

necessary information. Many of the higher apartments, commanding far-reaching views, were of glass on the greater part of two sides, and the basement included kitchen, butler's, groom's and house-keeper's rooms, with servants' hall, a large general apartment, also gun and billiard rooms. The first floor, with its grand staircase and entrance hall, comprise library, boudoir, morning room (two sides glass), drawing, dining and service room, rose and daisy room. On the balcony floor above, are bridge room, eagle room and dressing room, with a magnificent view, center and dressing room and white room, all opening upon a railed, open square, commanding entrance hall. Fourth story, a very grand room for valet, east and blue room, and housemaid's room. Fifth story, footman's, cook's and house-keeper's bed rooms: Cheviot room, overlooking the hills, the Till and the grounds; mill room, commanding the picturesque old mill on the Till, and other small rooms, numbering, in all, from forty to fifty, supplied with bathing rooms, grates and electric bells on every story, even to the servants' bed rooms. The house is reached through a fine park. The Till courses along the grounds, and by the house, in many a graceful curve. The hills and slopes dip to the river and valley in symmetrical undulations; the old castle stands out boldly and prominently, far above, opposite, while the old stone bridge, with its single, handsome and massive arch, connecting the grounds of the two mansions, looks as strong and reliable now, as when Surrey's troops crossed it, nearly four hundred years ago. The young heir of both estates was not, at the time I was there, "ready to marry and settle down," said Mr. Elliott, so the place was to stand a while without its rightful occupant. If the owner be as good and beautiful as his home, Tilmonth castle is a bonnie place to bring a bride to.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone—

As it shone on the ruins of this solemn, time-worn pile, when we first beheld it, toward the close of a mild winter's day, having reached it within an hour, by train from Berwick. The opening canto of *Marmion* commences with the above description of Norham castle, as we all know; and as we stood before it, with the setting sun lighting up the walls, some of which have stood the storms of nearly eight hundred years, we thought of the numberless sieges this tower of strength had sustained, from the time of its foundation, in 1121, through all the Bruce and Baliol controversies, down to the time it capitulated, in 1513, when James IV. laid siege to it a few days before the battle of Flodden. We could yet, in imagination, see

The warriors on the turret high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,

as they present themselves to Lord Marmion, when "along the bridge he rode."

About twenty miles to the north, on a high rock projecting into the German ocean, are the ruins of Tantallon castle, the Douglas stronghold, where Marmion dared

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hold.

And much nearer, still, to the north, between St. Abb's head and the village of Eyemouth, is another historic castle, Wolf's crag, or Fast castle, to which the master of Ravenswood betook himself, when compelled to part with the ancient family seat of Ravenswood, a lonely, sea-beaten tower, on the bleak shore, overlooking the German ocean. "A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling," says Scott, in his mournful story of the