

over and see? Allow me to look at it. I don't remember having ever noticed it before."

Nelly handed him the little sprig. He took it from her, and examined it carefully, as if it were a matter of vital importance. Their eyes met for a moment, and Nelly continued the conversation vigorously. Oh, what hypocrites, to be discussing thus earnestly a bit of paltry river-weed, when each heart was full of such widely different thoughts!

"It was only the sun on the leaves; I thought it was a blossom," Nelly said, earnestly examining the plant to which Jack had rowed up.

"It is very pleasant out here this evening," Jack remarked presently. "Would you like to stay out a little while?"

"Thank you; I think I must go home," Nelly replied, feeling she could not endure much more of this kind of thing.

So Jack handed her out, and held her trembling fingers for a moment in his, then he drew his boat up into the house, donned hat and coat, and prepared to accompany her, though he was angry at his own weakness in scorching himself in this way. He saw so plainly before his eyes those words impatiently dashed two or three times underneath: "This is my *unalterable decision*. I can *never change* my mind."

He was presently thinking that he had been a fool to come. The effort to appear natural and uncon-

strained was too much for both. It was a relief to reach the garden gate, and bid each other good night.

And yet good night could not so easily be said, for it meant good-bye; and Jack felt that this time it must be final. No more coming back to rake up the ashes of dead hopes; and instead of good night, he could only cry out, in a voice of suppressed pain—

"Nelly!"

She was not the old Nelly—she could feel for his pain, and be gentle with him—she could be sorry for what he had suffered for her sake all these years, and hate herself for her cruel thoughtlessness of long ago.

"Jack, forgive me!" she said humbly, "I made a great mistake."

The underlined words vanished in a moment.

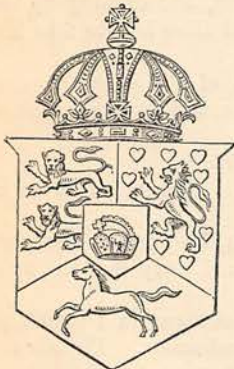
"Nelly, my love!" he exclaimed, "when did you find that out?"

"Oh, years ago," she replied, a little wearily.

"Poor little Nelly!" he said remorsefully, without a thought of his own past pain. "Oh, those wasted years! How selfish I have been!"

"Don't reproach me like that, Jack," Nelly cried imploringly. "And I hope the years have not been wasted. I was a very worthless Nelly then. I think I am better now."

"Then or now, the dearest little Nelly in the whole world," was Jack's reply.



THE ARMS OF HANOVER.

## HERALDRY AS A POPULAR STUDY.

POPULAR opinion as to what constitutes a polite education certainly varies with the times, and many of the items now supposed to be its chief excellencies were entirely undreamed of a generation or two ago. On the other hand, some branches of knowledge on which our great grandparents were wont to pride themselves have to a considerable extent receded from

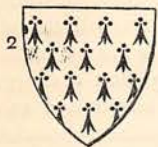
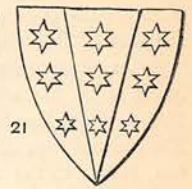
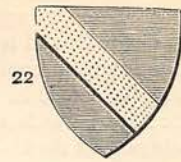
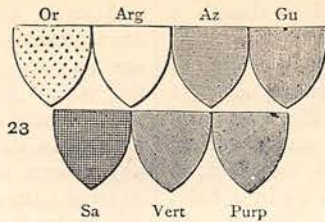
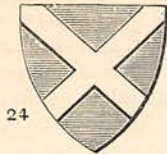
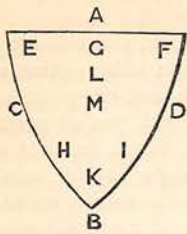
sight, and faded into the mists of that past whence we every now and then pluck an antiquated blossom, find that it is fair, and wonder why it has been so long neglected. Thus we see the garments of our ancestors suddenly rescued from limbo, and declared by the powers that preside over the pomps and vanities to be the height of fashion, or hear of the novels that have been voted stilted and slow for the last half-century being brought out in modern editions, and eulogised as models of their kind.

