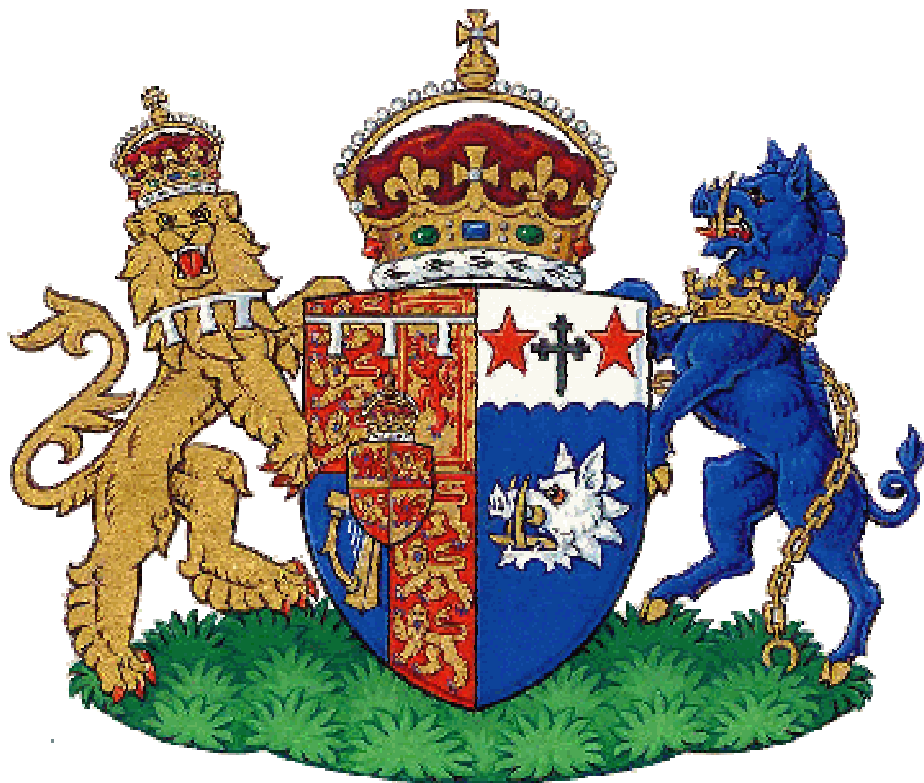


SOMERSET HERALDRY SOCIETY

Journal No 7 September 2005

ARMS OF A DUCHESS

The College of Arms have recently placed on their website an official version of the arms of Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall. This is shown below. The achievement shows the arms in the normal *baron et femme* impalement, but on a shield, which even quite recently might have been a lozenge. There is no crest, ladies not normally using them, on the basis that they do not fight, but 'shurely shome mishtake' for we all



know ladies who are full of fight! However the achievement is ensigned with a crown of one arch, which is that of the heir to the throne, which the Duchess shares with her husband as of right. The dexter supporter is that of the Prince of Wales, while the sinister, by an innovation is drawn from the crest of the Duchess's father, Major Bruce Shand. When the wife of a peer is also the daughter of a peer, it is customary for her

arms to show her husband's supporter to dexter and one of her father's to sinister. Clearly here the College is following this pattern, but as Major Shand has no supporters, one was created from the boar's head which is both the principal charge on his shield and also his crest. Rather like the unicorn, the bar is gorged with a coronet from which a chain reflexes.

