held, but in nearly every instance these views were founded on a substratum of truth, and were, at any rate, held conscientiously.

Of all my guests, one of the most interesting was assuredly Basil Valentine ; in answer to my inquiry, he said he had *no doubt* that the "Philosopher's Stone" was a compound of mercury, sulphur, and salt ; BUT, he added with emphasis, so pure, that when mixed with the baser metals they were brought to a greater degree of purity, bringing them at last to the state of silver and gold. He strongly urged me to read his great work, "Currus Triumphalis Antimonii," and I can earnestly recommend it to you all as a most masterly production on the great subject on which it treats.

To tell you of all the minor lights of alchymic science that have obeyed my sum-

mons would be but to tire you ; I must not omit to name, however, that of the great Paracelsus ; he corrected me, and begged I would call him by the name he was proud to be known by, — “Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastes Paracelsus.” He said he agreed with many of Roger Bacon’s ideas ; was, moreover, convinced that that glorious Elixir, which would prolong life indefinitely, had been discovered by him ; “but,” he added, passing his hands over his brow, thoughtfully, “I procrastinated. I made the same mistake Roger Bacon made, I did not drink of the Elixir in time, and so died before I could reap the benefit of my discovery. I should have rejoiced to have been your guest at a meeting of the Sette of ‘Odd Volumes’ one night. By the bye,” he resumed, “there is a very good article on Alchemy in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1879) ; in this the writer says of me : ‘His work, like his genius, oscillates perpetually between magic and science ; but what has not been sufficiently

observed, Science invariably ends by carrying the day ;' if he is giving you 'a recipe for making gold,' he ends by breaking a lance with the seekers for gold. 'This is true of me,' added my visitor, "'Vita Ignis corpus Lignum.' By the way," said he, "you tell me you are preparing a little work for the Sette of 'Odd Volumes.' Give up this question of the '*Philosopher's Stone*': surely there are other themes of ordinary every-day life, of far more general interest."

(Here I saw a little figure of Cupid had pierced my lattice window, and was flying across the room with his eyes fixed on me.)

"What think you of 'Love,' and 'Sentiment' ? Are such things known among you now ?" I noticed the eyes of the philosopher fill as he said this, and, standing erect, he exclaimed :—

"Away," * my dear Brother Alchymist,

* Words of Paracelsus. See article, "Alchymy," *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1879.

“with these false disciples who hold that our divine Science has no other end but that of making gold and silver. True Alchemy has but one aim and object,—to extract the quintessence and to prepare Arcana tinctures and elixirs which may restore to man the health and soundness he has lost.”

With these words the great Physician and Alchymist departed. I looked up,—Cupid, too, had flown; still his “glittering eyes” seemed to hold me. In a moment my thoughts were again concentrated on the crucible: *it was too late*, the opportunity which I had so long desired had come, I had failed to seize it, and my dream of being the discoverer of the “Philosopher’s Stone” had melted away into thin air.

Before, however, I go further in my narration, I will venture to place before the reader a curious passage from an early Black-letter Book in my possession, believing it to be of some value as touching on my great theme.

I give the title in *extenso* :—

**A new booke of destillatyon of
waters, called the Treasure of EVONYMVS,
&c. Translated (with great dilligence
and labour) out of Latin, by Peter
Morwyng, felowe of Magdaline
Colledge in Oxforde.**

Imprinted at London by John Day, dwelling
ouer Aldersgate, beneath Saynt Martines.

1559.

May not be out of place.

The author, in his preface to the reader,
thus remarks :—

**The art of destillation (which they call
Chymia, Alchimia, Alkimia, Chemia Suidas
calleth it, and Alchemia) hath inuented many
profitable things for mans lyfe, and in Phisick
also certain marueilous thinges, and prase-
worthye, if a man prepare them right and
diligentlye.**

After further remarks on the “art of de-
stillation,” the author relates the following

story, which I offer to the reader as he gives it, deeming it well worthy of being rescued from obscurity :—

At Padway in Italy in our time was founde
a most auncient monument, namelye an earthen
pot, hauing written vpon it this Hexasticon.

Plutoni sacrum munus ne attingite fures,
Ignotum est vobis hoc quod in vrna latet,
Namque elementa graui clausit digesta labore,
Vase sub hoc modico, Maximus Olibius :
Adsit sæcundo custos sibi copiacornu,
Ne prætium tanti depereat laticis.

This sacred to God Pluto (theues) ware that
ye touch not,

Unknown is it to you all, this that is hid
in a pot.

For the elements hath i shut up digested
with much paine,

In this smal vessel the great Olibius certayne,
Plenty with thy fruitfull horn as a garde
be thou presente,

Least the price pearish of this liquor most
excellent.

Within this pot was an other little pot
with the inscription of these verses :—

Abite hinc pessimi fures.

Vos quid voltis cum vostris oculis emissitiis ?

Abite hic vostro cum Mercurio petasato
caduceatoque.

Maximus maximo donum Plotoni hoc sacrum
facit.

A way from hence ye mighty theues, trudge
els where and go by

What seek ye with your spying eies, why do
you pose and pry,

Hence with your hatted Mercury, and with his
rod also.

This gift is sacred by the greatest unto the
greatest Ploto.

Again, within this little pot was found a
light yet burning betwene two Phials, the one
of Golde, the other of Silber, ful of a certayne
maste pure liquor, by the vertue whereof they
beleue that this lighte hadde burnte manye a

yeare, as Dyd note in their collections and gatherings of auncient inscriptions or Poesies, Petrus Appianus and Bartholomeus, Amantius, Hermolaus, Barbarus also in hys *Corollarium* or addition vpon Dioscorides made mention of this same thing, where as he entreateth of waters in comun. There is also (saith he) a heauenlye water or rather diuine of the Chymistes, whych bothe Democritus and Mercury Trimegistus knewe, calling it sometymes a deuine water, sometymes a Scythicall liquor, sometymes pneuma, that is, spirit of the nature of the firmament and of the first essens or substance of things: whereof potable gold and that

“*Philosophers Stone*”

much spoken of, but not yet found, consisteth.