The fancy of the present day decidedly sets towards everything that bears the stamp of age. Fabulous prices are given for old china and lace; we buy old furniture for our houses, old silver for our tables, and old jewellery for our personal adornment; while we

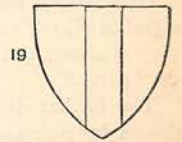
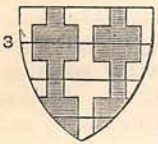
may be said to have created new branches of business which in plain English are neither more nor less than the manufacture of spurious antiques. Moreover, with the revival of a taste for the objects of use and *vertu* among which our not very remote progenitors lived, moved, and had their being, has arisen a corresponding feeling of interest in their habits of life, modes of thought, and favourite pursuits.

One of the most characteristic among the latter was that of heraldry, a science whose phraseology now seems to ring almost like the accents of an unknown tongue in the ears of the majority even of those whose note-paper and plate are resplendent with the glories of a crest and motto. Men are so busy in building up their fortunes that, like Frank Osbaldistone, in *Rob Roy*, "the mysteries couched under the grim hieroglyphics of heraldry are to them as unintelligible as those of the pyramids of Egypt," and women, instead of echoing the indignant surprise of bright Diana Vernon when she became aware of his ignorance, would very probably scout her for not being acquainted with the rules and regulations of lawn tennis.

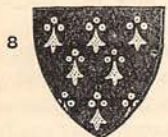
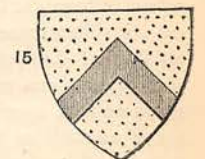
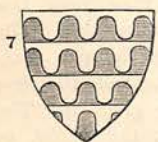
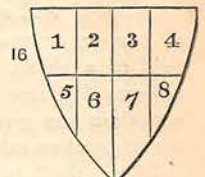
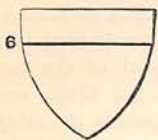
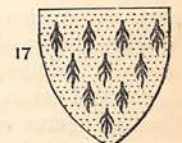
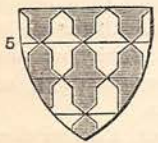
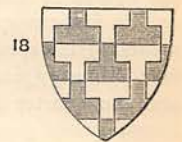
Nevertheless a love for the "gentle science" is re-appearing, and Sir Walter Scott did something towards leading the way to that popular sympathy with most forms of expression of early art which is so notable a feature of the time in which we live. We cannot aspire within the limits of a few short pages



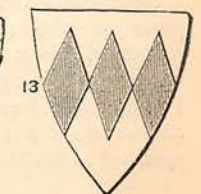
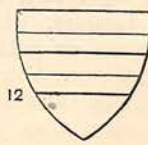
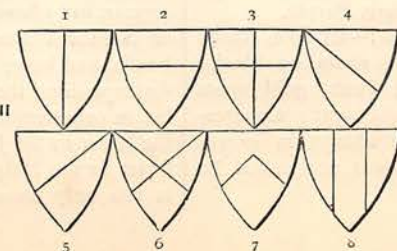
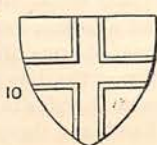
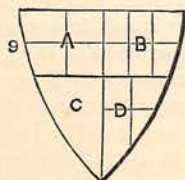
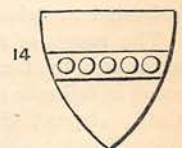
to unravel the intricacies of a science on whose canons and their interpretation so many folios have been written, nor to enable our readers to comprehend the exact style and title or every one whose armorial bearings may come under their notice; but it is possible to indicate some of the main points of the grammar of heraldry, and when these are once made clear, those who have the leisure and inclination will find it very easy to pursue the subject further for themselves. We can also promise that none who honour this slight sketch with an intelligent perusal need ever fall into the error of that novice who, a few years ago, made himself both absurd and conspicuous by assuming that a *bar sinister* and a *bend azure* were symbols bearing one and the same meaning.