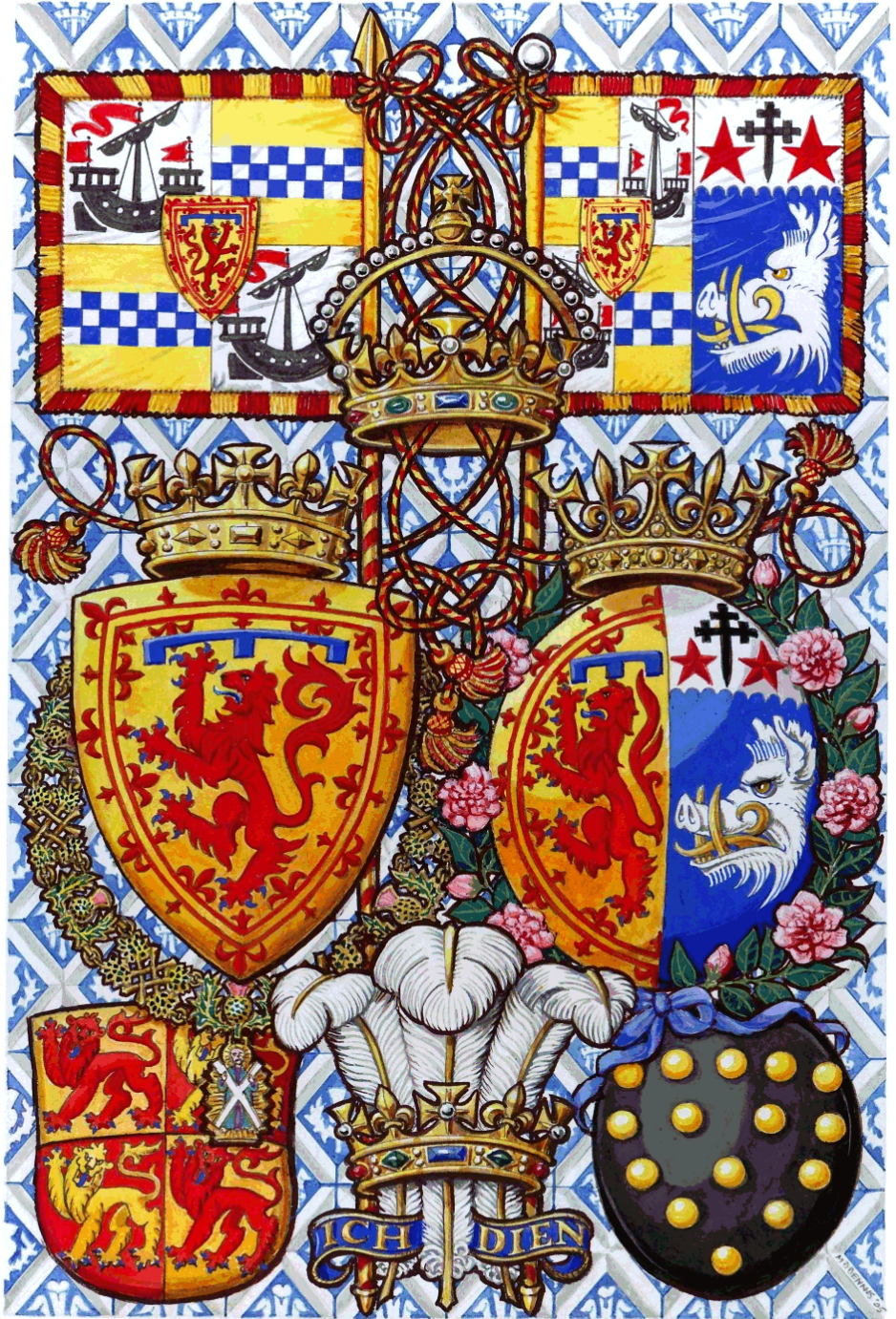


It is interesting to see that while in the Scottish painting of the Shand arms, the boar's head is very sharply couped behind the ears (it is blazoned as *couped*), in this version the head is halfway between being couped and being erased. It seems that practice in this matter is changing these days and artists do not feel obliged to show a sharp cut, although if it were erased, I think it would be quite a bit more ragged.

To the left is a painting of the arms of Major Shand, by Anthony Maxwell, the well-known Scottish heraldist and painter. He has shown a shield *couché*, with mantling in the style made popular by the mid-twentieth century Scottish painter Don Pottinger. The boar in the crest is a fine muscular chap *langued and armed Gules*, not one to meet on a dark night.