This kinde of liquor, as I suppose, doth the Epigramme signifie, of late found within the field of Padua, nie vnto the village called Atesta, made vpon earthen or bricke mettall, and therefore frail, and broken vnawares by the handes of a man of the country digging the

ground in the same place. The remembrance wherof least it should perish, we haue added hereunto the very words: This holy gift to the God, &c. as before.

The above is of interest, for there is no doubt that some learned alchymist had prepared this tincture for the benefit of mankind, and that with it the Philosopher's Stone might easily have been evolved; but, alas! the pots were dashed into pieces, and it is not given to us to revel in eternal youth.

But failing to transmute the baser metals into gold,—in spite of all my repeated experiments and wearied watchings,—I am fain to take the precious metal, pure as Dame Nature gives it us from Mother Earth; truly in all ages great and marvellous things have been done with it. If we go back to the earliest ages of which we have historic data, gold seems to have been an important factor in daily life. In the old Jewish books it is mentioned as being most plentiful. In

the Book of Genesis we hear of the “whole Land of Havilah where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good.” Almost everything seems to have been made of gold; lamps, tongs, candlesticks, snuffers, censers, spoons, to say nothing of articles of adornment. “Job” had a quantity of the precious metal, for every one gave him “an ear-ring of gold.” As to Solomon he made the Altars and Tables of gold, 200 targets and 300 shields of gold; and Daniel wore a chain of gold round his neck. Then from most early times rings were made of gold—marriage and betrothal rings. Pythagoras, in one of his maxims, says, “Never wear too tight a ring”; this has been interpreted rightly or wrongly as a warning against matrimony. If, then, so much can be done with gold, it is not to be wondered at that men in later ages sought to transmute it from the other metals; but for the present let me leave my alchymical researches. I have said that marriage or

betrothal-rings were made of gold, and it is on these I venture now to make a few remarks. To enter broadly into the history of finger-rings would be but to traverse the works of the Rev. C. W. King ("Antique Gems and Rings") and Mr. William Jones ("Finger-ring Lore"), both of whom have dealt exhaustively with the subject; to attempt anything of this kind is not my intention. Mr. King tells us (in his beautiful work just alluded to) that "Gold was before the introduction of coinage much in use among the Egyptians, and circulated in the form of a ring, and the Egyptian on his marriage placed one of these rings of gold on his bride's finger in token of his intrusting her with all his property"; and Clemens remarks "that the early Christians saw no harm in following this custom." In our own marriage ceremony the man places the same plain gold ring on his bride's finger when he says, "With all my worldly goods I thee

endow." The plain hoop of gold as a marriage or betrothal-ring appears to have been of very early origin. In the latter part of the fourteenth century it was customary to have a motto or "Posy" engraved OUTSIDE the ring; this continued during the fifteenth century; in the sixteenth and seventeenth the "Posies" were engraved inside. The practice of inscribing rings existed largely in France and Germany as well as in England. Martin Luther on his marriage had a wedding-ring consisting of two parts, one portion of which was set with diamond, the other with ruby, the motto being

"Was Got zussamen füget soll kein Mensch scheiden."

"What God doth join no man shall part."

Rare "Ben Jonson" thus alludes to mottoes on betrothal or marriage rings in his comedy of the "Magnetic Lady"; the clergyman has to perform a hasty marriage, and asks, "Have

you a wedding-ring?" to which he gets this reply, "Ay, and a Posie,"—

"Annulus hic nobis, quod sic uterque dabit."

The quarrel between Nerissa and Gratiano in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is well known,

"About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, '*Love me, and leave me not.*'"

St. Louis of France, it is said, had for his posy

"Dehors cet anel, pourrion avoir amour."

Our own Henry VIII. when he married Ann of Cleves,

"God send me wel to kepe."

Margaret, wife of the famous John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury,

"Til deithe depart."

The custom seems to have been general in all ranks of life.

Some years back a substantial gold wedding-ring was found inside a cod-fish, caught in Hants Harbour, Newfoundland : it bore this posy inside, cut in block letter,—

“ May God above continew our love.”

Doubtless this ring could tell a tale if it could only speak and let us know the history of its chequered career.

Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, appears to have been tolerably used to the marriage service ; on marrying his fourth wife he is said to have chosen for his posy,—

“ If I survive I’ll make them five.”

Another reverend Bishop (Cokes) gave his wife a ring on her marriage, on which were represented a Hand, a Heart, a Mitre, and a Death’s Head, with posy,—

“ These three I give to thee
Till the fourth set me free.”

Dr. George Bull, Bishop of St. David's (1703), had,—

“ Bene parêre, parere det mihi Deus.”

Chaucer, in the prologue to the “ Knight's Tale,” speaks of the Prioress having

“ A Brooch of Gold ful schene,
On which was first i-written a crowned A,
And after that ‘ Amor vincit omnia.’ ”

This last posy was largely used subsequently inscribed on rings.

These Mottoes or Posies were often witty and quaint, but invariably they were sentimental; the custom of having the Motto on the ring survives to this day, but the posy is cut and enamelled on the hoop, instead of being engraved as heretofore.

In this painfully matter-of-fact age it is too often sought to eliminate sentiment from the thoughts of daily life, and I fancy I can see a smile on the face of him who reads

the posy of the gallant of the seventeenth century,—

“ Love him who gave thee this ring of gold,
’Tis he must kiss thee when thou art old.”

But smile as you will, my cynical reader, life is but a poor farce, and drearily played too, when the emotional part of human nature is expunged therefrom. By all means let us have positive philosophy and abstract science, but I exhort you let us leaven these with the fancies of dreamland, and pleasures of sentiment and love; or, Is Life worth living, after all?

