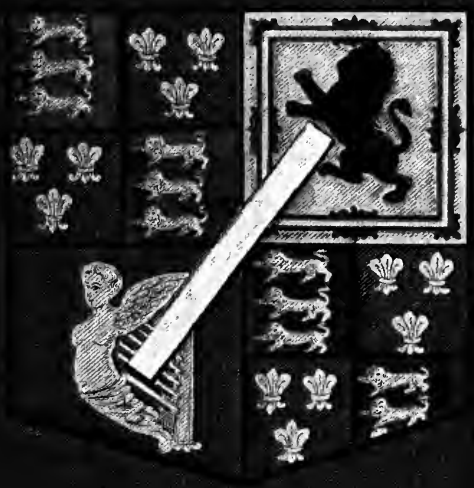
DAME HERALDRY



DAME HERALDRY

BY

F. S. W.

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CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

DAME HERALDRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE WHO SUGGESTED THE BOOK.

YES, it is a lively American group of boys and girls, that family which I have in my mind just at this moment. It goes without saying that they love mischief, and when they are not as busy as bees at school, they are just as busy at something else at home. They are such voracious readers of Wide Awake that the head of the house, in order to keep the covers on the books, or the leaves inside the covers, is obliged to subscribe for no less than three sets a year! Of course, all who have their wits sufficiently advanced belong to the Chautauqua Young Folk's Reading Union. But they are not only members of this association, every one of them follows all the hobbies afloat in the play-ground or the school-room. They are collecting the coin of the realm, past, present, and to be, and make the life of a good-hearted cousin in the distant region of Hong Kong a burden by their many pleas for specimens of the legal tender of that country. Furthermore, they have caught the postage-stamp mania, and the oldest boy, who possesses literary aspirations, has begun to exhibit stray autographs of various local celebrities, led off by a gorgeous card from the executive mansion itself, on which it is easy to read the name of our august President. Nothing would induce him to divulge the way in which this treasure was ob-

tained. My unqualified admiration of such a great feather in his cap led to the bringing forth by a little sister of some hidden treasures peculiar to herself.

"Oh, that's Polly's latest craze! You see, last winter, grandma gave a big party, and *R. S. V. P.'d* all the invitations. Polly saved every note that came, and cut off the seals, and all the what-you-call-'em's at the top. Now, every time mamma gets a letter Polly has to have a look at it, and then, if it is aristocratic, snip go the scissors."

"No, I don't, either," protested poor Polly, confusedly; "anyhow, the only reason you don't take the postage-stamps is because they are only just the everlasting two-cent fellows. Besides, the best ones never came from grandma's party — they were most all nothing but letters, queer little ducks and cut-off arms, and such things, but Ettie McCormick and I sent to England for these beauties, just where Ettie's cousin bought hers, and we got lovely little pictures. The store is in London, somewhere on Pickaninny Street —"

"O ho! O ho! did they dance the double shuffle there, and steal chickens? — Pickaninny, oh, my!"

"Well, it sounded just like that, and who was it called the twelve patriarchs the twelve partridges yesterday morning at prayers, I'd just like to know?"

So we looked at the little English crests and coats-of-arms that Polly hoarded with so much care, and I asked the children what the little crowned hearts and diagonal bars, the golden *fleur-de-lys*, and the rampant lions meant. They studied the enigmatical mixture of lions and animals for some moments, and shook their heads, one young hopeful declaring that all they meant was that the people

who had them thought they were better than the people who hadn't. The big brother covered the humiliation of his ignorance by declaring that Americans ought not to know anything about such things; we were all equals, etc.

"Not too fast, little people," said the father, just coming in; "even our republic, with all its scorn of titles and insignia, shows a trace, after all, of the old heraldic spirit. Which of you can tell me where that trace is, and what it is?"

As nobody seemed to know, he asked them if the United States had a coat-of-arms, or not. The big brother recovered himself, and the spread eagle was quickly displaying his wings and the shield on its breast in all its glory before us. The motto, too, was given, but when some one asked what it signified, although the English rendering was echoed by a chorus of voices, no one but the father could tell the history of its origin.

"The shield is rather pretty," said the father; "tell me what it means, and why we chose it?" No one knew. "Ah, ha," was the paternal rejoinder; "it seems to me that although you may not care much for the plumes in your neighbors' hats, it would be as well for you to understand what your country itself has chosen as a proper adornment. It was on the very day when the Declaration of Independence was signed and read, that wise old Dr. Franklin, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Thomas Jefferson were appointed by the eminent men of the land, then gathered together in Philadelphia, to put their worthy heads together and concoct a device for the Great Seal of the United States of America, or, in other words, to originate a coat-of-arms that should satisfy the needs of the new-born Republic, and by which she might be distinguished amidst her sister nations.

There happened at that time to be in this country a French West Indian named Simitier, who knew how to cut silhouette portraits, — a kind of artistic production then very fashionable. He could also paint miniatures and execute rather pretty water-colors. Upon him did these good patriots fall, insisting that he must help them in their exigency. The shield which, after much labor, he produced, was one divided into six quarters. Dr. Franklin's eye glanced disapprovingly over it. Such European fol-de-rol did not please him. He would prefer to see a representation of the grand Old Testament warrior, Moses, in his well-known position on the shores of the Red Sea, with his staff uplifted and the affrighted waters gaping before him. This for one side of the shield, and on the other should be engraved Pharaoh and his iniquitous hosts gasping their lives away in the rushing waves of the returning sea. Mr. Adams, who now gave his attention to the design, was one of the remaining two that prevented the committee from being a one-man power. He thought as slightingly of Moses as a typical American subject as he scorned the thoroughly European incongruity of the West Indian. He had a classical taste, and thought of the choice of Hercules, where the hero rests on his club, with Virtue standing beside him, pointing persuasively towards a mountain up which it seems his duty to ascend, and Sloth lies at his feet, trying to persuade him to tread the flowery walks of pleasure with her. Then Mr. Jefferson — he had his individual views on the subject, and did not hesitate to express his disapprobation of all the above suggestions. He looked, however, with greater favor upon the Scriptures as a mine of suggestion, than upon the entire realm of mythology, and thought the children of Israel, who marched through the wilderness with their Baedeker

in the shape of a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, as not a bad idea for the prominent side of the seal. For the other side, it would please him to see Hengist and Horsa, from whom it is claimed we are descended. Jefferson seems to have had more decided notions upon this subject than did his two companions, and it was finally decided that he should solve the difficulty alone. He therefore made a design, thoroughly satisfactory, no doubt, to himself, but, unfortunately, the unreasonable nation for whom it was drawn showed itself critical, and the design was not accepted. Three years later two gentlemen from Virginia and one from Georgia were appointed to struggle as best they could with this question. The result of their deliberations was a new design, quite different from all those which had preceded it. Congress took it, looked and frowned. It was evident that what she wanted she did not know, but just as evident was it that what she did not want she also knew. Three more years went by, and a new committee was formed. They toiled and worked, but could not find it within them to do better than their predecessors. Congress now grew cross, and in a fit of desperation bade its secretary put an end to the matter if he could; if not, the country would set an example to all other nations by doing without a seal. This good secretary was of a hopeful temperament, and, calling to his assistance the talents of a friend in Philadelphia, he succeeded in producing what he was sure would please the demands of his exacting master. Congress had thought herself ready to adopt any device that might be forthcoming; but, alas for the hopes of the sanguine secretary! she found she could greet this sketch with no greater warmth than she had done the many others. Fortunately, the courage of the commit-

tee was equal to the occasion, and a final drawing for a seal was produced, that, with some modifications, was adopted. The motto, E Pluribus Unum, was the suggestion of Jefferson, and appeared in his early design. He took it from a Latin poem called 'Moretum,' written by Virgil. The poem is a vivid description of the early meal of an Italian peasant, and in it little descriptions of his early life are given. 'Moretum' is a kind of pottage or salad, made of herbs, that the peasant, with his servants, mixes before the break of day, grinding all the ingredients together with a pestle.

"So much for the seal as we look at it. And now for the signification of the various devices that form the seal. The designers took two of what England calls her noblest 'ordinaries,' or marks, the 'chief,' or upper third of the shield, and the vertical lines, or 'pales.' The pale is repeated thirteen times, and represents the thirteen original States, all of which join together in supporting the chief. This chief unites them all and represents Congress. Congress, naturally, preserves the union of the States, but what would become of this august body were it not upheld by the States? The colors, too, are significant, white representing purity, and red valor. The chief is blue, and that means vigilance, besides many other noble qualities. As for the eagle, upon whose breast the escutcheon is placed, that noble bird is to show that the American Republic must depend upon itself, and upon itself alone. In one claw it holds the olive-branch of peace, and in the other the arrows of war. The crest above the eagle's head is a constellation, and shows that a new state is taking its place among the older powers. The reverse of the Great Seal is a pyramid, but this is never used.

"But," continued the father, "it is not alone upon our great National Seal that heraldry in her queer republican dress manages to get introduced to our good American society. You can see her asserting herself in a much more conspicuous manner elsewhere. Indeed, she is doing so this very moment upstairs in our garret."

"Never!" chorused the indignant children.

"Ah, but she is. Wasn't it only last Fourth of July, in the evening, that I saw you roll up our great flag and tuck it away in some trunk of your mother's in the attic? To be sure, you did so, and you know how carefully you folded it, and how proud you are of it; and now I wonder if any one of this good family who think that 'the best part of an aristocracy lies under the ground,' can tell me where those beloved stars and stripes were found, and for what reason we selected them as the emblems for our national flag?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," piped Polly's pet sister; "I know: —

"'When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!'"

"That was a very beautiful fancy of Mr. Drake's," said the father, as he kissed her flushed cheek, "I am very glad that my little girl has already learned one of the jewels of our American

poetry, but I am afraid the idea is only a fancy. The fact is, we are displaying, actually displaying, some of old England's cast-off glory! Our stars and our stripes, altered a little, to be sure, to meet the needs of the occasion, come from the old Washington coat-of-arms."

Washington's Book Plate.

At this the whole family of seven children sat upright, stiff and scarlet. Nothing but the fact that the word of their father was a sort of second Bible to them, and that his person, if no one else's, was to be held in reverence, prevented an explosion of violent and vigorous denial.

"Nothing but old English stars, after all," moaned sister number one; "I don't think they are half as pretty now as I did before."

"Why, children," laughed their mother, "what shall we do with you? Your very name is as English as Johnny MacGregor's is Scotch, and yet I have never heard one of you suggest that your father should travel down to Springfield and get our dignified body of legislators to alter it to a thoroughly good, indigenous American name. But it isn't too late to do that even yet, and until the next session begins you can be revolving the pros and cons of such good surnames as Mr. Young Man not Afraid, or Mr. Swift Moccasons, or some other appropriate Indian names."

"I hadn't thought of that," said the middle boy, reflectively, "most of our names are English, aren't they. I guess Johnny MacGregor hadn't either, when we were teasing him yesterday about the lilies and the roses."

"What was that," asked the mother.

"Why, don't you know it, mamma,

> "'The lilies may fade and their white petals droop,
> The rose from its stem may sever,
> The thistle and shamrock together may die,
> But the stars, they shall shine on forever.'"

"He did think of it, too," savagely burst in the pet sister. "Just after you left, Sam McPherson stuck his hands in his pockets and said he was a bigger Briton than any MacGregor ever was, besides being born an American too. Johnny looked just as mad as could be and turning his nose up at him, said our whole nation wasn't anything more than just a pack of poor relations, third or fourth-rate cousins, who as soon as they got a little money ran straight back to the old country, and fawned around and cringed about for a little recognition at the doors of their rich relatives."

"Oh, awful!" chimed in all the children.

"Whatever truth there may be in what Johnny's blunt Scotch tongue has said," remarked the father, with some gravity, "I hope none of my boys tried to equal him in lack of courtesy."

"No, we didn't," said the second brother, "but I am afraid it was not because we wouldn't have done so if only we could have thought up something pat and true to say."

"Oh, Joe, I don't know about that," corrected truthful little Polly. "I am sure I heard you say something about the poor relation slamming their doors on these rich cousins one day at Yorktown."

"Maybe I did, but that was just the solemn truth. I do wish, Peggy, you didn't have such sharp ears, and that you didn't tell things in such a queer way. It sounds just as though I meant —

well, as though I meant to say something not just — you know." But the laugh was on Joe, and it was not until quiet was restored that the father proceeded to tell them that "it was not long after the Declaration of Independence had startled royal George the Third, as he sat in the English studio of the great portrait-painter Benjamin West, that Congress announced as its dictum that henceforth the flag of the United States of America should consist of thirteen stripes, alternate, red and white, with a canton, or square, of blue, in the right-hand upper corner, dotted with thirteen shining stars, a constellation. John Adams is said to have suggested the constellation of Lyra, which is formed of thirteen stars, as the most appropriate representation for our little cluster of states; not only because of the coincidence in number, but also for the reason that the lyre in the hands of Orpheus signified harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edge of the old Covenanters' banner in Scotland, and in our flag meant the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression. The stars were arranged in the form of a ring, which, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, symbolized eternity. Our English cousins, however, do not always read the meaning that we give to our stars and stripes. Some years ago, when Campbell was one of the brightest of Britain's poets, he wrote this: —

"'United States! your banner wears
Two emblems — one of fame,
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars,
But what's the meaning of your stripes —
They mean your negroes' scars.'

"As this was a rather unfamiliar reading of our American symbol, and rather distasteful withal, it cannot be said that Mr. Campbell's verse received a very cordial greeting on this side of the Atlantic. Before long a reply was sent back to the audacious poet, fashioned in this way: —

"'England! whence came each glowing hue
That tints your flag of meteor light —
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with moonbeams' pearly white!
The blood and bruise — the blue and red —
Let Asia's groaning millions speak,
The white, it tells of color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek! —'

"The retort courteous was taken in good part by Campbell, and a very magnificent set of his works was forthwith sent to the doughty champion of the maligned flag.

"Two rather curious alterations are noticed in regard to the use in our own country of the stars and stripes. On our banner the stars are five-pointed, and on our coins the points are six. It is possible that the designer of our coins came from the continent, whilst that of our flag was one of England's children. Then in the arrangement of our stripes; for many years before the civil war the North always displayed the flag with the larger number of the stripes in red, while in the South white was the predominating color. Besides these two fields, the seal and the flag, in which Heraldry shows a trace of relationship with our Republic, each State permits her to claim it in a special way with itself. Each State has its own seal or coat-of-arms, and although some of these seals show a remarkable disregard for all known laws of heraldry, and are really

quite sufficient to lay this 'Fair Queen of Science' in her tomb, she still lives, and each State clings to the original symbol adopted. The seal of Maryland does not suffer so much from the ridicule of English heraldists as do some of the others, it being embellished with the shield of Lord Baltimore. Massachusetts, too, is allowed to escape with but little criticism, as it is associated with the memories of the good Sir Algernon Sidney, who, during his life, was so warm and true a friend of the Colony. The others, however, especially of such recent States as Oregon and Kansas, tax the powers of description and the self-restraint of English heralds to the utmost. One ambitious herald endeavors to describe the Kansas coat-of-arms in pure heraldic terms, — for you must know that heraldry has a language of its own, — and succeeds in this way —"

"Now, father," interrupted the oldest daughter, "you mustn't; my dearest friend at school comes from Topeka, in Kansas, and I couldn't, I just couldn't, with any sense of honor, listen to a single word that would hurt her feelings."

CHAPTER II.

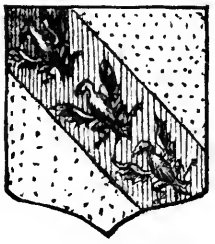
CRUSADER LEGENDS.

In this way the evening's talk kept on until the little heads disappeared to hobnob with the pillows of their beds, and it occurred to me that, after all, perhaps this "corpse of the feudal ages," this institution of heraldry, brilliant with memories of tournaments and hard-won victories, might interest even the stalwart republican minds of our non-reverencing boys and girls. "Feudal corpse" as it is called, not only the Englishman, but the American, pays a very pretty annual sum for keeping it properly embalmed.

An English boy, whose father seals his letters with a noble crest or an ancient coat-of-arms, knows that for the privilege of so doing a guinea goes yearly into the heraldic exchequer; and if his mother fancies to ride abroad in her own coach, upon the panels of which the same old heirloom shines, then, instead of one guinea, two must pay the tax. America does none of this; she can fling such money-making laws a defiance, as with great republican serenity she did some years ago, when Mr. Crampton of England was the British ambassador to America. His coach, brought from England, met with some slight mishap, and was despatched to a carriage-builder who plied his trade in the American capital. Not many weeks after the coach had been repaired and returned, the ambassador had occasion to step again into the factory, and there, to his amazement, he beheld a number of buggies, coaches, and wagons, all bearing his

own ornamental coat-of-arms! When careful scrutiny had satisfied him that the device was his very own, his British blood rose, and his British tongue was quick to inquire how this happened. Was he to be the recipient of a munificent and unexpected gift? "I reckon not, sir," was the careless reply, "you see, when your carriage was here, some of our customers admired the pattern of your arms, and concluded to have them painted on their own carriages!" But though America gets rid of the tax-gatherer, she doesn't escape the herald's grasp entirely. She must pay her share in the cost of the myrrh, frankincense, and all sweet spices. This she does when her merchant princes, travelling throughout the length and breadth of Europe, feel a sense of lack that nothing but a call upon the College of Arms in London can relieve. With fifty dollars bright and yellow, as good a coat-of-arms can be procured as the wits and fancy of the college can contrive; or, if with a name that answers to any of Great Britain's lords, he chooses to say that "all Stuarts are cousin to the king," he can get his claim for a few shillings well studied out, and perhaps be permitted to assume the aristocratic bearings. But in olden days, when the nobility could neither read nor write, and when prowess on the battle-field was the surest and safest stepping-stone to high honors, fair heraldry was a very different nymph from the withered and shrivelled old crone that we confess she has now become, although we don't admit that she's a corpse yet, however near we may think she is to becoming one. To shine before the eyes of their commanders called forth the highest effort of every soldier. Who could tell but that, as at Agincourt, when "every man, no matter how vile or low he be, who for the king's cause has fought and won to-day, is declared of

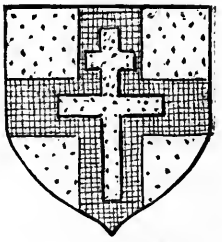
noble blood and entitled to bear arms," so any day daring and extraordinary feats of valor might once more be rewarded. To induce the devout and the soldierly element of the masses to join in the great crusading movement, Peter the Hermit was allowed to grant not only free absolution for all past and future sins, but to promise that if a soldier in those holy wars should chance to slay an infidel, then such soldier should, oh, joy unspeakable, be declared noble, and permitted to assume for himself whatever device he might select. To commemorate the noble deeds which gave birth to such coats-of-arms, the children of these heroes of the battle-field treasured with intense pride the devices thus chosen. Many and bitter were the feuds engendered in later years by similar arms appearing upon the shields of stranger knights. The legendary origin of these crusading arms was as dear as an untainted name to their owners; and, while mixed with much that is purely imaginary, still these traditions have been handed down for many generations from father to son, until what is true and what is false cannot be distinguished. Should any of our boys and girls, after reading these tales, chance to visit the old tilting-grounds across the sea, I think they would find their enjoyment of the journey in no degree lessened by a knowledge of these treasured remnants of an old heroic age. And these legends, that, despite the sneers and scoffs of the unstoried, practical genius of the day, have been so carefully treasured in Europe by the posterity of the bold and victorious ancestors who fought in Palestine — they are "as plenty as dog-tails." Amongst them is the story told by



Lorraine.

the old French house of Lorraine. It claims that Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Crusader king of Jerusalem, had with him a notable monk, an ancestor of this house, who was one day sadly in need of a quill with which to put his signature to some military document. No quill was to be had, but the genius of Godfrey was equal to the occasion. To seize his bow, cast an eye heavenward, and there with his piercing glance to descry, flying over David's Tower in Jerusalem, three eagles, or alerions, as they were then called, was but the work of a moment; to draw that bow, and send an arrow swiftly speeding eaglewards took but a moment more, and before his illustrious followers could fairly wink their eyes, or the birds know what had struck them, down came the eaglets spitted, one above the other, upon the royal arrow. A full supply for the entire army lay at his feet, and as he plucked the one required for the friar's use, he announced that henceforth, as his coat-of-arms, the monk should display a golden shield, crossed with a red bar, and thereon three silver alerions. If this taxes your faith, dear children, don't believe the story. Somebody has sagely remarked that it was not, after all, Godfrey de Bouillon who drew the long bow, but the person who first told the tale! I dare say that when I tell you that the word alerion is really a very pretty anagram of the word Lorraine you will easily understand me. The prosaic heraldists of to-day who call heraldry a corpse, and turn up their noses at our pretty fairy-like tales, insist that it was on this account that the arms were chosen. The English tell a tale to match it, and show us the arms of the Count de Vesey, of Ireland. This family, without the least scruple of conscience, inform us that although they were at one time barons of Northumberland, and

are very proud of that connection, they can prove a much older and nobler pedigree than the Northumberland barons could show. Indeed, the first ancestor whom they deign to claim is Charlemagne the great, Emperor of France and of all the West. His fifth son had a son, and that son had another, who was no less brilliant a personage than our fiery Godfrey of Bouillon. Great is the satisfaction that our noble family feel in their relationship to so illustrious an individual, who "at the head of seventy thousand foot and ten thousand horse, all arrayed in complete armor and under the banners of many princes, but united under his own standard, entered Palestine to exterminate the followers of Mahomet." Jerusalem did submit, and Godfrey reigned as king. The De Veseys, as his descendants, continue to bear the patriarchal cross in memory of his glorious deeds.

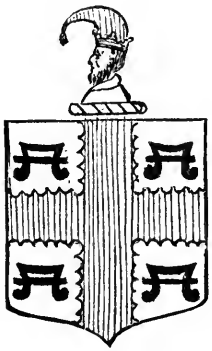


Vesey, or de Vesci.

Another legend is that told by three old French families, — the Coucis, the Longuevals, and the Chatillons. They declare that three of their ancestors were comrades in the siege of Jerusalem. One day, the weather being sultry, they were tempted to bathe in some neighboring stream, and whilst thus refreshing themselves, were startled by seeing the enemy dashing towards them. They had but a moment, but it was sufficient to enable them to seize their fur-lined velvet mantles from the river's bank, twist them about their left arms as a shield, and grasp their swords. Then, in no way affrighted, they met the Saracens, and succeeded in not only nobly defending themselves, but in vanquishing the foe. In memory of this they assumed similar coats-of-arms, with but slight variations.

Their shields were divided into six quarters. On one shield the divisions ran lengthwise, in another horizontally, and on the third diagonally. Each was in gold and vair, vair being a species of fur, about which we will hear more later.

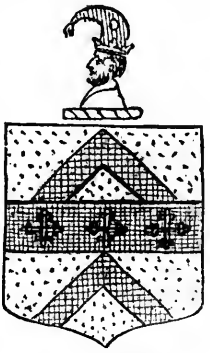
The English are quite as proud of their connection with the Crusades as the French, and the Newtons of England are not ashamed of an ancestor by marriage, a Sir Ancel Gornay, who attended Richard Cœur de Lion in his crusades, and was one of the besiegers of Ascalon. There, by his great valor, he was so successful as to capture an unlucky Moorish king. Proud, indeed, was he of this exploit, and, upon returning to his native land, he bestowed, as a crest, upon his admiring family, "a king of the Moors habited in a robe, crowned, kneeling and surrendering with his right hand his sword." The Bouchiers, too, Earls of Essex, show for their coat-of-arms a silver field, with a scalloped red cross in its centre, and a water bag, or bouget, in each corner. For a crest they have a Saracen, or, to be exact, the head of one, wearing a long cap and coronet. Should you chance to ask any of their descendants what the meaning of all this is, they would (perhaps!) invite you to accompany them to a dilapidated manor-house in Essex County, and there, in the dusky shadows of a grand old hall, they would point out, in an ancient painting that hangs upon the wall, two figures, one of which, they will tell you, is a Bouchier, long since gone to glory, but whom this picture represents as engaged in desperate conflict with the other figure. This other figure is the undoubted representation of a pagan king, and



Bouchier. Essex.

the royal infidel is evidently being very much worsted in the combat; the triumphant expression of the good knight Bouchier, who, for "the truth of Christ," is doing such valiant work, assures us that the Saracen will speedily be vanquished. Since the time of this contest they continue to display the head of the infidel as their crest, and at the same time they have also assumed the surname of Bouchier, or butcher! Undesirable as such an honorable appellation may appear to us, their adopting it was consistent with an ancient signification which it possessed. It was given to all great heroes, and was considered a glorious surname. I think, however, we will not begrudge the Bouchiers their claim to this distinction, and be satisfied with whatever humble cognomen chance may have been so good as to give us.

Another Crusader legend ornaments the escutcheon of the Earls of Orford. They also owe their crest to the holy wars. One of their worthy ancestors, Sir John de Robsart, was a Knight of the Garter and a Knight Banneret. He took part in the Hungarian crusade, some time in 1300, and was one of the most noted military commanders of the day. So soldierly was his bearing, and so great was his military skill during this crusade, that Richard II. gave "his beloved and faithful knight" a sum of money out of his own revenue and replaced the crest that he at that time displayed — the Wheel of St. Catharine — by one of these extremely popular crests, the head of a Saracen. These Saracen heads, which you will so frequently notice in English coat-of-arms were probably assumed by their owners many years after the incidents with which they are connected had taken place.



Walpole, Earl of Orford.

CHAPTER III.

AUGMENTATIONS.

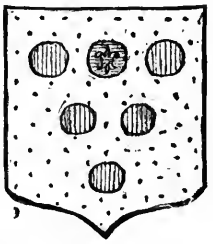
AMONGST the Italian tales connected with the Crusades is that of Otho Visconti, one of the early lords of Milan, and Duke of Lombardy. He acquired the device that now shines in the coat-of-arms belonging to both the city of Milan and the Province of Lombardy during the illustrious Holy Wars. A huge Saracen, beside whose Goliath-like form Otho appeared as little greater than a grasshopper, met him in deadly conflict. The Saracen of course was conquered, or we shouldn't have the tale to relate, and Otho took the enemy's shield, which was a serpent crowned and devouring a child, from him, and adopted it as his own. It was in this and similar ways that many of the early shields originated.

Visconti.

But when such arms became universal with knights, and their insignia grew to be as well known as their very names, the question arose as to what could be done by the leaders to stimulate the loyalty and valor of their followers. To accomplish this, many were the princely grants of land and rich annuities which grateful kings showered upon their loyal subjects when unusual deeds of self-devotion to their country and their king demanded recognition.

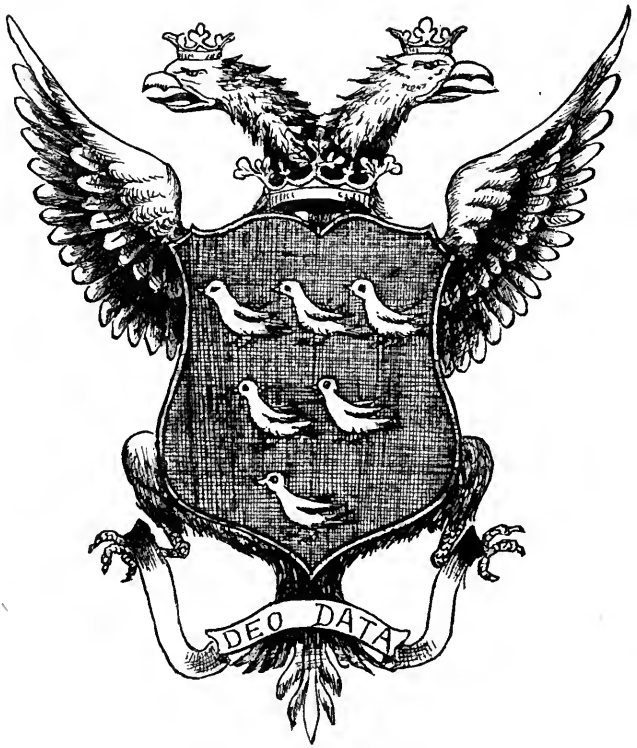
But no reward was more highly prized by the flower of English nobility than was the gift of what is called "An Augmentation."

An augmentation is some little ornament, a rose, perhaps, or a dagger, a star, a lily, or, at the very most, a lion from the shield of England, or the Tressure from the Scottish shield. These were royal arms, and the permission to display them on their own shield, with some little change from their original form, was an honor of the highest degree. Sometimes these augmentations were given to foreigners by sovereigns of various countries, in recognition of some act of marked merit. Even Cosmo de Medici, the most illustrious of the great Florentine family of that name, was proud to add a sixth bezant, or shall we call it polka dot, to the five already on his shield, when this bezant was decorated with the royal arms of France. The right to bear this was given to Cosmo by the French king, as a tribute to the wisdom and genius displayed by Cosmo in the conduct of Florentine affairs. Another case was that of the warlike Arundel of Wardour. Rudolph of Germany bestowed upon him, as a mark of high favor, the right to display the Royal Eagle of Germany. He also made him a count of the Roman Empire, as a recognition of his courageous conduct against the Turks. When he returned to England, he was desirous of taking precedence according to his German title; but the peers of England refused to acknowledge his right to do so. He insisted; and so exasperated did the nobles become that at last, in high dudgeon, they had recourse to the queen. Elizabeth, who, as the old Dutch ambassadors cautiously expressed it, "had a tongue well hung in her head," made answer that "Faithful subjects should keep their eyes at home, and not gaze upon foreign crowns; that she, for her part, did not care that they should wear a



De Medici.

stranger's mark, or dance after the whistle of every foreigner!" I am afraid, therefore, that poor Arundel of Wardour profited little by the well meant gift of the grateful German sovereign.

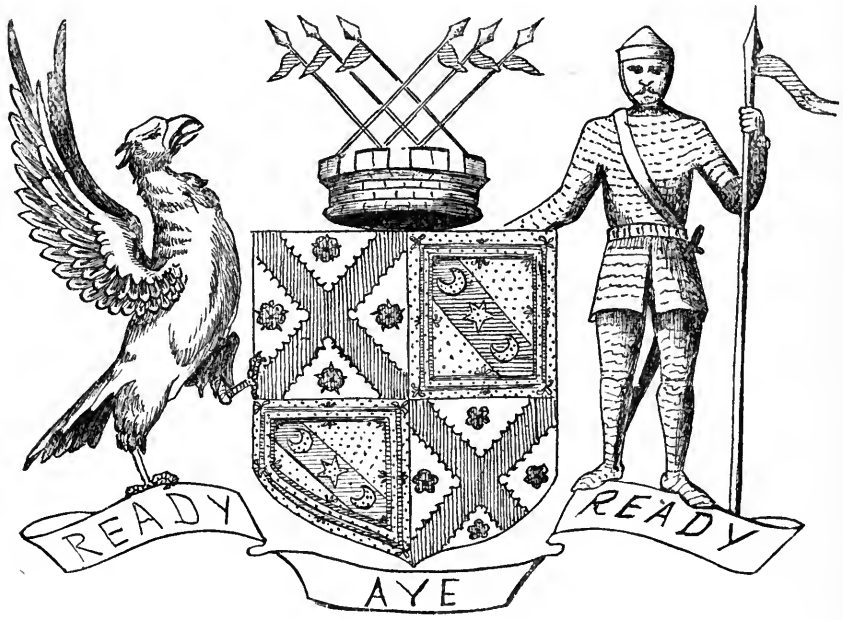


Arundel of Wardour.

Such a mark of kingly favor as that of the wreath, or tressure, of Scotland, which, if you look on the shield of the great English admiral, Lord Napier, you cannot fail to notice, is an heirloom much valued by the family possessing it. This tressure, and the crest above it, consisting of a cluster of spears rising from a fortress, were given, not to Lord Napier himself, great as his merit

was, but to a stalwart ancestor of his, Scott of Thirlestane, who carried as leal and true a Scottish heart as ever beat beneath the tartan plaid. King James of Scotland, though a young man when killed, had succeeded in making himself exceedingly unpopular with the Protestant nobility of Scotland, on account of the favors that, with lavish hand, he poured upon the Romish clergy. This he did, not only from his own inclinations, but to please his queen, Marie of Guise better known as Mary Queen of Scots. The days had grown very dark for Scotland. James, pricked on by Mary, availed himself of every pretext to annoy the English king by Border forays. And this constant state of petty warfare, added to the favor showed towards the Catholics, and the poverty withal that was everywhere visible in the Scottish kingdom, inflamed the chieftains against their sovereign. The majority of the hungry barons felt their animosity grow daily, as they saw the priestly courtiers fatten at their expense, and it was with envy that they looked upon the lot of their more fortunate southern neighbors. So it happened that when the English began to retaliate upon the Scots for the ravages committed upon the Border, and managed to force their way into the very fastnesses of suffering Scotland, and James summoned the barons to unite under his banner and expel the enemy from their land, they agreed to do so, and, with all the valor born of mountain life, were able to drive the English back. But at this moment, when the king, flushed with victory, was burning with desire to follow up his advantage by an overwhelming attack upon the English in their own country, the sullen nobles declared that all their pledges had been fulfilled, and they should return to their own castles. In vain did the king implore them to

follow him, promising a glorious victory: their hearts were already more than half given to the Protestant English king, and they withdrew coldly, all save one, loyal Scott of Thirlestane. He alone felt his heart glow with fervor for king and country, and, with true courage, boldly swore, upon his honor as a knight and faithful subject, to follow the fortunes of his king wheresoever they might

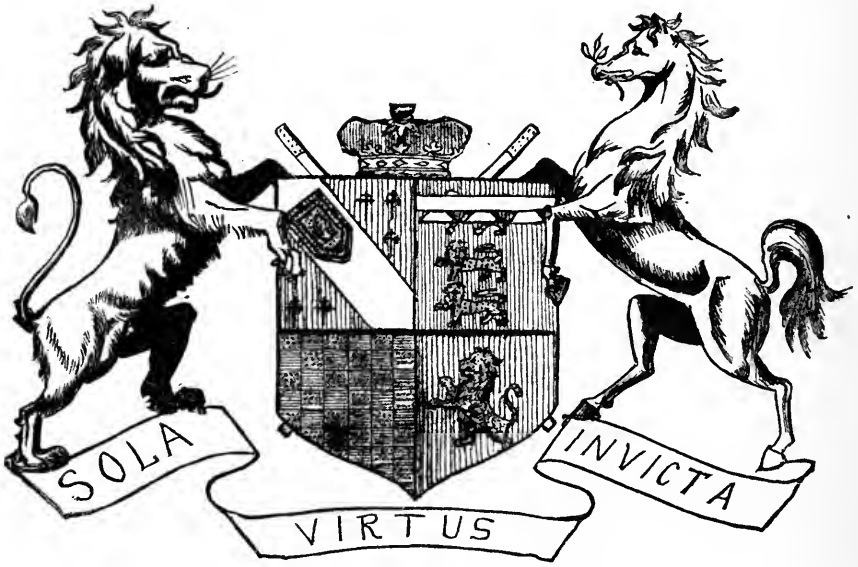


lead him, and, with his retinue of vassals, placed himself beside his humiliated master. For this he was rewarded by having the Scottish Tressure placed upon his shield, and with it received the crest of spears and the motto, "Ready, aye, ready." This coat-of-arms finally became the shield of Lord Napier, and in his name we find an added legendary interest. So exceedingly legendary is its character, however, that it is only in the darkest, deepest, least

explorable corner of the Napier heart that we find hidden the conviction that they are descended from the ancient Thanes or Stewards of Lennox, and that the reason why the name of Napier was substituted for that of Steward was a most honorable one. They whisper to one another that when King David II. of Scotland was engaged in the seemingly never-ending Border warfare with England, he at one time summoned every subject capable of bearing arms to his standard. The Earl of Lennox answered by sending his second son, with as large a following as could be spared from the castle. The chieftains thus gathered together met the enemy, but for some reason their ranks began to weaken. Donald, the son of Lennox, seeing this, dashed up to his father's standard-bearer, and, wrenching the colors from his grasp, charged the foe with such impetuosity that the tide of battle was turned, and the Scottish king was able to feel that Scotland still was his. The enemy vanquished, the king then gathered the troops together and told them that though all had done gallantly, still one amongst them stood pre-eminent, one who had "na pier," no equal! From that time up to the present moment have his descendants, with secret pride, rejoiced in the name, and made good use of the royal grants of land with which it was accompanied.