Opposite is a Scottish take on the arms of the Duke of Rothesay. It may not surprise you to know that Prince Charles is known as the Duke of Rothesay in Scotland. In fact he is The Prince of Scotland, and Lord of the Isles, two titles which are borne by the heir to the throne in much the same way as we use Prince of Wales, but he is also Earl of

Carrick, which has been a Royal earldom since the time of Robert the Bruce who was Earl of Carrick in right of his mother. His other title is Baron Renfrew, from the historic centre of the lands and influence of the Stewart family, from the times when they were the High Stewards of Scotland, before inheriting the Crown, their stronghold then being Dundonald Castle.



PROGRAMME OF EVENTS 2005 - 2006

Wed 26th October	4.00 pm	Visit to St Cuthbert's Church, Wells, the parish church, often overlooked, but a wonderful building, with good heraldry
	5.45 pm	Drinks before Dinner, again in the Bishop's Palace
	6.30 pm	Talk by the Guest of Honour, Robert Noel, Lancaster Herald, on "Heraldic Design in the twenty-first Century"
	7.30 pm	Annual Dinner. Price for the whole day £22
Sat 12th November	2.30 pm	Visit to North Cadbury Church and Court. Wonderful glass in the house and pews in the church. Lunch at 12.30 pm at the Catash Inn, if you like
Wed 18th January	7.30 pm	Symposium on any curiosities of arms which members may feel interesting
Wed 15th February	4.00 pm	Meet at the Grammar House for tea, followed by a visit to Langport Church
	6.00 pm	Supper
	7.30 pm	AGM, then a talk by Ralph Brocklebank on taking applications for arms through the College of Arms
Wed 22nd March	9.30 am	leave Somerset for a visit to the College of Arms and to St Benet's Church: £12 each

SOMERSET HERALDRY SOCIETY

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Annual Subscription

for ordinary members £10 pa
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Objects

The aims shall be to promote and encourage the study of heraldry especially in the historic county of Somerset.

Address for correspondence

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IN THE TIME OF QUEEN DICK

TRAFFORD OF LANCASHIRE

On the run from the troops of the powerful Norman baron sent north by the Conqueror to steal his lands, the young Saxon ancestor of the Traffords hid himself on the farm of one of his own tenants, disguised as a labourer. He was, however, very unhandy at the work. Set to threshing, he proved more of a liability to himself and his fellows than to the grain.

In despair, the farmer stood with him, placing his hands around his lord's and guiding them in the swing. "First up, maister - er, Jem - then round and down - thus!" And he brought the heavy wooden flail down with a back-breaking jar onto the threshing floor. "Feel the pattern of it take over: now up, now thus! Now up, now thus!"

Young Trafford, teeth clenched, tried it again.

"Now up, now thus!" he chanted to himself, striving for the rhythm that, he was assured, was more than half the labour. "Now up, now thus! Now up ... thus! Now ... thus! Now ... thus!"

Just in time. Norman soldiers rode in, armed and suspicious, and the worried farmer hurried to greet them. But a search revealed none but women in the house, and it was obvious there were none but labourers threshing in the yard.

"A skilled job, farmer", said the captain, watching them idly as his men explored the outhouses, disturbing the hens and ruining the neat piles of next winter's hay. "I hadn't realized."

"They mostly learn as boys, my lord", said the farmer, heart in his boots. "But some never really master it. Young Jem, now", he went on, hoping the captain would never believe anyone could be as stupid as he feared he was being, drawing attention to the very man he wanted to hide. "A willing lad, but a bit simple, if you know what I mean. You can see he hasn't the smooth swing of the others. In fact, he's probably chanting the rhythm to himself even as he works. *Now, thus!* he says, *Now, thus!* If you were to come over here, my lord, I'm sure you could hear him."

But the captain had no time to waste on peasant labourers, and calling his men he went off to prosecute the search elsewhere.

History does not chronicle the reward enjoyed by the loyal farmer when young Trafford regained his own; but the Traffords of Lancashire bear thrasher and flail for crest, and the motto *Now Thus!*, to this very day.