In the olden days of England, and other countries in which the feudal system prevailed, the love and knowledge of heraldry was common among all classes, and was based on appreciation of its value. It also exercised a powerful influence on the manners and habits of those who realised it to be a noble thing to keep a fair name unsullied, and who were aware that dishonour could be written in figures known and read of all men, wherever they might be seen. When the arts of reading and writing were clerky rather than knightly accomplishments, family traditions were fondly cherished and handed down orally from father to son, the devices on the ancestral shield being to them the outward and visible signs of the spirit of chivalry, as well as the index to unwritten records of doughty deeds. Thus it grew up spontaneously out of the circumstances and requirements of the times, and though at first simply useful for distinguishing particular individuals, especially in fight and tourney, it rapidly became popular, and rose to high dignity and honour. We may define it as a symbolical and pictorial language in exclusive connection with persons, families, or offices, every heraldic composition being a true legal possession, untransferable save by inheritance or other lawful succession, and capable of expansion through association with successive generations.



The terms in which English heraldry is couched are the old Norman-French, and have their own special significance; superfluous words and particles are entirely omitted, and descriptive epithets follow the nouns to which they refer. The shields on which coats-of-arms are ordinarily displayed are, of course, derived from those with which the knights in armour of the Middle Ages endeavoured to protect their bodies.



Consequently we must look at a shield as though it were on the breast of the wearer, and remember that the side of it facing our left hand is on the knight's right or *dexter* side, and the one confronting our right hand is on his *sinister* or left side. The Parts and Points of an heraldic Shield, which is also called an Escutcheon, are distinguished thus:—A, the Chief; B, the Base; C, the Dexter Side; D, the Sinister Side; E, the Dexter Chief; F, the Sinister Chief; G, the Middle Chief; H, the Dexter Base; I, the Sinister Base; K, the Middle Base; L, the Honour Point; M, the Fesse Point (1).

The Primary Divisions of a shield are as follows: 1, per Pale; 2, per Fesse; 3, per Cross; 4, per Bend; 5, per Bend Sinister; 6, per Saltire; 7, per Chevron; 8, per Tierce (11).

It is hardly necessary to say that the term *per* signifies "by" or "by means of;" it is often employed alone, and sometimes with the word "parted" or "party."

The further divisions of shields are made by lines drawn *per pale* and *per fesse*, cutting each other as in the figures 16 and 9. These are called Quarterings, and the first example (16) is *quarterly of eight*, while the second (9) is a specimen of *quarterly quartering*. The four Primary Quarterings are called *Grand Quarters*, and the quarter B of this illustration is termed the *second grand quarter, quarterly of six*. The whole surface of every shield is termed the *Field*, and the same designation is applied to *every plain surface*. We say that a shield is "*borne*" by the person to whom it belongs, and that it "bears" whatever figures and devices may be displayed upon it, whence the said figures and devices are entitled "Bearings" or "Armorial Bearings." They are likewise styled "Charges," and are said to be *charged* upon a shield or banner, or upon one another. In blazoning, the field of a shield is always described first, then the charges that rest upon that field, and afterwards descriptions are given of any secondary bearings that are charged on others of greater importance.

Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat, must have been an adept in heraldic lore, or she could not have braided on its silken case "all the devices blazoned on the shield" of Lancelot "in their own tinct," since the *five colours* are represented by dots and lines which go in certain specified directions. Properly speaking, these as well as the *two metals* and *eight furs* are comprised under the name of *tinctures*, and are indicated as below.

The names of these metals and colours are given according to their proper abbreviations (23), and stand in full with their English equivalents thus:—*Or*, Gold; *Argent*, Silver; *Azure*, Blue; *Gules*, Red; *Sable*, Black; *Vert*, Green; *Purpure*, Purple.

Next come the eight furs, viz.:—Ermine, black spots on white; Ermines, white spots on black; Erminois, black spots on gold; Pean, gold spots on black; Vair; Counter-Vair; Potent; Counter-Potent. The four latter furs are always in *argent* and *azure*, unless some other [colour and metal be specified in the blazoning.