But I approach the end: at the moment when the Philosopher’s Stone might have been discovered, Cupid burst through my lattice, and, with a smile more of heaven than of earth, fixed his eyes on me, and seemed to beckon me to his abode. The shade of Paracelsus, too, had urged me to desist from my studies with the crucible. • Thus it is,

then, that I find myself in a land of flowers
where the posy,

“Amor omnia vincit,”

is supreme. The words “Away with those
false disciples who hold that this divine
science has no other end but that of making
gold and silver,” ring in my ears.

If I have failed to discover to you the
Philosopher’s Stone, let me at any rate
venture to hope that you may gather pleasure
from the perusal of the little book I now
offer you,—

“Loves Garland,” etc.

Possibly the utterances of hearts that lived
over a period of three hundred years from
the present time may vibrate with your own,
and you may not think my labours with the
crucible altogether in vain. Possibly in these
quaint and sentimental love-thoughts you, in
your turn, may discover those “arcana tinc-
tures and elixirs” which, the great master of

alchymic art last quoted tells us, "will restore you to the health and soundness you have lost." With this result I shall not have laboured in vain, and you will all admit I have tried my hardest to obey the command of our ex-Oddship, Bro. Quaritch,

"To discover the Philosopher's Stone,"

and present it to you accordingly as an Odd Volume.

Now, in my "mind's eye," I see a sceptical, unpoetical Brother, who can evolve nothing from his inner consciousness but the conception of hard solid facts: he says with Hamlet,—“Man delights not me, nor women either.” His mind has been intent on the absolute discovery of the Philosopher's Stone; and he is almost angry with me that I have not discovered it. He smiles at my story of the Sicilian labourer; and, as to the Vases of "Padway in Italy," he believes them to be mythical and unreal; and

he denounces, too, the elegant Hexasticons inscribed on them as meaningless nonsense ; and, as to Peter Morwyng's translation of them, he wonders that I can have the audacity to place such before you, deeming it far below the standard of the smallest school-boy.

He seems to say :—" Love's Garland ! " Bah ! sentimental rubbish ! One may handle a stone,—it is absolute, real, tangible ; but poetry, sentiment, and love ! what are they ? mere idealistic fancies of the brain ; you try to grasp them—they are gone !

To this Brother I reply,—

My dear dry-as-dust, pachydermatous friend, the " arrow " I have shot has failed to pierce your unemotional matter-of-fact soul ; and I beseech you " cudgel your brains no more about " this matter, for assuredly " your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating."

You still ask for the Philosopher's Stone.

I would liken you to "Ananias," the deacon, in Ben Jonson's play of the "Alchymist"; I would expatiate to you on the "Ars Sacra," and name to you the "vexations and martyrizations" of the metals; I would ask you, Can you *sublime* and *dulcifie*? *calcine*? Do you comprehend *putrefaction*, *solution*, *ab-lution*, *sublimation*, *cahabation*, *calcination*, *ceration*, *fixation*? Are you aware that *cahabation* is the "pouring on your Aqua regis" and "then drawing him off to the *Trine circle* of the *seven Spheres*"? Know you that Mercury is known by his *Viscosity*, *Oleosity*, and *Suscitability*? that "he is a very fugitive Sir," "he will be gone!" and that you may *sublime* him with the calce of egg-shells, white marble, or *chalk*?

You look perplexed at my simple questions, and reply with Ananias the Deacon,—That this is all "Heathen Greek" to you. Believe me, my dear unsentimental, sceptical friend, "there are more things in heaven

and earth than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy"; there are more ways of giving happiness to mankind than in discovering the Philosopher's Stone.

Is my meaning Heathen Greek to you still?

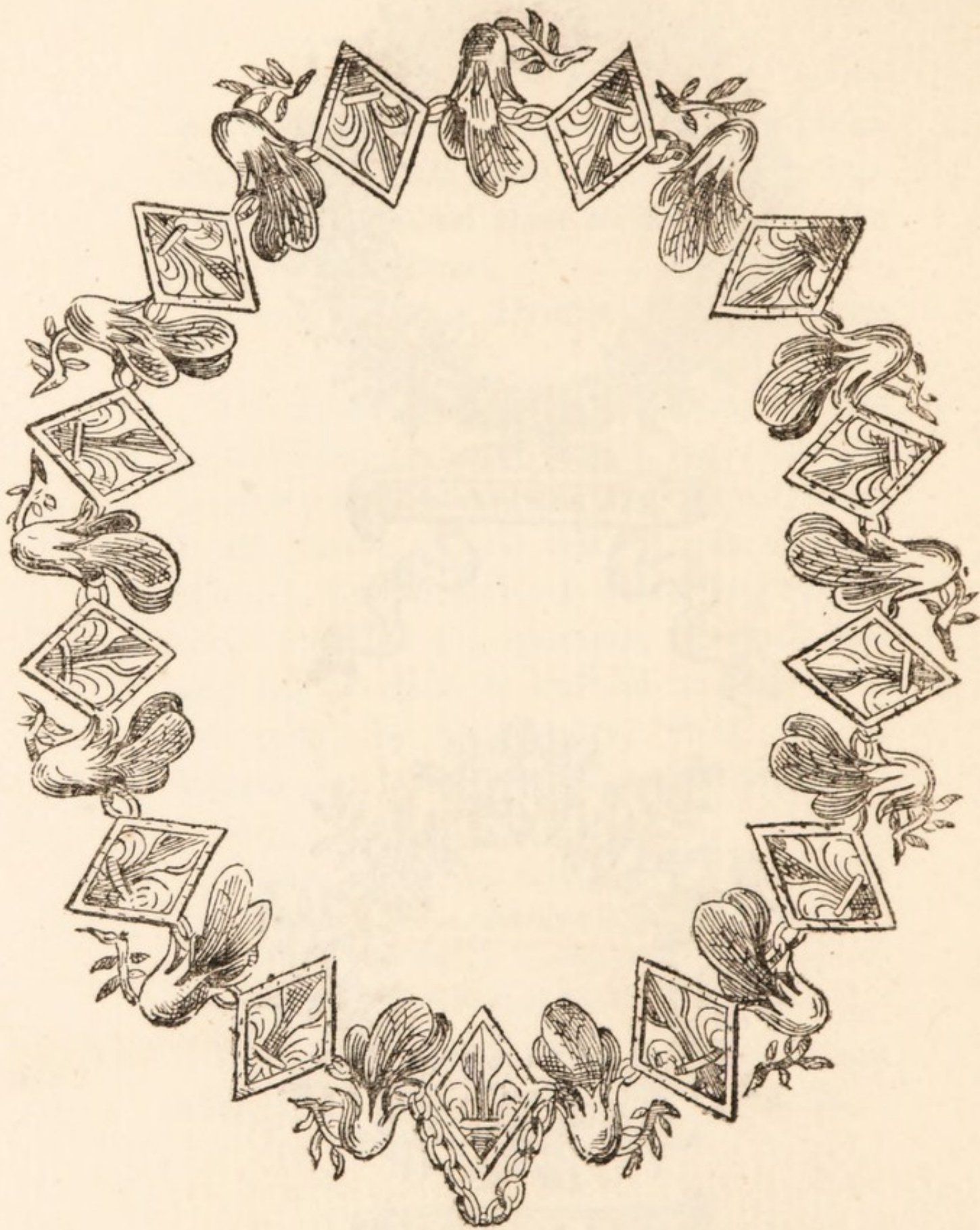
The expression of pain, vexation, and disappointment on your brow tells me but too forcibly your answer. In my despair, then, I will define to you this "Lapis Philosophicus"; but hereafter I would beg of you never to raise the question, or albeit you may fail to elicit so truthful an answer as that given by the drudge, Face, in the famous play before named, as follows:—