THE BATTLE OF ASCALON

Sir Hamon de Chatham was wont to point to the three chevronels blazing red upon the rich gold of his shield, and boast that they represented the hope of his house, his three brave sons, fighting beside him and winning, with their proud sire, great honour and renown. Imagine then his grief when, in the course of a single action, the dreadful battle of Ascalon, he saw them slain, one by one, by the pitiless ranks of Islam.

Despair bade him lay down his arms and give way to anguish; duty bade him fight on for as long as his king should need him; between the two he was like to run mad. Then the wise words of a friend saved his reason, by redirecting his pride and turning his hopes from this world to the next.

“Grieve if you will for us”, said the friend, “whom the pains of Purgatory yet await; but grieve not for your sons. Are we not assured that the Gates of Bliss stand ever open to those who fall in defence of the holy places? Can you doubt that, waiting each upon the other, their souls flew together to Paradise?”

And so Sir Hamon went to the king, and asked to be allowed to choose new arms.

“For my proud golden field, symbol of earthly wealth”, he said, “I would substitute the white of purity and of penance, for all my riches are worthless to me now, and my pride has been rebuked; thereon one chevron, alone as I am alone, and black as death; and for my three sons three martlets, unable ever to return to earth, but fit to fly to heaven.”

And to all of this Richard consented.

When, peace signed, Sir Hamon returned to his home, he took an orphaned cousin to heir, and from him are descended the families of Hampton, Hamond and Hayne, who bear *argent, a chevron between three martlets sable* to this very day.

But quite different was the fate Ascalon bestowed on another brave knight: for while Sir Hamon’s pride was humbled and his hope dashed, the hope of the Lord of Halswell, in the county of Somerset, was reborn, and his pride rekindled.

For the glory of that same dread battle was awarded by the king to an unknown warrior, without crest or insignia, who was ever seen in the thick of the fight; pressing home an advantage, bracing a weakened line, encouraging the hesitant, and again and again despatching the enemy, till their greatest champions drew off from him.

“He fights like a lion”, said Cœur-de-Lion, who might have been supposed to know. “He is worth half a dozen ordinary men! More! But who *is* he?”

He was the heir of Halswell; and Halswell was where he was supposed to be.

A born fighter, from a child he had had a quick eye, superb reflexes, and a natural skill with any weapon; when he rode, he seemed at one with even the most difficult beast; and he possessed a quiet self-confidence and assured courage unusual in one of his years. But in his father’s eyes - and his father loved him dearly - all was nullified by one great fault: he was but slightly built. So when his father set off on Crusade, he flatly refused to take him along.

“Not this time”, he rumbled. “We’ll leave you here to do a bit of growing, yet.”

“Father, I’m seventeen. I stopped growing years ago. I’m as sorry as you that I’m not a six-footer, with your shoulders; but I’m strong and I’m quick; and five foot six isn’t contemptible.”

But his father refused to budge.

Luckily, many ships were sailing for the Holy Land. One insignificant man-at-arms with a name not his own had no trouble at all making the journey, and no-one that

mattered any the wiser.

Once ashore, the boy resolved to bide his time; he had not disobeyed his father only to throw his life away. As a common soldier, attaching himself to any lord who served his purpose, he began to study the Saracens. He made himself familiar with their weapons, their ways of thought, their unchancy tactics. He fought them on foot, he fought them on horseback; week by week skills learned in the courtyard were honed on the field of battle; till he was satisfied. Then hoarded coin, his mother's gift at his departure, bought him armour, innocent of any device, and the magnificent horse he had long coveted.

The day he had chosen dawned. He would justify himself in men's eyes, even perhaps in his father's; or, were he wrong and his father right, he would pay for that knowledge with his life. It was his nineteenth birthday.

And he was not wrong.

That evening the king summoned him, and when he knelt asked him his name.

"Forgive me, sire, but I have disobeyed my father to be here. I do not know if he will acknowledge me. If he will not, I would not anger him further by naming him to Your Grace."