We see the Tressure on another coat-of-arms, that belonging to the noblest peer in all the realm, one who through many generations has frequently been the most beloved of kings or the most hated; and if his importance could be demonstrated in no other way, I think you might perhaps see it in his modest title, "His Grace Henry Fitzallen Howard, Fifteenth Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Surrey, Earl of Norfolk, Baron Maltravers,

Baron Fitzallen, Baron Clun, Baron Oswestry, Premier Duke and Earl next to the Blood Royal, Hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England." The present duke is now thirty-eight years old, almost a title for every year. The family is an illustrious one, and it is said that the very first augmentation given by an English king to a subject was one given to an early ancestor of this



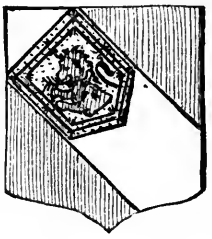
Howard, Duke of Norfolk.

house, and which consisted of the arms of Edward the Confessor. This never appears upon their shield at present, as through it much grief and sorrow befell the family, but in the honorable quarter of their shield, in the upper right hand, you will see an augmentation which has given the name of the "Bleeding Lion of Surrey" to the house. One of the ancient Howards, a certain Earl of Surrey, was a knight much trusted and beloved of his sovereign. So dear was he to

the king that when, in order to forever end the bitter discords that existed between Scotland and England, the English Henry VII. consented to give his own daughter Margaret, as bride to James the Fourth of Scotland, he entrusted her safe carriage to the hands of this same Earl of Surrey. But Henry VII. died, and with him seemed to die all peace and concord between the nations. Henry VIII. became England's master, and it is not hard to believe that differences, as of old, arose between the rival kingdoms. These quarrels became more violent as years passed by, and the young Queen of France, whose country was hostile to England, fomented the disturbance as best she might by flattering the handsome Scottish monarch. She called herself his mistress and his lady-love, and extracted from him a promise that for her sweet sake he would march for three miles upon English ground. To seal the compact, she drew a ring from her own white hand and sent it to him. Meanwhile, King Henry set off for France, on warlike purposes intent, and James, remembering his pledge to the royal princess, and desirous of revenging past grievances of his own, deemed it an excellent opportunity in which to make incursions into his enemy's domains. As a pretext, he remonstrated in peremptory terms with the English king for making this attack on France, and bade him abstain from all aggressions against his ally, the monarch of the French. Henry, surprised and indignant, flung back a menacing refusal, and James, gathering his nobles together, invaded the English dominions. Scotland had just begun to enjoy the unaccustomed comforts of peace, and the clansmen were unwilling to again shake out the flag of war. But so popular was the king that, though unwilling, they still answered his call; and the Scottish army, with their arrows and

their spears, were soon again "over the Border." James met with great success. Fortress after fortress fell into his possession, and a great mass of plunder was divided amongst the valiant mountaineers. But here, while on the full tide of success, the king paused. His attention was temporarily diverted (a pair of bright eyes, it is said, being the cause), and the English Earl of Surrey had time to collect from all parts of England a formidable army of twenty-six thousand men. As they marched northward, his army was daily swollen by additions from the terrified northern counties. As rapidly as the English army grew, so rapidly did the Scottish army shrink, not because of lack of confidence in their king, but because they had enlisted for only forty days, and had but a limited supply of provision. These were already exhausted, the time for which they had agreed to follow the king had expired; and, anxious to place their booty in the secure recesses of their Highlands, clan after clan hurried from the army. The two armies finally met. The earl, by wise manœuvering, obtained the advantageous point upon the field of battle. The contest was keen, the Scots fought with bravery and that perfect disregard of life, always so characteristic of their nation; but the English troops easily surrounded them. The division commanded by James, and which was composed of the picked men of the entire army, was engaged by the Earl of Surrey in a bitter and unyielding struggle. Bows and arrows were flung away, and the huge weapon known as a bill was used instead. Gradually the sun sank and the shadows of night fell, but when the stars came out they shone upon the dead body of the rash monarch, pierced with many arrows. Around him lay bishops, earls, lords, abbots, and nobles of every degree, while above them

all the English banner wayed in the cold night breeze. Great was the satisfaction of the English king when the news of the struggle — this famous battle of Flodden Field — reached him. He could not bestow too much honor on the brilliant and sagacious leader who had won the day, and he granted him permission to place upon the bend that crossed his escutcheon the Tressure of the Scottish shield, with the head of Scotland's lion in its centre The lion's mouth is pierced with an arrow, to indicate the way in which death met the king. The duke himself, at the close of the battle, gave to his retainers, as a badge to wear upon their left arms, the white lion of his own ensign, but trampling upon the scarlet lion of Scotland and tearing it with its claws. This Blanche lion was brought into the Howard family by the marriage of Sir John Howard to Lady Margaret Mowbray. Their son was the first Duke of Norfolk, in 1493, and since that time the Blanche lion has always appeared as the ensign of the family.



Surrey.

"For who in field or foray slack
Saw the Blanche Lion e'er fall back."

At Bosworth Field, where the king was slain, "Jockey of the North," as one of the early Dukes of Norfolk was called, fell with him. His younger son, the Earl of Surrey, met Talbot almost immediately after the duke's death, and the old poem tells us: —

"That now the earl beholds his father fall,
Whose death, like horrid darkness, frighted all,
Some gave themselves to capture, others fly,
But this young lion casts his generous eye

On Mowbray's lion painted on his shield,
And with that king of beasts, repines to yield.
'The field,' saith he, 'in which the lion stands
Is blood, and blood I offer to the hands
Of daring foes; but never shall my flight
Dye black my lion, which as yet is white.'"

You perhaps have noticed, in the list of titles belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, that of Earl of Arundel. The arms of this family were acquired by the Howards in a natural way, and with the title, came also one of the most famous country-seats of all England, Arundel Castle. There is an old rhyme that says: —

"Since William rose and Harold fell,
There have been Counts of Arundel,
And Earls old Arundel shall have
While rivers flow and forests wave."

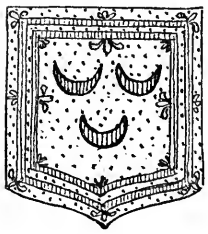
This home of the old Arundels is now a favorite castle of the Dukes of Norfolk, and lies but a few miles from Chichester. It was here long years ago that William de Albini, of the Strong Hand, when wars or rumors of war did not happen to detain him elsewhere, spent many happy hours with his wife, Adeliza, the widow of Henry I., to whom the old castle belonged. Just after this fair young widow had promised herself to him, there was a grand tournament given in Paris, and he of the Strong Hand appeared in the lists. So brilliantly did he acquit himself that "he caused the Queen Dowager of France to fall in love with him, and to desire him in marriage!" Here was a most interesting predicament, to be sure, in which the good knight found himself placed — a most unexpected reward for knightly prowess. Engaged as he was to one royal widow, was it possible for him to plight his troth to another? It

is to be supposed that the English queen surpassed her French rival in beauty, for the knight rejected all advances from the dark-eyed Parisian queen, and bluntly declared that having already given his faith to a lady in England he could not meet her wishes. At this the black eyes darkened, and the pretty brows began to scowl, and it was not long before, on one pretext or another, she persuaded him to meet her in a grotto in the royal gardens. Here, instead of her own fair ladyship to meet him, he found a famished lion; but as the beast sprang upon him, he fearlessly grasped him by his mane, and, thrusting his arm into the lion's mouth, succeeded in forcing his hand into the creature's very vitals, and from thence dragged back through the astonished animal's gullet its own bleeding heart. This done, it is pleasant to know that he succeeded in once more reaching England, where he married his waiting bride. In token of this surprising feat of arms (!) De Albini assumed as a device for his shield the golden lion on a crimson shield. This is the lion that you notice in the fourth quarter of the Duke of Norfolk's shield, and which is known as the Fitzalan Lion.

CHAPTER IV.

DEBASEMENT OF KNIGHTS. — TOURNAMENTS.

ANOTHER shield on which you see an honorable augmentation was one of earlier date. It was during the time that Robert Bruce was the idol of his nation that this prized gift of a part of the royal arms was given to a daring knight, who, at the risk of his own life, rescued an imperilled sovereign. All day long the battle of Methven had been raging, and late in the afternoon the Bruce, seeing that where the fighting was the most severe his men were beginning to waver, spurred to rally them by his magical presence. The ranks of the enemy closed around him, and the dashing leader found himself most unexpectedly a captive. Loud were the shouts of the victors, and in scornful derision they called "Who will help the new-made king?" "I," was the fearless answer, and with a mighty effort Sir Christopher Seton cut his way into their very midst, beating down the astounded troopers on every side. He reached and seized his king, and, repelling every effort to detain him, succeeded, though covered with blood, in bringing him back in safety. Robert Bruce was not one to forget so noble a deed of self-sacrifice, and he gave him his own sister as wife. He also permitted the Scottish Tressure to be placed upon his shield. The knight, now so



Seton.


Hay.
SERVA
JUGUM
Lane.
Strathmore.

closely connected by marriage with him, daily became more dear to the Scottish king, and when the news of the cruel death of "the good Sir Chrystal," in London, reached him, he was overcome with sorrow. The tidings were brought him whilst riding through the open country, near Dumfries; and upon a little hill overlooking the spot where the messenger delivered his melancholy news he ordered a little chapel to be built. He also founded a priory, the monks of which were to offer every day a prayer for the soul of the departed knight. The augmentation can now be seen on the arms of the Setons of Abercorn.

Occasionally, a woman, even in those days, brought glory to her father's name, as in the case of Jane Lane, of Staffordshire. She is connected with the fortunes of poor Charles the Second. This prince, during the course of his chequered career, had now and then an opportunity when he could, without stretching the point too much, bestow a favor upon a loyal subject. One such arose when, hopelessly defeated in the fight at Worcester, he took refuge with a family of Lanes in the neighborhood of the battle-field, whose hearts beat loyally for the luckless king. A lady of this family, whose name was Jane, pitied his forlorn condition, and offered to conduct him to Bristol, from whence he could without much difficulty find his way to the seaboard, and thence set sail for France. This daring proposition the king, after some hesitation, accepted. Staining his face with walnut juice, and with his hair already cropped short, he was, to a very great extent, successfully disguised, but the plucky dame had a suggestion or two still to make as she unfolded her plan of proceedings to him. He was to assume the coarse dress of an ordinary

yeoman, and as her attendant accompany her on horseback to Bristol, where she announced it as her intention to pay a visit to some old friends. Thus dressed, and mounted upon hardy ponies, they started on their perilous trip. Many a moment of sudden terror, when the heart leaped to the throat, and the pulse stood still, did they have. An unusual stir in the hedgerow, an unwelcome meeting with wayside passengers, a question asked and the necessity of a natural and ready answer, the need of a perfect control over their features at all times, a careless loitering along the roads under a possible scrutiny, and a flying like the very winds when certain of seclusion — surely the loyal heroism of such a daring heart deserved a kingly recompense! At one time the king's mare cast a shoe, and they were forced to stop at a village blacksmith's to have the animal reshod. As the king stood by his horse he nonchalantly asked what news there was. "Ah," said the smith, "none that I know of, save the good news of beating those rogues the Scots." The king then inquired if none of the English who had joined the Scots had been taken. "Some few, some few," was the answer, "but I don't hear that rogue Charles Stewart has been taken yet." The king was mounting his horse at this moment, and as he rode off, remarked that if that rogue were but taken he deserved hanging more than all the rest. "Sure enough," echoed the stalwart smith, "you speak like an honest man!" Arrived at the house of the friend, to visit whom had been the pretext of the journey, Jane hurried her companion into his bedroom saying that he was "a neighbor's son, whom his father had permitted to ride before her in hopes that he might be the

sooner relieved from a quartain ague, with which he had been sorely afflicted, and from which he was not yet free." A physician unfortunately happened to be staying in the house and with merciful intent he slipped quietly up to the room of the suffering youth, hoping to be able to relieve the difficulty. The king spied him as he entered the room, and in an instant was under the curtains of the bed, so that when the good doctor approached to feel his pulse, the king lay completely in shadow. Drawing a chair beside the bed, he asked the patient many questions, and then, in perfect ignorance of the identity of the visitor, descended to the parlor to tell Miss Lane what he had done, and to give her an encouraging report of the invalid's condition. He also advised her as to what remedies she should use if another attack appeared. 'Twas evidently best for the king to leave as soon as possible, and this, with many thanks for her kind protection, he did. By a circuitous route he finally succeeded in reaching the English Channel, and passage was secured for him in a vessel bound for France. When once again reinstated in the royal palace in England, he did not forget the devotion of Miss Lane. Amongst many other benefits conferred upon her was the right to bear the arms of England in one corner of her family shield, and with it a motto and crest, the crest being the head of a bay horse, with the royal crown between his forelegs.

Such were some of the varied rewards given to loyal and brave knights by the monarchs whom they served. But there is another side to this pleasing picture. What if a knight should prove a miscreant, should be guilty of treason, should

refuse quarter to an enemy who cried for mercy, or be guilty of other foul and unknightly deeds? Then, oh woe worth the day! with his plighted faith broken, and his honor forfeited, the unlucky wight was placed upon a raised platform in full view of all spectators. There he was stripped of all his knightly armor, which was then broken to pieces before his very eyes and thrown a ringing mass at his feet; all but his spurs and shield. The spurs were cast upon a dunghill; and the shield, fastened to the croup of an old worn-out cart-horse, was dragged in the dust through the thoroughfares of the town. Even his guiltless charger had to suffer in the ignominy of his master, and this he did by having his tail cut off. At this point the herald-at-arms called thrice, in stentorian tones, "Who is there?" Three times the name of the degraded knight was given in answer, and the herald-at-arms then exclaimed, "No, it is not so, I see no knight here; I see only a coward, who has been false to his plighted faith!" As he said this, the former knight was dragged from the platform to the ground, placed on a litter, and carried as dead to the nearest church, where he was obliged to listen to the burial service for the dead, as it was read over him. He, having now quite lost his honor, was regarded henceforth amongst knights as only a corpse. Such a ceremony very rarely occurred, but occasionally a knight has been degraded. Some years ago the banner of one of the knights of Bath was torn down from its proud place with the others of his order, hanging in the Chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, and kicked into the street. The knight was named Sir Francis Michel, and, having been found guilty of sundry unknightly practices, was

sentenced to a "degradation of honor." He was therefore brought by the Sheriff of London to Westminster Hall, and there, in the presence of the high officers of the College of Arms, the sentence passed by Parliament upon him was read. The lesser officials of the college then hacked off his spurs, took his sword from him, and, raising it high above his head, snapped it in twain, and threw the broken pieces in different directions from him. Then the First Commissioner proclaimed with uplifted voice that "he was no longer knight, but a scoundrel knave."

In the time of George the First, one of the great Dukes of Ormond was, after receiving many honors, attainted of treason, and the ceremony of degrading him from his position took place at Windsor Castle. These rare but notable punishments, falling upon unworthy knights, served to keep the standard of knightly duty high, and the prominence of the degradation as given, by its infrequency, intensified the impression received by the beholders. It is said that in early days a penalty was attached to all such knights whose arms having been disgraced, ventured to present themselves at the lists seeking admission. They were seized and set astride, not of a gayly caparisoned steed, but on the barrier fence that surrounded the field, and from this circumstance arose the expression of "riding a fellow on a rail."

These were the gala days of tournaments and jousts, as well as the bloody ones of war. All literary ambitions were confined to the monastic orders, and, few nobles being able to either read or write, the ambition of every chivalrous soul was to build up a name for himself, or to increase his fortunes, in battle or on the tournament field. When wars were lacking, tournaments

and jousts were instituted by the sovereign as a means by which the martial skill of faithful servitors was kept from deteriorating, and, although personal rancor occasionally gave a sharper edge to the blades of the contestants, still the tilts and jousts were usually made in a friendly spirit, and were regarded chiefly as opportunities in which to display superior military talents and thereby win additional renown. In Germany, where the tournament first originated, the early history of this pastime shows that it was not then the usually harmless, entertaining display of feats of bravery that it became in later years, especially in France. The Germans were a warlike nation, and their men of iron, really almost barbarians, met in the tournament simply to measure their savage strength, and in the violent shocks with which they met each other, and in the headlong manner in which each strove to prove his claim to superior skill and force, many a knight was dashed from his horse and hewn or trampled to death. At one tournament alone, no less than sixty combatants are believed to have bitten the dust. But in more courtly days the tournament broke in most acceptably upon the tedious days of peace, and heralds frequently passed from country to country, announcing the approach of jousts about to be given, and inviting all ambitious knights to present themselves at the proper time. The tournament is not quite the same as a tilt or joust. The latter were simply single hand-to-hand combats, but a tournament might comprise them all. It could also include what is called a passage-at-arms, where the attack and defence of a narrow path or military position was simulated.

At these tournaments it was optional with the knights them-

selves whether the conflict should be one where death alone separated the combatants, or whether it should be simply a display of knightly skill. Was it to be of the more severe form, then the knights touched the shields of those with whom they wished to fight with the point of their lance, otherwise only with the handle. In this latter case blunt-pointed instruments were provided, but even then occasionally death ensued. At first these pastimes were held in the open field, but afterwards lists or barriers were put up, and the space enclosed was limited to about sixty paces one way and forty the other. The ground was levelled and made as perfect as possible for the manœuvres of the knights. Two doors were placed in the barriers, one in the east, and one in the west, and barred to the height of seven feet, or more, so that a horse would be unable to leap over them. Four days before the tournament was to take place, the arms of the knights who wished to take part, and whose right to do so had been thoroughly investigated by the herald, were displayed in the lists. Should any lady, as she passed from one to the other, find the arms of a knight who, for a good reason, she deemed unworthy to appear, she had but to whisper the fact in the ear of All Authority, and the knight was bidden to remove his arms. Each champion had his own pavilion, oftentimes most gorgeous in color, and upon it were placed his arms, his banner, and his banderoles, so that the lists must have presented a most brilliant spectacle. The scaffolding and raised seats prepared for the ladies and nobles were rich in hanging tapestries and embroidered clothes of gold and silver, whilst in the most conspicuous place was a canopied dais, intended for the occupancy of the

sovereign and his court, or of some beautiful peeress, styled the Queen of Beauty. The splendor of the occasion was increased by the dress of the heralds, whose tabards, or surcoats, were always rich in color and decoration. So dazzling was the sheen of the helmeted knights, so brilliant the gay trappings of their chargers, and so stirring the sound of the trumpets, and the sight of the waving pennons, why, I should not wonder, children, if even your republican principles would, by a most inexcusable weakening, have made their owners infamous on such an occasion. But even if you failed to admire so much sparkle and beauty, I am afraid you could not have resisted a smothered laugh at the appearance the horses presented. The knights themselves were well protected by their chain or plated armor, but how about their steeds? They must be shielded in some way; so when not covered with steel, — and very naturally armor made their movements clumsy and difficult, — their flanks were covered with great bundles of hay or straw, tied together and fastened to the pommel. To protect their breasts, monstrous crescent-shaped bags were filled with straw and placed so as to dangle from the horses' necks. Over these most splendidly embroidered housings or trappings were thrown to conceal the paddings; but even with such ornamental mantles the poor beasts must have presented a strangely developed aspect, as, with their riders on their backs, they half waddled, half pranced into the arena. The knights themselves looked little better, for their helmets alone are said to have often weighed sixteen pounds, but the martially educated boys of that age failed to see anything but grandeur in the scene, and those of you that would not have laughed at it would perhaps

have felt as young Bayard did, that young chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*. This famous knight, when only about sixteen, felt his heart glow within him at the news of an approaching tournament which was to take place near the castle of his patron, in whose family he was being trained for the knightly career he had chosen. He longed to be one of the contestants, and all dissuasion served but to heighten the desire. Aided by a friend, he succeeded in coaxing a close-fisted old uncle of an abbot into equipping him properly for the tournament, and then, stepping boldly into the lists, he touched the shield of the oldest and best-known knight on the field. In this encounter he acquitted himself so well that he astonished all spectators, and drew forth the admiration of the very king himself, who happened to be present. After the tournaments had closed with a "lances aux dames," and after resting and refreshing themselves, the knights joined the gay company of nobles and ladies who had been spectators during the day, at a grand entertainment, and there, after feasting and dancing, the prizes for the greatest feats of valor were presented to the fortunate knights, either by the Queen of Beauty, or by other fair ladies of the court. Tournaments were usually given by sovereigns upon the occasion of a royal wedding, or at the birth of a long-looked-for heir, but could be given by nobles, and for various causes. In England, tournaments were conducted upon a scale of great magnificence, but the site usually selected for such displays was one the name of which will hardly suggest a gorgeous pageant; and yet the noble Queen of England, as well as the members of her royal family, and the highest peers of her realm, owe much of their

stately presence, if not their very existence, to this spot! Perhaps some of you have visited London already, and have walked through the enormous markets which cover the once famous Smithfield. Long years ago this field was dedicated to the pastimes of the day, and in later years many a heroic soul has there received a martyr's crown, forged in the flames of the burning stake.

In England many gorgeous tournaments were held, and during the reign of one of the Edwards, one was given by the king that lasted not less than fifteen days; as for Queen Bess, she fairly intoxicated such of her fortunate subjects as were able to look upon the novel scene, by holding one during the evening, when torchlight was required to take the place of the glare of the mid-day sun. Her Majesty's grounds surrounding the Palace of Westminster, was the spot selected for the tournament, and to it came the Earl of Essex with twelve knights, all clad in satin white as snow. After him entered, as his opponent, the Earl of Rutland, followed by twelve of his retainers, dressed in blue. Another great tournament was held in London by order of the king, where this time sixty knights were present, accompanied by sixty noble ladies. The tilting was to last two days, and upon the first day selected, it must have been a pretty sight to behold these sixty knights, attached by silver chains to the palfreys of their fair escorts, issuing forth from the Tower of London, and parading through Cheapside to the lists in Smithfield. The tilting was to be with blunt lances, and the prizes offered were a rich crown of gold and a massive golden clasp. These were the prizes offered for the knights; those offered for the squires, who were to tilt

upon the second day, were to be a courser saddled and bridled, and a falcon. Heralds had been sent before to proclaim this tournament in England, Scotland, Hainault, Germany, Flanders, and France, and I know not how many other countries. As the result, many were the knights who appeared before the lists. At the close of each day's tilting, a grand supper was given by the king to all the knights, and dancing made the nights merry. Finally, when the tournament was ended, the king invited his foreign guests to the royal castle at Windsor, and there entertained them with great magnificence. In an old romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, the king is represented as being desirous to ascertain who were the bravest knights in his dominion. For this purpose a tournament was proclaimed, but only English knights were invited to participate. Unknown to all, Richard determined to enter the lists himself, and gain the knowledge he wished by personal experience. Therefore, three times, in different disguises, he challenged certain of the knights who seemed to possess the greatest amount of military address. The armor assumed in his first adventure was black, so was his horse, and the device chosen by him was a raven with his beak open, as if weary from a long flight, and had a bell suspended from its neck. The bird represented patient endurance, and the Church, which it was the highest duty of chivalry to protect, was symbolized by the bell. He next appeared in red armor, and rode upon a bay horse, and this time his device was a red hound, with his tail trailing on the ground. This showed his wrath against the "Paynim hounds" who profaned the Holy Land. In his third appearance he was mounted on a snow-white charger, his armor also was

white, and a red cross appeared on his right shoulder; the crest of his helmet was a dove, the well known symbol of the Holy Ghost. How he succeeded in his first joust we are not told; but "in his second disguise the king attacked Sir Thomas De Moulton, who, provoked by his repeated assaults, dealt him so desperate a blow that Richard thought it prudent to retire quickly to the wood." In his third enterprise he encountered a knight who proved himself to be one of equal prowess with himself. When the tournament was ended, the king disclosed himself to these knights, explaining the motive that had prompted him to enter the lists, and desired the nobles to bind themselves by a solemn oath to be his true and faithful brothers-in-arms, and to accompany him on a secret expedition to Palestine. In Scotland the spot usually selected for these military sports was under the Castle Rock at Stirling. The king, as well as his nobles, frequently took part in the game. A high rock overlooking the lists is even now styled 'Ladies' Rock,' it being the place where, dressed in gala attire, the ladies of the court sat to view the proceedings. But the tournament which, of all others, probably threw the greatest glamour of romance about this popular pastime, is that about which so much has been written and sung — the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold. This was the outgrowth of an idea of Cardinal Wolsey then at the very height of his power, who hoped by means of this to accomplish a political end he had in view. He was extremely desirous that Henry the Eighth of England and the courtly Francis the First of France should meet and discuss certain matters of much importance. To do this he planned a tournament, to be held near the little town of Guisne in France.

Both monarchs approving of the project, invitations were sent out through the length and breadth of Europe. The very flower of all European nobility took part. No less than twenty-eight hundred tents were put up for the use of such spectators as came from England alone; but even this protection, in addition to that which the small town, then belonging to England, afforded the visitors, such multitudes flocked thither, not only of barons, knights, and squires, but citizens, peasants, Jews, pedlers, and rogues, that they considered themselves fortunate if but a bundle of straw could be secured, on which to lay their heads. Many of the courtiers, so we are told, who accompanied the sovereigns, endeavored to rival their masters in sumptuous equipments. To such an extent did they carry their efforts "that many bore thither their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs," fairly impoverishing themselves by their desire to shine beyond all others at the great pageant. The lordly pavilion occupied by King Henry was one of Oriental magnificence. In its construction he employed nearly a hundred of the most skilful workmen from Flanders and Holland. It was built of wood, a hundred and twenty-eight feet square, with an entrance gate on one side, in front of which was a superbly gilded fountain, surmounted by a statue of Bacchus. From various pipes at its base issued forth all kinds of wine. Its motto, written in letters of gold, was, "Make good cheer who will." On the other side of the entrance was a column supported by four lions, and on its apex was a flying Cupid armed with bows and arrows. Then in front of the palace was a monstrous figure of a savage, wearing the arms of his

race, and carrying the blunt motto chosen by Henry the Eighth: "He whom I back wins." The inside of this pavilion was hung with tapestry of the very richest design, and the mass of silken and jewelled embroidery used as additional decoration made it gorgeous in the extreme.

Francis the First erected a tent whose outside was hung with cloth-of-gold, this giving the name to the tournament. Inside it represented a sphere, with a ground of blue velvet, studded with stars like the nightly firmament. At each angle of this pavilion was a similar, though smaller one, also richly decorated. As to the ladies who brought their beauty to the scene, one worthy old chronicler, after a long and wearisome description of the daily tilts, declares that "to tell the apparel of the ladies, their rich attire, their sumptuous jewels, their varied beauties, and their goodly behavior from day to day since the first meeting — I assure you ten men's wits can scarce declare it."

Amongst those present was one whose name is more closely associated with the glories of the tournament, as well as with brilliant exploits upon the battle-field, than is that of any other — the renowned Bayard. Not only was he one of the most prominent knights at the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold, but he seems to have shone conspicuously at almost all the noted European jousts. Quite a pretty tale is told of him when stationed at Carignon, a little town in Northern Italy. While quite young, he met, in a house of one of his knightly patrons, a young girl to whom he became deeply attached, and would probably have married. Circumstances, however, in that ill bred way in which they often behave, interfered, and the young knight was sent, under the leadership of another noble, to carry on

war in distant countries. As for the young damsel, she had to content herself with marrying a certain Lord de Frusasco. A happy enough arrangement this seems to have been for her, for, like most young girls, she had a capacious heart, and proved herself a loving, faithful wife. Some years later, when the name of the good Chevalier was so well known that even in Spain, hostile as that country was to France, there had grown up this proverb, "Muchos grisones, pocos Bayardos," — in literal English, "Many grays, but few bays," or "Many mules, but few horses," — he chanced to be in Carignon, and was entertained at the castle of his former patron, Duke Charles of Savoy. This noble was now married, and the Lady de Frusasco, with her husband, formed a part of his household. Greatly delighted was this fair dame to meet again her former sweetheart, and loudly did she sing the praises of his marvellous knightly skill, displayed by him even when he was but a stripling. One day, finding herself alone with Bayard, he expressed to her his earnest wish to repay in some degree the courtesy of his host. To this she replied, "To my thinking, Monsieur de Bayard, if it be not distasteful to thee, it would give great pleasure wert thou to hold a tournament in this town in honor of Madame, who has shown thee so much favor. Thou wilt have many competitors among the French garrisons and the nobles of this place, who would all hear of it with pleasure." "Truly," said the Chevalier, "as thou so thinkest it shall be done. Thou art the first woman who ever enslaved my heart by means of thy many graces, and I entreat the favor of thee, to give me one of thy sleeves, the which I covet much for certain reasons." This the lady immediately gave, little dreaming what he wished to do with it. He took it, and "silently drew it up over the sleeve of his doublet."

And, children, as you may be wondering by what sort of a hocus-pocus trick it was that the obliging lady was able so quickly and deftly to rip out her natty little sleeve, and surmise that she must have felt remarkably queer, goose-flesh creeping all over her denuded arm, I will tell you that this sleeve of hers was no sleeve at all, only a fingerless sort of a gauntlet that extended to her elbow. That night the good Chevalier slept but little — as, however, all accounts agree in declaring this to be his ordinary habit, we need not attribute the fault of it to his possession of the innocent little sleeve. In the morning, trumpeters were sent to all the neighboring towns where there were garrisons, to invite all gentlemen to the tournament that the Chevalier Bayard would hold, four days from that time, at Carignon; the prize would be his lady's sleeve, from which should be suspended a ruby worth a hundred ducats. This reward was to be gained by the winner of three courses with the lance without a barrier, and twelve sweeps of the sword. The heralds returned with fifteen written promises from knights, and immediately the Lady Blanche, wife of the noble Duke of Savoy, had the tribune put up and covered with elegant decorations in the tilt-yard. On the day appointed, soon after mid-day, the tournament began, and then we learn from that old story-teller, the Loyal Serviteur, that "firstly came forward the good Chevalier, and against him strode the Lord de Rouastre, a valiant gentleman, who bore the ensign of Duke Philip of Savoy, — a brave and expert knight, who gave a mighty thrust, shivering his lance in divers pieces. But the good Chevalier dealt in return so great a blow upon his helm that he disarmed him, making him see the day while his lance flew in shivers. The said Lord de Rouastre, straightening his helm, prepared

him for his second lance course, at which he did disport himself with even more skill than at first; but the good Chevalier with such violence assailed the visor of this lord, that crest and plumage were carried away upon his lance-point, causing him to reel in the saddle, without unseating him. At the third lance the Lord de Rouastre raised his adroitly, while that of Bayard was broken into many pieces, the which was greeted with much applause. After him, there came Montdragon and the Lord de Chevron, who right well ran their course and were admired of all. Two others followed, and so on, each in turn, and all doing so well as greatly to please all present. The encounters with the lances over, those with the swords began. But the good Chevalier Bayard at the second sent that of his adversary flying, breaking at the same time his own. Successively the others took their turns. All were declared to have done nobly, and the tournament closed with the day. At the entertainment that followed in the evening it was declared, with much clamor of trumpets and hautboys, that the prize belonged to the good Chevalier. Blushingly, however, he refused it, saying that it was through an error that they attributed this honor unto him, it being due alone to the Lady de Frusasco, who had condescended to lend to him her sleeve, and it was for her now to present it to whomsoever she thought fit. The lady accepted this gallantry with her accustomed grace, and thanked the good Chevalier for all the honor he had done her. "Since you tell me my Lord of Bayard says it is through my poor sleeve that he has won, I will, for his sake, and for a testimony of the love I bear him, treasure it unto my dying day. But as to the ruby, seeing he will not accept of it, I think it should be given to the Lord Montdragon, who after him numbered most votes." The

ruby was then thus given, and the decision generally approved, and Lady Blanche felt pleasure in having helped in the nurture of one so generally esteemed as was the good Chevalier. The prizes given, dancing commenced, which lasted till after midnight, when the festivities were brought to a close."

So common were tournaments as one of the celebrations following a royal wedding, that when Henry the Fifth of England was asked on his wedding day at what time the jousts in honor of this event were to take place, great were the surprise and disappointment of his court when he answered very quietly, "To-morrow morning I am going to the Siege of Sens, and any one who likes jousting in earnest may come with me and he shall be satisfied."

But gunpowder was invented, and armor necessarily was abandoned; interest in letters began to increase, and, the expense attending the preparation for these tournaments also becoming greater, the interest in this pastime gradually diminished. Another deathblow given to these pageants occurred when in two or three instances the royal blood itself was shed, and the throne of the monarch was made vacant. King Henry the Second, who bore the crescent badge of Diana of Poitiers, fell by the unlucky thrust of the lance of Montgomery, and later on, at a tournament at Orléans, in 1561, one of the great House of Montpensier, Prince de Beaupreau, of the blood royal, was also killed. From this time tournaments ceased to be an expected event of the year. An effort was made not long ago, however, to revive it as a means of entertainment in England. Invitations were sent out, accordingly, throughout all Great Britain; and though considerable unwillingness was expressed by many of the nobles to attempt a display of military skill, which they were conscious of wholly lacking, still quite

a number finally consented to attend. The requisite costumes, at great expense, were purchased, the knights practised as best they could with their fencing masters, the Queen of Beauty was selected, the site was chosen, the lists put up, and the day was set. In olden days the weather seems always to have been propitious, at all events nothing is said about its ever raining at such a time, though a tent was occasionally blown down; but upon this occasion, when the time appointed arrived, England's climate favored the knightly adventurers with a drizzling rain. The spectators, nothing daunted, began to assemble, and finally the lists were crowded with lookers-on, weather-proof in galoches and umbrellas. But such an ungainly appearance did they present, so inharmonious with the olden spirit of the chivalrous pastime, that an order was given to "Rest arms"— in other words, umbrellas were not to be tolerated. It was now the time for the Queen of Beauty to take her proper place, but the rain, which had been drizzling, had become a steady pour. Her gilded coach, drawn by four white steeds, went empty along the street, whilst its intended occupant, in a hired hack, made her way, as best she could, to the protected dais erected for her. The knights began to assemble, the herald gave the call for entrance, and at this auspicious moment the slight awning that protected the stand where sat the peers with their ladies, elegant in rainbow-tinted finery, was blown by the violence of the storm, no one could tell whither. Still the knights pressed on; but the arena was found to be a foot deep with sticky mud; the dancing pavilion was reported as being under water; and altogether, with feathers draggled, the costly court-robes ruined, tempers ruffled, and doubtless big bills for the doctor, not to say dress-maker's and tailor's still unsettled, the ghost of the tournament vanished forever.

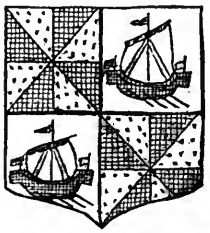
CHAPTER V.

WHAT HERALDRY MEANS. — COLLEGE OF ARMS.

And now that we have learned so much about the gay doings that went on when heraldry was at the very pinnacle of its glory, do you not think it would be a good idea to try to find out what the word "heraldry" means? If the big brother were here I dare say he would answer our question directly, by saying that it was what heralds did, or something akin to that, but do you suppose he could be clever enough to tell us what "herald" means, not what the duties of a herald were, but the true signification of the name? Clever or not, however, he is not here, and so I shall ask those of you who have scraped up a sort of bowing acquaintance with the "Sprechen Sie Deutch" language, to remember that there is a word in this mellifluous tongue which is the equivalent of our "army," the word, "Heer," and from this comes our word "herald," one who carried messages of war or peace between sovereigns and armies. After a while the duties of heralds became much more complicated and onerous. They took part in all royal ceremonies, such as marriages, baptisms, funerals, and, with much éclat, at the coronations; they were also sent with invitations to tournaments, thus taking journeys that occupied many weeks. At these tournaments it was their duty to blazon, or "blasen," the arrival of the various knights; in other words, to tell their names and the countries from whence they came, describe

their insignia, and examine into the right of each to appear within the lists. The word "Blasen" also comes from "Der Vaterland," and it — yes, yes, I hear you, you say it means "to blow," to blow with a trumpet. The heralds blew their trumpets to draw attention to the description they were about to give of some approaching knight, and so I, though having no trumpet with which to blow, still if you should wish me to describe any of Polly's little treasures, should be compelled to "blazon them" for you, the heraldic term for giving a description. In those early days even the commonest of the people knew the language of the herald, and when, in a few words, he described a very elaborately decorated shield, they understood precisely what was meant, and very much better, I can assure you, than you, with all your French and German erudition, could possibly understand me.

Here is a very well known coat-of-arms, and an extremely beautiful one also. It is quarterly 1st and 4th gyronny of 8, or and sable, for Campbell, 2d and 3d argent a lymphad sable proper for the lordship of Lorne, crest, a boar's head fesswise erased or, armed argent, langued gules; supporters, two lions guardant gules; motto, "Ne obliviscaris." Now tell me, have you any idea how this shield is decorated? Yet it is the familiar one of the Duke of Argyle, the great Mac Calam More.

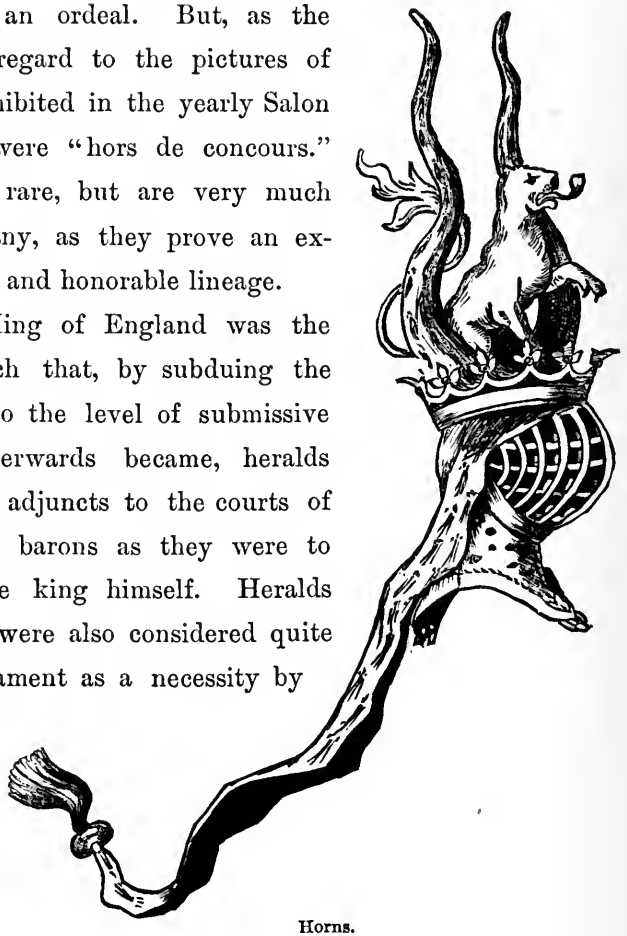


Campbell, Duke of Argyle.