"'Tis a STONE and not a STONE; a
Spirit, a Soul, and a Body:
 Which if you do dissolve it, it is dissolved;
 If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
 If you make it FLY, it FLYETH."

How now? Is it Heathen Greek to you still?

J. R. B.





LOVES GARLAND :

OR,

Posies for Rings, Hand-ker-
chers, & Gloves : And such pretty To-
kens that Lovers send their Loves



*London, Printed by Andrew Clark, and are
to be sold by Tho. Passenger at the Three
Bibles upon London-Bridge, 1674.*



Loves Garland.

I

The posie of a Hankercher from a young
man to his Love.

Love is a chain,
whose linkes of gold
Two hearts within
one bosom hold.

2

Another singifying the mutual love that
should be between man and wife.

In love this good
doth still remain:
Though both do give
yet both doth gain.

3

Another from a doubtfull Lover.

By Cupids bow, my weal or woe.

4

A posie sent with a pair of Gloves,
shew-

Loves Garland.

shewing what a young man should
most respect in his choice.

I lobe thy Beauty,
Vertue most,
For vertue's found
when beautie's lost.

5
A posie of a Ring from a crost
Lover.

No hap so hard,
As lobe debar.

6
Another.

A happy brest,
Where lobe doth rest.

7
All perfect lobe,
Is from abobe.
The sight of this
Deserbes a kisse.

8
A young man to his Love wrought in a
Scarff,

A constant heart
within a womans brest
Is Ophire gold
within an Ibory chest.

Loves Garland.

9

Her kind answer.

Of such a treasure then
art thou possesst,
For thou hast such a heart
in such a brest.

10

The posie of a Ring.

To me till death,
As dear as breath.

11

Another.

In thee a flame,
In me the same.

12

Where once I choose,
I ne're refuse.

13

Another.

No crosse so strange,
My love to change,

14

The posie of a Hankercher from a
young man to his Love.

Pray take me kindly Mistress,
kisse me too :

My

Loves Garland.

My Master sweares
hele do as much for you.

15

A passionate Lovers posie.

Till that from thee,
I hope to gain;
All sweet is sowre,
all pleasure pain.

16

Another of the same cut.

Thy love my light,
Disdain my night.

17

Another.

Tell my Mistresse
that a Lober
True as Love it selfe,
doth love her.

18

Another where the Lover doth protest
and request.

Hand, heart and all I have, is
thine:
Hand, heart, and all thou hast, be
mine.

19

Another.

As you finde me, minde me.

The

Loves Garland.

20

The posie of a young man to his Love,
shewing the simplicity and truth
of Love.

Two hands, two feet,
Two eares, two eyes;
One tongue, one heart,
Where true love lies.

21

Another from a Lover, far from his
Love.

Though from mine eye,
yet from my heart
No distance ere
can make thee part.

22

Another of the same mark.

Though absence be annoy
To me 'tis a double joy.

23

A posie in a Ring.

Be true to me, as I to thee.

24

Another.

God above increase our love.

Another.

All thine, is mine.

Another

Loves Garland.

26

Another.

Here joy the heart,
That seeks to part.

27

Another sent with a pair of Bracelets.

Fair as Venus, as Diana
Chast and pure is my Susana.

28

The posie of a young man to his Love,
shewing her what a woman should
be. Tell him that

If woman should to man be wo,
She should not be what God did
make her,
That was to be a helper, so
God then did give
man now doth take her.

29

The posie of a Maid cast off, expressing
how light she takes it.

Tell him that had my heart in chace,
And now at other games doth flye,
Green sicknesse nere shall spoil my
face
Nor puling heigh-hoes wet mine eye.

The

Loves Garland

30

The posie of a Ring.

I do reioyce in thee my choice.

31

A posie of a scornfull Lover.

Since thy hot love so quickly's done,
Do thou but goe, He stribe to run.

32

A posie shewing man and wife to be one.

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
From one made two, is two made
one.

33

Posies for Rings.

As true to thee
As death to me.