Animals, and indeed all objects that in heraldry are represented in their natural aspect and colouring, are blazoned *proper*, and the correct abbreviation of this word is *ppr*. Heraldic devices and compositions when merely sketched in outline with pen or pencil are said to be *tricked* or *in trick*. When the field of any charge is divided into a single row of small squares alternately of a metal and a colour, we call it *Componée*; if there be two such rows, *Counter-Compony*; and if there are three or more of them we say it is *Chequée*. A strict law of English, though not of foreign heraldry, is that *metal be not on metal, nor colour on colour*—that is to say, that a charge of a metal must run on a field of a colour, and *vice versa*. Our solitary and intentional national violation of this rule is the *silver* armorial shield of the Crusader Kings of Jerusalem, on which *five golden crosses* are charged, the motive being to make this shield perfectly unlike that of any other potentate. *Counter-changing* is dividing the field of a shield so that it is partly in metal and partly in colour, and making any portion of the charges upon it metal where they are on the colour, and colour where they are upon the metal, even if this division come in the middle of them.

We must now pass on to the simple charges called Ordinaries, which are nine in number:—6, the *Chief*; 14, the *Fesse*; 12, the *Bar*; 19, the *Pale*; 10, the *Cross*; 22, the *Bend*; 24, the *Saltire*; 15, the *Chevron*; 21, the *Pile*. These are supposed to have had their origin in the means adopted to strengthen shields for use in battle. They are sometimes borne alone, but are more frequently associated with other bearings, or have devices charged upon themselves.

Next in rank are the Subordinaries, a description of which is beyond the limits of our space. A few words must be bestowed on the Roundles, or Roundlets, which are in constant use, and are divided into two groups, the first being composed of the two Roundles of the metals. They are flat discs, one being the Bezant, or golden Roundle, which probably derived its name from the Byzantine coins that the Crusaders, when in Eastern lands, may have fastened on their shields as heraldic distinctions. The silver Roundle, or *Plate*, is from the Spanish *plata* (silver). The second group consists of the five Roundles of the colours, which are globular. The *Torteaun* is gules; the *Hurt*, azure; the *Pellet*, or *Ogress*, sable; the *Pomme*, vert; and the *Golpe*, purple.

We now come to such charges as are representations of natural objects, beginning with man himself, who, however, is rare in heraldry, except in the character of a *Supporter*. Parts of the human frame occasionally appear, but oftener as *crests* than as *charges*. Moors' or Saracens' heads are sometimes seen, with arms, hands, and legs; and a human heart is well known as distinguishing the coat-of-arms of the house of Douglas, in commemoration of the duty entrusted by Robert the Bruce to Sir James Douglas to carry his monarch's heart to the Holy Land, and there bury it. The Lion is the only animal found whole in early heraldry,

and Boars' heads are the only portions of any other. Somewhat later we come upon the Bear, borne by Fitz-Urse; the Calf, by Calveley and De Vele; the Ram, by Ramsay; the Lamb, by Lambton; the Otter, under its French cognomen of *Loutre*, by Luttrell; the Hedgehog, similarly translated *Herrisson*, by De Hériz, afterwards corrupted into Harris, and other animals whose name or nature corresponded to the name or title of the bearer. This allusive character is distinguished in English heraldry as *canting*, but is far more prettily expressed by French heralds as *armes parlantes*.

Sometimes the meaning is blunted by the lapse of time, as in the case of the shield of Montacute, or Montagu (13), which bears *three fusils conjoined*, or in non-heraldic parlance, three elongated diamonds or lozenges presenting three sharp points at top and bottom. Through these we may trace the name to its still earlier form of Montaignu, and picture to ourselves the sharply-peaked mountain-crests whence the appellation probably sprang.