In Germany, when a knight appeared for the first time before the lists and had his right to bear arms carefully examined by heralds, he was allowed to place two horns upon his helmet, one rising on either side of the crest. After this he was never again sub-

jected to such an ordeal. But, as the French say in regard to the pictures of certain artists exhibited in the yearly Salon at Paris, they were "hors de concours." Such crests are rare, but are very much prized in Germany, as they prove an exceedingly ancient and honorable lineage.

Before the King of England was the powerful monarch that, by subduing the haughty nobles to the level of submissive subjects, he afterwards became, heralds were as natural adjuncts to the courts of those old feudal barons as they were to the court of the king himself. Heralds and pursuivants were also considered quite as much an ornament as a necessity by these nobles, and were expected to be the first of their households to greet the arrival of illustrious guests. Sir Walter Scott describes the reception given to Lord Marmion at Norham Keep: —



Horns.

"Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheons round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone
By which you reach the dungeon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion.

They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scrivelbaye!
Of Tamworth Tower and town;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion!
Knight of the crest of gold;
A blazoned shield in battle won
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

Lord Marmion then fulfilled the duty that was expected of all knights under such circumstances, "and scattered angels round." At another time when a mission was sent by James the Fourth to greet Marmion on his entering Scotland, it was led, as was usual under such circumstances, by the King-at-arms, Lord Lyon.

"First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward prest,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trump a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore;
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards proudly showing
Gules, argent, or, and azure glowing,
Attendant on a king-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held
That feudal strife had often quelled,
When wildest its alarms.
. . . . .
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroidered round and round.

The double-tressure might you see
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle, and the fleur-de-lys,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the king's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colors blazoned brave,
The Lyon, which his title gave.
. . . . . .
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lyon, King-at-arms."

The pursuivant belonging to these noble houses usually bore as his official name that of some device taken either from the coat-of-arms or the badge of his master. The Duke of Northumberland, the House of Percy, gave to theirs the name of "Esperance," taken from their motto, "Esperance en Dieu." The pursuivant belonging to the Duke of Norfolk was called "Blanche Lion," from a device always used by that house as their badge. As the right to bear arms came to be vested in the hands of the sovereign alone, and what is styled "Herald's College" was formed, the nobles were forbidden to indulge in the possession of that which at last had become purely a monarchial prerogative. And now, children, — at least those of you whose imaginations are in good working order, — suppose we imagine ourselves as staying in London for a day or two. The Grand Hotel, on Trafalgar Square, is rather conveniently situated for sight-seers, and we will make that our supposed stopping-place. It is morning, and, taking hansoms, we will rattle down Northumberland Avenue until we reach the old river Thames. Here we find the grand Victoria Embankment, that, fringed with trees, skirts the edge of the river as far as Blackfriars Bridge. There

the street ceases to be an embankment, but, by turning a little to the left, we still follow the road, though under a different name. It is now Queen Victoria Street. Our "cabbies" call halt, and, tumbling out upon the pavement, we find ourselves in front of quite a fine-looking building, or, if it is not, it ought to be, for it was one of those creations of Sir Christopher Wren's, that sacrilegious tongues ought not to criticise. But what is this building for which we have taken such an extended visionary flight? Why, we have come to pay our respects to the grand mausoleum, that Heraldry, with the aid of her friends, has built for herself. Not that she, for the smallest moment, when constructing it, had any such funereal thoughts in her mind, — not she; but within a few years, I think, she has begun to have suspicions — dark, uncomfortable forebodings — that for such a purpose it may eventually be compelled to serve. At present, she uses it as a sort of clothes-press, as it were, in which to hang her faded old court-robes, garments that are a good deal moth-eaten, and where the cloth-of-gold is sadly tarnished. To guard them, a few loyal old retainers of hers, who have gotten into a sort of paralytic way, save when galvanized into sudden action by the advent of unexpected American visitors, are kept. When a gap occurs in the number of these faithful servitors of hers, she finds a few more equally devoted adherents to fill their places. Heraldry tries by various devices to fatten her lean person; but, truth to say, she is really looking very scrawny, full of wrinkles and crow's-feet, and suffers much not only from inanition, but also from that painful disorder called "megrims." Attacks from this difficulty are extremely violent at every access of power gained by the Liberal party in England. Her only consolation then is a visit to this "*sanctum sanctorum*" of hers, there to

take such heart of grace as she can in poring over the famous old parchment rolls in which England's oldest families find their names enrolled. She also spends much time in spiritual communion with her faithful chamberlains and attendants. Still, after such experiences she often looks more weazened than ever, and nothing less than a trip through Australia, India, and other of Great Britain's colonies can help her to recover her exhausted vitality. But we are blocking up the sidewalk, and it is time to mount the steps of this unique edifice. As we do so we are aware that the great Bible House of London looms up in close proximity at our right, while just beyond it stands the great house where the "Thunderer" forges his bolts that by thousands every week-day morning are flung abroad from its portals. Heraldry certainly has pitched her tent in a goodly neighborhood; but, just as we start to pass over the threshold, an ominous sound is heard, accompanied by uncanny tremblings of the ground beneath our feet, recalling to our minds for a terrified second the uncomfortable fact that we are in the land of Parnell and Dynamite — Fenianism and Nitro-glycerine. Our interest in heraldic research dies suddenly out, and we turn to fly for refuge to our cabs. The drivers reassure us, "Nuthin' but the Underground," — one of the subterranean trains whose rails make a complete net-work beneath the foundations of London's great buildings; so, somewhat mortified, we again essay to enter the College of Arms, and at last we are within, and find the herald and the pursuivant, who alternate with their associates in presiding over all heraldic matters.

Brother Jonathan is always easily recognizable, whether appearing as a *he*, in the best fitting garments that a London tailor can pro-

duce, or as a *she*, clad in the latest fashions of a Paris mantua-maker; so we are not surprised at the smile of condescending thrift with which all money-making Britons approach a possible Railroad King, or parvenu Bonanza Prince. But the sweetness of even such a smile has a sort of an adulterated look about its corners. The officials have occasionally stumbled upon an unfortunate family, who, although obliged to seal their letters with their thumbs, evince no desire to better their condition, but do show themselves to be remarkably endowed with both peripatetic and inquisitive qualities. Therefore a discreet, though very slight reserve is noticeable in their reception of us. Their worst fears being realized, we will not blame them if it takes them a few minutes to regain their equanimity. When, at last, they succeed in doing so, a certain iciness of manner effectually suppresses any undue curiosity or excessive questioning on our part, but we learn from a few concise answers that the energies of thirteen officers are required to attend to the needs of the college, and to form this number they have three kings-at-arms, six heralds, and four pursuivants. One herald and one pursuivant, with such clerkly assistance as they require, are to be found, each for a month at a time, at the college.

An Earl Marshal is the foremost of all the tried and faithful adherents that guard the premises of the shrivelled dame; his office, during her younger days, was given to any favorite of the king, his choice alone being allowed to fill the position. This continued until the time of Charles the Second, who, impecunious magnificence that he was, had little except wordy honors to bestow upon his favorites. To please the Duke of Norfolk he made the office of Earl Marshal hereditary in his family. The duke was like-

wise fortunate in having the batons of office, which are always displayed crosswise behind his shield, made of gold with black enamelled points, instead of the wooden ones formerly used. At that time the office was no sinecure, but the present young duke does not find his duties too wearing, as they now consist in little else than in issuing all royal proclamations and arranging all solemnities attending certain royal celebrations.

After the Earl Marshal rank the three Kings-at-Arms, the one belonging to England being styled "Garter King-at-Arms." His title was taken from the knightly Order of that name; the Scottish King-at-Arms is called Lord Lyon, deriving his name from the Scarlet Lyon of Scotland's shield; and Ireland's King-at-Arms owes his to Ulster, an important county of that name.

After these kings-at-arms we find the six heralds, and after these heralds the four pursuivants. These pursuivants all bear names of more or less interest; they are Blue Mantle, Rouge Croix, Portcullis, and Rouge Dragon. When Edward III. passed over the Channel to do homage to the King of France at Amiens for his dukedom of Guienne, he wore a robe of crimson velvet, on which the three leopards of England were embroidered in threads of gold and silver. But the French king wore blue, and afterwards, when Edward assumed the title of King of France, he arrayed himself in a robe and mantle of this color, and created a pursuivant, to whom he gave the name of Manteau Bleu, or Blue Mantle. The pursuivant Rouge Croix takes his name from the color and shape of the Cross of St. George. Portcullis was created as a pursuivant during the days of Henry the Seventh, to whom for certain family reasons the badge of Portcullis was particularly dear. As to Rouge Dragon,

we must look to good Queen Bess for the cognomen bestowed on him.

The object of this college when created was to keep track of all the coats-of-arms used by the various families in the kingdom, find out who was entitled to bear the arms which they displayed, and who were not. This was the more necessary as in those days the station and title of "gentleman" in France and Germany exempted the possessor from taxation, and in England gave the preference for certain military and civil employments. These heralds had the right, when meeting any vehicle bearing a coat-of-arms that belonged not to the owners, to have it stopped, while they publicly blotted out the stolen ornament. This it was their duty to do in so humiliating a way as to make the conscienceless upstart long for the mountains to fall upon him and the hills to cover him. The more thoroughly to sift out all such aspiring misdoers, "Visitations" were instituted, causing great anguish of mind amongst the wealthy parvenus who had been provoking the righteous souls of their noble neighbors by displaying arms which they were clamorously accused of having no right to wear. The results of these visitations were written down on long, thin slips of parchment, which were then rolled carefully up and stowed away. It was not thought necessary to make these investigations more frequently than at intervals of every thirty years, and, indeed, there were but three or four ever made. These rolls, therefore, so few in number, are highly valued by the ancient aristocracy of Great Britain, as by unrolling them they can prove their claim to belong to the "pedigreed" of the land. This college, crumbling as it now may seem, still sustains itself by means of the

taxes which I have already told you they gather from the nobility and gentry, and from the purses of aspiring millionnaires.

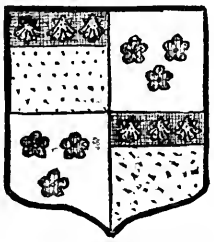
It was during the Wars of the Roses that Heraldry began to find herself no longer young. Later, when the Stuarts fell, and Cromwell, with his burly Roundheads, drove the plumed Cavaliers far into the background, there to await the sunnier days that might, perhaps, be theirs, this "Jewel of the Middle Ages" began to lose its lustre. During the lifetime of that unfortunate monarch of the House of Stuart, Charles the First, the harshness of the College of Heralds had created great dissatisfaction. One unlucky offender, whose crime consisted in calling some heraldic swan a goose, was hastily packed away into the common jail, and all his goods confiscated. Such insolence was not uncommon, and the high-handed proceedings could hardly be styled popular, and great was the discontent that began, for these and many other reasons, to be sown broadcast through the land. So greatly did heraldry suffer during the stormy period of the Commonwealth, that even after the Restoration she looked dyspeptic and thin. There was little inducement now for false heralds to present themselves in distant towns, offering for merely nominal sums to create perfect coats-of-arms for the wealthy common people, though during the reign of Elizabeth the allurements offered were so great that certain men, being found guilty of such practices, not only were willing to undergo the loss of their ears, which was the punishment awarded to such misdemeanors, but kept on in their evil practices until a long period of confinement in prison cured them of their unrighteous inclinations.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSES OF ARMS. — ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

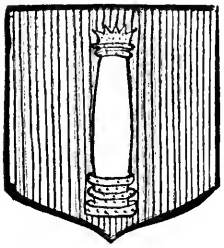
And now, having seen for ourselves the last abode of what still remains of Heraldry, I think we can return to our own country, and sort out the different varieties of coats-of-arms which we find commonly used in England. There are several of these families of coats-of-arms; one we have already referred to, which a herald calls Assumptive Arms; by that I mean, arms that people selected for themselves, as in the early days of Heraldry, during the wars of the Crusades, to commemorate certain gallant exploits.

These Assumptive Arms, when carried for many generations from father to son without the addition of quarterings from the mother's shield, are called Paternal Arms. Such is the coat-of-arms belonging to the great family of Montrose, who, for unknown reasons, either have never found favor in the sight of heiresses, or have preferred to select their brides where the glitter of ducats gave no added lustre to their charms. Besides these, we find Allusive Arms, arms that have been chosen because of some resemblance between their names and natural objects. The shield of the princely House of Colonna, in Italy, is one of these. In the centre



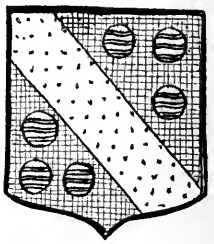
Graham, Earl of Montrose.

of the escutcheon a white column with a golden base and crown is seen. This was given to the family by the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, to show his gratitude to Stefano Colonna, who being at that time chief senator of Rome, crowned Louis in the Capitol, contrary to the express wish of the Pope.



Colonna.

In England such families are very numerous. We will find, for instance, the Colts, who show a skittish little foal upon their shield; the Trees, whose escutcheon is bright with the vivid green of a tree in full foliage; the Foresters, too, who display bugles upon theirs; and the family of Stourton, whose property lies on either side of the little river Stour. Upon their shield the Stour is a wavy band that passes diagonally across the shield, on either side of which are little circles, indicating the springs by which the estate is largely watered.



Stourton.

Grandest of all are those escutcheons called the Arms of Dominion. This is rather an imposing name, a sort of "ermine of the judges and purple of the kings" affair. And it is quite as imposing as it sounds. Such shields are those belonging to the nations themselves. The one borne by our American people we have already described, but there is a history connected with those assumed by every nation on the earth. The escutcheon displayed by England has passed through many changes, and it was not until the first year of the century that the Lilies of France disappeared from one of her quarters. This pretended sovereignty

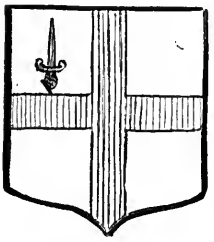
died a natural death with the in-coming of the practical and truth-loving nineteenth century.

Then there are what are called the Arms of Community, by which are meant such coats-of-arms as are displayed by cities, counties, etc.; for instance, those of Glasgow, on which a tree is seen, with a bird resting on a branch, and beneath the tree a salmon, having in its mouth a golden ring. The story is that the wife of the governor of the town, having lost her wedding ring in crossing the Clyde, suffered much from the reproaches of her husband, who, as she was very beautiful, refused to believe her tale of the manner of its loss. In much grief she sought the aid of Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow. Listening to her story of woe his heart was touched, and he promised to besiege the Throne of Grace with earnest prayers until the jewel should be recovered. These prayers were answered; a salmon drawn from the Clyde was found by its astonished captor to have a ring caught in its gills. The story of the fisherman soon spread abroad, and, reaching the ears of the offended magnate as well as those of his disconsolate wife, the family jar at last was ended.

The arms of the city of Worcester are adorned with little pears — a lasting memorial of a visit from the English Queen. When Elizabeth, during one of her magnificent "Progresses," or journeys, through her dominions, stopped for a day or two at Worcester, that city, to show its appreciation of the high honor, and its love of Her Majesty, carefully transplanted a full-grown pear-tree, whose branches were laden with ripe fruit, into the central square of the town. Elizabeth approved of this loyal demonstration, and when her beruffled and bepetticoated Highness withdrew, she gave

the city the right to display pears as an augmentation upon its shield.

The city of London bears a cross of St. George upon its shield, with a little sword filling the upper right-hand corner. This sword, as it first appeared upon the city's coat-of-arms, represented that of St. Paul, who is the patron saint of the city; but when Walworth, the Mayor of London, knocked Wat Tyler down, it was changed to the Mayor's rapier — a memorial of his gallant defence of the king. This was during the reign of Richard the Second.



City of London.

The peasants of Essex and Kent, after much provocation, had risen in revolt against the government, and, headed by Wat Tyler, forced an entrance into London. At Smithfield, by his own invitation, the boyish King Richard, then only sixteen, accompanied by the Mayor of London and a small retinue of knights, met the mob, whose hands had just been reddened by the blood of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the Treasurer of England. Wat Tyler, who headed the insurgents, suddenly caught sight of the king approaching, and instantly spurred forward to meet him, addressing him with insolent curtness: "Sir King, seest thou all people yonder?" "Yea, truly," was the quick reply, "why sayest thou so?" "Because," answered Tyler, "they be all at my command, and have sworn to me their faith and troth to do all that I would have them." The king, to pacify the enraged rioters, then promised to ease matters for the peasants, and peace seemed about to settle upon all, the rioters themselves beginning to break up, when Tyler, inflamed by his passion and intoxicated by his novel position as a leader of a

strong faction, picked a sudden quarrel with one of the king's knights, and would have run upon him with his sword had he not been prevented. High words ensued, and the Mayor of London drew his dagger. In the mêlée that followed, the king's person was threatened; quick as thought the Mayor sprang upon Tyler, dangerously wounding him. At this Tyler shouted to his followers, "Kill! Kill!" and Walworth the Mayor, rushing once more upon him, ran his dagger through his body, pinning him to the earth. With yells and execrations the rabble started to fall upon the king and his little company, exclaiming, "Our captain is dead, we are betrayed!" But King Richard, boy as he was, rode fearlessly forward alone to meet them, calling out, "What say ye, my masters — What are ye doing? Tyler was a traitor, I am your king, and I will be your captain and guide." At this opportune moment a party of a thousand armed London citizens, led by a knight, appeared upon the scene. This, added to many conciliatory promises of the king — promises, however, which were never kept — succeeded in quelling the riot, and the mob vanished to its several homes. The dagger of Walworth, it is supposed, then took the place, in the city arms, of what was in earlier days the long sword of the Apostle. Walworth and Philpot, a former Mayor, who also did gallant service at this time, were rewarded with augmentations of a similar kind to their shields, and had large grants of land, with considerable money, given to them.

This Mayor Walworth is said to have been the first tradesman knighted in England.

And as we happen to be thinking of London just this moment, I would like to ask you if, amidst all the Burtons,

Nortons, Farnhams, Gordons, etc., you ever met any one bearing the name of London?

There is an odd distich which runs this way: —

"In 'ford,' in 'ham,' in 'ley,' in 'ton,'
The most of English surnames run."

Half of these and many similar endings mean a village or town. Those living in them probably found subsistence difficult to obtain during the time of dissension and strife in the early English days, and, as a necessity, many of them gradually drifted into the great busy capital. Once settled in London, with good wages and plenty of work, it was rarely that they returned to their early homes. They became known, however, by the name of their birthplace — such names as Addington, Hamilton, Dunham, Burnham, and numberless others.

The coats-of-arms belonging to the great Bishopries also belong to this class of Community Arms. A very curious one is that of the Bishopric or See of Chichester. It recalls the old fabulous tales of Prester John, that wonderful myth of a king, the stories of whose magnificent court and remarkable Christian faith made all Christendom gape during the Middle Ages. Upon the shield of this See is a representation of the king, sitting comfortably enough, albeit his seat is but a tombstone, but holding a sharp sword in a most distressing fashion between his teeth. He wears a hood, and has a book in one hand. This Prester John was a mythical person, but one whom the credulous folk of the Middle Ages firmly believed

Bishop of Chichester.

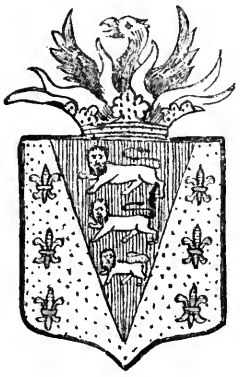
existed as a mighty potentate in the far East. Many descriptions of the marvels of his kingdom were brought to Europe by travellers, who themselves had only heard these tales in distant lands. Each report was an improvement upon a former one, until the descriptions of his kingdom equalled those given in the Arabian Nights. The coast line of this wonderful country was said to be jagged with huge blocks of adamant, which, acting like magnets, attracted all ships that chanced to approach. The forests were filled with parrots, who, "plenty as geese," flew screaming through the trees. As for the pebble-stones, nothing but jewels were washed upon the shores, many of them quite large enough to allow platters, dishes, and cups to be cut from them; indeed, so many strange and marvellous things were contained in this unknown land that life would not be long enough to write them down on paper. Prester John himself was called a "Christian," and was declared to believe "well in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," but still somewhat heathenish in lesser details of our faith. His dominions were described as being enormous in their extent, containing no less than seventy-two provinces, each large enough to command the entire attention of a separate subordinate king, and so huge was his army that no less than three hundred and thirty thousand men guarded his standards.

These standards consisted of three crosses of gold, very fine, very large, and very high, and all bejewelled with the precious stones. But, notwithstanding the unequalled splendor of his kingdom, Prester John was no stay-at-home monarch; he travelled occasionally, and I believe it was Columbus who thought he saw, rambling about upon one of the West Indian Islands, the revered person

of this famous man. This is the story that we are told clings to the strange figure adorning the arms of Chichester See, but now and then a priestly critic has been found, who declares that this so-called "Prester John" is in reality a representation of the Apostle Paul, the sharp sword symbolizing the Word of God, "which is sharper than a two-edged sword."

There were also Arms of Concession. These were given or conceded to a subject either by the sovereign or by a powerful baron.

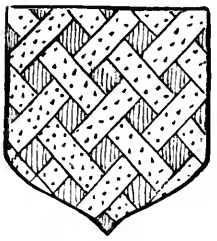
Henry VIII. gave to his well beloved Jane Seymour the quartering that now appears on the shield of the Duke of Somerset, whose ancestors were her brothers. The early demise of the affections of the many-wived Bluff King Hal was anticipated by her own early vanishing from worldly scenes. But just as her gracious and lovely spirit was starting on its homeward journey, she blessed the king by giving him a little son. The writers of her day declare her to have been not only the most beautiful of all the wives of the king, but as possessing also the gentlest disposition, and not only did the people mourn her loss, but the king himself, surprised at finding himself robbed of what he, as yet, had not wearied, grieved over his loss to such an extent that be allowed himself to go wifeless during the long term of two entire years. The crest that was assumed by her family after her death was a phœnix rising from its ashes, illustrative of her death.



Seymour.

Another instance was when Lord Audley conferred such arms on four of his retainers after the great battle of Poictiers. As soon

as victory fairly settled upon the banners of the Black Prince, that noble leader called for Lord Audley, and, throwing his arms about his neck, exclaimed, in the presence of many of his officers, "Sir James, both I myself and all others acknowledge you, in the business of the day, to have been the best doer in arms; wherefore, with intent to furnish you the better to pursue the wars, I retain you forever my knight, with five hundred marks yearly revenue, which I shall assign you out of my inheritance in England." At that time this was considered a magnificent estate, and the noble lord appreciated it. But, though highly flattered, the noble knight remembered that much of his success was due to the valiant behavior of his four squires, Delves, Mackworth, Hawkeston and Furlthurst; so, inspired by the conduct of the prince, he, with an outburst of generous feeling, divided the entire gift amongst them, and with it gave permission to bear his own arms, slightly altered. The prince heard of this, and, determining that Audley should not go unrewarded, immediately insisted upon the knight accepting another annuity of six hundred marks.



Audley.

His arms were red, with a network of gold, and those of his stout-hearted esquires, borne by their descendants during many generations, bore arms in which the fret of gold on a background of red was conspicuous.

Arms of Alliance were such as were brought into families by marriage with a wealthy heiress.

If you look at the shield now displayed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, you will see upon a scarlet background, a fine little golden lion, rampant, or standing gayly on one of his little hind legs. This

was the result of one of the early Talbots, Gilbert by name, falling desperately in love with Gwendoline, the heiress of the wealthy Prince Rhys of Wales. His own coat-of-arms was a shield covered with diagonal bars of silver and gold, but, marrying this lady, he adopted her shield, as you now see it.

Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

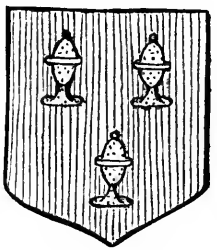
Then come the arms that are called Attributive, or, as we would say, "make believe" coat-of-arms, such as never existed at all. Some of the old romancing heraldists loved to add all the glory they could to their beloved science, and so felt that the worthy old warriors of the Bible, as well as the early heroes of Greece, ought to be honored with coats-of-arms, and proceeded to demand of their own imaginations what seemed best for each. Consequently, they describe to us with calm assurance the very arms, not only of the Wise Men from the East (poor Melchior being unkindly left to shiver in the shadow of neglect), but they can show us also those of David and of Samson, and even those of our first parents and their belligerent son. Adam's escutcheon, they assure us, was at first of a bright red color. Eve's shield was small and white, and as she was an heiress (!) it was placed in the centre of her husband's escutcheon. But when, to our eternal grief, they sinned and were driven out of Paradise, they had to change their insignia, and now we behold Adam's shield still red, but with a garland of fig leaves around the border, and Eve's little white escutcheon is now silver, with a small green apple in its centre.

Abel put his father's arms on two quarters of his shield, and those of his mother on the remaining two. Cain, after he slew his

brother, wished to change his coat to escape death at the hands of his fellow-beings; therefore some worthy heraldist informs us God mercifully put a mark upon it!

Samson bore a red shield with a lion lying down in the midst of a circle of black bees; while David had a blue shield with a gold harp ornamenting the centre thereof. Alexander the Great is credited with a shield that it is possible might have astonished the supposed possessor, could he have seen it. It is declared to be of red, with a golden chair in the centre, and in this chair a golden lion, sitting at his ease, amusing his leonine self with a grand battle-axe of silver.

But we will not forget that we live in the nineteenth century; and practical Americans, at least, cannot really be expected to put perfect faith in all such surprising and unbiblical tales. We will simply agree to believe that it was in the eleventh century that coats-of-arms became a positive adjunct to the European mode of life.



Butler.

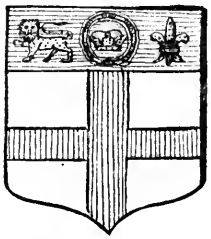
Last of all there are the Arms of Office, such as the coat-of-arms displayed by the Duke of Ormond, whose ancestor was appointed by Henry III. of England as butler, or Comptroller, of all the king's wines carried into Ireland. His descendants were to hold the office after him through all generations. Their shield displayed three covered cups, as indicative of their duties.

The great and royal House of Stuart sprang from the High Stewards of Scotland, and from this office took their name. The little Scotch laddies are expected never to forget this when they

read of the royal Jameses and Charleses who reigned for so long a time in England.

The various orders of knighthood, such as that of the Garter, with which we are all so familiar, belong to the Arms of Office.

The legend of the origin of the famous Order of the Garter, from which the name of the King-at-Arms of England is taken, is too well known to be repeated here, but it serves to call our attention to the other renowned Orders of Knights which heraldry introduced into existence during the Middle Ages. All knights did not belong to them, and differed from them in their title, being styled Knights Bachelors, whilst those elected to the various Orders were supposed to be wedded to them. If so, heraldic Mormonism has become extremely popular in England, as elsewhere in Europe — the Duke of Wellington, alone, being entitled to wear the badges of no less than eleven of these illustrious fraternities! Some of these orders in the earlier times were religious as well as military, and some purely military, while all had specific objects in view when created. The defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and objects allied to that, gave birth to many, such as the Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars, and that called the Teutonic Order of Knights.



Garter, King-at-Arms.

The conferring of admissions into these various orders is one of the methods by which sovereigns reward their most worthy subjects.

The Spanish Orders of Calatrava, Alcantara, St. Jago, and other European orders, too, sprang up at about the same time, such as the Golden Fleece (or Toison D'Or), The Star, St. Michael, Porcupine, Swan, St. Esprit; and a legion of brothers and sisters whose names

it would be as much a weariness to the flesh for you to read as for me to write. But the tales of the origin of some of the most noted among them might interest you.

The Order of St. Jago owes its origin, the old Spanish chroniclers declare, to what was certainly a most kind and friendly act on the part of the good St. James. The Spaniards were engaged in a desperate fight with the Moors, and the Infidels were proving themselves far too fierce and numerous for the Spaniards to maintain their ground. Each brave Spaniard was beginning to think that it would be better to show a clean pair of heels to their furious foe than attempt to face them with their shield and spear, when the sympathizing saint, clad in his pilgrim garb, appeared before them, mounted on a snow-white charger and carrying a cross in his hand. The apparition was seen by all, and each panic-stricken soldier found his courage returning, and under this supernatural leadership pressed on to perfect victory. This order admitted but thirteen knights to its membership, but it became the most powerful of all military orders in Spain, and acquired vast estates. It is even said that they could, when occasion demanded, bring one thousand followers into the field. Their influence waxed very great, and even in certain matters connected with the Spanish monarchs themselves they could interfere. To such intervention Spain is indebted for the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some dispute about the royal succession had arisen, and the Order of St. Jago upheld the rightful claimant to the throne most manfully, so that it was enabled to place the crown on Isabella's head. Their feast is held on All Saints' Day, while that of the English Order of the Garter takes place on April 24th, the day set apart for St. George.

The Order of the Golden Fleece (Toison D'Or) is composed of but twenty-four knights, and was created by Philip Le Bon of Burgundy. Their crimson velvet mantles, lined with white, are embroidered alternately with steels and flint stones, and around the neck of the collar is a series of very perfectly wrought flint stones and steels, "Flames and Fleeces." The flint stones bore a motto, "*Ante ferit quam micat*" (It strikes before it shines). This representation of the Flint and Steel "Philip the Good" put into the collar of the Golden Fleece in 1429, as indicating the advanced state of civilization at that time. The order stands high in the esteem of European knights, and in olden times it is said that the knights belonging to it yielded precedence only to the king. It is now held second only to the English Order of the Garter. Some ancient writer says that Philip intended, in giving the name of the Golden Fleece to this order, to inspire all brave men with the courage of Gideon, whose courage was fortified by the miraculous appearance of the dampened fleece, and enabled to conquer a vast host of the Midianites. And second to induce his loyal and affectionate subjects to guard their flocks with great care, as in their wool was the source of their greatest wealth. The chief of this order is now the King of Spain.

Another French order was that of The Star, and the ceremony of installation was upon the Feast of the Epiphany. Its name alludes either to the Star of the Magi, or to the Blessed Virgin, who in many hymns and prayers is called "Star of the Sea"—"Ave, Maris Stella."

The Order of St. Michael was founded by Charles VII., in honor of the Archangel, who appeared on the Bridge of Orléans and fore-

told the destruction of the English. Every knight was compelled to wear the collar of his order during times of peace, or pay a penalty for not so doing.

In England there are several noble orders in existence: — the Order of the Garter — that of the Bath, which is older than that of the Garter — the Order of the Thistle — that of the Star of England, and others.

When the Order of the Knights of the Garter was first instituted by Edward III., the Queen and the wives of the knights were allowed to share in the glories of the fraternity, and were called "Dames de la Fraternité de St. George"; and wore their robes and hoods ornamented with the Garter. This fashion disappeared, and though the courtly Charles the First tried to revive it, he was unable to do so. The number of the knights, exclusive of the Sovereign, was fixed as twenty-six, but various alterations have been made, by which foreign sovereigns can be added to the list; and the noble Duke of Abercorn, who has so recently died, was chief of the delegation selected to present the gift of membership in the noble order, some years ago, to Humbert, King of Italy. As so few ceremonies now take place that breathe of the old spirit of heraldry, it is rather pleasant to recall the little pageant. The Duke of Abercorn, then Garter King-at-Arms, accompanied by several of the heralds, was appointed to perform the ceremony. Upon reaching Italy they were admitted into the presence of the King, and the duke gave to him the courteous message with which the Queen of England had intrusted him. He then presented his Letter of Credence and the book in which, should Italy's sovereign choose to read them, he would find all the Blue Laws of the Ancient Order of the Garter.

Then, while he fastened the knightly ornaments upon the king, some very ceremonious and high-sounding "admonitions" were read by others of the Commission, and it is hoped that King Humbert felt that proper sense of gratitude which any foreign potentate ought to experience on receiving such proof of England's high esteem!

The knights hold their yearly feast at Windsor Castle; "and on the morrow of that day they were all required to attend in black gowns under their mantles, to 'hear mass of Requiem, which shall be solemnly sung for the souls of the fellows that are deceased, and of all other Christian people, and that all the company be there, without some of them be let reasonably, or else that he hath license of the Sovereign.'" The church and deanery there were, it is said, founded at the time of the institution, and also "thirteen poor aged gentlemen established, to be maintained with stipends by the name of Knights of Windsor, who had appointed to them robes of scarlet cloth, with a small escutcheon of St. George upon their shoulders, according to the manner of the Order, which were to pray for the Order."

The centre of the Star of Bath is the shield ascribed to King Arthur, viz.: three crowns proper, and his motto, "*Trois en un.*" The order, as being the most ancient, is, perhaps, worth a little longer glance than we shall give the others. Perhaps, boys, you might like to know how a Knight of the Bath was created during the days of Henry VI. of England, so I will copy an account of it that can be found in some old manuscript, entitled, "How Knights of the Bath should be made": —

"The even of the day of the feast, all the squires that shall be

made knights shall come altogether into the king's palace, and then the states of the king's house shall meet with them, and bring them up unto the king's presence; and then shall the king's taster go unto the kitchen for his meat, and all the squires with him that shall be made knights, and each one of them shall bear a dish, and they shall serve the king, but of the first course, and when the king is served, then shall the gentlemen ushers bring them altogether into their chamber. . . . And when they have dined, then shall the gentleman usher come into the said chamber and assign every squire his place for his 'bedde and for his bayne.' And when the king hath dined, then shall be sent, by the king's commandment, certain squires of his household, to await upon them that shall be made knights, and to be their servants and chamberlains.

"Then shall the king's barber come and shave all the squires, and every squire shall pay for his beard-shaving twenty shillings, and every squire shall ordain for his bath twenty-four ells of linen cloth, and that shall the king's barber have for his fee. Then shall the said squires go unto their bath, and when they be in their bath, then shall the heralds of arms go unto the king, and let him have knowledge that the squires be in their bath. Then shall the king command the steward of his house, with other lords and knights, for to go unto the squires, and give them their charge as they sit in their bath.

"The steward accordingly, with all the lords and knights, the king's minstrels and heralds of arms going before them, enter the chamber door, and give the knights 'their charge,' saying in this wise, 'Brother, the king, our sovereign lord, will that ye take this high and worshipful order upon you, the which I, as a knight,

declare unto you certain points that longeth unto this high and worshipful order of knighthood. Ye shall love God above all things and be steadfast in the faith, and sustain the church, and ye shall be true unto your sovereign lord, and true of your word and promise: also ye shall help widows in their right, at every time they will require you, and maidens. Also ye shall sit in no place where that any judgment should be given wrongfully against anybody, to your knowledge. Also ye shall not suffer no murderers nor extortioners of the king's people within the country where ye dwell, but with your power ye shall take them, and put them in the hands of justice, that they may be punished as the king's law will.'

"This charge ended, the knight who had uttered it was bidden to put his hand into the bath, and take up water, and make a cross upon the squire's left shoulder, before and behind, and kiss it, and say, '*In nomine Patris*,' etc., adding, 'God send you as much worship as ever had any of your kin'; and thus must do all the lords and knights unto every squire as he sitteth in his bayne." From this kind of re-baptism some have derived *dub*, from the Anglo-Saxon "dyppan," to dip. Indeed, the word "dub" itself is used in the North for a pool.

"Then shall they go out of their baths into their beds, and then they shall arise and make them ready in hermit's array of Colchester russet." Their beds, which were to consist of mattresses, blankets, sheets, coverlets, and coverlids of worsted, and cloths of gold upon that, and red tapites of worsted at the bed's head, hanging over the bed, became the property of a certain officer of the king's, called "the kingis chaundre." After leaving their beds, the squires were to go into the chapel, and be in

their prayers "until in the morning unto eight of the clock; and then they shall have a mass of the Holy Ghost, and then they shall offer a taper, and a penny, sticking in the taper as nigh the light as it may be reasonably. When mass is done, then they shall go unto their chambers and change them, and the king's *wayte* shall have all their watching garments. Then they shall change them into another raiment. First they shall put on them doublets, with black hose, black shoes, with leather soles, a red coat of red tartaryn, and a white leather girdle about him, and the girdle may have no buckle; then he must have a white coif upon his head, and then a mantle of red tartaryn purfled about with ermine, and that must be put above him; and a white lace must be in the said mantle before at the breast, with a pair of white gloves, knit in the said lace. Then the servants and chamberlains shall take their swords, and the scabbard shall be white leather without any buckle, and a pair of gilt spurs hanging on the hilt of the said sword, and the said servants and chamberlains shall bear the said sword with the spurs before them.