34

Another.

If you deny, I wish to die.

35

Another.

In trust, be just.

36

Another.

I live, if I: if no, I die.

37

Another.

No bitter smart, can change my
heart.

Another

Loves Garland.

38

Another.

Rather die, then faith deny.

39

Another.

Not lust, but love: as time shall
probe.

40

Another.

To love as I do thee;
Is to love none but me.

41

A posie sent by a young man to his Love
in a Hankercher, in which was
wrought the fashion of a
heart with wings.

Of all bad things, a heart with wings
is still the worst,
And he that meets, with one so fleets,
of all's accurst.

42

The Maidens reply in a Handkercher, in
which was the shape of an heart, with
an arrow through it.

A flying heart a piercing dart,
doth well deserbe:
So be it with me, if I from thee
shall eber swerbe,

Thou

Loves Garland

43

Thou mine, & thine.

44

Another.

Be true to me, as I to thee.

45

A young maid to her love in a Scarfe.

She that of all doth love the dearest,
Doth send thee this, which as thou wea-
And oft do's look on, think on me (rest
As I by thine do think on thee.

46

From a young man to his love, wrought
in a silk girdle.

Till death deuide, what ere betide.

47

Another.

The worlds a Lottery, my prize
A love that's fair, as chast, as wise.

48

A young man to his love describing the
povver and ever-flourishing virtue
of love.

Love till domes-day in his prime,
Like apollo rob'd in gold:
Though it have been as long as time
Yet still is young though time be old.

Another

Loves Garland

49

Another.

My promise past
Shall eber last.

50

From a young man to his Love, shewing
that virtue and beauty should be
together

Thy beauty much, thy virtue such, my
heart hath fir'd,
The first alone, is worse than none, but
both admir'd.

51

The posie of a pitifull Lover writ in a
Riban Carnation three penny broad,
and wound about a fair branch
of Rosemary, upon which
he wittily playes thus.

Rosemary Rose, I send to thee,
In hope that thou wilt marry me,
Nothing can be sweet Rose,
More sweeter unto Harry,
Then marry Rose,
Sweeter than this Rose mary.

52

The sweet reply in a conceit of the same
cut, sent by Rose with a viall of
Rose-water of her making.

Thy

Loves Garland

Thy sweet commands again,
my sweetest Harry,
And sweet Rose water
for thy sweet Rosemary,
By which sweet Hall,
sweet Rose doth let thee see,
Thy lobes as sweet to her,
as hers to thee.

53

A wanton lovers wish sent in a Hanker-
cher with a Cupid wrought in
the middle.

To me by far more fair
is my fair Anne
Then sweet-cheek'd Leda
with her silver Swan
That I nere saw
but have the picture seen,
And wish myself between
thine armes sweet Nan.

54

For a Ring

Desire like fire, doth still aspire.

55

A posie sent with a pair of bracelets.

Mine eye did see, my heart, did choose,
 True love doth bind, till death doth loose
 Another

Loves Garland

56

Another sent with a silk girdle.

Accept of this, my heart withall:
My love is great, though this be small.

57

Another sent with a rich pair of gloves.

This for a certain truth,
true love approves:
The heart's not where it lives,
but where it loves.

58

For Rings

Hearts content, can nere repent.

59

Another

My heart and I, until I die.

60

Not two, but one, till life be gone.

61

A Lovers conceit upon a Bracelet and
Partlet, sent with a pair of
Amber Bracelets.

Bracelets Ie giue, embrace lets eber
Let Partlets go, for part lets neber.

62

Lobe eber or lobe neber

Loves Garland

63

A Posie written by one Simon Mattocke
Sexton of great Wambleton, in the be-
halfe of a youth of his Parish, to the fai-
rest Milk-maid in the next, sent to her
pinn'd to the Orange tawny top of a
very fair pair of Gloves, of
six pence.

My love is set to love thee still,
Then Nanne remember thou thy Will:
That William, good will to thee
I long have borne, bear thou with mee.

64

Her answer in a fair Romish letter, lapt
up handsomely, and bound about
with a cruell long Cod-
peece point.

I hope my Willy makes no doubt,
I take in others, keep him out:
No, for thy sake I look, my Wilkin,
Pale, as the payle I use to milk in.

65

A Posie sent by a young man to his Love,
with a Looking glasse,
Be true as fair, then past compare.

66

For a Ring.

B

A

Loves Garland

A woman kind, all joy of mind.

67

As I to thee, so wish to me.

68

A drooping Lovers conceit, playing up-
on the word

Hard and heart, in sound are near
And both within thy brest I fear.

69

Her coy and nipping reply, in his own
invention

The sound's as near in Brace & Brasse,
In Hoase and Horse, in Ace and Asse

70

The Posie of a young man sent with a
Scarfe

For one and love, some say are blind.
I say they see, if thou probe kind.

71

The Posie of a Handkercher.

Lobe and Wine in this degree
The elder better still they be
So our long suit then shall be true:
Chang not thy old Lobe for a new.

72

A Posie sent by a young Maiden to her
Lover, pleited in a bracelet of her
own hair.

When

Loves Garland

When this about thine arm doth rest
Remember her that loves thee best.

73

Another from a young man to his
Love protesting constancy.

To thee as constant
as the sun to day
Till from this light
I must be forc'd away

74

A Posie sent with a silk Girdle.

Venus naked in her chamber
Wounds more deep
Then Mars in armour.

75

The Maids Answer.

If such a wound you fear
Take heed you come not there.

76

A drooping Lovers posie, sent
with a pair of gloves

'Tween hope and sad despair I fail,
Thy help I crave
My grief the sea
Thy breath the sail
May sink or save

77

Another of the same kinde

Loves Garland

Hope and dispair attend me still:
Hope tries to save, dispair to kill,

78

Lust loves to range
Love knows no change.

79

Thine mine, mine thine.