The lion, being the King of Beasts, must have a special notice devoted to his Majesty, and it is observable that the Sovereigns of England have borne lions on their Royal Shield as long as they have possessed any true armorial insignia. He was also the ensign of several other kings and nobles, and was in high favour with all the most powerful barons of our own realm. Being so popular a gentleman, it became necessary to depict him in various attitudes and colours, so his tawny coat was changed to one of *or*, *gules*, or *azure*, and he was most often represented erect, with only one hind paw on the ground, looking towards his prey and preparing to spring upon it, keeping his tail all the while curved over his back, with the tip curling inwards. In this characteristic posture he was called *rampant*, and, indeed, only in this attitude did the early heralds regard him as being a lion at all, so that when represented as walking and looking round him, after the manner of the three on the Royal Shield of England, they styled him a leopard. Lions in the *rampant* position, but with full face turned to the spectator, are said to be *rampant guardant*; standing on three legs, with right paw raised, they are *passant*; standing on all-fours, they are *statant*; lying at rest, with head erect and eyes well awake, *sejant*; in a similar position, but asleep, with muzzle snugly ensconced between front paws, they are *couchant*; standing up on two hind legs, *salient*; and when in the act of running with his tail between his legs, and his head turned backwards, Sir Lion receives the epithet of *coward*.

Among birds, the eagle is considered to be of royal rank. When he has two heads (4), severally looking to the *dexter* and *sinister*, he typifies a rule that claims to extend over both the Eastern and Western Empires. Single-headed eagles have a less comprehensive meaning. Any birds of prey with expanded wings are said to be *displayed*, other birds are *disclosed*. Expanded wings are *overt*; if only elevated, but not outspread, they are *erect*; if drooping, they are *inverted*, or *in lure*. If a bird is about to take wing, it is *rising*; if in

flight, *volant*; when flying aloft, *soaring*; when at rest, *closed* or *trussed*. A peacock, or any other feathered fowl, with its tail expanded is *in its pride*; and a pelican feeding its young is *in its piety*.

"Marshalling," to quote the ancient herald, Gwilym, whose tomes formed the sole winter evening literature of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, "is a conjoining of divers coats in one shield," and there are several modes of doing it. The one most generally interesting applies to the principle of denoting alliance by marriage, or marshalling the arms of husband and wife. This is done, if the lady be not an heiress, by impaling, *i.e.*, parting the shield *per pale*, and representing the arms of the husband on the *dexter*, and those of the wife on the *sinister* side; while if she be an heiress, her arms are borne on an escutcheon of pretence, that is, a small shield placed in the centre of her husband's larger one. The eldest son of this couple quarters the arms of both parents, his father's in the *dexter* chief and *sinister* base, and his mother's in the *sinister* chief and *dexter* base. Younger sons cover all the quarterings of their shield with their own distinctive *Mark of Cadency*. An unmarried lady bears her paternal arms on a *lozenge*, or square figure set diagonally. The Sovereign is the only lady who uses an escutcheon.

A widow bears on a *lozenge* the arms borne by her husband and herself. Should she marry again, she ceases to bear the arms of her first husband, unless he were a peer, in which case she retains the lozenge bearing his arms and her own, grouping it in a subordinate manner with a separate shield on which her second spouse marshals her arms with his own.

*Marking Cadency* is distinguishing the armorial insignia of kinsmen, members of the same family or of its several branches, and must be secondary to the original coat-of-arms denoting the senior branch. This is termed *differencing*, and is sometimes done by placing a *bordure* round the shield, adding separate small charges sown over its field, or in one quarter, or on a portion of a larger charge.

Crests had their origin as distinguishing badges worn upon a helmet. They are sometimes identical with the principal charge on a shield, but are generally entirely distinct. They are not used by ladies. It is obvious that any one who quarters two or more coats-of-arms, has a choice of the crests belonging to them, but the strict heraldic rule in England is that two or more than two crests can only be borne by one individual when he has obtained the royal licence to use the surname and arms of another family in addition to those of his own, or by a special grant from the Crown.