"Then they shall come down and take their horses, and their horses shall be arrayed in this wise; the saddle must be black, with a cross *patonce* hanging in the front of the horse. Then they shall alight, and come into the king's presence with their swords borne before them, and make their obeisance; then shall two knights take the spurs off the sword, and do them on their heels; then shall the king gird his sword about him; then the squire putteth both his thumbs within the lace of the mantle, and lifts up his arms above his head, and the king putteth both his hands within his arms, and takes him about the neck with both his hands and kisses him, and

plucks him by the neck, and says unto him, '*Soyez bon chevalier.*' Then he kneels down, and stands by till the king hath made them all; then they shall be led into the chapel with knights." The troubadour, Arnaud de Merveil, thus states the true merits of a knight: "It is to fight well, to conduct a troop well, to do his service well, to be well armed, to ride his horse well, to present himself with a good grace at courts, and to make himself agreeable there." He adds, "Seldom are these qualities found in the same person."

CHAPTER VII.

MEANING OF "COAT-OF-ARMS" — STORIES CONNECTED WITH FLAGS — STANDARDS AND ENSIGNS.

HERE at last we reach a point where we ought to know what the meaning of a "coat-of-arms" is. I have no doubt, children, that those of you who have been in London, and who had never heard that there was such a building as a Herald's College, knew quite enough about the Tower of London to clamor so loudly with your parents that a visit to it was the first of all pilgrimages to the many "sights" that London contains. If these boys and girls did make such a visit, I think they understand what "armor" is, as well as they know what a rifle or a cannon is. All varieties of armor are to be found in this solemn old repository of the remains of England's past glory, as well as of her shame; linked armor, and its gradual transition into plate armor, its gradual decrease into greaves here, plates there, — until it entirely vanishes into the present uniform of the British soldier. The linked armor is worth more than a tired glance, such as a pair of fagged-out legs are apt to suggest to the upstairs members of the body to bestow upon it. Every tiny link so fine, and yet so nearly sabre-proof, was fashioned one by one, and fastened with infinite patience and deftness to its fellow by the slow fingers of the armorer. So highly were these artisans esteemed in olden times that when one such artificer proved himself truly a master of

his craft, he was often treated as an officer of high rank. Besides having the first place in military precedency, he was protected from harm by very unusual penalties, as in the case of a certain Highland armorer, who, for some act of more than common iniquity, was entitled to suffer the severest of punishments. He was, however, so able a mechanic, could so nicely fit the joints of helmets and gauntlets, so successfully weld and fashion the pliable and impenetrable coats-of-mail, that the enraged chief, finding no other means of satisfying justice, hung two weavers in his place! The father of the scholarly Melanchthon, Luther's learned self, was such a workman; and his coat-of-arms, on which was painted a lion sitting upon a shield and helmet, holding tongs and hammer in his arms, was the gift of his beloved Emperor, Maximilian, given in return for a suit of armor made by him for the royal personage. These much-prized shirts of steel were liable to become useless through the riddling effects of iron rust, induced by exposure to the drenching storms and nightly dews; they were very hot, also, when worn under the blazing rays of a midday's summer sun. Therefore a "surcoat" of woollen or silk was worn above it, which bore the brunt of the storm, and warded off the extremest heat of the sun. This made the coat, but where were the arms? Those originated, without much doubt, in the device that was blazoned upon the standard of the great chieftains or commanders. On the standard, such insignia served to rally many a forlorn hope, and could often bring victory at the very moment when defeat was crushing its victim under its iron heel. A crest waving from the helmet of a knight served to identify him, to a certain extent, from other nobles; but an accident might deprive him of it, and why would it not be well to take the device that

fluttered in the hands of his standard-bearer, and with it decorate the highly polished surface of his shield? Then, if this were adorned, why not ornament his silken surcoat with the same device? Even the trappings of his horse, if enriched in a similar manner, would add to the brilliancy of his appearance. Thus "coats-of-arms" — surcoats with the insignia of the wearer embroidered upon them — came to be as much a part of the equipment of a knight as his armor itself. The saddles were often most exquisitely decorated. — Richard I. bestrode one that "glittered with red and gold spangles, and had on the hinder part two small lions of gold turned towards each other, with their mouths open and each stretching out one of its forelegs as if to attack and devour the other."

This wearing of coats-of-arms became at last so universal a custom, that it was almost a necessity. The unfortunate Earl of Gloucester, who had accompanied his grandfather, King Edward I., in his wars in Scotland, lost his life through negligence in this respect. A sudden awakening by a breathless messenger during the twilight hour of early morning, the sound of the screams and shouts of an army startled from their slumbers by an unexpected onslaught of the enemy, and all the hubbub and uproar incident to such an alarm, bewildered the young prince. He hurried from his tent to his horse in such haste that he failed to throw the surcoat over his steel corselet. Then with a courage that knew not fear he fought his way to where the ranks of half-clad soldiery were striving to repel the shouting assailants. His presence was unrecognized, and in the struggle he was himself cut down. His captors afterwards acknowledged that, owing to the gnawing poverty of the struggling Scottish clans, they would, for the sake of the heavy ransom, have

gladly spared the prince's life. "But," they said, "he had left his armorial bearings behind him."

Very few of these perishable old relics still exist, but the surcoat of Edward the Black Prince still hangs, faded and tattered, in the old Cathedral at Canterbury.

These surcoats, thus gorgeously ornamented, intended simply to identify the wearer, were, as the days of heraldry grew more palmy, at last introduced into the festivities of court life. The knights were not content with simply displaying their grandeur upon the battlefield. They proceeded to have their court mantles covered with their embroidered devices; and such splendor did these decorations add to their appearance that their wives and their daughters became envious, not to say jealous, and it was not long before they too graced the balls and high festival occasions of a courtly life in like apparel. Upon her dress the fashionable dame displayed the arms borne by her father, and upon her mantle, if she were married, she embroidered those of her husband. Even so grave and dignified a personage as old John of Gaunt, — so illustrious in war and astute in council, — did not think it beneath him to appear decked out in a costume the entire right half of which, from head to toe, was blue, while the remaining half was white — these being the colors of the House of Lancaster. What would you say, dear children, if you should see your revered parents thus arrayed, departing for some grand ball or dinner — with the family lions or leopards crawling over their backs, and crosses, shells, ladders, or axes garnishing the fronts of their dignified persons? Such, however, was then the fashion, and I dare say the bustles and "swallow-tails" in which these same heads of households now adorn themselves would be

quite as fit subjects of laughter to the dressy old heroes and heroines of the Middle Ages.

These heraldic emblems often appeared on the hangings of the walls, upon beds, on covers of books, in stained-glass windows, on stone façades of houses, and even, as in the case of the vain old Marquis of Bute, on the very leaden water-pipes of the castle.

So we have learned why the word "Heraldry" was selected to indicate this old spur to manly effort; and we have also learned what is meant by "coats-of-arms," — and now I am sure you would like to know when such devices were assumed — when the knights began to ornament the faces of their shields, and to embroider with all sorts of beasts and birds their surcoats and the trappings of their horses. A knight was a very imposing looking personage, when, in the full panoply of war, mounted upon his gayly bedecked horse, and followed by his long retinue of vassals, all wearing the badge of his house, he sallied forth to join his sovereign in his distant wars. Now, when did it first become a settled custom for chivalric Europe to so array itself in this fantastic dress? I think we had better agree with a very learned gentleman of Europe, who loves the science of heraldry so much better than do either you or I that he has given a long life to the study of it. This person assures us that about the time of the second Crusade, during the twelfth century, the symbols or devices that the various knights had assumed began to pass from father to son. Before this time either the animals used for such decoration failed to appear in the approved heraldic grotesquery of position, or else they were laid aside by the "Young America" spirit of even those ancient days; the sons preferring to assume a different device and

bring glory to it rather than appear shadowed by a predecessor's glory.

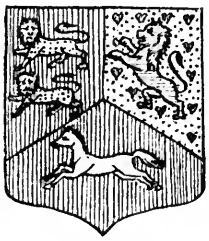
But before we look very sharply at these coats-of-arms, as we see them in Polly's treasure-box, let us remember that we ought to pay a little attention to the mother of all these manifold forms by which heraldic devices can be displayed. The flag, as we have already seen, was the beginning of all heraldic vagaries, and is the healthiest member of the emaciated "science" to-day. That, at least, flourishes as well in republican soil as it does in the hottest of monarchical hot-beds. The flag of William the Conqueror, on which it is said two of the English lions seemed, as the wind blew the fold this way and that, to tear and rend each other, was the forerunner of civilization for the English nation. It was accompanied by various other banners, and his loving wife Matilda, with her ladies, embroidered the effigies of many on that famous piece of work which I fear no Decorative Art Society of the present day will ever succeed in rivalling, the Bayeux Tapestry.

The ensign of Hengist and Horsa still stretches his legs on the chalky hills of southern England. There it lingers as a memorial of the old days when the south of England was so frequently pillaged by its warlike neighbors. Its "lingering," however, is due to the muscle and good "elbow-grease" of the farmers in the surrounding country, who yearly scrape the grass from the stratum of chalk that underlies the slight surface soil. He also capers about on the shield of Brunswick Hanover, apparently as youthful and full of equine spirit as when Odin first vaulted upon his back. The wiseacres, who are all the time trying to detract from the fame of our beloved heroes in history, smile at our belief that Hengist and

Horsa were the names of invading warriors, who did their best to conquer England, and aver that they were really not the names of those daring marauder chieftains, but the names were given to them by the terrified Britons from the banner that they bore. This standard was first carried by the chief called Horsa, and on it was the device of the war horse belonging to Odin, the Scandinavian God of War. Afterwards he who was styled Hengist adopted the ambling horse of Odin as his standard; he pushed his conquests beyond the shores of England, and setting his banner in the centre of a conquered town, it became known as Canterbury! This horse is rampant — an attitude which at that time was called the "canter" or Canterbury gallop, and is now the ensign of the County of Kent.

This White Horse of the Saxons, which appears upon a red shield, at one time belonged to Westphalia, and for many hundreds of years has been displayed by the House of Brunswick.

Wittekind bore on his banner a *black horse*, but when converted by the eloquence of Charlemagne to Christianity, he changed it to a white charger — thus showing the purity of his new faith.



Brunswick.

But these were standards that existed long before the days of Heraldry, and so we cannot pay them that attention that their great age really entitles them to expect. We have spoken of our own bright flag, but not a word have we said of the one that flies — so the owners boast — forever in the sun! England's many colonies are so scattered over the world that there is reason for the boast. On so many spots of this round globe of ours her flag is set that the sun never ceases to shine upon her crosses of red,

white, and blue. But why does she call her well known marine flag "The Union Jack," and why is St. George the favored saint of England, when formerly the good St. Edward was the hero whose name inspired a holy zeal within the English bosom? Two tales can be told about this saintly individual, and the one which is really not at all to the saint's credit is the first that we will relate, as we can then blot out the memory of it by telling the other, which is far more satisfactory to the English heart. It seems, according to this legend, that St. George was originally a sort of contractor of bacon for the army, and, although greater saints have risen from much smaller beginnings, still it seems to be rather to his disadvantage that he was associated with this particular article of commerce. But selling bacon was the least of his crimes; he is reputed to have been a rogue — an informer — and getting rich, as such scamps often do; inquiries were set on foot, the results of which were that to preserve his soul inside of his skin he was compelled to make a precipitate departure from his native land. He managed — clever knave that he was — to carry his money-bags with him, however, and turning Armenian, became so righteous in all outward appearance that he was even made Bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt. But in later days (361) his Nemesis overtook him, and he was clapped into prison; from there an excited mob managed to drag him to a convenient spot, and lynched him.

This infamous tale we will not believe. Of course no such old reprobate — one who would "sell his country for a cake" — could possibly be England's knightly saint. Our other legend tells us that in the same Cappadocia where this worldly hypocrite of a St. George was born, and at about the same time, another St. George

appeared. He grew up as pious as he was knightly, but though he valorously tore down certain decrees against the churches of Nicomedia that had been posted up in some public place, and thus incurred the wrath of the great Cæsar, who as a punishment had him put to death with great tortures, still the acts of his Christian life were so little known that after his canonization it seemed necessary to introduce a number of interesting little anecdotes in order to make his career seem really worthy of the exalted place he holds in the calendar. So Greek, Latin, and Moslem saints industriously set to work, and the result of their imaginative work is very nearly the following little tale.

His father was a martyr, and after his death the terrified Christian mother took her little child and hurried into Palestine. As early as it was possible for him to do so, St. George entered the army, and at twenty years of age, by the death of his mother, became the possessor of a large fortune. Then the spirit of travel took possession of him, and it so happened that his journeys led him into Lybia; here he found a wealthy town called Silene, near which there was a beautiful pond; but lovely as nature had made it, it was rendered loathsome by a horrible monster who made his abode beside it. Many a time had companies of armed men attempted to destroy him, but he always drove them back, slaying many of the soldiers. Sometimes he even approached close to the city, and, peering over the walls, sent great puffs of his dreadful and poisonous breath into the streets of the afflicted town. To propitiate him, and to keep him from repeating these knee-knocking, blood-curdling visits, it was decided by the inhabitants to make him a daily present of two sheep. This did very well for a time, but presently all the

flocks not only became thinned and diminished in size, but they vanished entirely. The dragon had eaten them all up! What was to be done? The hungry horror began his daily visits, and his scorching breath became the prevailing wind of the district. The citizens gathered together and decided that, flocks and herds having been exhausted, lots must be drawn among the people themselves! One day, to the great agony of the king, the lot fell upon his only child. Bad it was to lose the cattle and the sheep, and worse was it to see his subjects eaten up — but his only child — his little golden-haired, laughing daughter — oh, no, that never, never could be, and the king in his frenzy offered all his gold and silver, with half his realm thrown in, if they would excuse her from the feast. But the hollow-eyed mob shrieked, "No!" If his daughter was not eaten, did he not know that some one else's would have to be? All that his entreaties could extract from them was a respite of eight days, which the maiden might devote to saying her prayers and bracing herself up for the ordeal. Meanwhile, the enraged monster came with greater frequency to the walls of the city, and blew bigger draughts of his horrid breath twice and thrice a day over the wretched people, killing more than ever. The tormented inhabitants now threatened to murder all the royal household if the doomed maiden did not forthwith proceed to meet her fate. So at length the damsel robed herself for the sacrifice; and though it cannot be supposed that she went with a hop, skip, and jump, still out she sallied through the gates to meet her fate. She slowly wended her way towards the evil beast, who sat smacking his lips and rolling his tongue in fond anticipation of this delicately fed and dainty creature, this tidbit that was to slide down his cavernous maw.

Just at this moment, the future saint, George of Cappadocia, came riding by, and, the beauty of the weeping maiden attracting him, he paused to ask the cause of her grief. She told her tale, and then, noticing that the dragon had risen and was slowly wriggling himself forward, she bade him fly for his life, as the terrible creature always liked two for dinner better than one. At this the knight smiled, and, turning towards the monster, rushed, spear in hand, upon the beast, and, utterly destroying him, cleft his head from his body, and brought it smoking hot into the public square of the now huzzaing town.

From there he went to Rome, but soon after his arrival a massacre of Christians was instituted. Our hero, being most holy in his life and character, decided, after distributing all his wealth among the suffering poor of his own faith, to boldly tell the Emperor that he, St. George, was one of the hated sect. He was a valiant and fearless knight, and, before condemning him to death, the Emperor allowed him a chance for his life by bidding him once more to sacrifice to the gods. This he refused to do, and was directly sentenced to death. After being driven into prison, he was accordingly savagely thrust at with spears by his executioners. Such weapons ought surely to have caused his death, but they snapped like straws when touching his body. This was somewhat of a surprise, but there were other means by which to destroy malefactors, so they fastened him by his hands and feet to posts, a heavy stone was laid upon his body, and his executioners waited to see him flatten out, and to hear his last groan. They waited, — but he continued to look plump and rosy, while his breath came and went as regular as clock-work. This also was discouraging, and they concluded to

allow a night to intervene before binding him to a wheel set with sharp blades and knives. Such an instrument they felt sure would make an end of him; but an angel was seen to hover suddenly over his head, and St. George, raising an arm that should have been stiff in death, saluted him most courteously after the military fashion of the day. He was immediately removed from the wheel, and although they examined him carefully, not a wound could they find that was not perfectly healed. In great wrath they then threw him into a pit of quicklime, but that seemed to be as comfortable for the holy man as a bath of warm water, so, dragging him out of it, they tried boiling oil; still his skin was as free from signs of fire after passing through this ordeal as it was before. Now his feet were put in red-hot iron shoes, and he was bade to run a race, which he did to the admiration of all beholders. The fury of his persecutors reached its height, and an iron box was produced, lined with sharp pointed nails. In this he was laid and then flung down a precipice. By this time his executioners were suspicious of the results of even such a life-destroying medium; they worked their way carefully down to the foot of the cliff, pried open the ugly box, when, Great Jupiter! out jumped the saint, as smiling, too, and as forgiving as a saint should be, while not a gash was visible in his flesh! Then they dragged him up the hill and scourged him with thongs of hide till his flesh fell in flakes from off his back. This was encouraging, but the next day nothing was to be seen but the scars. Two cups of poison were now given him to drink, one to drive him mad, and the other to kill him, but they proved to be like milk and honey to the saint, he being mercifully preserved, though he obligingly drank off the contents of both without a moment's hesitation. At this time he

had the opportunity given him to restore to life both a dead man and an ox recently slaughtered, which he did, and by these miracles converted many. But that night, in a dream, St. George saw the Saviour approach him with a golden crown, which he laid upon his head, and, smiling approvingly upon him, bade him prepare for Paradise. Upon awakening, St. George called his faithful servant, who wrote these memoirs, to him, and commanded him after his death to carry his body and his will to Palestine.

The next day, by making the sign of the cross, he forced the devil that dwelt inside the statue of Apollo to confess aloud that he was only a fallen angel; and immediately all the statues of the other gods fell down. This last miracle converted not only forty thousand nine hundred men, but the very wife of the Emperor. The sovereign was now so tired and exhausted with his efforts to destroy his seemingly deathless prisoner, that he turned in his exasperation upon his wife, and put her to death, and managed to send with her soul that of the much-suffering saint — probably by means of the cross depicted on the English flag. The two liberated spirits ascended together, and, as they did so, a whirlwind of fire suddenly enveloped the barbarous Emperor, and he was carried — we will not ask where — but he was never seen again on earth.

During the Crusades, when the Lion-Hearted King, with his army, arrived at the gates of Jerusalem, this valiant saint appeared on the walls of the Holy City, waving his sword, and led him on to a victorious assault. During the fray, St. Michael slipped up beside him, and the two did knightly deeds. Great was the enthusiasm of the Crusaders over this saintly and chivalrous deed of the noble George, and their praises soon placed him at the top of all the

saints worshipped in Europe, Aragon, Portugal, and England, and most of the chivalrous orders of that day assumed him as their patron. In 1348 King Edward III. founded St. George's Chapel in Windsor. The next year, when he was besieging Calais and strove to stir his soldiers to greater deeds of courage, he brandished his sword above his head, exclaiming, "Ha! St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" These words so animated his followers that they fell upon the French and routed them completely. From that time Edward the Confessor ceased to be England's favorite saint, and the Holy George became its patron.

> "Thou amongst those saints whom thou dost see,
> Shall be a saint and thine owne nation's friend
> And patrone; thou St. George shall called bee —
> Saint George of Merrie England, — the sign of victorie!"

And now, having connected St. George with the red cross that shines out most conspicuously on the English flag, we will talk of the two remaining crosses that underlie it. The white one belongs to St. Andrew. His history runs thus: —

In 1248, so the old historians, who are fond of legendary lore, have written, the Christian allies were besieging the walls of Seville, and in order to accomplish their purpose, many and diverse were the means they used; among other war machines, they had the saltire, or scaling ladder, and by means of it they clambered to the top of the walls. This was successfully accomplished upon St. Andrew's Day, and they ordered Te Deums to be sung in all the churches, glorifying the benign saint. Not only did they give him thanks, but vowed "that from thenceforth as well they as their posterity, in tyme of war, should wear a cross of St. Andrew as their badge and

cognizance." Afterwards the conquerors converted the inhabitants of Seville, and the Archbishop put the saltire on the banner of St. Andrew. Gradually it grew upon the people that a saltire — a species of scaling ladder — was scarcely a fit emblem to put upon the banner of a saint; it would be better to style it a cross, and there was formed a story of the good St. Andrew having suffered death upon a cross of that form. As no one has ever been proved to have met his death in such an uncomfortable way, we cannot believe that either he or St. Patrick, who, it is likewise said, had to perish in a similar way, were ever executed on such crosses.

But the Scots regard the cross with peculiar veneration. The old Highlanders used to repeat, as a miracle in which their grandfathers for generations back believed, that somewhere in that interesting, legend-creating age, the ninth century, when Hungus was the king of the Picts in Scotland, he was about to engage in battle with a formidable host of enemies. The night before, he had a vision, and in it saw the Apostle St. Andrew, who comforted his heart by promising victory to his army, and, that he might put undoubted faith in this assurance, told him that above the heads of his Pictish followers the Saltire Cross upon which he died should be distinctly seen in the blue sky. Not only did Hungus's believing eyes behold the sign, but those of the entire army beheld the symbol, and the soldiers, rushing upon the enemy, soon had the pleasure of seeing them vanish into a handful of fleeing, panic-stricken men.

The third cross is that of St. Patrick of Ireland. These three crosses form the "Union Jack."

But this "Union Jack" considers itself as a badly treated banner, and in an English newspaper a few years ago sighed out the following lament: —

PITY POOR JACK.

SIR: — I am not a grumbler, though I am treated very badly. How, sir, may I ask, would you like to be hung up by your heels? or how would any of your readers like to stand on their heads for a week together? And yet I, who am, with the exception of my cousin, the Standard, the most noble bit of bunting in the world, am, even in the loyal county of Hertford, constantly displayed upside down, and am thus turned from a symbol of rejoicing into a signal of distress, and all because the descendants of those who marched and sailed under me to victory will not take the trouble to find out how I ought to be hoisted.

But, sir, I should probably have gone on and suffered in silence, if I had not come across the following paragraph in your paper of November 16: "Mr. —— had two Union Jacks — the *red* and the *white*." How, sir, could you, being a *blue*, mistake my children, the ensigns, for me? I will, therefore, give a short sketch of my history.

Long before I was known to the world as Jack, I was the banner of St. George. I was a white flag with a red cross; thus I flew at Agincourt; thus I appear at coronations and a few other state occasions; and thus I denote the presence of an English Admiral.

In 1606, the Banner of St. Andrew — Azure; a Saltire Argent (blue, with white diagonal cross) was united to that of St. George by virtue of a royal ordinance given on April 12, 4 Jac. I. Heralds thus described me then: — "The Cross of St. Andrew, surmounted by that of St. George, the latter fimbriated argent" (i.e., bordered white).

I continued in this state until the 1st January, 1801, when upon the Union with Ireland it became necessary to incorporate the Cross of St. Patrick — Argent; a Saltire gules (white, a red diagonal cross); and I am thus described in a royal proclamation of that date: — "Azure; the crosses saltire of Saint Andrew and Saint Patrick, quarterly per saltire, counterchanged argent and gules; the latter fimbriated, and the second surmounted by the cross of Saint George, of the third, fimbriated as the saltire."

In 1606, the heralds departed from their own rules in forming me. Instead of quartering my two crosses they endeavored to make them into one. The heralds of 1801 followed their example; and the result is that I am now a heraldic absurdity; though, having flown over so many glorious fights, probably no attempt to alter me would succeed. Sir Harris Nicolas tried to get me slightly altered in 1832; he wanted

me to appear as I do on the bronze coinage, where I am represented wrongly, though perhaps sensibly, thus: — The Cross of Saint Andrew, surmounted by that of Saint Patrick, over all the Cross of Saint George, fimbriated argent. But I have not been rearranged yet, and I don't suppose I ever shall be, so I will try to describe myself in plain English. I am a blue flag, divided into four quarters by a red cross, with a narrow white border. Each quarter is divided by a red diagonal bar, with white border, from centre to centre; but the borders are not of equal width, *those nearest the staff being broad above and narrow below, those in my fly, i. e., in my second and fourth quarters, being narrow above and broad below.* Therefore, sir, if any of your loyal readers have occasion to hoist me, I hope they will see that the broad white border of the diagonal cross is uppermost, next the staff.

One word more, and I have done. "Hoist me right up"; don't have me flying four or five inches from the staff-head. I have to fly half-mast sometimes, and it is hard to be made to do so on occasions of rejoicing. — I am, sir, your obedient servant,

UNION JACK.

The term "Jack" is supposed to have originated in the name of King James, or "Jacques." As for the "Union" — the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, gave rise to that.

St. Cuthbert's Banner was at one time, perhaps, the most renowned of all the English flags. The Holy Saint Cuthbert was supposed to watch over the interests of Durham Cathedral, and the banner was kept during times of peace in sacred seclusion in the Abbey. When carried to battle, it was borne by a monk of Durham. On the top of the staff was a little silver cross, and on the centre of a large banner-cloth was a piece of white velvet, half a yard square, and upon that a cross of silver velvet was laid. Within this white velvet was the holy relique with which the holy Saint Cuthbert covered the chalice when he said mass, and the residue of the banner-cloth was of crimson velvet, most sumptuously embroidered with gold and silk. This banner was supposed, owing to the presence of this notable relique, to carry success wherever it was borne. Through its virtue victory was

gained by an early king of Scotland, who happened to spend a night at Durham on his way to expel a usurper. Here he had a vision — visions and miracles, I think you must have already noticed, were matters of every-day occurrence in these early ages — and in this vision he heard a whisper in his ear by some ghostly visitant, — St. Cuthbert himself, it is more than likely, — which bade him possess himself of the precious banner if he wished success. This he managed to do; and the rebels were soon either hanging from the trees, or hiding amid their bushes. It is even said that when the Earl of Surrey approached Flodden Field, he tarried long enough to get the banner well started with his host, before venturing to encounter King James and his army of tough, resolute mountaineers.

This celebrated banner finally vanished from scenes like these through the fingers of the Catholic wife of one of the Deans of Durham. She made a fire, seized the banner, and that was the end to all benevolent efforts of good St. Cuthbert through the agency of banners.

CHAPTER VIII.

STORIES ABOUT FLAGS, CONTINUED, AND DESCRIPTION OF AN "ACHIEVEMENT" — ORIGIN OF TITLES.

SOME of the flags of France have been very famous; such as the Tricolor. It is thought to represent the Blue Banner of St. Martin, the Red Banner of St. Denis, and the "Cornette blanche." Blue and red were the ancient colors of Paris, and of these colors the cockade was at first made, but the National Guard, which was not unfavorable to the throne, insisted upon having the white of the Bourbon standard added, and in this way the Tricolor was formed. Would you like to hear how it was that Paris chose blue and red for her colors? If so, I will tell the story just as somebody else has told it. Some day, after riding down the Champs Elysées to the once beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, past the showy arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, on and on, till you come to the soaring Column of July, with the gracefully poised figure on its apex, you may like to recall it: —

"About 1356, during the captivity of John of France in the Tower of London, Paris became a republic, and the municipality governed all France. At this time it was decided that the city of Paris should have colors of its own, and under the authority of Etienne Marcel a flag was selected, half blue and half red, with an agraffe of silver, and the motto, '*A bonne fin.*' Shortly after, when Etienne Marcel was murdered with sixty of his followers, the colors of the city were suppressed, and remained in obscurity until 1789. Upon

the accession of Charles V., he erected the Bastille St. Antoine, on the very spot where Etienne Marcel had been slain, as a monument of defiance on the part of the crown against the capital, which remained for centuries a state prison and symbol of despotism. By a singular coincidence, the Bastille was destroyed on the anniversary of the day on which the ancient colors of Paris — the colors of Etienne Marcel — became victorious over royalty. On that day, July 14, 1789, Lafayette restored the colors of the city to the people, adding thereto the royal emblem, white, and thus composed that tricolor which, according to Lafayette's prophetic words, '*Devait faire le tour du monde!*'"

Another highly prized flag, and one much older than the Tricolor, is that of St. Martin. This was the standard of the nation for six hundred years, and was made of that half of the saint's remarkable blue mantle which remained to cover his chilly person after dividing the original cloak with his sword, so as to give a covering to the freezing beggar at the gates of Amiens. This half of his cloak, so valued by the French, never showed signs of decay during many centuries; even the moths of this monastery being far too good Catholics to even think of attacking the sacred, carefully guarded bit of woollen. The little oratory in which it was preserved — this cloak or cape, or, in French, *chape* — acquired from the treasure it held the name of *chapelle*, and the person who cared for it was called *chapelain* — and thus, we are told, arose our English words chapel and chaplain.

Somehow, a sleeve of this precious mantle seems to have detached itself from the incorruptible garment, and managed to do a deal of travelling about. Not infrequently it got into trouble, as wayward

members of a well brought up household usually do. It carried on in such a way that at last it was claimed by no less than three churches, and so violent and unyielding was the altercation that the dispute lasted for sixty long years. Then the Count of La Rochefoucauld, getting possession of it one day, ended the matter by most sacrilegiously dropping it on a brazier of coals, thus utterly consuming it. The sacred remnants of the cape were placed in a casket, and its effigy, which was carried conspicuously in front of the army when needed, was the richest and most beautiful of all the banners of ancient France. When this standard was to be used, it was laid for several days upon the tomb of the saint, until it was supposed to be perfectly charged with all the holy evaporations of the worthy saint, and was then placed in the hands of the proud Counts of Anjou, who, as Grand Seneschals of France, were the proper flag-bearers of Saint Martin's Flag.

What finally became of the last blue shreds of the holy garment, I know not; but eventually the renowned Oriflamme of Saint Denis took its place. This was of red, as all banners of churches dedicated to martyrs ought to be, the color signifying not only war, but suffering — and was fringed with green, to typify their hope. Originally it was flecked with golden flames, thought to have been placed there as a memorial of the Day of Pentecost. The "fly," or edge, was cut in five points, to represent the five wounds of our Saviour. The standard-bearer of this victory-gaining flag always, before receiving it, confessed, partook of the Eucharist, and swore to defend it with his life. This flag had the glory of making its first appearance upon the battlefield at Agincourt.

As soon as the war was ended, for which the aid of the flag was

invoked, it was always the duty of the king, who had taken it from the Cathedral of St. Denis, to carry it back himself. In one battle with the Flemings, when Philip Van Arteveldte was slain, an old chronicler tells us of the magical effects of the flag: —

"It was a most excellent banner, and had been sent from heaven with great mystery. It is a sort of gonfanon, and is of much comfort in the day of battle to those who see it. Proof was made of its virtues at this time; for all the morning there was so thick a fog that with difficulty could they see each other, but the moment the knight had displayed it, and raised his lance in the air, the fog instantly disappeared."

This banner is said to have been destroyed during the lively anti-monarchial days of the First Revolution in France, but some one has declared that should you chance to visit the old Abbey Church of St. Denis some day, you may see it hanging from the eastern extremity, near the high altar.

After this flag came the "cornette blanche." This was a plain white banner, and was a symbol of the Virgin Mary. It was borne by Henry IV. at the Battle of Ivry, when the king —

> "Bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest";

and cautioned his followers: —

> "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
> For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
> Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
> And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Afterwards it was powdered with golden fleurs-de-lys. Later the color of the flag was changed to blue, and all but three of the golden lilies taken away.

I believe that the most recent national flag that has appeared in Europe is that of the German Empire. It originated when Barbarossa was crowned in Frankfurt Cathedral (1152). The entire roadway from the Romer Palace, where the gay doings were going on, to the Cathedral, where the solemnity of coronation took place, was covered with a gorgeous carpeting of red, black, and gold. After the ceremonies were over, the carpet was given to the people, who slit it into innumerable pieces, and carried them as flags through the city. A little later and these colors were adopted as the German colors, and so remained until Napoleon's victories in 1806. About the middle of this century they were again produced, but the question as to which color should form the upper and most honorable one arose. Some one suggested, "Powder is black, blood is red, and golden flickers the flame; *that* is the old imperial standard." King Friedrich Wilhelm II. decided it in this little line: —

"From night, through blood, to light."

and so the colors are now displayed.

The significance of flags is not always noticed, but it adds to their interest, as in the banner of the Italians, hoisted at Venice in 1848, and consecrated by the Patriarch of Venice, glorious in his scarlet gown and cap, and flashing with his diamond crosses; at this ceremony America alone was invited to be present.

"Red for the patriot's blood,
Green for the martyr's crown,
White for the dew and the rime,
When the morning of God comes down."

So having had this introduction to Old Mother Flag and to her most interesting family — and having had a peek through the

palings of the ancient tournament-grounds, let us take up one of Polly's pretty pictures and give it a good look. Here is one where all that is necessary to form a perfect "Achievement," or coat-of-arms, can be seen. First we will notice the shield, and we see that resting upon it is a helmet; upon this helmet rests a crown, with a sort of ragged veil flowing from it, over the helmet. This is called the mantling. On either side of the shield stand two figures, whose feet rest upon a scroll that runs under the shield, and on which the motto, if there is one, is written. High above the shield, and rising from a wreath, is the crest. The badge does not appear upon an Achievement.

All of these little adornments have a meaning; and before we hear the tales that the shield has to tell us, we will try to understand what the minor ornaments mean. "Minor, indeed!" exclaims the outraged crest, fairly quivering with indignation. "Was I not placed far beyond the shield in the estimation of the warrior knights in the good old days! Could any one display me unless they had won the right to do so on the battlefield! Minor, indeed!"

Dear, dear! what an uproar that crest is making! Such a simple remark as that of mine — who could have dreamed that it could have hurt the feelings of any one! Of course, the crest is honorable, very honorable; and it was only to the helmet, the coronet, and such trifling things, that I referred. This I say in a whisper, for if they too show such jealousy as does this arrogant crest, we shall have anarchy reigning supreme, and you will never hear a single one of all the interesting legends that most of them can tell. But the crest is shaking its feathers and carrying on in such a dreadful way that I am sure it will interrupt us every moment

England.

ACHIEVEMENT.

unless we ask her forgiveness and tell her we are dying to have her open up her store of queer stories. We know very well how nobly it used to conduct itself in the red days of strife and bloodshed, inspiring fresh courage simply by its appearance when flying from the helmet of some idolized and trusted commander. But, with all respect to its feelings, let it be said, it has never been known to ward off a blow from its possessor, as the shield with its dinted and hacked appearance clearly shows it often has; and its introduction into the collection of ornaments that now decorates the silver, paper, and carriages of all noble families was of much later date than that of the shield. But, when it was introduced, we acknowledge with all haste that its possession was considered a higher distinction than that of simply displaying the shield. A crest (see! it is growing good-tempered now) could, in early days, only be borne by a knight who had known what it was to win honor on the battle-field, whereas the shield could be passed from father to son. This now has all changed, and, with the rest of the owners' insignia, belongs to the son as well as to the father. Yet the crest still insists upon certain restrictions in its use, it having a good deal of the crusty old bachelor in its composition. We Americans set its rules at defiance, and do as we choose; but the English ladies are not permitted to use the crest — that is the prerogative of the "man of the family" alone. The importance attached to the ability to display the crest is easily recognizable by the way in which it appears upon the seals of the old "noblesse." Certainly there, at least, it bears but little resemblance to a "minor ornament," towering as it does above the almost microscopic shield. The unfortunate shield looks like some poor little hen-pecked husband, half hidden by the

voluminous skirts of an Amazonian sort of a wife. You can almost hear him cry.

The first crest given by a king to a subject was that of an Eagle, which Edward III. bestowed as a mark of high favor upon a Montagu — or Montacute, as the name used to be spelled — the Earl of Salisbury. With it he gave him a goodly estate, so that the honor was not an empty one.

"Crest" is a word that in Latin means the comb or tuft that grows upon the head of many birds, and chieftains used these crests as a proud distinction upon their helmets. When not made of feathers, it is supposed to have been made of boiled leather, light, and susceptible of any shape desired, and many were the curious conceits which were embodied in its form.

In Germany, they regard the crest even more highly than we do, as with every marriage between noble families where a new quartering is grafted on to the family shield, the crest of the wife is superimposed on those already belonging to the shield. But in France the crest is quite neglected, so that many families never display it. Even in England there are many coats-of-arms where the crest is missing, although the reason for such an omission is not at all from lack of desire to have it.

The crest is always represented as rising from a wreath of six strands of twisted silk, used in memory of the admiration with which the turbaned heads of the hostile Saracens were regarded by the Crusaders.

Many of the crests borne by Englishmen have curious stories connected with their origin; and one such is the legend of the Stanley crest, belonging to Lord Derby. According to this, we are

to believe that there was once a good old knight called Lord Latham, who lived with his wife in Latham Hall. He had grown old, and at the time of our story both he and his wife were not far from four-score years, and yet no little feet had ever pattered through their halls, and no din of children's voices had either fretted or gladdened the hearing of the good old couple. They loved each other dearly, but ah, how they grieved to die without an heir of their very own. A stranger would squander what they with so much care had hoarded, and alien occupants would fill the grand old hall. Back of the castle stretched a dense forest called Ferlistowe Wood, through whose tangled underbrush none but woodsmen ever forced their way. These woodsmen, however, as well as all other retainers of the old noble, knew how he mourned his lonely condition, and sympathized with him in his grief. One day, while busily engaged in felling trees, one of these men discovered, to his intense amazement, that in an eagle's nest, where lay three fine young eaglets, was a new-born babe, "swaddled and clad in robes of red," — evidently a treasure just brought by the mother bird to whet the appetites of her young brood. The news of this surprising discovery being brought immediately to the lord, he rode with all the speed that he could make into the wood. There, to be sure, carefully guarded by the wood-chopper, lay the babe in the strange society of the little birds. Stooping down, he lifted the weeping child in his arms, and, bearing it straightway to his wife, they adopted it as their own, making it the darling of the house. A linen cloth filled with salt was fastened about its neck, according to the custom then prescribed with children who had not been baptized, so they had it christened Oskell, and he became their heir.