80

Both must be one, or one be none

81

Love ever, or love never

82

A neglected Lover to his Mistresse
Tis true as old, hot love, soon cold.

83

Another expressing the power of love.
Who is't withstands,
When love commands?

84

Short Posies for Rings in prose.
The Loadstone of love, is love

85

Be true to the end.

86

I live in hope.

87

I like my choyce.

Loves Garland

88

No change in virtues choice.

89

Keep mee in minde.

90

Desire hath no rest.

91

I present thee absent.

92

Not the gift but the giver.

93

Be firm in faith.

94

This and my self.

95

I choose thee not to change.

96

Advised choyce admits no change.

97

Accept my good will

98

I love no lack.

99

The heart lives where it loves

100

Not thine, nor mine, but ours

101

Thy joy, my wish.

Loves Garland

102

Lobe is the bond of Peare.

103

No life to lobe

104

Remember this, and give a kisse

105

Thy lobe I crabe, mine thou shalt have

Good Councill

If poor thou art, yet patient bide,
For after ebbe may come a tide;
Yet at full sea keep water store
That afterward thou want no more.

On the World

The Worlds's a City.

furnisht with spacious streets,
And Death's the market place,
whereat all Creatures meet.

When God made all, he made all good
So Woman was, if she had stood
Though woman was the cause of fall
Yet Jesus blood made amends for all

Loves Garland

On a good woman

A wise man poore is like a sacred
book that's never read:
To himself he lives, though to the
world seems dead:
Yet this age counts more of a golden
foole
Than of a thread bare Saint
nurst up in Wisdomes schoole.



FINIS.

I N parting with "Loves Garland" I would here offer my sincere thanks to our distinguished typographer, who has spared no pains to place before the reader as nearly as possible a fac-simile of the copy in the British Museum. The quaintness of the little work will I hope commend it to every "Odd Volume"; it is, moreover, now very scarce, which you will readily believe when I tell you that I have not been able to procure a copy—for "love" or "money"—even with our far-famed Librarian's assistance.

Lowndes mentions Utterson's copy as fetching £2. 14s. as far back as 1852; *now*, it is simply not to be had at all.

I have been at some trouble to gather together from various sources, public and private, the following collection of Posie Mottoes; I trust that

"De Garland of De Sette of Odd Volumes"
may be deemed a fitting and not altogether uninteresting "finale" to my first Opusculum, now offered to the members of the Sette.

J. R. B.

THE following "Poesies" are reprinted from "THE CARD OF COURTSHIP," or the Language of Love, fitted to the Humours of all Degrees, Sexes, and Conditions, made up of all sorts of curious and ingenious Dialogues, Pithy and pleasant Discourses, Eloquent and Witty Letters, Delicious Songs and Sonnets, Fine Fancies, Harmonious Odes, Sweet Rhapsodies. London. Printed by *J. C.* for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are sold at his shop at the signe of the Princes Arms in *St. Paul's Churchyard*. 1653.

Poesies for Rings.

Thou art my star }
Be not irregular. }

Without thy love
I backward move.

Thine eyes so bright
Are my chiefe light.

This intimates
True lovers states.

My life is done
When thou art gone.

This hath no end, my sweetest friend
Our loves be so, no ending know.

Poesies for Bracelets.

As love gives light to every part
So this gives life unto my heart.
This chastly lies and lives with me
Oh that I might do so with thee.

Another.

How might I triumph in my bliss
If love were where my bracelet is.
For then should love do no such harm
To wring my heart, but wreath my arm.

VARIOUS POSIE MOTTOES—

(with probable period).

Henry VI.

Till deithe depart

Never newe

‘Til my live’s end.

Henry VIII.

Yours in harte

Lette lykinge laste

God send me well to kepe.

Elizabeth.

In God is all mi trost.
Godly love will not remove.
Love intire is our desire.
Gods decree well playseth me.
I like my choyse.
Your frind till death.
Love God.
Fear God and fly sinne.

Charles I.

Seithe God hathe wrought this change in }
thee }
So frame thyself to comfourth me.

Charles I. (continued).

Prepare to follow me.

I will ever love the giver.

Kepe faith till death.

United harts death only parts.

Charles II.

In God above we zoyne our love.

We zoyne our harts in God.

As God decreed zo we agreed.

Knit in one by Christ alone.

As God hath apoynted I am contented.

Gods blessing be on mee and thee.

Now have I my desiar on earthe.

A true friends gift.

Charles II. (continued).

Love is the bond of peace.

Providence Devine hath made thee mine.

Live in Loue.

My hart and I untill I dy.

I chuse not to change.

Let reason rule affection.

In God above and Christe his Sonne

We two are joynd both in one.


Who feares the Lord are blest, wee see

Such thow and I grant may bee.

As I in thee have made my choyce

So in the Lord let us rejoyce.

As I expect so let me find

A faithfull  and constant mind.

James II.

God above keep us in love.

Feare God and love thy choice.

I have obtained, who God ordained.

This God can do, make one of two.

God hath appoynted, be contented.

God did foresee we should agree.

Our contract was heavens act.

I like my choyse too well to change.

Let vertue be thy guide.

As gold is pure let love endure.

Let us share in joy and care.

Vertue passeth riches.

Continue constant in Love.

James II. (continued).

You and I will lovers dye.

Continue in love, and constant prove.

God for me appointed thee.

Where hearts agree, there God will be.

In Gods decree, well pleased are wee.

To love and peace, God gives increase.

No foo (? t) can move a fixed love.

What we intended God hath ended.

When this you see remember me.

God above send peace and love.

Anne.

The God of Heaven give us everlasting love.

My heart my dear to thee I give }
To be kept by thee whilst we live }

Anne (continued).

Time shall tell I love thee well.

No joy, to hearts content.

No riches like content.

The God of peace our love increase.

Lets live in love and fear the Lord.

Happy in thee hath God made me.

Let vertue bee a guid to thee.

