

few of them painted glass; groups of right Elizabethan chimneys; balconies of divers fashions, greater and lesser; stones carved with heraldries innnumerable, let in here and there in the wall; and a very noble projecting gateway — a facsimile, I am told, of that appertaining to a certain dilapidated royal palace, which long ago seems to have caught in a particular manner the Poet's fancy, as witness the stanza,

‘Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excellling.’¹

From this porchway, which is spacious and airy, quite open to the elements in front, and adorned with some enormous petrified stag horns overhead, you are admitted by a pair of folding-doors at once into the hall, and an imposing *coup d'œil* the first glimpse of the Poet's interior does present. The lofty windows, only two in number, being wholly covered with coats of arms, the place appears as dark as the twelfth century, on your first entrance from noonday; but the delicious coolness of the atmosphere is luxury enough for a minute: two; and by degrees your eyes get accustomed to the effect of those ‘storied panes,’ as you are satisfied that you stand in one of the most picturesque of apartments. The hall is about forty feet long by twenty in height and breadth. The walls are of richly carved oak, most part of it exceedingly dark, and brought, it seems, from the old Abbey of Dunfermline: the roof, a series of pointed arches of the same, each beam presenting in the centre a shield of arms richly blazoned: of these shields there are sixteen, enough to bear all the quarterings of a perfect pedigree if the Poet could show them; but on the maternal side (at the extremity) there are two or three blanks (of the same sort that made Louis le Grand unhappy) which have been covered with sketches of cloudland, and equipped with the appropriate motto, ‘*Nox alta velat.*’ There is a door at the eastern end, over and round which the Baronet has placed another series of escutcheons; these are the memorials of his immediate personal connections, the bearings of his friends and companions.² All around the cornice of this noble room there

¹ *Marmion*, Canto IV. Stanza 15.

² The Arms of Morritt, Erskine, Rose, etc., etc., etc.