Sir Oskell grew up a wise and good man, married, and became the lord of the castle. He had one daughter, the beautiful Isabella, with whom, after she was grown, Sir John Stanley fell in love and stole away one stormy night. But the father forgave them, and eventually left them all his great estates. The child in the eagle's nest became the well known Stanley crest, and the eagle's leg was taken for the badge. Another extremely interesting crest is that of Lord Aberdeen. It is associated with the death of the Lion-Hearted King of England. His French possessions were very dear to the English king, and shortly before his death he was in France, engaged in one of the tussles with the French king, that were so common during the years when England maintained her right to certain provinces in the north of France. He was bringing the difficulty of the moment to a favorable close for English claims, when he learned that one of his vassals, the Viscount of Limoges, had discovered a treasure, and, with the hope that his liege lord might not hear thereof, was holding it for a while in his castle of Chalus. But the world is full of ears that hear, of feet that carry, and of tongues that tell all news, both good and bad, so it was not long before Richard was made aware of the secreted treasure. He posted a messenger off, without any delay, therefore, to his perfidious subject, demanding it to be sent to him forthwith. The Viscount, though wrathful that his good luck should have become known to the king, and having forty good ways of spending the money himself, still did not dare to entirely refuse the king's demand, so he filled sacks with half the amount, and, loading them on the back of a mule, sent them to the king. If he expected this would be satisfactory, Richard soon disabused him of such an idea. The Viscount then remonstrated,

De la Bere.

Lord Aberdeen.

Stanley.

Holot.

saying that "Gold treasure belongs to the liege lord; silver is divided." At this the king issued marching orders to his army, and before long they were encamped before the refractory noble in his castle. The garrison defended it as best they could, but, not anticipating the attack, or the king's appearance being more sudden than it was supposed possible, the provisioning of the castle had not been completed. They offered, therefore, to capitulate. But the king, whose temper was never under the best of control, had become so exasperated that he swore he would take the place by storm and hang every varlet in it. When this answer was received, the miserable garrison resolved to defend itself to the death. One young archer, peering through some loop-hole, spied the king and one of his generals examining some point of attack, and so close to to the castle that they were within bowshot. He was not the man to lose such an opportunity, and, swiftly placing an arrow within his bow, he sent it with such certainty of aim that he struck the king in his shoulder. A surgeon was called, but so unskilful was he that in endeavoring to withdraw the arrow he broke it, and the steel point remained to rankle in the wound. Meanwhile, the castle was stormed and taken, and, as the king had commanded, the soldiers were put to death. Bertrand de Gourdon, whose hand had laid the king upon his dying bed, was summoned by the monarch to his couch. "Wretch," said he, "what had I done to you, that you should have attempted my life?" "You have put my father and two brothers to death," was the spirited answer, "and you wanted to have me hanged." The king's brows knit heavily, as he regarded for a few moments the daring young soldier; then he suddenly exclaimed, "I forgive you; let his chains be removed, and let him

receive one hundred shillings." And with these words the king expired. But so enraged were his generals that they paid no heed to his request, and, in their transports of grief and wrath, took the unlucky prisoner and flayed him alive. The children of Gourdon, terrified at their father's fate, fled to Scotland, and there established this celebrated family of Gordon, afterwards Earls of Aberdeen.

Another crest is one where the half figure of a woman is conspicuous. It is borne by the Lyons, Earls of Strathmore. Old Sir John Lyon was so fortunate as to gain the good-will of King Robert II., and with such great favor did the king grow to regard him that he permitted him to marry his own daughter, the Lady Jane. Such a magnificent alliance could not be permitted to slip by unnoticed, and the family have ever since borne as their crest this figure of a lady, within an arch of laurel and holding a thistle in her hand.

The crest of the De la Beres was given to the family just at the close of one of the great English and French battles. There is an old, old house in Cheltenham that belonged to them, where, in an ancient painting, Sir Richard de la Bere, Knight Banneret, is represented as receiving his cognizance, the badge and crest of plumes. When the Black Prince was in great danger during the battle of Crecy, this noble knight succeeded in extricating him from his perilous position, and, to show his appreciation of his valor, the Prince, at the close of the battle, gave him this crest, resembling his own. The crest can still be seen in the window of the great parlor at Southam.

An interesting little display of womanly heroism is associated with a crest worn for many years by the Dudleys. It represents a

woman with an open helmet and her hair falling about her shoulders. The story of this gallant woman's deed so worked upon the imagination and fired the enthusiasm of a solitary monk, living in the shadows of the fourteenth century, that, instead of pattering his Ave Maria, or counting off his Pater Nosters in his lonely cell, he wrote the tale of her exploit. It seems that this fair maiden, whose name was Agnes Hotot, was the loving daughter of a very hot-headed old father. The father had a troublesomely opinionated neighbor, and between them a disagreement arose over the proprietorship of a certain tract of land. The discussion grew so warm that they finally decided to meet at a certain time upon the disputed ground and settle the quarrel by combat. As ill fortune would have it, the father of Agnes fell sick, and on the appointed day was unable to keep his appointment. "Then," says the good monk, "his daughter Agnes, unwilling that he should lose his claim, or suffer in his honor, armed herself cap-a-pie, and, mounting her father's steed, repaired to the place of decision, where, after a stubborn encounter, she dismounted Ringdale, and, when he was on the ground, she loosened the stay of her helmet, and, letting down her hair about her shoulders, she showed him that he had been conquered by a woman." This muscular lady became afterwards the heiress of her family, and marrying a Dudley, the crest was assumed and worn by them.

Sometimes the crests bestowed were not so satisfactory to the gentle spirits of the owners. This, alas! is said to be the case with that borne by the Davenports. The members of this family in Cheshire are about as numerous as the Smiths are in America, and the laughing boys of this county, perched on the fence-posts, or

loitering on the corners of the streets, delight, as they see one of the well known family approaching, to sing aloud as they prepare to vanish into secure remoteness, —

"There are as many Leighs as fleas,
And Davenports as dog's legs."

The cross fitchée on their shield is an evidence of the family having been in some way connected with the Crusades, and the best friends of the family declare that the crest represents the head of a vile infidel Saracen, who was captured by some noble but forgotten ancestor, and for his black crimes was put to death halter-fashion. But others, who probably are the basest of enemies, assure us that, whatever relation the crosses fitchées have with the Holy Wars, the crest alludes to no such noble origin. Quite the contrary; for it was placed, amid tears and groans, upon the family escutcheon during the Wars of the Roses, when the axe or the rope was the means resorted to for sending a captured enemy to the Better Land. One of the Davenports, during some unlucky skirmish, was carried a prisoner into the enemy's camp, and doomed by his stern conqueror to be hanged on the nearest greenwood tree. Just as the noose was being adjusted, the inventive mind of the victorious captor suggested a better punishment, and with an evil smile he bade the executioners pause. He then told the trembling, half-dead Davenport that he should have his life given him, — death need not be his portion, and that, too, without a penny of ransom being extorted; he need only promise to place the effigy of his own rope-encircled head above the family shield, and to swear, by all that was good and holy, that to the latest generation this crest should be worn by his posterity.

The Kirkpatricks, too, whose blood the beautiful one-time Empress of all France is not ashamed to acknowledge as flowing in her veins, display with Scottish pride the singular crest of a hand holding a knife, from which fall drops of blood. It was in this wise that they claim to have won the right to wear it. When Robert the Bruce was straining every nerve to maintain his right to the throne of Scotland, he chanced to be in Dumfries, and, going into the Gray Friars' Chapel, met the Red Comyn. Words were hastily exchanged; and Bruce, in a moment of rage, drew his dagger, and, springing upon Comyn, stabbed him to the heart. Then turning, he rushed from the building, seized the bridle of his horse, and was on his back and away from all pursuers, exclaiming hurriedly, as he did so, to the astonished Kirkpatrick, who as a trusty comrade had accompanied him to the door of the chapel, "I doubt I have slain Comyn!" "You doubt!" shouted back Kirkpatrick, as he saw the chieftain galloping out of sight; "then I mak sicker" (I'll make sure). So saying he strode into the church and stabbed his wounded enemy to death. An instant later, another horse was flying over the rough hillsides in the track of Robert Bruce. And swift indeed would the riders be who could catch the bold chieftains before they were safe in the trackless glens of their mountain rendezvous. In memory of this, Roger de Kirkpatrick of Closeburne took as his crest the sanguinary one of a hand grasping a dagger, from which fall drops of blood, with the motto, *I mak sicker.*

In the crest of the McClellans the sword also appears, with the point piercing a human head; and it is said that when James the Second of Scotland was master of that kingdom, he was occasionally much annoyed by predatory hordes, probably gypsies, but who,

as they had dark complexions, were styled Saracens or Moors. They were very troublesome, and, though often beaten back to Ireland, they never failed to return, as filled with the spirit of the marauder as ever. The suffering coasts of Galloway, which knew more of their desolating visits than did other portions of the kingdom, made loud and bitter complaint. The king strove to relieve them, but with such ill success that finally he offered the Barony of Bombie to whoever should be so fortunate as to either kill or capture the chieftain of these dark robbers. Many resolved to thus enrich themselves, but, oddly enough, it happened that McClellan, the son of a former laird of Bombie, was the fortunate one who succeeded in so doing. This laird had been dispossessed of his property for some act that did not meet his sovereign's approbation, but the valor of the son restored it to the family. After slaying his antagonist, he cut the head off, and, with it bleeding on the point of his sword, presented it to his sovereign.

Another crest is that of a castle, and belongs to Sir Hugh Pollok. When the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was a captive in the strongholds of her powerful and jealous cousin, Queen Elizabeth, and little James VI. of Scotland was but a laughing boy, the Earl of Lennox was made Regent of the Scottish kingdom. The adherents to the cause of the unfortunate queen were numerous, and retained some strong fortresses in her name. Among them was that of Dumbarton Castle. It stood on the crest of an almost precipitous rock which rose from the centre of a plain, and was considered almost impregnable. It commanded the river Clyde; and as the mouth of this stream seemed to be one of the best points at which the French could land troops to aid the Catholic Scots, it was deemed

Hamilton.

Mc Clellan.

Pollok.

Kirkpatrick

important to wrest it from the adherents of Queen Mary. It was apparently so unassailable that the commandant of the fortress did not exercise the usual caution in guarding its ramparts, and trusted too much to its position and strength of wall. One of the privates within the fort had been outraged by treatment that he felt he had not merited, and, nursing his wrath in silence, he made a careful map of the whole fortification, and sent it to the leader of the opposing forces, — the Earl of Lennox, — explaining to him the most practicable way in which to take it.

Now walks in the hero of our tale and the ancestor of the Polloks. His name was Captain Crawford; he offered to command a small but determined company, that should march from Glasgow upon a certain night, just as the clock should strike twelve. Scaling-ladders and other appliances were, with the greatest secrecy, secured, and all the approaches to the castle were cut off, to prevent any possible rumor of the proposed attack from reaching the fort. Then, at the dead of night, out they stole from Glasgow. The moon had set early, and, although the sky up to that time had been starlight clear, a fog now made the atmosphere thick. They approached the highest and most perpendicular part of the cliff, as they concluded that at this supposably least accessible point there would be the least amount of watchfulness shown. The first ladder was placed, but so impetuous and hasty were the besiegers that, too great a number scrambling upon it, down it fell. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and the thickness of the air prevented the garrison being alarmed. Crawford now scrambled part way up the rock, and fastened a ladder in the roots of a tree that grew from a cleft. After great difficulty, the little band managed to reach this spot;

but the top of the ladder was, even then, seen to be a long way from the base of the wall. However, up the ladder they started again, and now another accident befell them. Just as one of their number reached the middle round, he was seized with a fit, and clung, apparently without life, to the ladder. What should be done? Crawford's ingenuity was equal to the emergency; he hurriedly bound the hands of the unfortunate man to the round, so that when he awoke he should not fall, and then, turning the ladder over, the rest mounted without further trouble. It was now beginning to grow gray in the east, and the wall still remained to scale. But one agile fellow at last managed to reach the parapet, and was preparing to leap upon it when an astounded sentinel caught sight of him. Short time was given him in which to sound an alarm before he was shot down. Another and another scrambling Scot followed the first adventurer over the wall; and before the half-dressed garrison could do more than spring from its quarters, the castle was in the possession of the dauntless little band of men. Not one of Crawford's men had lost his life, and the satisfaction of the victors can be imagined. Since that time the crest of Dumbarton Castle, and the motto, "*Expugnavi*" (I have won it), have been borne by Crawford's descendants.

But besides castles, swords, helmeted ladies, etc., we have ladders, foxes, and even trees. The latter adorns the coat-of-arms belonging to the honorable family of Wallers, and was the gift of a captive who rose to the throne of France. During the battle of Agincourt, Sir Richard Waller was so fortunate as to take this monarch, then only Charles, Duke of Orleans, prisoner. At the close of this battle he took his captive with him back to his home,

at Groombridge, in the English County of Kent. There the royal prisoner remained during twenty-four years; but the time was not allowed to hang heavily upon his hands, and, as a result of kind treatment and a proper appreciation of each other's noble qualities, a warm friendship sprang up between captor and captive. At the close of this long period of exile from his home, France ransomed the Duke. But after reaching his country the Duke found that his memory of the happy days of captivity was so pleasant to dwell upon, that he caused the somewhat decayed family mansion in Groombridge to be rebuilt for Sir Richard, and bestowed many benefactions upon the little church of Spedhurst, over the door of which his arms may still be seen. He also begged the knight to assume as his crest, in remembrance of him, a tree in full leaf, and bearing on one of its branches a shield displaying the arms of France — a blue ground, with three golden lilies, and a slight additional mark.

The last English crest that I will mention is the one belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. An ancestor of this house, Sir Gilbert Hamilton, was one of the courtiers that surrounded Edward the Second in London, and, although a very devoted adherent to the English king, was a warm admirer of the great Robert Bruce. One day he chanced to speak in glowing terms of the Scottish King, forgetting or not caring that such language was not acceptable to English ears. John de Spencer heard the eulogistic words, and, being a favored satellite of Edward's, considered them as an insult to his master. He permitted his temper to flash out, not only in words but in a stinging blow on the offender's face. In an instant Sir Gilbert resented the insult, and challenged him to a duel on the

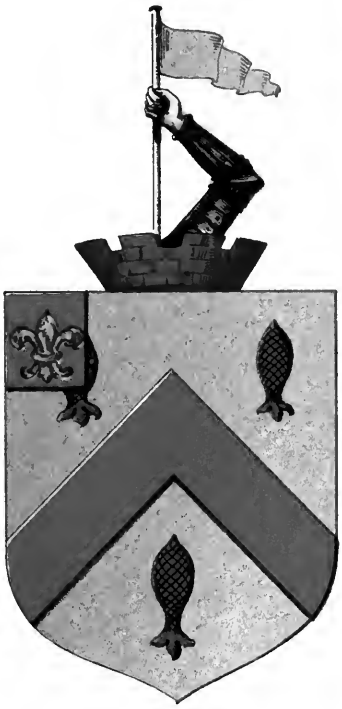
next day. In this duel De Spencer was killed; and Hamilton, fully aware what the wrath of the king would be when the news of the death of his favorite should reach his ears, fled from London. As he expected, a pursuit was hotly pressed, and, notwithstanding his vigorous efforts to reach the Scottish border, he found the pursuers almost upon his heels. At this juncture he reached an extensive forest, and, finding woodmen there, busy felling trees, he bade them exchange garments with him and his servant. Scarcely had this been done, and, saw in hand, the fugitives were industriously playing the part of common peasants, than the troopers rushed by in headlong haste. The servant was so terrified that, as the band swept by, he paused and gazed at them with an agonized look of apprehension. "Through," called out the knight, and, thus recalled to his senses, the servant was in an instant as busy as his master, and they escaped. In remembrance of this adventure, a crest consisting of a tree with a saw upon it, and the word "through" for a motto, was adopted.

Before the separation of the colonies from the mother country, a few drops from the shower of royal favors fell upon the settlers in New England. Sir William Pepperell was one of those whom the royal George dignified by raising to the baronetcy. He was only an ordinary trader at Piscataway when the governor and council requested him to take command of six thousand men who were to be sent out against the French in Cape Breton. This he consented to do, and, aided by the gallant Commodore Warren and his fleet, laid siege to the great fortress of Louisbourg, one of the best built forts that France could construct. The siege lasted seven weeks, and the garrison then surrendered. To prevent any further trouble

Lord Ponsonby

Batcheler.

Waller



Pepperell.

from so nearly impregnable a fortress, the English levelled it to the ground, and now when a stray visitor, flitting solitarily through the Canadian-besprinkled island, visits its site, there is nothing save little irregularities in the ground to indicate the spot where it once stood. After his return, Sir William woke one morning to find himself a baronet, and entitled to wear as a crest a mural crown, with an arm covered with armor and grasping a flag issuing from it. Over the crest was placed a little motto, "*Peperi*," "I have accomplished it."

Another instance of the goodness of the king, as shown towards the Colonies, although not manifested in the gift of a crest, was when the Rev. Stephen Batchelor became the first pastor over a church in Ligonia. He was not created a baronet, to be sure, but he was given a coat-of-arms, lucky man that he was, and quite a unique one also. In the centre of a bright green shield behold a plough, and way down in the right-hand corner of the escutcheon a droll little sun, spiked round about with golden beams. These two symbols were given him as emblems of his vocation — the plough was to indicate that his life was to be spent "in ploughing up the fallow ground of their hearts," and the frolicsome-looking little sun "that he was dispensing light in that part (or corner) of the world."

The helmet that rests upon the top of the shield represents the rank of the owners, — a slight difference indicating to which of the various grades in the peerage it belongs.

The coronets rest upon the helmets, and are of several kinds. After those borne by royalty is that of the duke, then the marquis, then the earl, then the viscount, then the baron.

From the coronet drops a veil, called "Mantling," and is made of crimson velvet, lined with ermine. This was to act the part of a shield for the helmet, as did the surcoat to the steel body-coverings. It was frequently much torn and slashed in battle, consequently the heraldic painter usually represents the mantle with a jagged edge, thus paying the ancestor of his noble patrons such honor as he may by assuming that they had been mighty men in war.

When William the Conqueror possessed himself of England, in order to satisfy the clamors of his Norman nobles he gave them not only vast estates, but created them barons, so that, although the title now ranks as lowest in the peerage, it was at that time the highest title below the princes in the land. Not only that; these old feudal barons became so powerful that the throne, again and again, trembled and almost tottered from the blows struck it by some almost kingly vassal.

A viscount, as you noticed in my list of titles, is that which ranks next above the baron of to-day. This title was formerly given to the sheriff of a county, and it was not until Henry VI. became king that the designation was introduced into the company of noble titles. This title is always limited in time. The first viscount, Sir John Beaumont, was permitted to transmit it to his son and grandson, but there it ceased.

Then comes the earl. Nobles bearing this title existed in England long before the Conquest. But the earls, like the barons, have seen upstart titles spring up and carry off all the honors of precedence, such as the Marquis and the Duke.

The original office of a "marquess" was to guard the frontiers of a kingdom, called marches — that being a German word signify-

ing "limits." Such were the marches of Scotland and Wales before they became part of the kingdom of Great Britain.

But Richard II. had a favorite, Robert de Vere, who for no special services, but purely from the fancy of the king, was greatly esteemed by the sovereign. He created him marquess, and bade him consider himself as standing on a higher round of the peerage ladder than even the haughty earl.

But the duke still holds his own. This title was first introduced into England by King Edward III., some fifty years before the title of marquess became a position of dignity between the duke and the earl. This king created his son the first duke, making him Duke of Cornwall.

Upon the shields of the lower knights the coronet used is always the ducal coronet, and as we use the name it occurs to me that perhaps some of you are not aware that the coveted title of knight had its origin in the servile one of "Knecht," or servant. Not a few of the great nobles sprang from some such humble beginning, as, for instance, the noble Lord Ponsonby, whose escutcheon bears noble witness to the fact that an ancestor of his was barber to the Conqueror! Lord Dudley had a goldsmith, or wealthy jeweller, for his first recognized ancestor; and, as for the Earl of Dartmouth, he sprang from even humbler origin.

CHAPTER IX.

SUPPORTERS. — MOTTOES. — SHIELD. — COLORS. — METALS. — FURS.

And now we will look at the supporters.

In old tournament days when the knights placed their arms within the lists, previous to beginning the jousts, they left as guards on either side of their equipments, two men, fantastically dressed — perhaps as dragons, mermaids, angels, or as any form that caught their fancy; and it is thought that this custom gave rise to these strange figures that appear on so many coats-of-arms. Unless supporters are inherited, they can only be displayed by special permission from the sovereign.

Here is the "achievement" belonging to the Scottish family of Hay, Dukes of Errol. Nothing of the hobgoblin type acts as supporters to their shield, but two farmers, each of whom carry an ox-yoke. In the southern borders of Scotland, there is an ancient town called Perth, and many years ago, when invasion by the ferocious Danes was as dreaded as a pestilence is now, Kenneth III. was routed in an encounter with them near this town. As the defeated clansmen fled before their foes, a stout-hearted farmer, who, with his two sons, was ploughing in a field, saw the disgraceful rout, and springing to the narrow mountain gorge through which their cowardly countrymen were fleeing, they flourished the gear of their plough around their heads, and threatened to strike dead any one who should attempt to force their way by them, upbraiding

them as they did so for their caitiff desertion of king and colors. So determined were they in their obstruction of the defile, that they infused fresh courage into the panic-stricken troops, who, at last, plucking up heart, turned upon their pursuers. The Danes, utterly astounded by their unexpected onslaught, felt assured that re-enforcements must have arrived, and, wheeling about, retreated towards their boats, leaving the Scots masters of the field. Great was the rejoicing and loud the plaudits showered upon the loyal farmer and his sons, as they were brought into the presence of their sovereign. To reward them, the king bade the farmer let a falcon fly from his hand, and promised him the length and breadth of as much land as the swiftly flying bird would pass over, before seeking to rest herself by perching.

In this way did a vast estate in the district of Gowrie pass into the hands of the future dukes of Errol, and they commemorate the occasion by displaying their yeomen supporters.

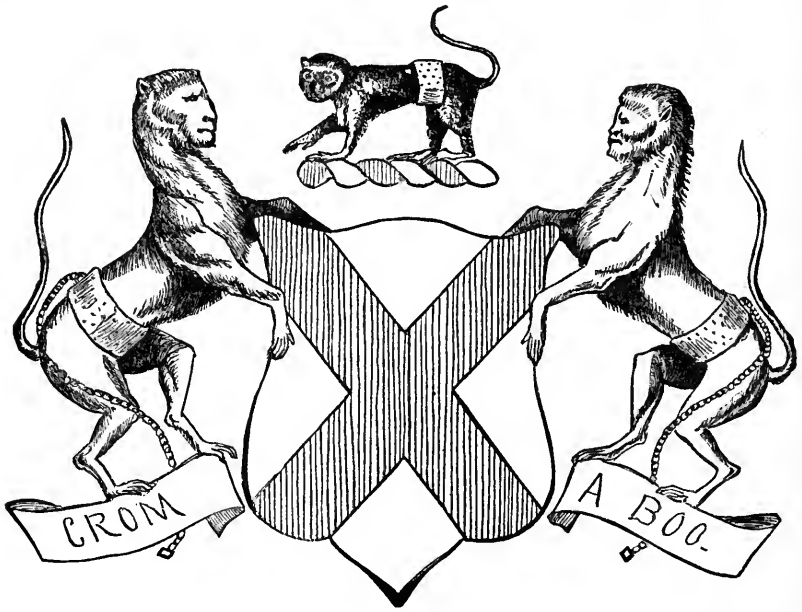
Supporters cannot be taken at will. They are only given in Great Britain by the Queen, and, with her permission, by the king-at-arms, called Lyon, of Scotland. Sometimes the supporters represented the office of the noble who carried them, as under the old monarchical rule in France, where the Admiral bore two anchors, the Grand Butler two bottles, the Great Huntsman two bugles, etc.

Even where supporters are permitted to be borne by favored subjects, occasionally the wish of the receiver is to display but one, as when the Lord of Stoke Tyne having done the king some important service, Charles the First offered to knight him. This he, with many thanks, declined, and requested instead to be permitted

to place the arms of his family upon the breast of a hawk. His petition was granted, and the lords of the manor have since that time always so borne their arms.

In France, where supporters are treated with more respect than is the crest, they sometimes introduced no less than four, two standing upon the other two.

The Earls of Kildare explain the appearance of a singular animal that acts as supporter upon their coat-of-arms in a way that does



credit to the vivid Irish imagination. Their ancestor, the first earl of Kildare, bore the nickname "Nappagh," or ape, from a little adventure that befell him when an infant. He was but nine months old when his father and grandfather were both killed in a battle waged between them and their old-time enemies, the McCarthys. When this occurred the child was being cared for at Tralee, but his

nurses, upon receiving the dreadful tidings of what had befallen the family, became so frantic that they rushed out of the house, leaving the child in its cradle. There it lay, crowing and cooing to itself, until it attracted the attention of a great ape, or baboon, which was kept on the grounds. He went to the laughing little fellow, and, easily lifting him out, proceeded to escape with his burden from the house. Once outside the door, he scampered along the ground with the astonished child in his arms, and contrived to reach the neighboring abbey without being seen. Chattering with delight, he now began to clamber with him to the roof, which he did in safety; then, not satisfied with such a performance, he proceeded without more ado to scale the steeple! Here he cut up various antics, to his own intense satisfaction, and to the horror of the poor maids, who, having recovered from the first bewilderment of grief, had returned to look after their charge. Not finding him, they left the house to search for the missing child, and it was not until after much hunting and calling that they at length spied him in his appalling position. There was nothing to do but wait the pleasure of the animal, as should he become enraged or alarmed he might drop the baby at any moment. At last the monkey became weary of his sport, and began to descend with extreme care, clutching the howling infant with a grip of iron. He reached the ground and replaced the terrified and screaming baby in its cradle, and then, followed by a shower of dust-pans, kettles, brooms, or whatever substitutes were used in those days, he made a hurried exit.

On another coat-of-arms we see a couple of beavers used as supporters. The shield belongs to General Carleton, whose name is not especially dear to American boys who have read the pitiful account

of the winter march, so painful and so trying, made by our brave Revolutionary soldiers through the forests of Maine up to the Heights of Quebec, and their disastrous repulse by this general. He pursued them for some distance up the St. Lawrence, and on Lake Champlain contested their possession of that sheet of water. During this struggle he made great havoc in the American fleet, and, in the words of an admiring Briton, "by his vigorous exertions, he was able to postpone the day of final separation between the colonies and Great Britain." He became Lord Dorchester, and, after returning to England, was elected a Knight of the Order of the Bath; and the beaver, which abounds in Canada, was given him as his supporters, one wearing a mural crown about his neck, and the other a naval coronet, in honor of his successful endurance of the siege at Quebec, and his victories on Lake Champlain.

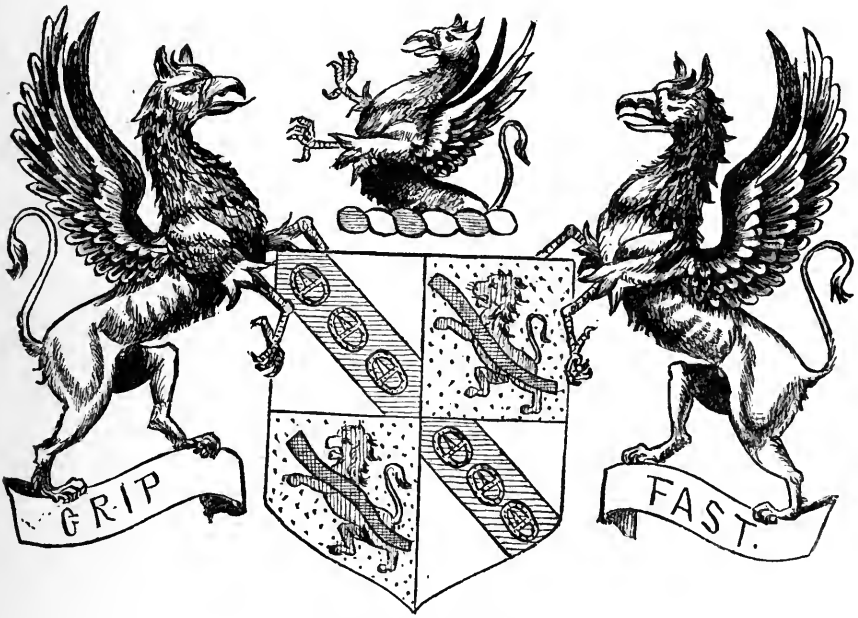
Now, nothing remains for us to look at, before attacking the shield, except the motto. These are of two kinds, one which originated in the battle-cries of the powerful nobles whose wealth and power, as we have noticed before, sometimes fully equalled that of the king. Such as the "Crom a boo" of the Fitz Geralds, Earls of Leinster. This war-cry was taken from the favorite castle of the family, situated in the small town of Crom, about twelve miles from Limerick. "A boo" means "to the rescue" — and mottoes similar to this are occasionally seen — as on the Butler coat-of-arms we read "Butler a boo," and on that of the Desmond's "Shanet a boo," Shanet being the spot where they had built their castle.

When Henry VII. was made king, he abolished the use of all these family "cris de guerre" upon the battle-field, on account of the feuds and rancors that often existed between these haughty chiefs,

and bade them call alone "St. George and Merrie England," or upon the name of the king.

Other such mottoes are the "A Home," of Dunbar; and the "*Dieu aide au premier Chrétien*," the arrogant war-cry of the great House of Montmorenci.

The other class of mottoes includes anything that suits the fancy



Leslie, Earl of Rothes.

of its owner, for the use of the motto is optional with any one who has the right to bear a coat-of-arms. Unlike the crest and supporters, it is not the gift of the sovereign or college of arms.

Mottoes are often exceedingly amusing — sometimes expressive of some pious thought — or they are puns on the names of their owners; in fact, they are of all varieties.

The motto of the Leslies, Earls of Rothes, is "Grip fast," and was chosen by the family in order to keep fresh in their memories, and those of their neighbors, a gallant act of devotion shown by one of their forefathers toward Queen Margaret of Scotland. The Queen was attempting to ford a stream, when her palfrey grew suddenly weak, and she was in imminent danger of being drowned. Bartholomew Leslie, who accompanied her, hurried to her rescue, and as she clung to his girdle, he bade her take courage; "Grip fast," he said, and all would be well.

Pious old Dr. Doddridge felt much annoyance at the common translation of his Latin motto, and yet he could not make up his mind to rid himself of the old heirloom, borne by his ancestors for so many generations. It reads in Latin "*Dum vivimus, vivamus*," and in English, "While we live, let us live." He was scandalized by its jovial ring, and strove to turn the meaning into more sober paths. On this account he wrote his celebrated hymn, which, if you do not know, your grandmothers do.

> "Live while you live, an epicure would say,
> And catch the pleasures of the present day;
> Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,
> And give to God each moment as it flies;
> Lord, in my views, let both united be —
> I live in pleasure, when I live to thee."

Some witty fellow was once asked by a very learned individual of Cambridge, named Dr. Cox Macro, what motto he would advise him to assume, and the quick answer came, "Why, Doctor, — cocks may crow, of course!"

The Onslows took for their motto, *Festina lente*, or "Make haste slowly." The Pierreponts selected *Pie repone te*, "Rest in

quiet." The Ishams *Ostendo non ostento*, "I show I sham not." Lord Liverpool, upon being elevated to the peerage as a reward for untiring efforts on behalf of the crown, selected as his motto, *Palma non sine pulvere.* The opposition party, giggling behind their sleeves, translated it as "This is a reward for my dirty work!"

Another motto is one that Robert Curran gave to a wealthy though sadly ignorant tobacconist, whose accumulated riches had enabled him to retire from active trade. Having a coat-of-arms but no motto, he thought the latter would be a great addition. So, having much respect for the wit and talent of Curran, he asked him one day if he could not suggest something that would be appropriate. "Certainly," answered Curran, "*Quid rides!*" As that motto has a double joke in its Latin dress, suppose, boys, you find out what it means.

Sometimes the mottoes are very pretentious: — as that of Sir Francis Drake, "The eagle catcheth not flies"; and the one chosen by the Lumsdens, "By the gift of God, I am that I am." The sneering critic, that always lurks in the neighborhood of such pomposity, whispers, with a laugh, that in better English it might read, "Thank God! I am no worse than I am."

England's royal motto has undergone various changes. Queen Anne chose *Semper eadem;* and, as she was not very popular with the masses, Dean Swift sarcastically remarked that it meant "Worse and worse."

The motto as now seen is *Dieu et mon droit.* This was selected by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, in 1198, gained a victory at Gisons, in Normandy, over the French. The king's military password for the day had been this sentence; and when success crowned his arms,

the king, in memory of his triumph, adopted it as England's motto.

And now let us at last take the shield. No two are precisely alike, some being covered with animals, flowers, shells, etc., and others having geometrical lines drawn upon them. These lines are supposed to suggest the old strengthening braces and framework of the Norman shield, which, as you know, consisted of skins drawn tightly over a wooden skeleton. After the shield had been made in this manner, it became the fashion to gild or paint these bars and clamps, and so a large number of ornamentations arose, each one of which has its own distinctive name.

The colors used in decoration are but few in number, and some have singular names. A herald never thinks of calling the stripes on our flag red — oh! never! To him they are *gules* — perhaps from the Persian word "gul," a rose. Then blue — ah, but that is not blue in the herald's eyes, — he says it is azure — a word taken from the precious stone, *lapis lazuli.* From this stone the painters obtain their costly pigment, ultramarine blue. Black is sable, but nobody can tell the why or the wherefore. Purple is purpure, which is a French word; so is vert, which in English is green. Besides these, gold and silver were used, but under French names, — or, and argent. These and also the colors were not permitted to be borne upon each other. If the shield was gules, or red, and had a stripe placed across it, it must either be of metal or of fur. They had furs, you see, also, with which to ornament their shields. One variety is called vair, which is usually a mixture of blue and white, and is intended to call to your mind a little gray and white squirrel. There are two or three kinds of this vair, such as counter-vair, etc

But the most important fur is that which we call ermine, and about the early use of which queer stories are told. Some one says that the first one to use this fur upon a shield was Brutus, the son of Silvius, who, having by accident killed his father, left that unhappy region and travelled long in Brittany and France. There falling asleep one night, he awoke to find the little beast called ermine upon his shield, and from that time he wore a "shield ermine."

"The ermine is a creature of so pure a nature that it will choose rather to be taken than to defile its skin." When the hunters wished to take it, the old story was that they would surround it with a wall of mud, which, from its dislike of dirt, it would not cross, and was thus easily secured. It was from this supposed instinctive love of cleanliness that the little animal became the emblem of purity and of honor without stain. With this signification it is used by royalty as a lining to their robes; internal purity should regulate their conduct.

Among the many, many ancient Orders of Chivalry was one named after the ermine, probably on account of the legendary purity of the animal.

You all know the tales connected with the Round Table of King Arthur, and what a martial hero the king himself was; and perhaps you have heard how he was ensnared in a network of wars with Flolo, who governed Gaul in those days. This was done by a Messire Yves de Kerskao, who had relied upon Flolo to help him in some wicked schemes of his own, by which he expected to gain possession of certain rich provinces of France. This, Flolo refused to do, perhaps because he wanted to get them himself. Yves therefore denounced Flolo as a "miscreant, a pagan, a cursed and sacrilegious worshipper

of idols, who persecuted the pious followers of Christ, and everywhere destroyed the shrines of the Blessed Virgin." All this was quite true; but as long as the monstrous sinner did not interfere with Yves' wishes, or would have shown himself willing to aid Yves in accomplishing his desire, the heinousness of his guilt was nothing to the knight who now pronounced him such a blot on the face of the earth. Arthur, without knowing the substratum of the prayers with which Yves besieged him for the immediate punishment of such an infidel, agreed to invade France and punish its governor. But the supplication of some lovely maid detained the king at Windsor — a castle which he is said to have founded and built, and where the Order of the Knights of the Round Table was instituted — longer than he expected. One day the impatient and wrathful Yves burst into the banquet-hall, bearing a roasted heron on a silver platter, and exclaimed, "Room, room for the valiant! Room for those who bring food for the brave! The heron is of all birds the most cowardly, and fears even his own shadow; I shall give this dish to the most cowardly amongst you, and that, in my opinion, is Arthur, heir of this most noble land of Gaul, whence he has been driven by the Romans. Ho, the king of the brave dare not fight for the kingdom which might have been his own!" Arthur's blood boiled, and his hand was on the hilt of his sword, but, restraining himself, he swore that not a twelvemonth should pass before he would meet the evil Flolo. So the channel was crossed by Arthur and a noble retinue of followers, and, traversing the sunny fields of France, then all beautiful in the dress of early summer, he met his antagonist in the Isle de Notre Dame, in Paris. Flolo sent a herald to Arthur, defying the bravest of his knights to meet him in single

combat, saying it was needless to shed much blood in such a quarrel. So saying, the herald flung the iron gauntlet of Flolo into the middle of the hall. Knight after knight sprang to pick it up, but Arthur, motioning them back, took it up himself, and sent back word that he, the king, would accept the challenge. That night King Arthur attended mass, and prayed for protection, and the heathen Flolo sent up his petitions to Bacchus and to Dame Ivrognerie. The next morning the two champions met, and charged upon each other with such fury that what was horse and what was master, as well as what was the dust of the field, the bystanders could not tell. But, with shivered lances, they quickly regained their proper places, and fell to hacking each other at a most dreadful rate with their swords. Flolo was as towering as a giant as he was tremendous as a sinner, the muscles of his arm being like bands of steel; so his blows fell with terrific force upon the hitherto invincible knight. It is said that Arthur absolutely felt his knees bend beneath him. The giant saw the advantage he was obtaining over the celebrated chieftain, and, raising his heavy sword, prepared to despatch him immediately. Just at this critical moment, "a radiant figure, wrapped in a mantle of ermine," intervened between the two combatants, and the mantle was quickly flung over King Arthur's shield. This, by its extraordinary brilliancy, so dazzled the eyes of Flolo that he became blind for the moment; and Arthur, with his knees stiffening beneath the shielding cover, bethought him once more of his good sword, Excalibur, — and, brandishing it bravely above his head, chopped off the head of the giant in less time than a sparrow could gobble a cricket. He was unaware of the apparition and of the miraculous help given him, but upon being informed of it by his knight he

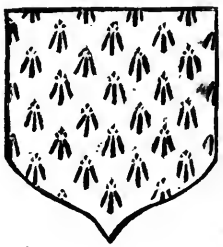
built a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin upon the identical spot over which now "those cymbals glorious are swinging uproarious in the gorgeous towers of Notre Dame." He then assumed the ermine as his armorial bearing, and since that time it has always been borne by the Dukes of Bretagne.