As God of two hath made but one

Zoe none shall part but God alone

God alone made us two one

George I.

Mine eye did see my heart did choose

True love shall bind till death doth loose

In thee my choice I do rejoyce.

I am thy lot, refuse me not.

George I. (continued).

In Christ and thee my joy shall be.

God above increase our love.

To thee my love I'll constant prove.

Hearts content, cannot repent.

In Christ and thee my comfort be.

In thy sight is my delight.

A loving wife a happy life.

God hath sent my hearts content.

I cannot show the love I O.

In unity lets live and dye.

In God above we two are one.

God did decree our unitie.

Gods Providence is my inheritance.

In love abide till death divide.

George I. (continued).

All born to live and live to love.

Love and live happy.

I fancy none but thee alone.

Let not absence banish love.

God alone made us two one.

In Christ alone we two are one.

First love Christ that died for thee }
 Next to Him love none but me }

A faithful wife preserveth life.

In God and thee my joy shall be.

George II.

A good start in life is a virtuous wife.

Contented with my choice.

Our love no fate, shall separate.

George II. (continued).

I live and like my choice.

Let reason rule affection.

Fear the Lord and rest content }
So shall we live and not repent }

Various Posie Mottoes.

Not the value but my love.

We are one with God alone.

The gift and the giver are thine for ever.

Love me little but love me long.

For a kiss take this.

This and my heart.

Thou hast my heart, till death us part.

Let us agree.

My love is true to none but you.

Various Posie Mottoes (continued).

As sure to thee, as death to me.

Death only parts, united hearts.

As true to thee as thou to me.

Where hearts agree there God will be.

The gift is small but love is all.

Endless my love as this shall prove.

Happy in thee hath God made me.

I hold my love by God above.

God in Trinitie bless our unitie.

Let us share in joy and care.

Love never dies where vertue lies.

While I live, I love.

Love for Love.

For virtues sake, I did thee take.

Goeds intent, none can repent.

Various Posie Mottoes (continued).

God knyte our hartes in faith.

My harte is yours.

Content is a treasure.

In loving thee I love myself.

Love him who gave thee this ring of gold }
'Tis he must kiss thee when thou art old. }

Love me and I will love thee.

This and the giver are thine for ever.

This hath alloy, my love is pure.

The diamond is within.

I'll death defy e'er faith deny.

The dearest of all that I hold dear.

Never till this is dust, fail in love or trust.

Careful I'll be to comfort thee.

As true to thee as death to me.

Various Posie Mottoss (continued).

Qvod devs conivnsit homo non separet * (*sic*).

Faythe hathe no feare.

Tyme tryeth troth.

Tyme cannot destroy.

Right hand plighted, pledge of good-will.

Love never cometh too late.

Love is servant unto right.

Firme is my faithe.

The giver maketh the gift preshus.

Under this ring shalt thou conquer.

I love thee best.

Mon cor plesor (My hearts delight).

Sans vilenie (without baseness).

Let us love, like turtle dove.

God saw thee, most fit for me.

* Poesy of Sir Thomas Gresham (1554).

By the courtesy of JOHN EVANS, Esq., F.R.S., D.C.L., of Nash Mills, Hemel Hempstead, I have been favoured with the following list of Posie Mottoes from rings in his possession. The collection is so unique and of such exceptional interest, that I print it entire, at the risk of repeating some of the mottoes already given. My acknowledgments are also due to Mrs. Evans, to whom I would offer my sincere thanks for preparing this list for me during the absence of Dr. Evans from home; it is through this graceful act on her part that I am enabled to embody it into "Ye Garland of ye Sette of Odd Volumes."

J. R. B.

August, 1883.

All for Love.

All I refues
and thee i chus (silver).

A Loving Wife
prolongeth Life.

A mind content
canot repent.

A token of my love.

A token sent
with true intent.

A true friends guift.

A vertuous wife
preserveth life.

Advised choyse
Admits no chang-.

As endless is
My love as this.

Amorim pro amore Cupio (*sic*).

Animam Deo Cor Sponsæ dedi.

As God saw fitt
our Knott is Knitt.

I. S. E. W.

As god decreed
so wee agreed.

As gold is puer
let love Indure.

As I love thee
so love thou mee.

As trewe to me
as i to thee.

Bee true in heart.

By this my love presented is
I MA.

Christ & thee
my comfort be.

Content indeed
doth gold exceed.

Content's a treasure.

‡ CONTINEW ‡ CONSTANT ‡

‡ CONTINEW FAITHFVLL


Death only parts
united hearts.

Direct our waies
lord all our daies.

Desire hath noe rest.

Ever true
my Dear to you.

Every condition
Grace doth swetten.

Far apart
yet nigh in 

Feare god only (silver)

Fear God and love me
Feare God and love thy chosce.

^B
G M

Fortune of War.

God above
continue our love.

God above
increase our love.

God above
Keep us in love.

God alone
made us two one.

God above
unite our love.

God's Blesing be
on thee and me.

God continue our love.

God alone my love hath shown.

God's decree
well pleseth me.

God be a guide
to thee my Bride.

God for me
apointed thee.

God bless for ever
us two together.

God gives increase
to love and peace.

God did decree
our unity.

God hath sent
my ♥ content.

God's intent
none can prevent.

God's decree
fulfilled have we.

God's providence
is our inheritance.

God saw fitt
this knott to knitt.

God knyt our hartes in faith.

God's intent none can prevent.

Godly love
will not remove.

Godliness is great gaine.

Good Lord, abide
To us a guide ^U_Is

God hath me sent
my harts content.

God hath for me
ordained the ^E_R^B 1739.


Happy in thee
hath God made me.

Happy pair
That faithfull are.

Hearts united
live contented.

Hearts content
cannot repent.

Heaven is my happyness.

Hurt not yt 
 whose joy thou art

✦ I ✦ AM ✦ YOVRES ✦
 E G.