Not acknowledge such a son? Before the murmurs could die away, a rumbling voice rose from the crowd of knights surrounding the king:

"His face I cannot see, but that voice I surely know. Do not let him cozen you, Your Grace, as it seems he has cozened me!" But there was no anger there, only amazement and pride and an overwhelming joy. "Not acknowledge you? So you deserve, you disobedient hound!"

"No hound, but a lion!" protested King Richard. "And a lion will I give him for arms, between -"

But he found himself ignored as the father pushed forward to greet his son, fetching him such a buffet in welcome that the exhausted boy overbalanced and measured his length on the floor.

"A lion couchant, it would seem" said someone, not unkindly, and all began to laugh, Richard with them. But lest the laughter should poison the memory of that glad day Richard himself helped the boy to his feet and into his father's embrace, and spoke again; rebuking the jester and turning the jest to honour.

"Then so be it; a lion couchant, to remind men not only of his strength and courage, but of so loving a welcome that all may envy him. And the lion shall be surrounded by six crosses - for did I not say he is worth any six Crusaders? - the whole to appear upon a field of blood, for such today was this field of Ascalon."

And so it is that in memory of Ascalon the Halswells of Somerset bear *gules, a lion couchant between six cross crosslets argent*, to this very day.

Many thanks to Cynthi for permission to publish. © C. M. E. Lydiard Cannings 2004



Margaret was born on 7th October 1944; she would have been 60, had she not died in Yeovil Hospital on Sunday 24th July this year. She was beautiful, funny and witty, incredibly accomplished - just look at these illustrations - and wonderfully kind. So, truly do we say that those whom the Gods love die young. Yes Margaret might have been 60, but she still young; she was mischievous and slightly iconoclastic and took great pleasure in life. Pomposity did not impress her, yet she lived in a world of heralds and ceremony. Not for nothing did Sir Malcolm Innes of Edingight describe one of his brethren as *quasi pomposo*. So, she was a contradiction within herself; and are not all true artists?

In her youth, she was a student (of course), a model, a librarian; and then in 1977 she went on the Reigate course for heraldic artists which was run by Tony Wood, who later became her second husband. She became one of the five Queen's Scribes in 1978 and taught at Reigate from 1979 until she and Tony moved to Somerset in 1987. There both of them further developed their highly regarded practices, Tony mainly in armorials and Margaret more in calligraphy, as can be seen in the extract, above, from John Brook-Little's Letters Patent on his appointment as Norroy and Ulster. Margaret's eye was wonderful, but so was her sympathy and understanding both as a teacher and as a confidante. She ran courses in Somerset and also a week-long course at Urchfont Manor; this was very popular and Margaret thoroughly enjoyed it.

Her death is a great loss to her craft and to all those who knew her. She is survived by Tony and her son by her first marriage, Matthew, to both of whom we offer our condolences.



Margaret Wood
 CALLIGRAPHY • ILLUMINATION • HERALDRY
 A.L.A. S.D.A.D.(Hons). F.S.S.I. S.H.A.



new Jack Falstaff
and Jack Falstaff
true Jack Falstaff
valiant Jack Falstaff
old Jack Falstaff
banish him not thy Harry's company
banish him not thy Harry's company
banish him not thy Harry's company

WINTER

Furnished all in arms:
 All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
 Bated like eagles having lately bath'd,
 Clattering in golden clank about the court,
 As full of spirit as full of quarrel,
 And gentles as the young
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls,
 I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
 His cushions on his thighs gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Acheron,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.



Where is his son,
 The nimble-footed madcap
 Prince of Wales,
 And his comrades
 that daff the world aside
 And bid it pass?



THE

O that it could be prov'd
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
 Then would I have his Harry and he mine...



Nea then thou mail'dst me sad, and made me sin;
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so vile a son,
 A son who is the enemy of honour's conquest,
 Amongst a grove the very straightest heart,
 Whose sweet forbearance to mine eye and ear
 Wins't I by looking on the praise of him
 See not and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry.



all this on Percy's head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mass,
 Whilom wash'd away, shall soil my shame with it,
 And that shall be the day, when ere it stains,
 That this same sword of honour and renown,
 The adamant hilted, this all-unsunder'd
 And your uncutting or Harry's chance to meet.