CHAPTER X.

HONORABLE ORDINARIES. — SUB-ORDINARIES.

A COAT-OF-ARMS is not always colored, yet if properly engraved, every one familiar with heraldry can read at a glance the colors that it possesses. Look at this one, belonging to Sir John Hawkins, the famous navigator. His shield is black, and has three bezants, or, as we called them before, polka dots, in a row at the top, and a little golden lion trotting along at the bottom of the shield, upon a blue sea. For a crest he has a negro, a black man, whose hands are manacled. All this I see without anything but ink being used in the picture. An Italian Jesuit taught the heralds how to do this by means of little lines and dots. If any part of the shield were red, then he covered it with very fine lines, running up and down. If it were blue, then the lines were to run from side to side; if green they were to pass diagonally from the left-hand upper corner to the right-hand lower corner. If purple, then just the reverse. If black, then the sidewise lines were made to cross those running up and down. If it were gold, he spotted it with little dots; if silver, it was left pure white. If ermine, then it was white

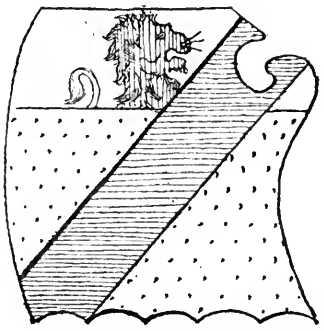
Hawkins.



Brittany.

with little black streaks like tails sprinkled upon it. If vair, then little objects like peculiarly shaped hats, adjoining each other, were drawn upon it.

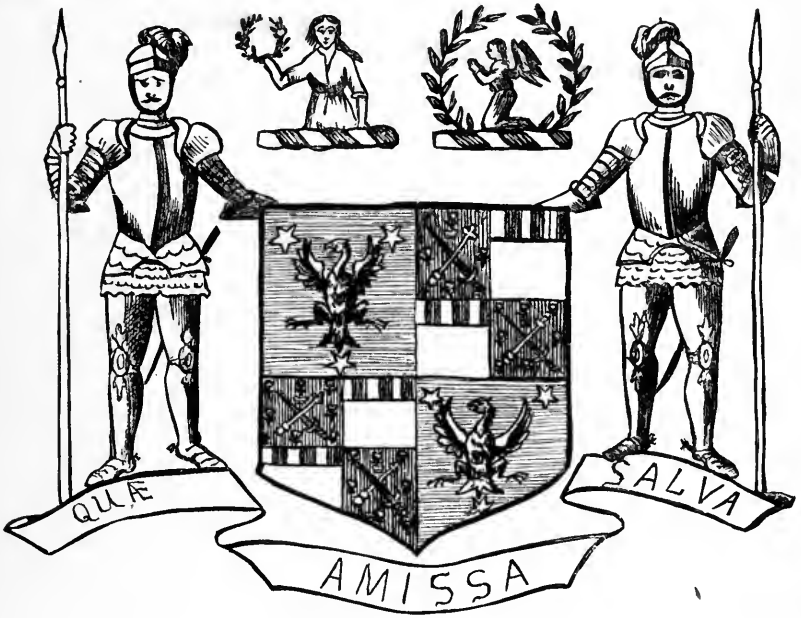
But we want to know what the little stripes and bars formed by the braces of the shield are called. Here is a shield that belonged to the Chevalier Bayard. The little band passing across the upper third, and on which the lion's head is painted, is called the chief — as it is the uppermost portion of the shield. When a second, third, fourth, or fifth son shows his father's arms, he ought to put a little bird, star, or flower, or some one of the nine little objects used for such purposes, in one corner of this chief. Another very famous coat-of-arms where we see the chief, is that belonging to the numerous family of Keiths. This is a famous Scottish name, and if you look at the coat-of-arms borne by the Earl of Kintore, who has inherited the right to display the devices won by the early Keiths, you will be interested in the stories that make certain portions of the insignia so prized by this family.



Chevalier de Bayard.

That quarter of the shield where you see the chief is partitioned by little red pales, or stripes, belonged to the first distinguished ancestor of the family, a subject of old King Malcolm II. Under the leadership of his king, he fought most courageously with the Danes who had come across the stormy North Sea to conquer the Scottish country. After one of the most severe contests, near Dundee, King Malcolm was so delighted with the gallant conduct of the

young Highlander that, dipping his finger in the blood of a slain Danish general, he drew three stripes or pales on the heroic soldier's shield, and bade him and his children bear such stripes upon their shield through all generations. In addition to this, he gave him the Barony of Keith, in Lothian. He therefore assumed Keith as the family surname. Some time after this he was made Great Mari-



Keith, Earl of Kintore.

schal, or Marshal of Scotland, and for many generations this office was held by his descendants. This family became extremely wealthy, it being said that at one time the owner of this coat-of-arms could start from Berwick on the English Border, and ride to the northern coast of Scotland, eating all his meals and lodging everywhere in his own domains.

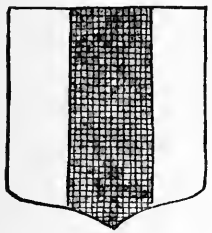
Now you will notice the first and fourth divisions of this little

Keith quarter, and there you will see a sword crossing a sceptre, and between them a crown. This is to show that one of the Keiths, during the republican days of Cromwell's rule, fearing for the safety of the Scottish regalia, took it stealthily and concealed it in the Castle of Dunotter, in Kincardineshire, an ancient possession of the Great Marshal of the family, and to whom belonged the duty of guarding the crown. Soon after carrying it thither the castle was besieged on all sides, and Keith felt unwilling to leave his trust in such a dangerous place. So he prevailed on one of the ladies of the castle to put it (the regalia) in a bag, and throw it, mixed with other articles, upon a laboring woman's back. She took it to Keith, who carried it to the Kirk of Kinneff, and gave it into the hands of the clergyman, called Granger. This gentleman and his wife buried it under the pulpit. When the castle surrendered (and it was the last stronghold in Britain, Scott tells us, over which the royal flag waved), the defender and his lady were threatened with the loss of their lives if they did not immediately give up their royal trust. The commander vowed by all that was most holy that he knew nothing about it, the regalia having in truth been carried away without his knowledge; but his lady, while maintaining most stoutly that it was not in the castle, confessed, as the reason for so saying, that one of her ladies had given it to the Keith, second son of the Earl Marischal, and he had carried it off. As Keith had almost immediately afterwards sailed for France, and had had the rumor carefully circulated that he had taken the regalia with him, all further search for the missing emblems of royalty was suspended. For this good service Keith was rewarded by this augmentation to his shield, and a few years later was made Earl of Kintore.

The regalia consisted not only of the crown (which was supposed to be as old as the days of Bruce), but of sceptre, sword of state, treasurer's rod of office, and the badges of the Orders of the Garter and Thistle.

Then there are shields on which we see a broad straight band passing from the top to the bottom. It is said that in the early history of English warfare every soldier was expected to carry a stick, or wooden paling, which, when encamping for the night, were stuck by rows in the ground, and so formed a species of fortification. From this arose the use of the word "pale."

Pale.



Erskine.

Another decoration is the "Fesse," and crosses the middle of the shield like a sash.

The Fesse of Sir Francis Drake is wavy to represent the "surges of the sea," and in the stars above and below the Fesse we must recognize the northern and southern pole stars, he having so traversed the ocean as to need the aid of both.

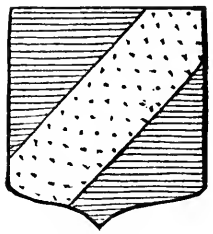
Drake.

Still another is called the "Bend," and is a band passing from the right-hand upper corner to the left-hand lower corner of the shield. And about this "charge," or device, gathers quite a little story.

Old Chester — but a short ride from Liverpool, and which every American whose eyes have never gazed upon a walled city is anxious to visit — belongs to the Grosvenors, now Dukes of Westminster; and, should you ever visit it, you would, unless it had rained Americans the day before, stop at the Grosvenor Hotel. If

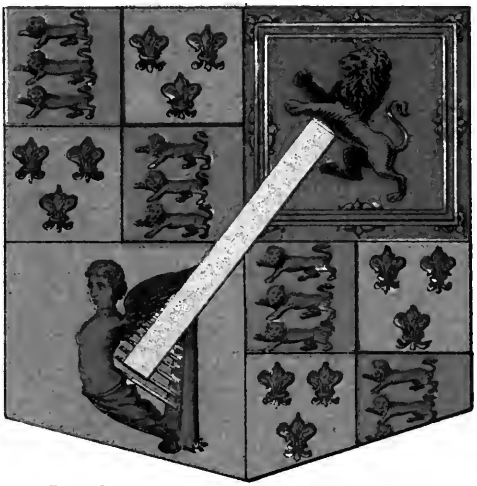
your countrymen had flocked there just before you, you would have to content yourself at the very clean and sweet Queen's Hotel; but nice as the accommodations are that they offer there, you would miss the sensation you might feel when eating your chops and sleeping on curtained beds in a house whose name, to a herald, recalls a long, bitter, though wordy war of five years' duration. Such a war it was when a Grosvenor strove to defend his right to wear a golden bend on an azure shield, against the representative of an old and noble family named Scrope. Two big books, which were at one time, and perhaps are even yet, carefully kept in the Tower in London, attest the violence with which each contestant supported his claim. Frequently in such cases a duel was fought between the contending parties to settle the dispute, and when two knights during the days of Richard II. met to decide the question before the Palace of Westminster, there were more spectators to witness the scene than there had been, not long before, to see the coronation of the king.

Scrope was the lucky fellow in this case, either because he proved a better claim than Grosvenor was able to do, or because, being better known, he had a much larger number of friends amongst the judges who formed the court. It was decided that Scrope should bear the simple original shield, but permission was given to Grosvenor to display the arms if he would put a border of silver around the shield. This pleased neither Grosvenor nor the king, to whom the matter was referred. The king decided that Scrope should carry the disputed arms, and Grosvenor must assume those of the Earls of Chester, with whom he was connected. With a sore heart, he did

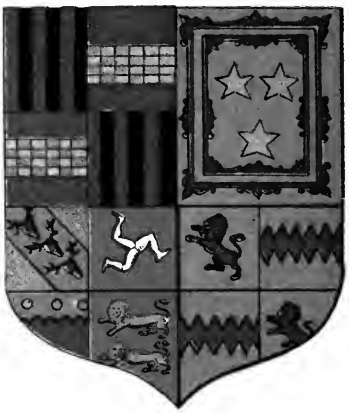


Bend.

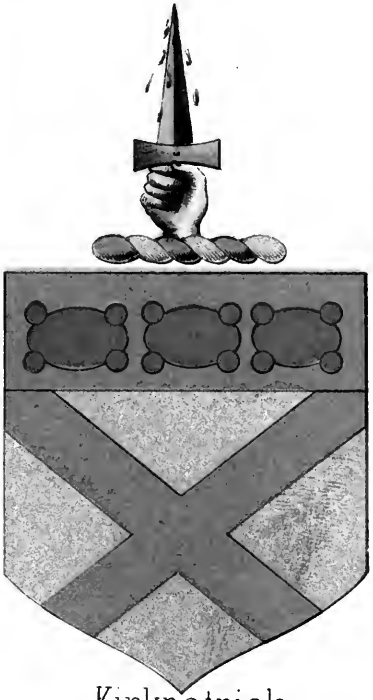
Scrope.



Duke of Buccleuch



Duke of Athole.



Kirkpatrick.

Bear & Ragged Staff.

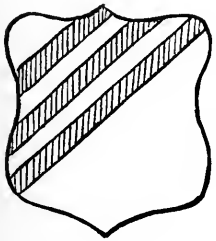
so, but strove to comfort himself by retaining the colors of his former coat, blue and gold. The Grosvenor shield thenceforth displayed a golden sheaf of wheat upon a blue background.

Grosvenor.

When several bends appear upon a shield, they are called "bendlets," as on Lord Byron's shield. This shield of Lord Byron has been adopted by the city of Manchester as its coat-of-arms.

In stories of chivalry, you have read of the "Bar Sinister," but it should be "Bend Sinister," and though it usually was considered a disgraceful addition to any shield, it is not always so regarded. The bend in this case goes from the left-hand upper corner to the lower right-hand corner. The wealthy Lords of Buccleugh look with serene contentment upon their escutcheon thus embellished, for by means of it alone they show their claim to two or three drops of royal blood, which came to them through Charles the First.

Bendlets.



Byron.

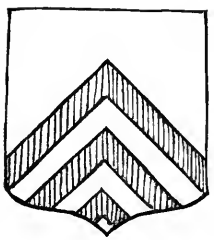
A droll story is told of a Frenchman and an Italian, each of whom swore that the arms he bore were his, and belonged to no one else. The French king had hired a large number of Genoese troops to aid him in his wars with the English, and among the number was one on whose shield was painted the head of an ox. Seeing this, a nobleman of France, whose coat-of-arms was similar, took umbrage, and challenged the right of the Italian to display them. So long they strove in words, that finally they needs must fight. The day came, and to the place appointed the fiery Frenchman hurried, while with slower step thither sauntered the Italian, laughing as he went.

"Now, wherefore should we fight," said he to his antagonist. "Marry," said the irate Frenchman, "I will make good with my body that these arms were mine ancestors' before thine." "And what were your ancestors' arms?" again queried the Genoese. "An ox-head," said the Frenchman. "Then truly," said our Italian, throwing down his weapons, "here needeth no battle, for this I bear, behold! — it is but a cow's head."

Another mark is that called a *chevron*, and looks like the gable of a house, lying on the centre of the shield. Every cadet at West Point is familiar with the chevron, which is as prominent on the sleeves of the corporals and sergeants as spurs are on the heels of cavalry officers.

The old family of the De Clares displayed their simple shield, with its three chevrons, with as much pride as if it bore the arms of England itself. So powerful was the family that their device appears upon the coats of many families allied to them by marriage or some other means. The city of Cardiff wears them, as does also Clare College, at Cambridge.

Chevrons.



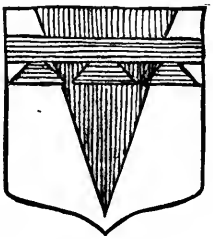
De Clare.

After the chevron we have the *pile*, which some think represents the sacred nails driven into the hands and feet of our Blessed Lord. Be that as it may, it was displayed by one gallant knight who honored Old England with his achievements. There is a little story told by Froissart about the first unfurling of his banner when just created Banneret on the field of battle. In days gone by, as you already know, any very conspicuous deed of valor was often rewarded immediately upon the close of the day with some advancement or gift. When this was the case, should the banner or pennon of the good

knight be one that had never waved above a conquerer's head, it bore, as at first, its swallow-tail end. But when victorious and honored by the commander, the points were torn off and the pennon carried square.

Sir John Chandos, one of the Knight Founders of the Order of the Garter, appeared upon the field with his maiden banner to be displayed upon the field for the first time just before the battle of Naveret, in Castile. "He brought his banner in his hands, rolled up around the staff, and said to the Prince of Wales (the Black Prince): 'My lord, behold! here is my banner. I deliver it to you in this way (still rolled round the staff) that it may please you to display it, and that this day I may raise it; for, thank God, I have land and heritage sufficient to support the rank, as it might be." Then the Prince and the King — Don Pedro, King of Castile — took the banner, which was of silver, with a sharp red pile, between their hands, by the staff, and, displaying it, tore off the ends and returned it to him, the Prince saying, 'Sir John, behold your banner. May God grant you may do your duty!' Then Sir John Chandos bore his banner, so displayed, to his own company, and said, 'Gentlemen, see here my banner and yours; preserve it as your own.'" Do you think they failed to do it?

Pile.



Chandos.

The right to display a square banner upon the field was also an indication of high rank, as no one of less degree than a baron was permitted to do so.

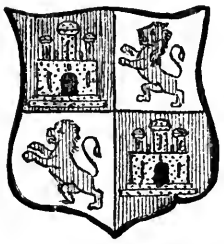
Quarterings meant, originally, the shield divided into four quarters; afterwards, when the arms of wealthy wives came to be added

to the shield, it meant any square divisions that were introduced for such a purpose, no matter how numerous they might be.

This is a very important ornamentation of the shield, for it is by quartering the shield into any number of little squares that the wife, if she happen to possess the lands and the title of her father — no big brother or near male relative interfering to prevent her from enjoying all that the good father can bequeath — is able to put the shield of her family upon that of her lord and master.

Before dividing the shield in this way, it used to be fashionable to let the husband take the right half of the shield, and give the wife the half on the left; but sometimes such a combination produced a very queer-looking shield, as when the heads and fore legs of the three lions of England had for their extremities the halves of three fishes, or when an eagle and a lion were joined together. Altogether, the appearance of the family shield was not pleasing, so it was thought that by narrowing up the husband's coat-of-arms into just half the width of the shield, and treating the wife's in the same way, the arms of both could be made plainly visible. But such elongated lions and wonderful looking objects of every kind were produced that this plan was abandoned. About that time one of the Queens of England, Eleanor of Castile, introduced the custom of quartering, her husband taking for two representations of his shield two of the quarters, and the wife for the double display of hers the remaining two. In England, they only quarter the arms of a wife who is so fortunate as to bring both the title and the fortune of her father with her, there being

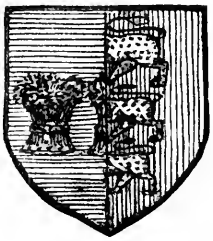
Quartering.



Castile.

no brothers, or descendants of brothers, to whom they could descend. Then her husband wears her arms on a little escutcheon in the centre of his, and his children put it in a square with their father's upon the family shield.

Dimidiation.



Chester and England.

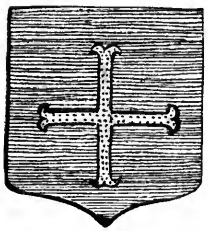
The Dukes of Athol must have been wonderful magnets for the wealthy beauties of the land, as, should they choose to do so, they can display a thousand quarterings! The Grahams of Montrose, on the other hand, have sought their brides where the ducats did not "gild refined gold." But the complexity of the one shield and the simplicity of the other alters not the pride which both take in their coats-of-arms. The ancient family of Rodney also show a shield where their own device appears alone.

In Europe, sixteen quarters — seize quartiers — are, as some one has said, a "Sesame" to almost every office of preferment, and thirty-two quarters are a still greater desideratum. Sixteen quarters show that for four generations the family has been constantly allied with gentle blood, as an ignoble person in Europe in early days could not show a coat-of-arms; and the thirty-two prove it for five generations. Every wife adds her coat to that of her husband, and a place has to be found for it. Of course, if she bears no arms, the shield lacks that one.

But when we look at the cross, as it glitters and glows on the shields of so many knights, what different ideas awake within us. We seem to hear the earnest pleadings, the stirring appeals, the solemn exhortations of the devoted Crusade leaders, and we see a vast concourse of armed men, the very flower of European chivalry,

marching under flying banners, — the English knights with their white crosses gleaming on the surcoat, the French with theirs of red, the Flemings with the green, and the Romish States with their crossed keys, — all wending their impatient way towards Palestine. Many are the forms in which the cross appears upon the shield, and although the charge probably originated in the strong clamps that kept the framework of the shield and its cover securely fastened together, still the Crusades gave the undoubted cause of its very general adoption. One faithful worker in heraldic lore tells us that he has counted no less than three hundred and eighty-five different kinds of this one device!

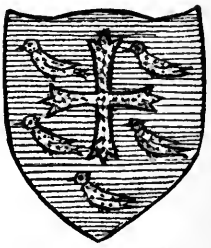
Cross Moline.



Molyneux, Earl of Sefton.

Some of those most commonly seen are very beautiful, such as the Maltese Cross, borne by the Knight Templars, or the Knights of St. John. The Cross Moline, too, is of a lovely form, and it was borne by the Earls of Sefton on their shield. This they did because of the similarity between its name and their own, — Molyneux.

The Cross Patonce resembles the Maltese Cross very closely, and it is seen at its best on the arms of Edward the Confessor.



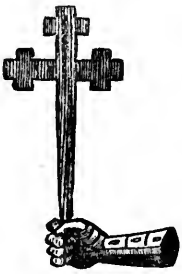
Edward the Confessor.

In olden days this cross was very often put on the reverse side of English pennies, being placed there so as to show how the penny should be cut to make the half-penny and fourthing, or farthing, so commonly used in England.

And here is one of Polly's little coats-of-arms that is worth looking at. We can see a hand on it, that grasps tightly a strange-

looking cross. When Polly obtained it, she never knew that a story was wrapped all around and about it. But so it is, and I will tell it to you. It belongs to the McDonalds, Earls of Antrim, and they tell us that during the days of the holy St. Patrick, that Saint expressed a great desire to visit Ireland, hoping when there to win the pagan Irish heart for his Master. To help him, a devout McDonald offered to carry him thither in his boat; and, the saint gladly availing himself of the offer, it was but a short time before his pious enthusiasm and patient love were enabling him to stir the natives into penitence for their sins, and abandonment of false gods. The Cross Fitchée, as this form of cross is called, is a staff pointed at one end, with the cross on the other. It acted as an aid to the pilgrims when walking, and during the hours of prayer it could be stuck in the ground and act the part of a crucifix to the devout Catholics. On this account the McDonalds and McDonnells assumed it, and I hope the good saint will do his duty by them.

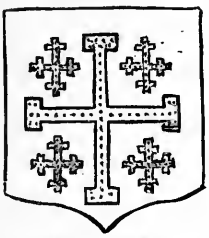
Cross Fitchée.



McDonald.

Then there is the Cross Potent, and that appears on the unusual shield that Pope Gregory permitted the Crusader King of Jerusalem to assume. Here are five gold crosses potent, that is, with the arms shaped like a crutch, upon a silver shield. Ordinarily, no metal was laid upon metal, as it prevented the shield from being readily distinguished at a distance. Where a color and a metal were used, as, for instance, a silver star on a blue ground, it could be seen much farther and with much more distinctness than if the silver

Cross Potent.



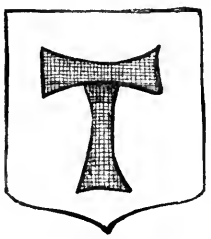
Kings of Jerusalem.

star had been set upon a golden shield. But the Pope declared that in this case, owing to some verse in the book of Psalms, the rule must not be adhered to.

Some Scotchman who published a book during the reign of James I. of England, descriptive of his travels in the East, said that all the pilgrims with whom he chanced to journey on his way towards the Holy City bore these peculiar insignia marked upon their arms. The five crosses, so all good Catholics assure us, ought to recall to our minds the five wounds of our Saviour.

There is also the Calvary Cross, standing upon three steps, each one of which represents one of the graces; and the Patriarchal Cross, borne by the great Catholic patriarchs, and which, because of its double cross, is very odd-looking. This double cross is to denote that Christ died for both Jews and Gentiles.

The Cross Fleury is so named because a fleur-de-lys is attached to each end of the cross. As for the Cross of St. George, which you see upon England's Union Jack, that is the Greek Cross.



Tau Cross.

The Tau Cross is sometimes called St. Anthony's Cross, because that much demon-tormented saint is always represented with this cross, which is really one of the Greek letters, stamped upon his dress.

One of the Drurys accompanied John of Gaunt into Spain, and then, fired with holy zeal, made a pilgrimage to Palestine. In that holy land he was so unfortunate as to leave his bones; but before making this last bequest of himself, he added to his shield this letter, or Cross Tau. This he did because in very ancient times it

was used as a symbol of safety, in allusion to this verse in Scripture, "Slay utterly old and young — maids and little children and women — but come not near any man upon whom is the mark (or Tau)."

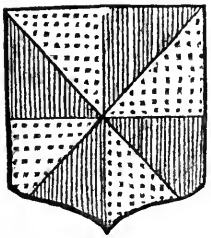
The Saltire, like the Greek Cross, is also seen on the Union Jack, it being claimed, as we learned before, to be the cross on which St. Andrew of Scotland and St. Patrick of Ireland were crucified. There is a French word resembling it, which signifies a wood or park, and the cross looks quite like the gate of an enclosure. The Nevilles wear it on their shield, having been at one time Wardours of the King's Forests throughout all England. The name of these Nevilles was a powerful one in the history of England, and, during the lifetime of the renowned king-maker, Richard Neville, it was so extremely popular in Calais, where he was governor, that his badges were universally adopted. "No man esteemed himself gallant whose head was not adorned with his Ragged Staff; nor was any door frequented that had not his white cross painted thereon."

Besides these simple lines there are a rabble of second cousins to them. This little shield with a sort of checker in the right-hand corner is said to have a "canton" upon it. Another divided into irregular pieces is said to have gyrons, and here quite a pretty tale of the old Spanish wars comes in. Very few families in Great Britain wear it, but amongst the few is that of the Duke of Argyle, the chief of the Campbell clan, but in Spain the charge is very common.

The old Spanish family of Gyrons, Dukes of Ossona, assumed it with its name, oh, many years ago, and thus they say it happened that they did. King Alphonso VI. of Spain was at one time fighting

with the Moors, when the battle waxed so hot that his horse was killed, and he, falling headlong to the ground, was thrown into immense peril of capture or death. Don Roderigo de Cisneres saw his danger, and, forgetting all risk to himself, rushed to the rescue of the king. This he effected, and in the tussle cut three pieces from the king's armor, that after the battle he might prove himself to have been the king's deliverer. The king recognized him as such, and granted him permission to depict those bits of gyrons on his shield. It was not an uncommon occurrence, during these conflicts with the Moors, for the Christian commander to have his mantle torn in pieces by his followers, who divided them among themselves; and as they were frequently more or less stained with blood, it accounts for the gyrons always being of two colors. Gyron means a gore, or triangular piece of cloth. Others think that the divisions between the spokes of a wheel, called girons, accounts for the name.

Gyron.



Gyron, Duke of Ossona.

Then there is the *Fret*, which sometimes looks like a knot, as on the Harrington coat-of-arms. The Harrington knot is thought to be only a portion of the meshes left from a net that was thrown over the entire shield, they having taken their name and arms from a fishing village upon the sea, which belonged to them.

Harrington.

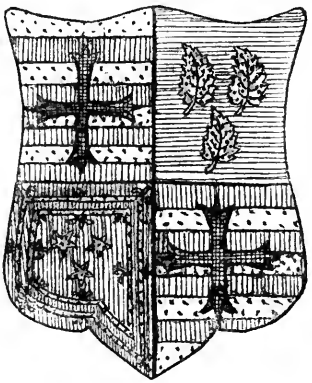
At other times the fret covers the entire shield, as it did that of a certain storied knight. One day a couple of knights, engaged in a discussion of some question of heraldry, happened to pause on the dusty highway, and, leaning

against the trunk of a tree, continued their discussion, emphasizing it with a gesture or two, and in a tone that could scarcely be called a whisper. Attracted by their manner, three or four peasants gathered about them to hear the discussion. Just then a knight appeared in the distance, mounted upon a handsome horse, slowly trotting towards them. "Now," quoth one of the disputants, "see if you can blazon his shield, so that his sovereign might know him without being told his name." The other agreed to do this, and, waiting only until the sun fell upon the shield of the unknown knight in such a way as to bring out with perfect distinctness the device enamelled upon it, he read as follows: "This knight beareth sable, a musion (cat) passant guardant or, oppressed with a fret gules of eight parts, nails d'or." As I told you before, the language of the heralds was one that was as well comprehended by the common laborer as by the knight, so that this description was perfectly intelligible to the little group of auditors. Immediately, one of the peasants, who, when not listening, had asked an occasional question, now exclaimed, "Sir, you call this armes? Now, by my faith, I had not thought that arms could be of such trifling things. Why, this is even the cat in the milk-house window; full ill will the housekeeper's dairy thrive if she puts such a vermin beast in trust to keep it."

Cat in the Dairy.

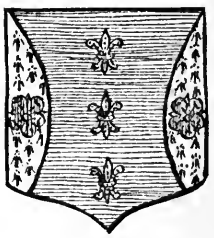
Scotland.

The *Tressure*, we have already seen, is greatly beloved by every Scottish heart, and long and earnestly did Scotland strive to win the coveted right-hand corner of the British shield for their beloved tressured lion, when the two nations were united under James I. of England; urging as a never-to-be-denied good ground for such a claim that James I. of England was James VI. of Scotland. The Tressure is a species of wreath of fleur-de-lys, and it is asserted that the great Charlemagne gave it to their king Achaius as a token of friendship and alliance, saying that he, as Emperor of France, would defend his fleur-de-lys, expecting, I have no doubt, that the Scottish lion would be as valiant as he. When Charlemagne gave the Tressure to Scotland, he also added to the Scottish crown four lilies and four crosses, as signs of their faith in Christ and of the fidelity of Scotland. The tressure on the arms of the Dukes of Sutherland is to show their descent from King Robert I. of Scotland. The family is one of the oldest in England.



Sutherland.

Flanches.



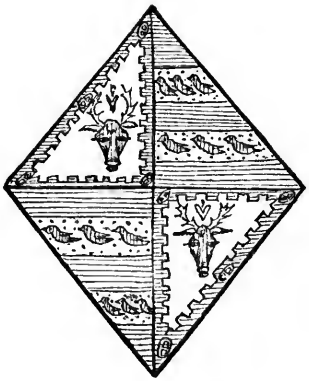
Katherine Parr.

The *Flanches*, or little half-circles upon the sides of a shield, call to mind an old-fashioned mode of dress. We see them on a coat-of-arms that Henry VIII. gave to his not very well beloved wife, Katherine Parr. The *Mascles* — *Fusils* — *Lozenges* — and *Rustres* all more or less resemble each other.

The *Lozenge* calls up gravestones, funerals, and such like gloomy

apparitions, as when a wife becomes a widow she must no longer use her husband's shield, but display her arms upon a Lozenge. Maiden ladies are compelled to use the same.

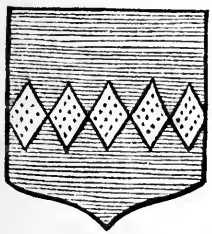
Lozenge.



Burdett Coutts.

The *Fusil* appears upon the Montagu coat-of-arms, and illustrates the name — Mont aigu — a sharp-peaked mountain. The Percys bear it also, but five instead of the Montagu three. This is the coat-of-arms belonging to the Earl of Northumberland.

Fusil.



Percy, Duke of Northumberland.

Queer little oblong ornaments that look like chips scattered over the shield are *Billets*, and may represent castles, or little camps, but I should not wonder if they really meant billets, as letters and notes are sometimes styled, and as decorations on a shield were probably first given to bearers of important despatches.

Billets.

Dormer.

Then there is the *Bordure;* you remember that I told you that the High Court before which Scrope and Grosvenor tried to wrest the family shield from each other decided that the unfortunate loser might keep it if he would consent to edge it with a silver Bordure.

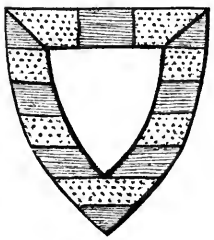
Bordure.

And this little shield, set in the very centre of the larger one is called an *Inescutcheon;* sometimes the arms of a rich wife are put

upon it. Sometimes it is used for other purposes. If the Inescutcheon is put upon any other part of the shield, or if there are more than one, then it is called an *Escutcheon.*

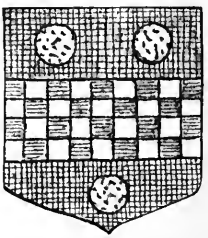
The Mortimers, who trace their family line away back to the Crusader times, have such an inescutcheon. Although their arms show no connection with the Holy Wars, their name bears witness to the fact, it having been born in a victorious conflict that their warrior ancestor had with the Saracens upon the solemn shores of the desolate Dead Sea, De Mortui Mari.

Inescutcheon.

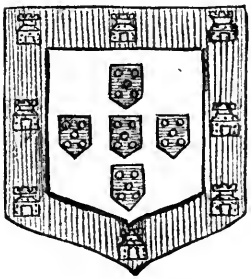


Mortimer.

Little round objects, too, are sometimes seen —they are called *Roundels,* and very probably were the flattened tops of the pegs that helped to fasten the leathern cover of the shield to the braces. But now they are considered ornaments, and are of various colors and bear various names. The yellow ones are called *Bezants*, from some little coins of Constantinople that the Crusaders frequently brought home with them. The elder of England's two famous Pitts, Lord Chatham, was allowed to place three Bezants, or pieces of money, upon his shield, from the fact that he had been so prominently connected with the Treasury.



Pitt, Earl of Chatham.



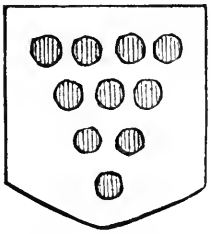
Portugal.

Bezants appear upon the Portuguese royal coat-of-arms, and for the reason told in the following story. In the twelfth century, when the English and French soldiers, fired with holy zeal, were on

their way towards Palestine to carry on a second crusade against the infidel, they stopped in Spain, and there found Count Alfonso waging a most unequal warfare with five Moorish kings. These great potentates had brought into the field no less than two hundred thousand men! The Count welcomed the arrival of the northern knights; but, notwithstanding the confidence he had in the prowess of these timely allies, grave misgivings as to the result of a great battle in which he was about to engage filled him with apprehension.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the night before the conflict he sat gloomily meditating upon the dark prospect that lay before him, and at last, falling upon his knees, permitted his disturbed spirit to seek aid in the repeating of some prayers. He held his Bible open in his hand, and as desperation had well nigh driven hope from his heart, he mechanically turned the pages, not noticing chapter or verse, until, his glance chancing to fall upon the name of "Gideon," he found himself in the midst of that stirring narrative of the defeat of the Midianites. Such an omen could not fail to encourage him, and just at that auspicious moment a holy monk, or hermit, entered his tent, and, blessing him, bade him, in God's name, go forth in the morning, when he heard the bells ring for mass, and to turn his face towards the east. This he did, and there in a halo of clouds he beheld the body of the crucified Lord, who promised him not only victory, but a crown, and the assurance that for sixteen generations his children should sit upon the Portuguese throne. Alfonso, never doubting the celestial vision, immediately went out to meet his troops, who saluted him as king; then, mounted on a white charger, that, according to Spanish custom,

caracoled most bravely, he led the "enthusiastic troops to a most brilliant victory, and Portugal became a kingdom. King Alfonso, overjoyed at his triumph, changed the coat-of-arms inherited from his father to that now belonging to the kingdom, — five shields disposed crosswise on a white shield, in memory of the Lord's five wounds, and charged each shield with five bezants, in commemoration of the five Moorish kings who were slain in the Camp d'Ourique.



See of Worcester.

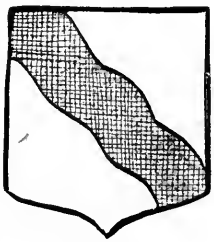
The little red roundels are called *Torteaux*, and mean little cakes. In the arms of the Bishopric of Worcester some of the worthy "wearers of the cloth" think they mean the Communion Bread.

Then there are others that are purple, and green, and blue. The black ones are called by several names, sometimes *Pellets*, sometimes *Ogresses*. Some think that all these little objects represent the apples of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

But what do these little dots with wavy lines of blue and silver mean? You would never guess, so I will tell you that they are intended to look like fountains or springs. David Hume, who wrote a long history of England, had a coat-of-arms on which was a silver lion, surrounded by a golden bordure, sprinkled with nine of these little wells, or fountains. His family were called the Humes of Nine Wells, there being a cluster of just that number of springs on their estate, bursting forth from a small hill that fronted the family mansion; and for this reason the wells or fountains were put upon his shield.