Mottoes probably sprang originally from the warcries of early times. They are frequently allusive, epigrammatic, or bespeak some favourite sentiment of him by whom the words were first adopted. Such are the "Fare, fac" of Fairfax, the "Set on" of Seton, and the "Perse valens" of Perceval.

Our readers must kindly observe that this very brief summary applies entirely to English heraldry; they

manage many things differently on the other side of the Tweed, as well as in Continental countries. The similarities, however, are far more than the differences, and these are merely varying dialects of the

same tongue, and do not present half so many difficulties to the initiated as does the speech of a Northumbrian to a man of Kent, or that of a West-countryman to a native of Cockaigne.

E. CLARKE.

## THE TROUBLE IT BROUGHT.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "The Artist and the Man," "When the Tide was High," &c.

### CHAPTER THE NINTH.



AND now, Eugene," I said, when we were fairly out of ear-shot of the drawing-room, "will you take pity on my bewilderment, and explain things to me a little? I followed your lead at dinner, blindly, as you may have noticed."

"You did not follow more blindly than I led," he answered; and I plucked up heart, observing that there was no trace of uneasiness in his manner. "The form the conversation took was displeasing to Nina for some reason or other. I was opposite to her, and I saw her turn pale. I tried to change it. Of course I appealed to you for help. You and I understand one another, Mary."

I answered, pressing his arm, that I hoped we always might.

"But," I said, "this puzzles me still more. What is the meaning of everything? The village is in arms about the old ghost legend. Miss Ashley suspects Nina and me of tricking people. I *certainly* heard a very singular noise in the churchyard the other night; Nina heard it too, and ever since she has been as mysterious as she can be."

Eugene smiled. "What a string of calamities!"

"Indeed," I said, "it is no laughing matter. You know how people talk. If Nina continues to haunt that old house in this perverse fashion, I am afraid to think of what the consequences will be. Have you noticed that she has taken to wearing very light colours lately?"

"Yes, but without surprise. White suits her. How exquisite she looked to-night!"

"Yes, she looked well."

"Did you notice the laughing light in her eyes when Miss Ashley was struggling to get out the first words of her story?"

"I am afraid Miss Ashley noticed it, too. If so, that will account for her asperity to-night whenever Nina's name was mentioned."

Eugene's pace quickened; I could not see his face distinctly; but a convulsive moment of his arm warned me that he was angry, and I did not speak. He recovered himself presently, and began to laugh. "Do you know the wish that crossed my mind just now, Mary?" he said. "It was an absurd one; but I have had it before; I expect I shall have it again. If only some of our friends were men instead of women, it would be so particularly comfortable."

"And if they were, what would you do?"

"Tie up their tongues effectually. However, it is no use wishing; women will talk to the end of the chapter."

"Are men dumb?"

"They have a little conscience."

"Some of them."

This point I have often discussed with my brothers. As I am in a minority in the house, I have long since been forced to sit down calmly under the imputation that women are the only gossip-mongers in the world. I did not, therefore, upon this occasion think it worth my while to add anything to my last insinuation. I now observed that we had walked all round the garden without coming across Nina, and hoped she had not gone beyond the gate in her evening dress. "If any of the villagers met her," I said, "she would certainly be taken for the ghost."

"Which would serve as a safeguard," answered Eugene, laughing; "not the most adventurous person in the village would presume to go near her."

He then advised me to return to our guests, and said he would try to find her.

I must confess that, after Miss Ashley's parting words, to return to the room without Nina humiliated me. I felt more vexed with my cousin than I had ever been before. Few questions, however, were asked, and those few I parried skilfully. Nina was not quite herself that evening—I could say this with a pure conscience; had she been herself she would not have acted so strangely. It annoyed me to see Miss Ashley look round—for Eugene, I am sure—and, when she failed to discover him, cast at me an expressive glance, which I at once interpreted as "My prophecies are fulfilled, but never say I did not warn you."

Fortunately for us all, M. Dubois was in one of his happiest veins. Solitary as he is, poor and unknown, the Gallic vivacity which, under better circumstances,