VISIT TO CHURCH OF ST MARY MAGDALENE, TAUNTON



The two small shields either side of this page are from the frieze in the dining room of the vicarage of St Mary Magdalene, Taunton. We were very kindly invited in by the new vicar, as he was interested to learn something about his new home. Although the frieze does include some local arms, such as that to the right, which is for Portman, it



seems that many of the arms shown are more fanciful; indeed on some of the shields are shown crests on torsos.

After the visit to the vicarage, we proceeded into the church where we were taken around by Mr Betterworth who gave us a brief talk about the church. There were quite a lot of armorials, but some were in stone, uncoloured, and did not show up well



in photographs. The royal arms above the south door are splendidly gilded, showing the quarterings used by the Stuarts, although neither the date nor the monarch is given.

The style of the strapwork at the bottom would suggest an earlier rather than a later date, so perhaps they are from just after the restoration. At all events the flourish and exuberance of the whole composition and the fine and beautifully executed carving make this an outstanding heraldic achievement.

The monument in the north aisle to Robert Gray is another piece of the same quality. Here he stands, sober but splendid in his gown - do not forget the sumptuary laws which forbade men to dress above their station - wearing a ruff which was most old-fashioned by the date of his death, perhaps an intended anachronism to show him as a man of a former and better age, holding in his hand what appears to be a purse, with an embroidered design incorporating the arms of the City of London, *Argent a cross Gules*, although this cannot be discerned in the photograph.

The monument is in classical renaissance style, with an arched pediment above two Ionic scagliola columns, topped by two steles, much the same as we saw on tombs at Monacute and at Goathurst. The whole is topped by his arms and has a pendant panel with a poem of doubtful literary merit, but doubtless filial loyalty. The text is reproduced beneath the photograph.

Sy Mary's is the town church, the church of the merchant body. The original church, which was probably a Minster church, was in the area of Castle Green, although there is no suggestion of where. However, the subdivision into smaller parishes left the ancient parish of Taunton, with a wedge which went right into the centre and included the Castle and Castle Green.



Text from the panel above:

Consecrated to the blessed memory of
Robert Graye Esq and Founder.
Taunton bore him, London bred him.
Piety trained him, Virtue led him.
Earth enriched him, Heaven carest him.
Taunton blest him, London blest him.
This thankful town, that mindful city
Share his piety and his pity.
What he gave and how he gave it,
Ask the poor and you shall have it.
Gentle reader Heaven may strike
Thy tender heart to do the like.
Now thine eyes have read the story
Give Him the Praise and Heaven the Glory.

Aetatis sue 65

Anno Dom. 1635

SCOTTISH HERALDIC ROLLS



I am presently writing a small book on Scottish armorials from the year dot until the end of the seventeenth century. I thought that you might like to have a look at some of the material with which I am working.

The oldest MS, the Balliol Roll, dates from 1332, and the next purely Scottish roll is the Scots Roll of 1455. All three MSs shown on this page are quartos. The first illustrated here is the Armorial of Lord Lyon Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, which dates from 1542 and from it I have chosen Balthasar, top left. From the Seton Armorial, from 1591, I have chosen James IV and his queen, Magdalene of France, top right. Many of the Scots armorials have the king and queen standing thus in a tabard and dress of their arms. The last image on this page comes from the Sawyer Armorial of 1640; it is the arms of Lord Ross of Halkhead. Note the

diapering on the bordure around the second and third Melville quarterings. Note also the de Ros bougets. The de Roses were a northern English family, one of whom was married to a Scots lady at the time Edward was hammering the Scots. For love of her he supported the Scots against Edward. Most of the Scots Rosses and Roses are descended from them. You will notice that there is a chevron chequeé; this is an indication that this family of de Ros was in the affinity of the Stewarts, whose arms are *Or a fess chequeé Azure and Argent*. The three images on this page are, top, from Workman's MS of ca 1565, held in the Lyon Office, and bottom right from Workman's Illuminated Book of Arms ca 1630. The first was owned by Workman, the second he painted for Lord Lyon Sir James Balfour of Denmilne. The other, bottom left is from the Armorial of Hector le Breton, a French King of Arms. It dates from about 1581, but is named after him because he owned it in the next century.