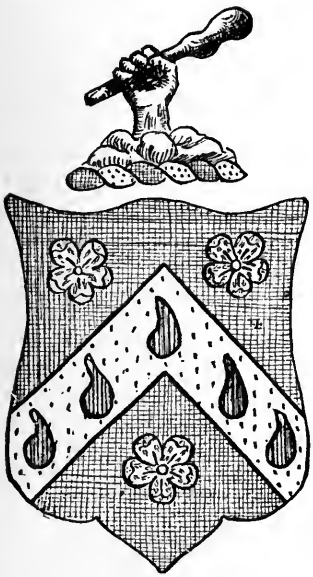
Hume.

Occasionally the representation of a river is seen upon a shield, as on the coat-of-arms belonging to the Earls of Portsmouth, whose family name is Wallop. Formerly it was Welhop, a name given to two parishes, in the centre of which is a spring, gushing from a hop or hill, which gradually grows in size until it is quite a river. The wavy bend that crosses the shield is supposed to indicate the river.



Wallop.

Another queer-shaped object is the *Goutte*, or drop. It varies in color according as it represents blood, tears, or pitch. The Duke of Anjou, King of Sicily, is supposed to have been the first to display a shield thus ornamented. He lost the sovereignty of that island, and soon after his loss appeared at a tournament bearing a shield of mournful black, — over which were sprinkled drops of water to represent tears, indicating his grief and his loss.



Wodehouse.

Occasionally when besieging a fortress, and trying to scale or undermine its walls, the soldiers would be unpleasantly surprised with showers of boiling pitch. Should they, at such times, prove themselves valiant and successful, they were allowed to spot their shields with drops of black, to prove their bravery during such a trying ordeal.

This is one of the legends that hang about the glories of the victory at Agincourt, where the English defeated a force that was

four times their number. John Wodehouse was a soldier, and one of the equerries that attended Henry V. in this battle. So heartily did he fight for his king that day that the monarch's attention was called to him in a very marked way, and, when distributing the rewards at the end of the contest, he highly honored the worthy soldier by giving him a large annuity, and raising him to the rank of Steward of the rich Duchy of Lancaster, which yielded him a salary that was quite a fortune in itself; and then assigned him as a crest the hand and club, with its motto, "Frappez fort," or, "Strike home." The blood drops or gouttes, on the chevron, were also added as memorials of those he shed at Agincourt.

Drayton.

Another instance where gouttes were used is on the shield of Drayton, the poet, where the blue shield is covered with drops of water. Upon the shield is a representation of a Pegasus, in silver.

CHAPTER XI.

OTHER DECORATIONS, TAKEN FROM LIVING OBJECTS.

We have now finished the list of honorable ordinaries and subordinaries, but besides these decorations of the shield there is a vast variety of charges, to supply which, heaven and earth, sky and sea, have been heavily taxed.

Lions, eagles, wyverns, fishes, crescents, suns, roses, lilies, spurs, sleeves,— I doubt if even the wisest of heralds could enumerate all. About some a veil of romance clings so persistently that even the most prosaic of modern pursuivants cannot, with all his efforts, brush the glamour quite away. About others the history of their varied use gives a peculiar charm to their study. The lion is one of these historical relics, and such a tremendous beast has he grown to be that in England alone *his* roar can be heard from the Isle of Wight to the rocky reefs of the Hebrides.

In the twelfth century he was indeed the King of Beasts in Heraldry, for it is a fact that at that time no other animal appeared upon a British shield. He ramped alone, and, with but one exception, was always represented in this singular attitude, which, to the heraldic mind, for some hidden, unnatural, unbeastly reason, is considered the most majestic.

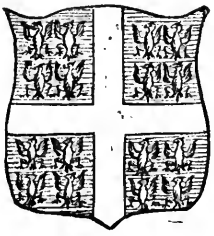
On this account, the three lions of England were frequently styled leopards, and as such Napoleon always scoffingly alluded to them. The leopard, being anciently considered as a cross between

the wolf and the panther, did not rank as a kingly beast. But England has compelled a recognition of its noble animals, the first representation of which is said to have shaken its mane on the victorious banners of William the Conqueror.

The lion is now depicted and described in several attitudes. The English prefer him "gardant," or with the face turned full towards the spectator, while the French display him in profile.

But represented in any attitude approved by the herald's taste, the lion of Barnum's Big Show is hard to be recognized. It is said that some country herald painter, chancing to be in London one day, was shown the lions in the Tower. "What," said the honest man, "tell me that's a lion! Why, I've painted lions passant, and lions rampant, and all sorts of lions, these five and twenty years, and for sure *I* ought to know what a lion's like better than all that!"

Mingling with the uproar made by this noble beast, we can hear the screech of the King of Birds. He has alighted upon various shields — for instance, upon this one of the haughty French family of Lorraine, where he styles himself an "alerion"; and again upon that of the lords of Montmorenci. One of the early ancestors of this house was so gallant and successful in war that in one battle alone he deprived King Otho II. of two of his imperial ensigns. To keep this fresh in the memory of family and country, he placed four eagles upon his escutcheon. Another of this warlike house, meeting in bloody combat King Otho IV., tore from his enemy's grasp no less than twelve more well prized banners. This was at the battle of Bouvines; and, while the blood spurted from count-



Montmorenci.

less wounds received, he dropped his trophies at the feet of his sovereign. Philip Augustus immediately dipped his fingers in the flowing blood of his gallant follower, and, making a cross upon his shield, exclaimed, "Oh, valiant man, I will that henceforth you bear upon your shield, instead of a cross argent, as heretofore, a red cross, and that, with your four alerions, you quarter twelve more, in honor of your wonderful exploits to-day."

The double-headed eagles of Russia and Germany, though supposed to be the result of halving two coats-of-arms and then conjoining the odd halves, are also said to suggest that the sway of these sovereigns is limitless.

The English have a shield on which three eagles are shown, and, although the origin of these eagles is not the object of this story, the fact that this one of all England's peers is allowed, after the first bow to his sovereign has been made, to clap his hat, or whatever covering he hath, upon his head, and then sit in the presence of his monarch as majestically as the king upon his throne, makes it curious enough to permit of our alluding to it.

Courcey, Lord Kingsale.

A certain Sir John Courcey, a man who was possessed of as great physical power as he was of military genius, had so greatly distinguished himself in the wars that England carried on in Gascony, that Henry II. bade him aid a military superior in the government of Ireland. Sir John persuaded some of his comrades, well tried veterans in the French wars, to accompany him, and with them boldly invaded the County of Ulster. His army was but a small one, and the battles fought were fierce; but experience, talent, and

courage were more than a match for the untrained fury of the men of Ulster, and the County was added to the king's dominions. For this he was rewarded by being made Earl of Ulster. Not only did he do this, but we are told that "he was continually doing prodigies of valor," and he stood high in the estimation of his king. But kings must die, as well as slaves; and Henry II. was no exception. King John ascended the throne, and he listened to the evil suggestions and lying reports that Hugh de Lacie, whom King John had appointed Governor of Ireland, whispered in his ear. De Lacie was envious of the splendor and rank of the Earl of Ulster, and the king permitted the black-hearted governor to seize the earl, as he stood, barefoot and unarmed, doing penance in the churchyard of Downpatrick, on Good Friday. He sent him a prisoner to England, and, as was the fate of all who pleased not England's king, he was incarcerated in the Tower. There he stayed for about a year. At the expiration of this time, King John and Philip Augustus had some warm words concerning the Duchy of Normandy, and it was agreed that single combat should decide the matter. King John appointed the day, and the French king procured his champion, while John was vainly hunting for one to represent him. No one could be thought of whose skill and strength equalled those of De Courcey, and, although the sentence passed upon him had been imprisonment for life, still, for lack of a worthier knight, he was despatched to France to fight for his ignoble master.

The day came and the champions appeared upon the field. The kings of France, Spain, and England acted as spectators, but, notwithstanding their august presence, no sooner had the French champion carefully scrutinized his opponent than, turning his horse's

head, he fled precipitately from the field. The English king was consequently considered as the successful contestant, and so delighted was he that, on the French king's expressing his desire to see some exhibition of the English giant's strength, he gladly bade Sir John gratify his desire. The powerful knight grasped his sword and with one mighty blow cleft a helmet in twain. At this King John bade the knight ask what he would and it should be given him — this, too, with the assurance that he already had his freedom and full possession of his estates. The earl replied that he needed nothing, but, if the king desired him to prefer a request, it would be this — that he and his successors, so long as England had a sovereign, might, after making their first obeisance, remain covered in the royal presence. Permission to do this was instantly granted him, and continues until this day in the family of Lord Kingsale.

But the eagle is not the only bird who flutters over the heraldic pages. The martlett is a very familiar charge, and is a curious-looking little bird. It is always drawn without feet, in order to typify two ideas. The scarred veterans of the Holy Wars usually returned by water; in that case feet were unnecessary, so the bird became an emblem of their holy occupation. Another signification is that with which the younger sons placed it upon their fathers' coat-of-arms. This was to show that they were not the eldest son, and heir to the estate, and were, therefore, like footless birds, having nothing upon which to alight.

The pelican, too, appears, ungainly as she is, and is usually represented as "vulning herself," that is, feeding her young with her blood; and although her story is an old one, it may be that you have not heard it. It is said that "the pelican loveth her young

birds, yet when they become haughty and wax hot, they smite her in the face and wound her; she smiteth again, and so slayeth them. After three days she mourneth for them, and then, striking herself in the side until the blood runneth out, she sprinkleth it upon their bodies, and by virtue thereof they quicken again."

Pelican.

There is an old brass of a former Dean of Hastings, in Sussex, where a pelican is represented as so feeding her young, and under it is a Latin motto which means, "Thus hath Christ loved us."

The swan, too, wishes us to remember that he was quite a favorite with Dame Heraldry. The earliest use of the swan known in England is on the shield of the Bohun family, to whom it descended from some very early ancestor of the name of Swann. They have handed it down, usually as a crest or badge, to a great many noted English families, like the Nevilles, the Staffords, and the Beauchamps. But on the Continent, especially in Germany, it is associated with a very pretty and very old legend, and the noble family who bear the arms of the Duke of Cleves sent it to England on the coat-of-arms of one of Henry VIII.'s many brides, Anne of Cleves, and from her shield the white swan passed to the British tavern-board signs.

Bohun.

Many centuries ago lived Beatrice, the only daughter of the Duke of Cleves, at her castle of Nymwegen, on the Rhine. It was one morning when the sun was shining brilliantly that she sat singing by a window that overlooked the river. Suddenly she stopped

her little song, for a singular object had appeared, just coming around a bend in the river.

But before we tell you what she saw, we must let you know that about this time, but far away from the Rhine, there lived a noble and handsome prince, named Helios, and although we will not trouble ourselves much about the pedigree of the fair singer, Beatrice, we shall have to learn a little about that of Helios, so as to really appreciate Queen Anne's gift to the inn-keepers of Merrie England.

In this country where Helios was born there was once a king who married the daughter of another royal personage. She was very pretty, but I am sorry to say had no better a disposition than many other pretty young damsels have who are not of the blood royal. But, amiable or vixenish, she loved her husband, and by and by a very noble young son grew up in their castle, and he carried joy to the hearts of his parents in whatever he did. Then the father died, and the young prince, who had never seen any one whom he loved better than his mother, became king, and the two lived in the great palace. One day the king was hunting in the forest, and, as all kings in fairy tales are apt to do, he lost his way in his own familiar woods. He rode hither and thither, but, no egress from the leafy prison being discernible, he dismounted by the first bubbling fountain that he happened to see, and tried to cool and comfort his bewildered self, and strengthen his drooping horse. As in this plight he sat, a very melancholy knight by a very beautiful stream, a lovely young lady, whose name was Beatrice, appeared, and with her a damsel or two, and a knight. They conducted the monarch back to his palace, and the king, being smitten with love

at first sight, married the fair Beatrice. Now the Queen-mother's evil temper, that had been lying dormant during the years of her prosperity, suddenly began to make its claws do active service for its unfortunate possessor. This piece of pink and white prettiness was a very unwelcome addition, so the mother-in-law thought, to the royal household, and endure it she would not; no, never! So, soon after the wedding, when the king was obliged to start toward some quarter of his realm where insurrection had broken out, he bade his mother take excellent care of his young wife, she promised she would, but with a mental reservation. After a while six little sons and a lovely little daughter, all wearing silver chains about their necks, appeared, but these dear little creatures were, every one of them, hurried off by the Dowager Queen's squire, Marks, who had instructions to drown them, every one, in the swift, deep river.

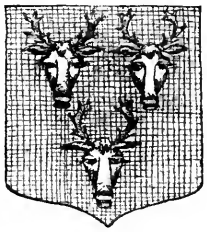
But the babies looked so sweetly at him, and were so pretty, that the squire felt his heart swell with pity; murder them he could not; so he carried them into the woods, and when he reached a favorite spot, at a long distance from the royal city, he spread his cloak upon the ground, and upon it laid the seven innocent little beings. Then he departed, but, soon after, a hermit, who lived in a lonely grove near by, happened to pass near the children, and heard the concert of seven voices, which was now being given in vigorous if not melodious accents. He hurried to the spot, and, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, he put them all into his own capacious mantle and bore them to his grotto. He immediately baptized them all, and they lived to grow up charming children. But one, named Helios, being more beautiful and manly than the others, grew to be the old man's darling, and he often took him with

him on his begging excursions. During one such absence a yeoman of Queen Malabrune's (for this was the name of the evilly disposed grandmother) chanced to be chasing in the forest, and saw the children playing together near the grotto, and eating wild apples. The unusual sight of costly silver chains about the necks of such poverty-stricken little people astonished him, and upon his return to the castle he told Queen Malabrune. Her wicked heart was assured by her good memory that these were her grandchildren, and she bade him take six trusty followers and slay them. This he started to do, but the beauty of the children again softened the hearts of the would-be executioners, and, instead, they simply wrenched off their silver chains. These they gave to Malabrune, with some plausible tale. But, alas for the children! upon losing their chains they were immediately transformed into white swans, and with many mournful cries they spread their wings and flew away. The hermit was now informed by an angel whose the children were, so he took Helios to the castle, confronted the wicked old Queen with the tale of her sinful deeds, and rescued Beatrice, who, upon false charges made by her mother-in-law, was about to be killed. Helios then took the silver chains, and made a solemn vow to visit every pond and lake until his missing brothers and sister should be found. Just before starting, however, they suddenly appeared upon the lake in the royal park, and came with many demonstrations of delight to meet him. As he embraced them he slipped the chains over their necks, and they were again his darling companions — all save one; for Malabrune had melted one of the chains so as to make a silver goblet. After enjoying himself with them for some time, Helios felt his spirit stir within him, and one

day he saw the solitary swan, drawing a boat, approach the shore of the lake. It began to cry to him, and persuaded him to enter the little skiff. As he did so, Helios bade his parents and his friends a long adieu, and, carrying his arms and his silver shield, with a cross of gold upon it, was soon in the boat, which the white swan rapidly drew away. Day after day they sailed, until they reached the Rhine, and after a few more days of sailing they turned a sharp and rocky cape that cut deeply into the river, and he saw the picturesque turrets of a castle.

Now we will go back to our little princess, who was gazing out of her window and watching with so much interest an object that was sailing along the river towards the castle. As it drew nearer, and still nearer, her curious eyes discovered that it was a boat, and moving — not by the vigorous use of oars, but drawn by a snow-white swan, attached by a golden chain to the prow of the boat. In this vessel Helios sat. As they reached the castle, the swan drew the boat to the shore, and our hero sprang upon the ground. He met the maiden, and, winning her heart, married her, and became the Duke of Cleves. For many years they lived most happily together, but there was a Bluebeard's Chamber in her life; her husband, in marrying her, told her he could do so only on one condition, and that was that no questions should ever be asked by her as to who he was, or from whence he came. At first her present happiness was so great that the command imposed upon her never caused her a moment's thought; but her curiosity, or, if she had none, perhaps that of Mrs. Grundy, who, no doubt, had as frisky a tongue then as now, prompted her to solve the much debated question. So it was that

upon a dark day the dreadful question was propounded by the luckless wife. Very sorrowfully then did the handsome, nameless knight rise up. He gently rebuked his inquisitive wife, took his sword, and, calling for his children, put into their little hands his sword, his horn, and his ring, bidding them never to lose them. As he did so, he kissed them very lovingly, and, with a last adieu to his wailing wife, down he went to the sedgy bank of the Rhine. Instantly the swan appeared at the bend of the river, drawing the tiny shallop after it. On seeing Helios it uttered loud cries of joy, and hastened towards him. Helios sprang into the boat, and, waving a last farewell to the watching and lamenting group on the bank, he was gone forever.



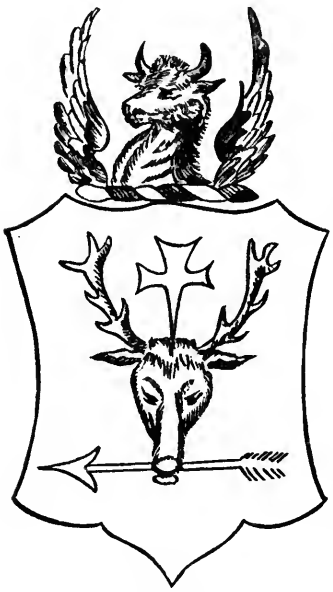
Duke of Devonshire.

Then you will often see the stag's head, cut off at the ears, as in the shields of both the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Derby.

The Bull's Head, too, was worn as a crest by the Bulstrodes. They can tell, if they will, their little legend, and, as in regard to all these marvellous tales so linked with many of the names in an ancient pedigree, you may be credulous or not.

When William the Conqueror at last made himself master of the British Isles, he gave the estate of this family to one of his own followers: and to enable him not only to drive off the former proprietors, but to keep possession of the gift, he lent him the help of a thousand stalwart soldiers. Now, the rightful owner of this bit of coveted property did not feel satisfied with this "without your leave" disposal of his lands, and therefore, calling in the aid of some sympathizing neighbors, and throwing up earthworks, one of which is still pointed out, he defended himself. The well armed

Normans were gradually overcoming their resistance, when he and his comrades determined to make a sortie. Lacking horses, they mounted themselves on bulls, with which, to an unprecedented degree, they seem to have been provided, and fell upon their enemies. The besiegers were taken unawares, and, hearing the frightful bellowing mingling with the outlandish outcries of the riders, and seeing the dreadful capers of the beasts, who themselves were well nigh frantic with their novel occupation, became so affrighted that, hurrying to flee from what seemed the imps of hell themselves, they fell upon and under each other, and were thus trampled or slashed to death. Those that were not slain put their trust in their heels, and rescued themselves by flight. The Conqueror, upon hearing of this, felt some curiosity to see the wrathful and inventive defender of his estates, and, promising him a safe-conduct to and back from the Norman camp, persuaded the hardy Saxon to make him a visit. This he did, riding upon a bull, and followed by his family of seven sons, equally well mounted. As a result of the interview, the property was allowed to remain with its original owner, and the well satisfied Saxon returned home to receive the congratulations of his good-hearted neighbors, and to announce to them the name that henceforth it was his intention to assume — Bulstrode! The crest is such as may be seen, a bull's

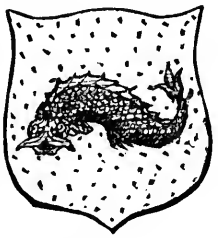


Bulstrode.

head. The good heraldist who repeats this tale whispers something about its being something like what is called a "cock and bull" story, but the family resent that intimation, and repeat a little couplet which they preserve to prove their ancient lineage: —

"When William conquered English ground
Bulstrode had per annum three hundred pound."

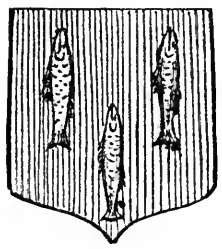
The old Swiss cantons of Uri and Valais, the purest popular government known, have existed for more than a thousand years. Every spring, the little army of Uri, bearing a banner of "the bull's head," marches to a green meadow among the mountains; all the men of lawful age following on foot, the magistrates on horseback, and the chief magistrate bearing a sword. Reaching the meadow, the people gather around the chief ruler; there is a brief pause of silent prayer; and then and there, in the general assembly of the people, the magistrates resign their trusts, the chief magistrate delivers up the sword of his office, leaves the chair, and takes his place with the other citizens. If he has served them well, they bid him take the chair again; for there is no rule that he may not be re-elected.



Dauphin.

Old Ocean, too, has treated the shields of the old *noblesse* with a lavish hand. The dolphin has a truly royal curve in his august little back. He was adopted as a device by the young Dauphin of France who afterwards became Charles V. of France. If you will look upon a map of France, you will notice three little "departments," as they are called, tucked snugly away in the south-eastern corner — Hautes Alpes, Isère, and Drôme. In olden times these formed the Province of Dauphiné, a most fertile and sunny bit

of France, and when given by Louis the Bavarian to Guy VIII., of the noble house of La Tour de Piu, the honored knight rejoiced greatly over his good-fortune. On his shield he bore for a device a dolphin, and for this reason called his new possessions "Dauphiné." Many years after this, one of his descendants found himself suddenly bereft of an only son, and, in his despair and grief, renounced his claim to this fair inheritance, and offered it to the French King Philip the Sixth. When making the gift — if such it could be called, when a sum of money was to be given in exchange, — he padded it well with conditions; but the French king was so delighted with the idea of so largely increasing the extent of his dominions, that he accepted the offer, encumbrances and all. It is needless to say that, the recipient being a monarch, the "conditions" faded completely from the royal memory — all but one. It was expressly stipulated that so long as there were heirs to the French throne, so long the eldest son should bear the name of Dauphin. The grandson of Philip bore it, and all his successors, until the Duc d'Angoulême abandoned it in 1830.



Lucy.

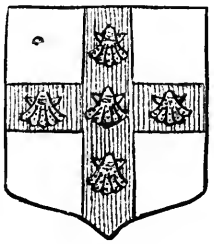
The lucy, or pike, was worn by the family so dear to the heart of Shakespeare, and whose country-seat perhaps those of you who have visited Shakespeare's home, in Stratford-on-Avon, will remember passing when riding from the quaint little town towards Leamington.

As for the escallop shell, Pope Alexander IV., in the thirteenth century, forbade all but pilgrims who were truly noble the right of placing this charge upon their shields. When it is seen on a coat-

of-arms it usually means that the family claim a drop or two of old Crusader blood.

The Earls of Clarendon wear them as their device upon a red cross, as a souvenir of the crusade under Edward I.

Then the mythical animals — strange hobgoblin beasts — some with scaly bodies and bat-like wings; others, part horse, part lion; many of them, creations of the Saracen imagination; others, brought from sources nearer home.



Clarendon.

The unicorn was introduced by the Anglo-Saxons into Britain on one of their standards, and was then carried into Scotland by their descendants, when William the Conqueror drove them out of England, and was then selected as supporter for the Scottish shield. In the place it now holds, as part of the royal arms of Great Britain, it is represented as the guardian of Virtue, while the Dragon is that of Wealth.

His horn in olden times was thought to be an infallible test of poison, and on this account the wild beasts of the forest wisely constituted him "Water conner," and never ventured to slake their thirst until, with his horn, the unicorn had stirred up the water to see if serpent or dragon had, with malicious intent, therein deposited his poison. To catch him it was said to be necessary to find the glade that he haunted, and there to place a beautiful woman. When the unicorn, pressed by the hunters, rushed by, it was expected he would see the woman. If he but once caught sight of her, he would instantly lose all his fierceness, and, seeking protection of her, sleep at her feet until he was taken and slain.

When England and Scotland were united under James I., one

of the silver unicorns was taken from the supporters of the Scottish shield, and one of the golden lions from the English insignia, and placed one on either side of the British shield.

The body of man himself was not excused from the covetous fingers of the heraldic painter. The Heart of Bruce appears again and again on Scottish shields. This honorable position it owes to the good Sir James Douglas, better known perhaps to our boys and girls as the "Black Douglas," whose mailed hand was laid so heavily on the shoulder of that poor, affrighted mother who, in the fancied security of some castle stronghold, was crooning her baby to sleep: —

> "Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
> Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye!"

You remember how he suggested to her the foolishness of trusting in any such delusion. But though he slew many that night, he showed his right to be called the "Good Sir James," in that he protected the hapless mother and her babe.

This warlike knight was, of all his followers, the dearest to the noble Bruce. As this renowned king lay dying, he told his knights of a longing he had always felt to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but the Lord, he said, had given him so much else to do that he never had been able to undertake the journey, and he begged Sir James, as his most trusted and best beloved knight, to carry his embalmed heart to Jerusalem, and bury it under holy soil. When the good knight could so far control his bitter weeping as to be able to speak, he said: —

"Gallant and noble king, I return you a hundred thousand

thanks for the high honor you do me, and for the valuable and dear treasure with which you entrust me; and I will most willingly do all that you command me, with the utmost loyalty in my power. Never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction."

The king replied: "Gallant knight, I thank you; you promise it me, then?"

"Certainly, sir; most willingly," answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

The king said, "Thanks be to God! for I shall die in peace, since I know that the most valiant and accomplished knight in my kingdom will perform that for me which I am unable to do for myself."

The Bruce died, and Douglas had his heart carefully taken out, and embalmed with the most potent spices and perfumes; he then laid it within a silver case, which, after being padlocked, he hung about his neck, on a cord of twisted silk and gold. Then, with a long train of the most gallant of Scotland's knights, he set forth on his long and wearisome pilgrimage. Long and wearisome it was but harder to bear did his faithful followers find the mournful sequence of the expedition; for the good Sir James never saw Scotland's glens and moors again. His body, wrapped in many folds of cloth-of-gold, was brought back by them, and now rests in the little old church of St. Bride.

On his way to the Holy Land, while still strong and vigorous, the vessel carrying Sir James and his knights touched the coasts of Spain. King Alfonso, the Spanish monarch, was at that time resisting with all his might the invading hosts of the Moors, and,

learning of the arrival of the great Scottish chieftain, whose prowess in battle was so remarkable, he immediately hastened to receive him with all possible honor, hoping to persuade him to unite with him in ridding Spain of the hated Infidel. He represented to him what great service he would render to the Christian cause if he would pause before continuing his voyage to the Holy Land, and help him drive out the Saracen Infidel of Granada.

The Douglas agreed to do so; but the eastern mode of warfare was unfamiliar to these valiant mountaineers, and the Scottish ranks became broken and scattered. Douglas, as he was dashing forward to the rescue of some of his companions, whom he saw sadly beset by the savage Moors, found himself hopelessly surrounded by his enemies. He seized the heart of Bruce, tore it from his neck, and, exclaiming, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die!" he flung the silver treasure far before him, in the centre of the opposing host, and, rushing towards it, fell, pierced by many a spear.

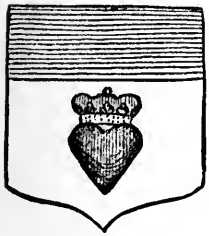
This is a sad close to the life of so mighty a warrior as was Good Sir James. He is said to have fought, in the space of twenty-four years, fifty-seven battles with the English, and thirteen with the Saracens. "Certes," exclaims one of his biographers, "he must have been one of the noblest 'butchers' of them all."

Remembering his gallant death, the Douglases have ever since that time worn a bloody heart bearing a crown upon it.

One thing was quite remarkable about the appearance of Sir James. Although he had been engaged in so many wars, his face had never been scratched, and some brave Spanish knight, whose visage bore marks of many bloody and horrible fights, could not

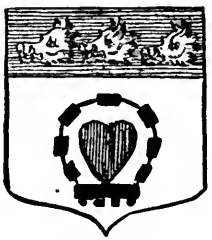
refrain from asking him how he so escaped. The Douglas replied that he thanked God for having always enabled his hands to guard and protect his face!

Whenever you see this crowned heart, you can always recall this tale of the swarthy old hero; for, in some way or other, every such coat-of-arms is connected, either by blood or by association, with this Black Douglas, or with the Bruce himself.



Douglas.

Sir Simon Lockhard of Lee was among the knights that accompanied Douglas on his mission, and was entrusted with the care of the heart of Bruce when Douglas fell in Spain. He brought it back to Scotland, and buried it in Melrose Abbey. In honor of this trust, he adopted for his device a man's heart with a padlock upon it, — Bruce's heart having been padlocked in the silver case, — and men called him thenceforward Sir Simon Lockhart, instead of Lockhard, as formerly.



Lockhart.

The heart of Bruce appears again and again. And, besides the heart, we have the bloody hand — that of Ulster. This, upon a small escutcheon, appears upon every coat-of-arms that belongs to a baronet, and has given rise to solemn and fearful whispers amongst the unlearned.

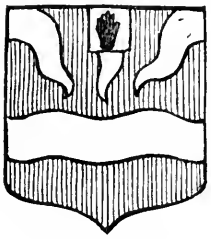
It has been stated as a dreadful fact that murders have been committed by scoundrelly ancestors of the unfortunate family displaying this device, and the suffering descendants are compelled to wear this ignominious evidence of their shame. To rid themselves of it is almost an impossibility; still, if the owner, or a more than

brotherly friend of the owner, can be found who will agree to pass seven long, dark years in a cave, without speaking to any one, or cutting his nails and beard, during the entire time, then can the shield be wiped of its stain, and the family forget the blemish.

The formation of the Order of Baronets was a financial operation of James the First's, money being sorely needed in the royal treasury. Permission to bear the title is regarded as a special evidence of royal favor, so that this hand is really a mark of honor. It is derived from the arms of the Province of Ulster, in Ireland, the defence and colonization of which was the plea by which the king was persuaded to create the new order.

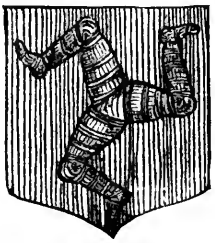
The men of Ulster are proud of their device, and, after giving you their motto, are very willing to tell you the credited tale of "Lamh dearg Erien," — The Red Hand of Ireland. Far back in those days when most of these tales had their rise, an expedition of some adventurers to Ireland set forth, and, in order to shorten the perilous voyage, the leader declared that whoever first touched the shore should be lord of the territory reached. O'Neil, ancestor of the princes of Ulster, vowed he would carry off the prize, and every stroke of his oars seemed to promise success. But there were other hardy and muscular contestants, and, to his intense chagrin, just as they neared the shore, another boat shot past his own. A moment more, and the O'Neils would never be the powerful princes of this Irish land that the ambitious soldier craved to make them; so he bent with greater energy than before to his oars; but, in spite of all his efforts, he could not drive his boat at greater speed

Red Hand of Ulster.



Isham — Baronet.

through the billows — he was almost exhausted. The arm of the soldier was wearied; his brain was as active as ever. A thought flashed through his mind — he would be victor yet; and with feverish haste he grasped his sword; then, just as his competitors were raising a shout of derisive triumph, a brawny, bleeding hand went whirling over their heads, spattering them with drops fresh from O'Neil's bold heart; and before the boat-keel of the astonished mariners could scrape the gravelly beach, there, on the green turf, far beyond the reach of the tide, it lay, and the province was declared to belong to O'Neil.



Isle of Man.

Then the coat-of-arms belonging to the Isle of Man, which in this case should be styled a coat-of-legs. Three legs intertwined appear upon its shield, and one sunny old chronicler remarks that "if he might be permitted to be jocular upon so grave a subject as armory, he should consider the coat a happy allusion to the geographical position of the island, as it lies between the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, — as if it had run away from all three, and were kicking up its heels in derision of the whole empire!"

CHAPTER XII.

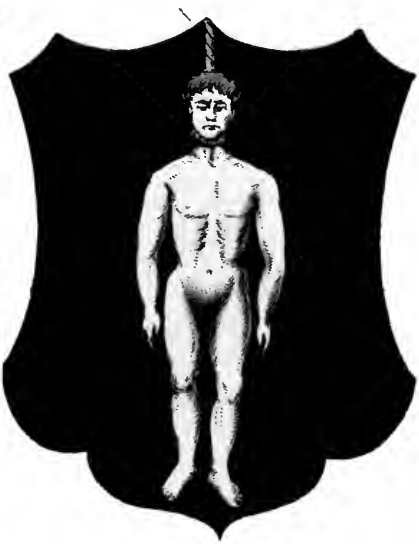
DECORATIONS TAKEN FROM OTHER SOURCES.

THE reigns of Kenneth and Malcolm in Scotland, according to the traditions of many eminent Scottish families, seem to have been rich in warlike episodes that deserved and received immediate recognition at the hands of their sovereign. The Dalziel family are so fortunate as to have had some relative who knew just what to do and when to do it at that early day. Those miserable Picts had been again and again tormenting the life of good King Malcolm, and finally they succeeded in getting possession of some favorite cousin of the king, and ignominiously hanged him on a tree. This was a most disgraceful death; and the king, both grieved and incensed that the body of his relative should remain there exposed to the ridicule of all passers-by, offered a great reward to any one who should get the poor corpse and bring it to him. For some reason this was a most hazardous enterprise; and, although the reward offered was great, no one seemed ready to run the chances of exchanging places with even the dead favorite of a king. At last one gallant subject presented himself before the king, exclaiming "Dalziel," which in the old Gaelic language signified "I dare." And dare he did; and with such address did he execute his enterprise that the king, before long, had the satisfaction of getting his cousin's bones laid wherever he desired. He not only paid the reward promised, but gave him his present coat-of-arms, with the

Clerk.

Crown & Bush.

Carlos.



Dalziel

motto "I dare," and permitted the soldier thenceforth to be called "Dalziel." He was the ancestor of the Earls of Carnwarth.

Flowers, too, have been gathered to beautify the shield, and a fallen foe on the field of battle often saw Death staring at him out of the hearts of white or crimson roses, or grinning in the cup of a golden lily.

The Wars of the Roses, as you all know, were so called because the rival houses of York and Lancaster wore the rose of different tint, each upon his shield. Very likely, some of you have stood upon the grassy lawn of old Temple Garden, and perhaps have been so story-wise as almost to see Plantagenet, the hot Duke of York, tear a white rose from its bush, and could hear him say: —

> "Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
> And stands upon the honor of his birth,
> If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
> From off this brier pluck a white rose with me" —

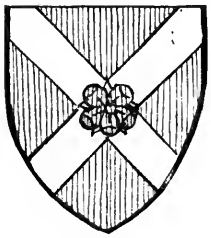
and then seen his vengeance-breathing adversary, Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, the proud Lancastrian, stride to the bush crimson with flowers, and, as he broke one from its stem, hear him retort: —

> "Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
> But dare maintain the party of the truth,
> Pluck a red rose from off this stem with me."

It was not until the days of Henry VII., who wedded Elizabeth, the fair Yorkist, that the two roses ceased to represent opposing factions, and in forming what is called the Tudor rose — quarterly silver and red — obliterated all but the memories of forgiven feuds.

Many are the coats-of-arms on which you will find a rose red or white, and usually a reason can be given for the bearing of the

same. Upon the shield of the Marquis of Abergavenny, whose ivy-covered country-seat perhaps you have seen, between Tunbridge and London, is displayed a red rose upon the centre of his cross.



Neville, Marquis of Abergavenny.

He is the descendant of the mighty king-maker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, who placed the red rose plucked from the Temple Gardens on the centre of his shield, to show his glad allegiance to the House of York (?).

Edward the Fourth heightened the brilliancy of his white rose by making it a rose-en-soleil — that is, a sun shining behind the rose. The rose was placed by him in a sun, in memory of his victory at the battle of Mortimer's Cross (1471), when he was Earl of March. Happening to face the sun, in the glare that dazzled his eyes, he exclaimed,—

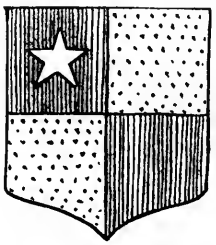
"Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?"

Richard answered: —

"Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable:
Now are they but one light, one lamp, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event."

The strong resemblance between this badge and that of the Earl of Oxford, who bore a silver mullet, or spur, was the cause of a most disastrous defeat for the House of York. The battle was one between the Earl of Warwick, who supported the kingly rights of Henry VI. to the English crown, and Edward IV., who strove to make good his claim to the sovereignty of England. The Earl of

Oxford, by his impetuous valor, had turned the success of the day in Warwick's favor. This was inspiring news to Warwick, and, eager to close the fray with a complete rout of the foe, he hurried with his men to join his victorious ally. But the light was treacherous; it was one of those days, so common to the English climate when fog and drizzling rain thicken the atmosphere and distort all objects. The followers of the opposing sides wore conspicuously on their arms the badges of the leaders that they followed, and through the mists the star of Oxford was magnified until, coming suddenly upon his allies, Warwick and his followers were terrified with the belief that the hosts of Edward were around them. The star to them was the rose-en-soleil. In the terror inspired by such a delusion, they fell upon the seeming foe, who, recognizing Warwick's "Bear and Ragged Staff," cried, "Treason! Treason, we are all betrayed," and forsook the field. Warwick's great form was stretched, dabbled with gore, upon the battle-ground, and Edward IV. was victor.



Earl De la Vere.