I am blacke but comely.

I bid adue
 to all but you.

I am his that gave me this.

I have obtained
 what God ordained.

I have obtaine
 home God ordained.

✦ I ✦ JOYE ✦ IN ✦ GOD ✦
 I joye in god.

I joy to find
 a constant mind.

I like my choyce
to well to change.

I love and like my choice.

I owe this ring thy love to win E H.

I vow to God and you.

I will ever
love the giver.

I sorrow in silens.

I wish no chainge.

In Christ alone
we two are one.

In constancy
let's live and dy.

In God and thee
my joy shall be.

In thy brest
my hart doth rest.

In thy sight
is my delight.

If in thy love thou constant bee
My heart shall never part from thee.

IF THIS THEN ME.

If love you baer for me this wear
In unity let's live and dye.

JAMES AND AMELIA LOVE.

Joyned in one
by Christ alone.

Keepe Promiss.

Keepe Faith till Death.

Knit in one
by Christ alone.

Let's live and die
in unity.

Let God above
increase our love.

Let love abide
till death divide.

Let love increse.

Let no Calamitye
seperate amitie.

Let patience be thy pennance.

Let virtue be thy guide.

Let liking last (silver).

Let vertue be
a guide to thee.

Let wisdum bee thy gide.

Let us share
in Joy and Care.

Let your life
show your love.

Like this my love
shall endless prove.

Live in love and fear the Lord ^W_{R T}

Live in Love (silver).

Love and live happy.

Love as I or else I dye.

Love and fear God.

Love him in heart

whose joy thou Art.

Love ever not the guift
but the giver.

Love is the bond of peace.

Love loves no chainge.

Love that is pure
wil endure.

LOVE SERVE AND OBEY.

Lite to requite (enamel).

My harte is your.

My love ^{A N} to thee shall ever bee.

Make God above
thy greatest love.

My beloved is mine
and I am his.

My care shall be
to honour thee.

My heart and I
untill I die.

My love shall last
til life be past.

My promise past
shall ever last.

No heart so true
as mine to you.

Noe treasure to a true frinde
Noe treasure to content.

|| O A ||

No riches like content
No riches so content (bronze).

No joy to content.

No cute to unkindness.

Not the vallue
but my love.

O Lord us bless
with happyness.

One to one
is sport alone.

Only death
shall separat love.

Perfect love
is from above.

Rather dy
than faith deny.

Rather die
than faith denie (silver).

“Remember him who dyed for thee
and after him remember me.”

Remember youer freind.

Respect is dew only to you.

Seeing God hath joyned
us two together,
Lets live in love
and serve him ever. }

Sis eadem in utraq, Fortuna.

The gift is small
ye love is all.

The God of peace
true love increase.

The Lord our Righteousness.

The Lord us bless
with good succis.

Thoe many thought us two to sever
Yet God hath joyned us two together.

Thy virtue is thy honor.

Thought absent yet constant.


Time shall tell
j love thee well.

To God's decree we both agree.

True in hart till death us depart.

Twass God to thee directed me.

Two but one hart
till death us depart.

Two  soe tide let none devide.

United hearts death only parts.

Vertue ganeth glory.

Vertue gaineth glory.

Virtue paseth riches.

Virtue passeth riches.

Wheare vertue lyes
love never dies.

When this you see
remember mee.

Wome God as assinted (? apinted)
I am contented.

Whilst life is mine
my love is thine.

For a kis
take this.

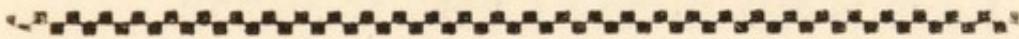
Yours am I assuredly.

Yf fortune will I shall.

Yours onli.

Your loving Frend
Till deth us end.

Your true friend am I
assuredly.



ROBERT DAY, Jun., Esq., F.S.A., of Cork, has very kindly sent me a list of Poesies from rings in his collection. I select the following :—

A merry heart, puts by all Smart.

As you yous me, you shall finde me.

As I proue, I wish your loue.
 Condem Hm̄ not bvt lve Hm̄ in
 For KINDNES that before HATH BIN.
 God for ever bless us together.
 I long to be made one with thee.
 I wish to thee as to myself.
 If not, how then.
 Ile constant prove to the my love.
 Keepe vertue still within thy will.
 Let vartu be Gide to the.
 Love is the thinge I wish to winne.
 Let us live in Love and sarue the Lord
 above.
 + Love fixt on vertue lasteth.
 My Love and I till death deuide E· B ≡
 L M I.
 Noe recompence but love ^P_{E.E.}

Not valeu but vertv.

Not a truer heart alive.

Never forget me.

Not a truer ♥ alive.

Not that in mee but bowes to thee.

Qui Dedit se Dedit \bar{A} M.

+ To Hartes in one.

The Yock of Love is swieth.

When [*two hearts*] unite the loue is right.

Don Damy.

A Friend to the end.

This gentleman also mentions an old house at Cork, which has the following quaint inscription on it :—

THY SUGRED . NAME O LORDE ENGRAVE
WITHIN MY BREST.

SITH . THEREIN DOTH CONSIST MY WEAL
AND ONELIE REST.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Esq., of the *Bath Herald and Express*, writes me that Posey Rings were worn by the Bath fish-women at the very early part of the last century: he adds, "A custom peculiar to this section of our local ladies."

He had lately seen one "exactly like the ordinary wedding ring, but exceptionally heavy and massive, and the wearer, by its size, must indeed have been 'a Bonnie Fish-wife'; it was engraved inside in the old-fashioned court hand then in vogue as follows:—

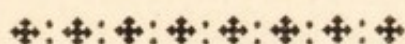
" ' My eyes did find, my heart made choice
Of her who makes me now rejoice.' "



“There is Divinity in Odd Numbers.”—*Shakespeare.*

Ye Sette of Ye Odd Volumes.

July 16, 1883.



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