Glengarry, Sleat (hidden), Clanranald, The Macdonald, Ross Herald and Finlaggan Pursuivant standing in front of the Monument to the Glencoe Massacre perpetrated on 13 February 1692

This shows his allegiance to his chief. A gentleman or indeed chieftain may also wear the strap and buckle badge, but he may instead wear a circlet around his own crest. I have seen chiefs wearing a cap-badge, but it seems rather tautologous to be acknowledging loyalty to oneself!



Macdonald Lord of the Isles

The tabard worn by Finlaggan was made in India and finished and fitted in Edinburgh. The arms of The Macdonald are embroidered on the front and back and on the epaulets, just as the Royal arms are on the tabard of Ross. The arms of Lord Macdonald are *Or, an eagle displayed Gules surmounted of a lymphad sails furled oars in action Sable*. This he bears as an inescutcheon over the quarterly Macdonald arms, to show that he is Chief. At various times in history this coat has been used alone or indeed ignored in favour of the quarterly arms. The present Lord Macdonald's father when he matriculated in 1947 decided to combine the two different achievements, as shown in the small shield at the side.

The design of Finlaggan's tabard was by Mark Dennis, whose day job is sitting as a judge. He is a well-known heraldic artist north of the border, also known as the author of "Scottish Heraldry" and of "The Lion Rejoicing" written jointly with Ross Herald under his own name, Charles Burnett.

In 1494 the King of Scots in Parliament forfeited the Earl of Ross, who was also Lord of the Isles, after a long and bitter struggle for control of the west highlands of Scotland. One of the effects of this was to destroy the administration that supported the Lords of the Isles, although it was long before Royal authority was unopposed in this wild and difficult land.

Among the offices forfeited to the Crown was that of the private herald or pursuivant, the Clan's Officer of Arms, who acted as messenger, recorder of clan histories, and advocate.



Hon Adam Bruce, Finlaggan, younger son of the Earl of Elgin, who is himself Chief of the Bruces, who celebrate 700 years since Robert the Bruce's coronation in 1306

Some 510 years later the Chiefs of Clan Donald, and representatives of the Clan from across the world, gathered at Glencoe to appoint a new Finlaggan Pursuivant. The

earlier Macdonald heralds were named either Islay or Kintyre, but both these titles were annexed by the Crown, so Finlaggan was the obvious choice. He is named Finlaggan, because that was the moot place of the clan in ancient times. Finlaggan is in the north-east of Islay, near Port Askaig, names well-known to lovers of malt whiskies.



Macdonald of Dunyveg



Macdonald of Sleat



FINLAGGAN A NEW HERALD

At a ceremony on Saturday June 11th in Glencoe the High Chief of the Clan Donald, Lord Macdonald, together with the other Macdonald chiefs installed the Hon Adam Bruce as the first Finlaggan Pursuivant for some 500 years.

The Macdonalds are the only clan which have a High Chief and also a number of full, three-feather chiefs. There are two missing Chiefs, the first Macdonald of Dunyveg or the Glens, otherwise known as the Earl of Antrim and the second, the recently approved Macdonald of Keppoch, who was also acknowledged as a full Chief by Lord Lyon King of Arms. The practice of wearing feathers is an arcane and highly prestigious business. A gentleman of the clan may wear one feather, a chieftain or substantial cadet

may wear two and only a chief may wear three. These are real eagle feathers, and are placed behind the cap badge. A clansman may wear a cap badge of his chief's crest within a strap and buckle, on which is engraved the chief's motto;



Turn to page 14

Clanranald, Sleat, Ross Herald, Finlaggan Pursuivant, the Macdonald