This star of Oxford, which for many years was a prominent decoration on the shield belonging to the De Veres, is traced back to the old Crusader days: —

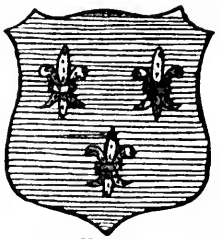
"In the year of our Lord 1098," saith our authority, "Corborant, Admiral to Soudan in Persia, was fought with at Antioch, and discomfited by the Christians. The night coming on in the chase of this battle, and waxing dark, the Christians being four miles from Antioch, God, willing the safety of the Christians, showed a white star, or mullet, of five points, on the Christian host, which to every man's sight did light, and arrest upon the

standard of Aubrey de Vere, there shining excessively." This mullet was afterwards used by his descendants as a badge.

Then the lilies! — see how the ancient shield of France blossoms like the tomb of Mary, so rich is it not only with the fleur-de-lys, but with the legends connected with it.

As the rose is dear to English hearts, so is the lily beloved by the French. They boast of a supernatural origin to the device, that formerly powdered their national coat-of-arms, affirming it to have been sent from Heaven with the Sainte Ampoule, or Holy Oil, kept and used at Rheims for the coronation of their kings. The supposed heavenly significance of the flower is this, "They toil not, neither do they spin," — which, translated into broad and ungallant English, is to intimate that the crown of France would never be worn either by the ignoble or by woman!

The angel who brought it carried it to Clovis to seal a contract made by him with the Heavenly Powers on the eve of a great battle near Cologne, when he swore a solemn oath that, should success be his, from that time forth the Christian faith should become his own. The day was *his*, and, true to his vow, there, surrounded by the dead and dying, with the shout of the victorious troops and the moaning of the wounded filling the air with tumult, he received *the* Lily, which for so many centuries has been the pride of France. The shield, from being powdered with the blossoms, was in the time of Charles VI. reduced to displaying only three. Notwithstanding this pretty tale, it is possible, at least to the practical English mind of the present day, to believe that, Clovis being the original form of



France.

Louis, the flower resembling it in name was adopted. Such names were always so exceedingly popular that one English family named Botreux, though fortunate in having a coat-of-arms, decided that, Botreux signifying in Welsh a frog, it would be better to change their escutcheon, which was composed of the simple lines with which we are familiar, to a coat upon which three frogs should be displayed.

But so long as there are Frenchmen left to "charge for the golden lilies upon them with the lance," so long will France continue to give the lie direct to any envious Briton "who, behind his skulking leopard shield," denies the heavenly gift to France!

For many years this coat-of-arms of France was quartered upon the English shield, and it was not until even so late as the birth-year of this century — when the arms of England, Ireland, and Scotland were finally united — that the right to wear the French arms was resigned.

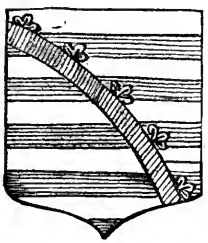
The fleur-de-lys has been considered an emblem of the Trinity; and this, perhaps, was the reason why it was afterwards used, and still continues to be, as an ornament in the crowns of almost all Christian sovereigns.

The Planta Genista, too, must not be forgotton, as the name of one of England's most famous royal families was found in this little plant.

The father of Henry II. of England was Geoffrey of Anjou, a devout Catholic and a brave knight, — but, being mortal, he did not always "resist the devil" as he should have done, and, listening to his evil counsels, the good Geoffrey found his conscience growing to be a terrible companion during wakeful nights. The crime which

caused these burnings and prickings within him finally became so heinous in his sight that, making birches of green broom, he would ever and anon severely flagellate himself with them. Then, that all men might see how sincere his contrition was, he placed a branch of it in his helmet and wore it for his crest. His son Henry, honoring the Christian spirit displayed by his father, adopted it for his device; and thus originated the line of kings known as "Plantagenets."

Another blossom favored by royalty is rue. Upon the coat-of-arms belonging to the Prince of Wales is a small inescutcheon belonging to Saxony. Over this inescutcheon is thrown a wreath of the plant called rue. How it came to be there, we are told, was through the goodness of Frederic Barbarossa. When this powerful individual conferred upon Bernard the dukedom of Anhalt, the duke begged the emperor to place some mark upon his shield that would distinguish it from that of his predecessors. So Frederic, being in a friendly mood, took a wreath of rue that rested on his head, and dropped it over the shield. From that time it became part of the arms of Anhalt, and is borne by the Prince of Wales as an inescutcheon upon his arms.



Rue.

The flower chosen by Scotland is the *Thistle*. The Danes were a constant nightmare to the Scots of early days. Just when they were least expected did they suddenly appear before some exposed seaboard fortress or helpless town, pillage and burn it, and then, with their booty, and promises of speedy return, vanish across the stormy seas that separated the countries. It was during the reign

of King Malcolm I. of Scotland, in the remote days of the eleventh century, that a band of these bold marauders stealthily dragged their boats up the rocky shore of eastern Scotland, and, hiding themselves in the caverns and grottos, awaited a favorable night for a sudden attack upon a large and well provisioned fortress in the neighborhood. Such a night soon came. There was no moon, and heavy clouds hid the stars. The band were quietly collected together by the chief, and the path leading to the object of their visit was swiftly and silently traversed. Then, armed with scaling-ladders, and their weapons ready for use, they felt as though they could almost raise the cry of the victor.

The moat alone remained for them to swim across, and not a guard appeared to be awake; the whole garrison lay in tranquil rest, and the invaders crept cautiously down from the bank into the moat, ready to softly plunge into the water the moment the first cool drops should lap their naked, unrighteous legs. So secure! — so quiet! But where *was* the water? Another cautious step downward, then another; — in an instant their own involuntary yell aroused the whole garrison — every sentinel was at his post — lights were swung hither and thither, and with the burrs of the thistles, which filled the waterless moat, sticking and stinging in their feet, and showers of arrows galling them in front, the Danes were driven back to their boats, with as much slaughter as the darkness would permit.

The motto of the Knights of the Thistle is supposed to allude to this, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" — "No one injures me with impunity."

These are the flowers that kings and queens have delighted to

honor. But there are other favored blossoms that Dame Heraldry has gathered for her adornment; such as the primrose, which, if not the darling of the throne, is at least a favorite with some of England's noble lords. Just now it has a certain queer odor, that suggests political caucuses, stormy electioneering processions, and visions of campaigns where lovely, audacious woman wins votes without number for aspiring candidates, as a return for lavishly scattered smiles and coaxing words of witchery. Another modest little flower calls our attention also in a peculiar way to itself, nodding as it does in the crest of a worthy Frenchman, whom Louis XVI. was proud to own as a subject. But, though worn by a Frenchman, it is a flower whose good points are daily discussed, not only by the polite of the earth, but by every strapping inhabitant on the green isle of Erin.

If it were the stomachs, and not the hearts of all good Irishmen, that were to discriminate between the merits of the Blessed Shamrock, sacred to the memory of good St. Patrick, and the little potato-blossom, I very much doubt if the leaf would hold its own against the claims of the flower as the badge of Ireland. This year (1886), in the little French town of Montdidier, is to be held the centenary celebration of its introduction by Parmentier into France. Long after Sir Walter Raleigh had brought it to Great Britain, this Frenchman, M. Parmentier, tried to popularize the plant in France. But the Catholic clergy despised it as a proffered gift from heretical England, and the peasantry conceived the idea that leprosy was the sure result of too much indulgence in eating it. The courtly fops of the day made it the butt of many jokes, and it finally even became treason to plant it in French soil! But Parmentier, who

was an insignificant apothecary in the king's employ, contrived to keep one of the plants alive in a pot in his room, and occasionally was so bold as to sport one of its blossoms in his button-hole. The king, happening to observe this one day, was curious to know the name of the singular-looking flower. He questioned the druggist, who, recognizing this as the supreme moment for his pet hobby, poured fourth such a stream of eloquence in praise of its many merits that the king issued orders for a royal potato-banquet, to which all the leading Parisian scientists should be bidden. They, with himself, should discuss the merits, by taste, of this much maligned and much praised tuber. The result was an instantaneous introduction of the vegetable upon all the tables of the epicurean fashionable of Paris. The king had pronounced it "good," and not a courtier was to be found who dared to differ from his sovereign upon that point. But the fear of "leprosy," and whatever other kindred notions the common folk had attached to the plant, were not so easily banished. Poor Parmentier, in his zeal, became "so thin that there was nothing left of him but just his bones and skin." Finally, he decided to purchase a large tract of land. This he planted with a plentiful supply of potatoes, and as the plants matured, and the day approached for the gathering-in of the harvest, he secured a body of *gendarmes*, and stationed them around the field. There they stood, from the moment that the sky began to redden in the east, until the sun sank behind the low hills in the west, bayonets pointed, and with grim countenances frowning at the over-curious crowd that gaped and gazed at the singular proceedings.

Parmentier's theory and the old proverb upon stolen pleasures

being the sweetest needed but the night to be realized. No sooner had the shades of evening made recognition impossible, than the inquisitive and covetous crowd relieved the enclosure of every potato to be found in the soil. The plant became immensely popular, and the king honored his persistent subject by bestowing a title upon him, and also by permitting him to assume as his crest the flower for which he had made so protracted a contest.

Trees, also, appeared upon the shield. The old oak upon the coat-of-arms belonging to the Carlos family at one time hid a king, and we will have to relate how it did so.

The battle of Worcester had been fought, and the royal cause was not the victorious one as the sun began to sink in the western sky. King Charles II. strove to rally his troops, but the effort was so fruitless that he soon saw that, unless he chose to fall a prisoner into the hands of the rebels, he must fly with his retreating troops. This he did, hoping to reach the safe side of the border between England and Scotland. But daylight vanished, and his guide became confused; so a halt was called, and the Earl of Derby suggested to the king that, as they were on the edge of Staffordshire, they might find safety in Boscobel House, which belonged to a most loyal family, of the name of Gifford. He, the noble earl, had been before this obliged to test the hospitality of the noble old mansion — whose name, Bosco Bello, was given it on account of the dense and beautiful woods which surrounded it. One of the Giffords was found, and separating himself, with half a dozen friends, from the army, they hurried thither, stopping for a short time on their way at an old house, once used as a sort of monastery by the Cistercian nuns, and called The Whiteladies, on account of the dress worn by

the household. Here he rubbed soot over his face and hands, changed his clothing from that of his royal station to the common every-day dress of a house-servant, and would gladly have tarried long enough to refresh himself, but a scout brought in the unwelcome tidings that rebel troops were quartered not more than three miles distant. So, in a pouring rain, which even the densest portion of the forest through which it was necessary to go could not prevent saturating them to the skin, they tried to reach Wales; but, notwithstanding the forced night-and-day marches, they found every ford and every highway so guarded that escape, for the time being, was impossible. Now, foot-sore and heart-sore, and, altogether, in a most pitiable condition, they retraced their steps to the friendly shelter of Boscobel. Here they found Colonel Careless, who had been fighting in the king's ranks. He persuaded the king, after strengthening himself with a simple lunch of milk, bread, and cheese, to go back into the woods, as being a place of greater safety, and there, selecting a thick-leaved oak, the king, with Colonel Careless, concealed himself in it; while the Penderells, who were servants of the house, brought them such provisions as they could get, and a cushion for the head of the homeless monarch to rest upon. So careful and kind was the honest colonel that when, finally, they succeeded, two or three nights later, in making their way to the house of Colonel Lane, the king changed his name to Carlos, as being more like his own, and granted him a representation of the oak tree which had so perfectly concealed them, with a fesse across it, on which three crowns are placed.

In connection with this tree is a little incident told about the first coin of New England, which has been called the "Pine Tree

Shilling." These coins were issued from a New England mint in 1651. When Charles II. heard that his enterprising colonists had started a mint all of their own, without asking or receiving his royal permission, this impecunious monarch was thrown into high dudgeon. Sir Charles Temple, a good friend of the colonists, tried to appease the king's wrath, assuring him that the struggling Puritans had thought it no harm to coin money for their own usage; and taking a few of the shillings from his pocket, showed them to the king. He looked at them, and noticing the tree stamped upon them, inquired what it was. "That," was the adroit reply, "is the Royal Oak that saved your Majesty's life." The king looked more closely at them, listening the while to such explanations as the friendly heart of Sir Charles could suggest; and then putting the coins, I have no doubt, into his own shrunken pockets, remarked, good-humoredly, that "those colonists were a parcel of honest dogs, after all!"

The *Wheat Sheaf* is a very common device upon the shield of many families in the neighborhood of Chester. Old Ranulphe de Blondville, the first Earl of Chester, having adopted it, the family gradually growing in power and wealth, many other families became attached by feudal alliance to it, and assumed the device, with slight alterations. The Duke of Westminster, whose noble country-seat of Eton Hall, not far from Chester, is so well known to all travelling Americans, shows the sheaf upon his shield, he being a descendant of the famous Grosvenor.

Leaves of plants are also not despised, the trefoil and the cinquefoil often appearing as small charges — but especially does the leaf unfold itself upon such coats-of-arms as those belonging to the Levesons and the Hazelriggs.

The humble little clover-leaf, or shamrock, of Ireland, for which the Celtic heart has such a deep-seated love, is another of the plants beloved of heralds. Its adoption by Ireland as a badge is connected with that blessed saint of the "ould counthry," St. Patrick.

The shamrock, or trefoil, is an old symbol, greatly used by the Druids in ancient days, and the old Christian monks tell a pious legend in connection with it. They say that after St. Patrick had succeeded in reaching Ireland, he strove diligently to sow the good seed of the new religion in the hearts of the Irish pagans. He prayed and exhorted, wept and sang, out in the open fields; but his hearers would none of it — they utterly refused to believe in that first of all doctrines — the Trinity. In his distress, his eye happened to fall upon the shamrock, so sacred to them, and, holding it high above his head, showed them how easy Nature found it to make one perfect leaf out of three. This unexpected use of Ireland's favorite symbol so astonished and convinced the sceptical Celts that poor St. Patrick could scarce find water or agility sufficient to baptize the thronging converts.

CHAPTER XIII.

DECORATIONS TAKEN FROM OTHER SOURCES. — HATCHMENTS.

Now let us look at the skies above us, and see what were stolen from them. Everything, yes, everything — full moons, half moons, crescents, stars, all used by the conscienceless herald in order to beautify the shields of his good countrymen.

The crescent not unfrequently appears, and is associated with the tramps of the old-time Christian warriors. One of the ancient laws of heraldry permitted the victor to assume the arms of the vanquished; and although heraldry, as a science, was unknown to the Saracens, still they bore certain devices by which they could easily be distinguished, and the crescent — their favorite emblem — was, no doubt, often displayed by them. It therefore appears on many an English shield, where stories of the Crusades were mingled in the olden history of the family. Many families in a certain township in England bear this device upon their shields, their founder, Sir Archibald Ellis, having brought it back with him from the Holy Wars. Sir Robert Sackville's descendants wear it also as a memento of the Crusades.

The Percys adopted it as their badge, but for quite a different reason. Their territory of Northumberland, which consists of counties lying north of the river Trent, lies in the form of a half-moon, and for this cause they chose their badge.

"Now spread thy banner, Westmoreland,
Thy Dun Bull fain would we spy;
And thou, the Earl of Northumberland,
Now raise the Half Moon up on high!"

Another old poet has written: —

"The minstrels of the noble House,
All clad in robes of blue —
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due."

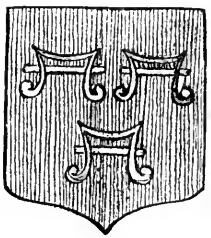
Sir Walter Scott tells a story, which he very properly styles an exceedingly "silly one," of the supposed origin of the name of Percy. The story is that King Malcolm of Scotland, during the eleventh century, was so unfortunate as to be killed by one of the soldiers who garrisoned the Castle of Alnwick. This soldier pretended to be authorized by the commandant of the castle to surrender the stronghold, and, placing its keys upon the point of his spear, he held them towards the king. As Malcolm bent to take them, the soldier made a rapid lunge with the weapon, and drove the point through the eye of the king, into his brain, thus killing him instantly. The soldier gained much credit with his leader by this act, and, to commemorate it, was allowed to adopt the name "Pierce-eye," or Percy.

The *Sun*, in his splendor, was often chosen, especially by families bearing the name of Bright, Day, or Clear. Richard II., during his early and happiest days, used it as a badge. But in the melancholy days that closed his reign, he used the "Sun behind a cloud." It appears in both ways upon the sculptured mantle covering the effigy on his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

Stars also shine out on the shields of Great Britain. On

that of Lord Sutherland there are three, surrounded by the tressure of Scotland, an heirloom from the days of Robert I.

If we leave the ornaments that have been taken from life and from the heavens, we still find multitudes of objects adorning the shield, many of which are full of significance to their owners. For instance, the *Water Bougets*, or water-bottles, whose acquaintance we made on the coat-of-arms belonging to the Bouchiers. This device represents bottles made of skins, and slung across the shoulder. It is thought that during the Holy Wars, when forced to cross burning wastes of desert land, where water could not be found, the thirsty Crusaders carried their supply in these capacious vessels. The first English family bearing the charge is supposed to have been the Trusbuts — the heiress of which married a De Ros, and her husband, according to the prevalent custom, dropped his arms in assuming hers, but kept his own name.



Trusbuts. De Ros.

Another ornament to the shield that recalls the old Crusader days is the *Palmer's Scrip*.

In the chancel of a church in England, where some one by the name of Palmer is buried, is this queer epitaph: —

"Palmers all our faders were —
I a Palmer lived here,
And travell'd still, till worn with age
I ended this world's pilgrimage
On the blest Ascension day,
In the cheerful month of May,
A thousand with four hundred seven
I took my journey hence to Heaven."

Perhaps you know the difference between a Palmer and a Pilgrim. The name *palmer* was given from the fact that their staves were usually made of the palm tree, which they carried as they returned from the Holy Wars; but the real difference between the two devotees was that a pilgrim might mean only one who perhaps had visited the shrine of some saint, such as that of Thomas à Becket; while a palmer always meant that a long and toilful journey, in which voluntary poverty added misery to his weariness, had been taken to the far distant Holy Sepulchre: —

> "The faded palm-branch in his hand
> Showed pilgrim to the Holy Land."

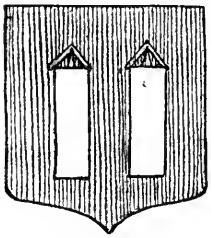
A pilgrim had some dwelling-place, but a palmer had none; then, the pilgrim travelled to some specified spot, but the palmer went to any place, provided his journey comprised a visit to Jerusalem. The pilgrim must pay his own expenses; but the palmer must be absolutely and wilfully poor. The pilgrim might cease to be such; but the palmer — never.

The scrip was therefore frequently placed upon the shield by the descendants of the dust-begrimed, foot-sore, but highly honored palmer.

Another charge is that of many families whose name ends in "ton," and who have adopted as a bearing upon their shield a large barrel, or "tun," with a representation of the preceding syllables surmounting it — as Burton — a bird upon a tun.

The Buckle is a curious little charge, which has usually quite a history when it is allowed to appear upon a shield; and the Pelhams, Earls of Chichester, account for the prominent place it fills upon theirs by taking us back to the early wars between France and

England. King John of France, being sorely pressed by his English enemies, fled to Poitiers with his son and several great nobles. But the city closed its gates; and, all their supplications and threats being of no avail, they were compelled to turn and face their foes, who were soon swarming about them. The king was recognized, and many were the shouts of "Sir, yield, or you are dead!" There could be but little resistance made, and the king yielded; but the knight to whom he did so found it impossible to keep his prey, and the king was taken and retaken so many times that finally not less than ten knights and esquires challenged the honor of being the one to whom his capture was due. The most conspicuous of these claimants were Sir Roger la Warr and John de Pelham, the king having surrendered his sword to them. As a reward, John de Pelham was knighted, and the buckle of the belt to which the sword was attached was placed upon the shield. The buckle also appears upon their badge, and can be seen in all ecclesiastical buildings founded or aided by them, and upon various architectural ornamentations of their manors at Laughton and elsewhere; on their old seals; even on the sign of an inn in the neighborhood of their estate at Bishopstone; and often on the cast-iron chimney-backs in the farm-houses of the estate; on the mile-stones, and as the mark stamped upon the sheep. Indeed, the whole of that portion of eastern Sussex where they make their home seems to almost grow and harvest the Pelham buckle. This recalls the story told of the vain old Earl of Bute, who, it was said, had even the leaden water-pipes of his castle ornamented with large coronets.



Pelham.

The Pelham Buckle, that I mentioned as being the sign of a certain inn, or tavern, in the neighborhood of the estates of that family, has suggested to some one well versed in heraldic lore to explain how it happens that so many of the little English village hostleries are known by such singular names, as the Golden Lion, or the Red, White, or Black Lion; the Rose and Crown, Cross Keys, Three Elms, Walnut Tree, Three Cats, etc. He tells us that in early days the town residences of the nobility and the great prelates were called inns, and on their fronts the family arms were displayed. After a while these large "inns" were given up to the uses of regular hotels. The coats-of-arms ornamenting the mansions were retained, but called signs; and sometimes the inns were ordinary houses kept by old servants of certain noble families; often they were small taverns built in the neighborhood of or upon the estates of certain well known families, and the devices of their escutcheons were used. The shields themselves, and the tinctures, or colors, were slowly dropped, until only the name remained, and often when three pelicans were perhaps the original device, the sign dropped all but one.

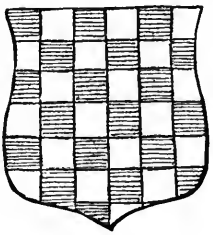
The Crown and the Bush owes its appearance upon a tavern signboard to a singular circumstance that occurred during the dissensions between Richard III. and Henry VII. of England. Sir Reginald Bray was a warm friend of the mother of Henry VII., and, by his wise and adroit management, contrived to make the Red and the White Roses, exhausted by their long and thorny wars, to grow peaceably upon the same bush. This he did by marrying the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., to Henry. Henry and Richard met on Bosworth Field to decide the question as to who

should sit on England's throne. Sunday evening, just before the battle was to take place, King Richard, mounted on a light gray horse and dressed in regal attire, with the crown upon his head, rode, in great pomp, through the town of Leicester; and the next morning, still wearing the crown, he appeared upon the field of battle, and addressed his army from the crest of what has ever since been called Crown Hill. Whether he took it off during his harangue to the soldiers, or whether, during the battle, he became oppressed with the heat, and so laid it aside, is not known, but Sir Reginald found the crown on a thorn-bush, and he gave it into the custody of Lord Stanley. This nobleman, at the close of the engagement, placed it, amidst loud acclamations of the triumphant army, upon the head of the victorious Henry, who, from this time until his death, reigned as Henry VII. of England. Sir Reginald Bray, in memory of this event, adopted the thorn-bush bearing a crown as an ensign of honor, and it can still be seen in the painted windows of his great manor-house at Stene, in Northampton, shire. It also appears in the windows of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, the taste of Sir Reginald being the inspiration that produced this glorious specimen of Gothic architecture. He also caused the stately chapel of St. George, at Windsor, to be built.

One of the great Marshals of France, Sieur D'Aubigney, one of the greatest military officers of the French king, was a relation of James IV. of Scotland, and took great pride in displaying, upon his shield of silver, the Red Lion of Scotland. The silver field, or background, he powdered with buckles, to show that it was his valorous self who alone was able to unite Scotland and France

against the hated English. For the same reason he chose as his motto, *Distantia jungit* — "It unites the distant."

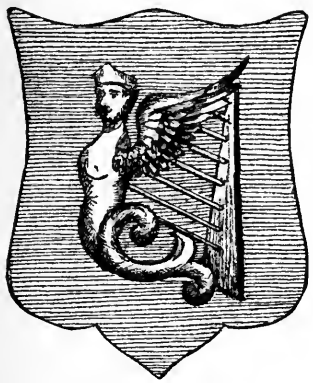
A *Checker-board Pattern* was sometimes used on the shield, as on that of the Earl of Warren and Surrey. It is said that the early ancestors of the Warrens crossed the Channel with William the Conqueror, and, for some remarkably good reason no doubt, received his royal permission to make and sell malt liquors. To enable their agents to collect the consideration money easily, the door-posts were painted in checkers. Their descendant, the Earl of Arundel is said to have exercised the use of this prerogative.



Warren.

Another charge is that of the *Harp*, which we see on that quarter of Great Britain's shield which is given to Ireland.

Hibernia was the patron goddess of Scotland, and her emblem was a harp. So the Irish monarchs were called "Bards," and carried the representation of a harp upon their standards. One of these standards, belonging to an old Irish king who was slain by the Danes, was carefully kept in Dublin until almost the beginning of this century. Some devout and loving Irish souls firmly believe that the original of this harp was one of those described in the Apocalypse.



Harp of Ireland.

The *Horn* is not an unfamiliar object, especially upon the arms of such as bear the names of Forester, Forster, and Foster, as it is fancied that they derive their names

from the office of forester, which possibly they may have held in the days when Merrie England was a tangle of forest growth, and such an office was considered highly honorable.

The county of Mid-Lothian, that returns England's boldest and truest statesman to Parliament, has within its boundaries a certain tract of land, known as Pennycuik, and its owner, by some clause in the title, is obliged to appear once a year in the forest of Drumsluch, near Edinburgh, and there give a blast of a horn at the king's hunting. Because of this, the family, whose name is Clerk, bears for its crest a forester, sounding a hunting-horn, and uses as a motto the words, "Free for a blast."

Many of the crests and charges that we find on English shields, such as a broad arrow, a red rose, a flying falcon, etc., have probably been placed there for similar reasons by the monarchs from whom the owners received their large estates. In making these gifts the monarch wished the favored chiefs not to forget the allegiance due to the throne, and therefore made the retaining of them conditional. Sometimes, small payments of money were required; at other times, the tax was only nominal, — an annual ceremony, — such as this blowing of a horn, or the yearly presentation of a rose, a falcon, or an arrow.

The Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington hold theirs in this way. Should any of you be so fortunate as to find yourselves some day at Windsor Castle, you will notice in the guard-room two little objects of interest. They are small French flags that droop over the marble busts of Marlborough and Wellington. One of them is the white Bourbon flag, sprinkled with fleur-de-lys; and the other is a tricolor. These two little flags must annually be presented by the

noble dukes, representatives of their illustrious ancestors, upon the anniversaries of the battles of Blenheim and Waterloo, as it is by these little acts that they regularly confirm their titles to their large estates in Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye.

Very highly are these little banners prized by the English sovereigns, and when King William IV. lay dying at Windsor, he roused himself from a heavy stupor into which he had fallen, and, upon asking what day it was, was told it was the 18th of June. "The battle of Waterloo!" he exclaimed, and his mind struggled to clear itself from the films of death. Suddenly his eye brightened; he remembered the little flag that the Duke of Wellington regularly brought to him upon this day, and he asked to look at it. When it was brought, he eagerly stretched out his trembling hand and touched the golden eagle that surmounted the stick. "Ah!" he whispered, as he sank back upon his pillow, "now I feel better."

These gold eagles were introduced into the French army as ornaments to the regimental standards by Napoleon I., and, being wrought of pure gold, costing each about two thousand dollars, with long streamers of richly embroidered ribbon attached to them, they were greatly coveted by the opposing army. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the soldiers made desperate efforts to get them, so that during the many disastrous encounters between the French and Germans, no less than two hundred were captured. This costly fashion vanished with the Napoleons.

We will now leave the shield, although many interesting devices are still crying to be heard. But I fear you have heard so many stories about those that are most frequently seen, that you are wearied of them; so we will content ourselves with taking a look

at the little badge, nowadays so seldom heard of, and after that you can shut up this book of heraldic tales as soon as you wish.

So, now, the *Badge*. It is often confounded with the crest; but as the badge is always borne by itself, and the crest must rest upon its wreath or crown, the mistake can easily be avoided. Badges are not now as commonly seen as in years gone by. During the time of Queen Elizabeth they began to fall into disuse. They were then worn by the retainers of such knights as possessed them, and were often extremely ornamental. At the time of the coronation of Richard III., no less than thirteen thousand representations of his White Boar were made and worn at that ceremony. The first badge worn in England was the Escarbuncle, or great central clamp of the shield, and was adopted by Henry II., on account of his connection with the House of Anjou. But the badge that claims to be the best known among the English-speaking races is that of Edward the Black Prince, now used by the Prince of Wales, — the famous Ostrich Feather badge, — plucked by him from the blind old King John of Bohemia. We are willing to believe that, though it was his hand that plucked it from the fallen royal head and placed it on his own bright helmet, it was not through any gash made by his good sword that the soul of the poor blind monarch slipped from its darkened cage into the land of spirits.

When this old King of Bohemia heard, during the battle of Crecy, that the French ranks were breaking before the English troops, led by the Black Prince of England, who was carrying everything before him, and, worst of all, that his noble son had been severely wounded, he sprang from his seat, buckled his armor on, and bade his knights lead him to the hottest part of the battle,

where he might most surely meet the terrible young English leader. Four of his knights did so, placing him in their centre, and interlacing the bridles of their horses. As soon as the old king was told that his enemy was before him, with savage valor he strove, by his random slashes, to avenge the defeat of his son. It could not be, and he was cut down; but not, they tell us, by the noble-hearted English prince. Messengers brought him the news of the fall of the old Bohemian hero, and, pressing his way toward the spot, he dismountod, took the badge from the dead king, and, placing it upon himself, pronounced aloud its accompanying motto, "*Ich dien.*"

Much doubt attaches to the assertion that the badge owes its introduction into England at that time. Many affirm that these self-same feathers can be found in a family badge of Edward III., as in an old manuscript the different forms in which the ostrich feather was borne by the royal family are described: —

"The ostrich feather silver and pen gold is the king's.

"The ostrich feather pen and all silver is the prince's.

"The ostrich feather gold and pen ermine is the Duke of Lancaster's.

"The ostrich feather silver and pen gobony is the Duke of Somerset's."

Another famous badge is that of the Earl of Warwick, the "Bear and Ragged Staff." The story hath it that this ancient line sprang from one of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, whose name was Arthgal. Now *Arth* in the British language signifies "Bear," and this badge of a standing bear was adopted as a play upon the name. In later years an earl of the same family appeared to add lustre to the family arms, named *Mowidus*. He

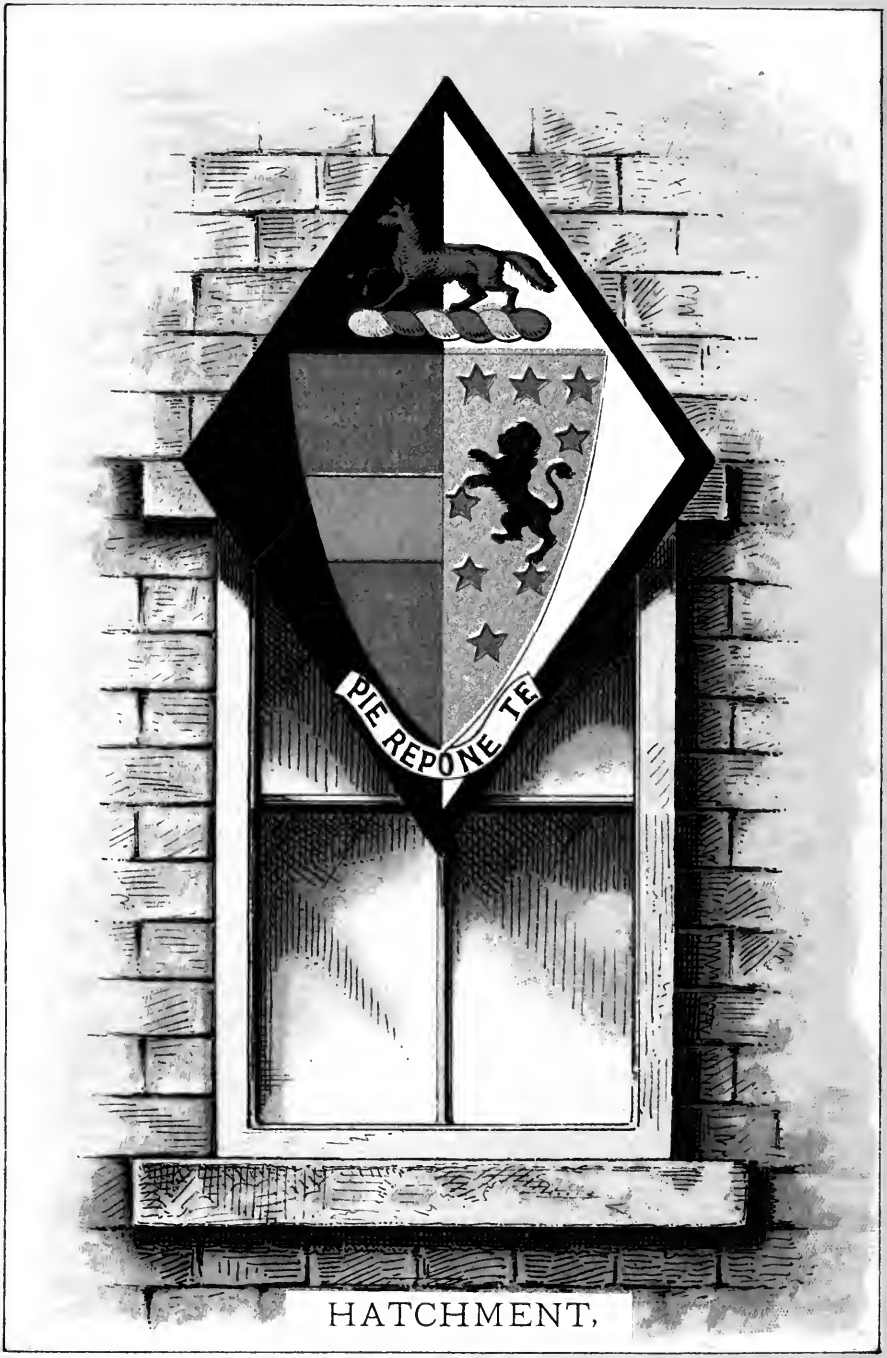
was a man akin to Hercules, for did he not uproot a tree? — not too big a one! — and, hastily ridding it of all its boughs, did he not therewith spill the brains of a mighty giant upon the ground? Remembering this remarkable exploit, his descendants bore as their cognizance a silver staff, ragged like the hacked limbs of a tree. This, united with the bear, forms the well known badge.

The present family are troubled over an evil surmise that has in some way reached their ears, and rankles in their noble minds, that their bear, being muzzled, is a witness to the fact that some unworthy ancestor was guilty of a misdemeanor, and for this act was compelled to muzzle the growling beast. Who the miscreant was, or what he did, is only matter of conjecture; but we are assured by painstaking heraldists, who, with spectacles on nose, and quill behind ear, have explored all possible nooks and corners where information might be found, that such injurious rumors are anathema, maranatha — only a slanderous device of some envious, badgeless monster — probably an American!

In Scotland certain plants are still retained as badges of individual houses: —

The Buccleuchs have Heath.
MacPhersons — Varigold Box.
Stewarts — Thistle.
Murrays — Juniper.
MacKays — Bulrush.
McGregors — Pine.
Campbells — Myrtle.
Camerons — Oak.
Drummonds — Holly.
Gordons — Ivy.
Grants — Cranberry Heath.
Grahams — Laurel.

As an addition to some such badge, the House of Murray is alone permitted to wear an eagle feather. This does not prevent the



HATCHMENT.

chiefs of all other clans wearing the feather in their caps, but forbids their wearing it as a badge.

With this last ornament belonging to the Elect Few, we will consider our acquaintance with heraldic decoration as completed. But before we bid Dame Heraldry good-by, we will photograph her as she presides at a ceremony — the last in which her knightly devotees take part. After this last effort on her part, she mutters the old rhyme, "Their swords are rust, their bones are dust, their souls are with the Lord, I trust," and hies herself to the new chevalier, just putting on his father's worn-out slippers. Do you see how curiously decorated the front of this house is? Some one lies dead within its walls; and this curious heraldic custom still prevails in England, although that, too, is gradually shrinking into the past. When a noble, or any prominent member of his family, dies, an immense black frame, shaped like a lozenge, with the family coat-of-arms occupying its centre, is placed against the wall, above the entrance to the house. If it is a bachelor who has died, then the shield appears upon the black background; if a single woman, then a lozenge is used. Married men and women, widowers and widows, are all designated by some peculiar mark or omission; so that any passer-by who is familiar with the laws of heraldry knows in an instant all but the name of the deceased. This is called a "hatchment," and remains on the outside of the house from six to twelve months.

And now, dear children, our story is ended. Dame Heraldry, hearing us narrate the tales connected with the badge, concluded that the close of the book was near; so she donned the best of her decaying grandeur, framed her lips into the most courtly of farewell

simpers, and was ready, with a sweeping fifteenth-century courtesy, to vanish from the scene. But our introduction of these last funereal touches to the picture of her days of glory compelled her to rustle a hasty exit. The venerated hatchment is the last fading remnant of her once imposing funeral ceremonies, where all the pomp and parade of heraldic display were added to the natural impressiveness of the occasion, meriting marked consideration by her heraldic Majesty. She therefore reappears, clad in rusty black, with bent head and mumbling lips. Interlacing the attenuated fingers of her palsied hands into the semblance of pious devotion, she poses before us as chief mourner. But the restless, roving glances of her glittering eyes, as they ever and anon peer out from the deep hollows of her haggard face, prove to us the emptiness of her pretensions; and in this position, suggestive of another like solemn occasion, possibly in the near future, where no hatchment will be displayed, and where she will be not only chief, but only mourner, and the very corpse itself, we will take our final leave of her.

INDEX.