

runs a continued series of blazoned shields of another sort still; at the centre of one end I saw the bloody heart of Douglas, and opposite to that the Royal Lion of Scotland, — and between the ribs there is an inscription in black-letter, which I after some trials read. To the best of my recollection, the words are — 'These be the Coat Armories of the Clannis and Chief Men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld time for the Kinge. Trewe ware they in their tyme, and in their defence God them defendit.' There are from thirty to forty shields thus distinguished, — Douglas, Soullis, Buccleuch, Maxwell, Johnstoune, Glendoning, Herries, Rutherford, Kerr, Elliot, Pringle, Home, and all the other heroes of the Border Minstrelsy. The floor of this hall is black and white marble, from the Hebrides, wrought lozenge-wise; and the upper walls are completely hung with arms and armor. Two full suits of splendid steel occupy niches at the eastern end; the one an English suit of Henry the Fifth's time, the other an Italian, not quite so old. The variety of cuirasses, black and white, plain and sculptured, is endless; helmets are in equal profusion; stirrups and spurs, of every fantasy, dangle about and below them; and there are swords of every order, from the enormous two-handed weapon with which the Swiss peasants dared to withstand the spears of the Austrian chivalry, to the claymore of the 'Forty-five,' and the rapier of Dettingen. Indeed, I might come still lower; for, among other spoils, I saw Polish lances, gathered by the Author of Paul's Letters on the Field of Waterloo, and a complete suit of chain mail taken off the corpse of one of Tippoo's bodyguard at Seringapatam. A series of German executioners' swords was pointed out to me, on the blade of one of which are the arms of Augshurg, and a legend, which may be thus rendered, —

'Dust, when I strike, to dust: From sleepless graves,  
Sweet Jesu! stoop, a sin-stained soul to save.'

" 'Stepping westward' (as Wordsworth says) from this hall, you find yourself in a narrow, low-arched room, which runs quite across the house, having a blazoned window again at either extremity, and filled all over with smaller pieces of armor and weapons, — such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, etc., etc., etc. Here are the pieces esteemed most precious by reason of their histories respectively. I saw,