

VISIT TO BYRON'S HOME.

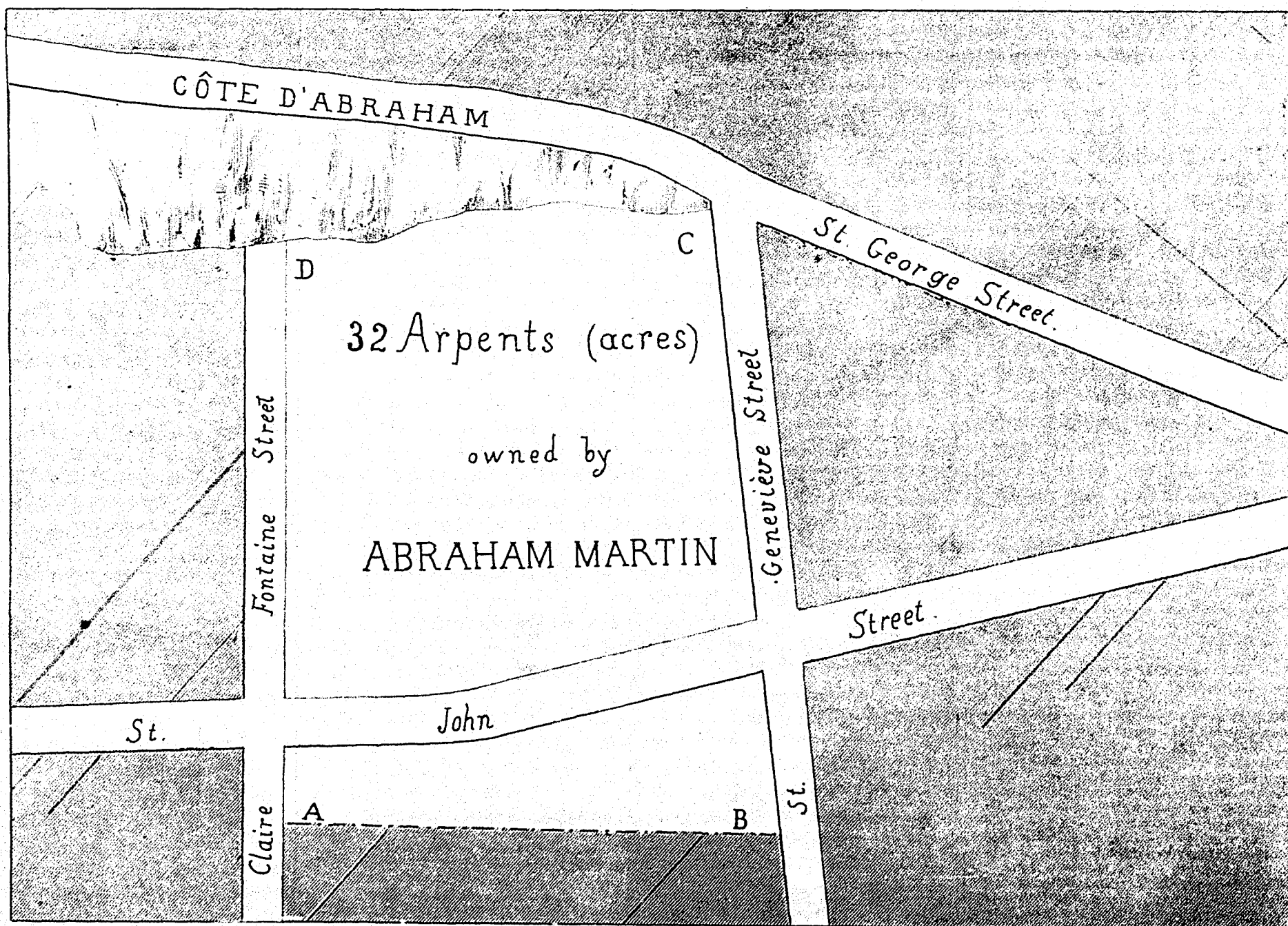
The present owner of Newstead (W. F. Webb, Esq.) is worthy of his grand possession, and is most liberal in giving permission to all who ask for a card to view the abbey. The route from Nottingham has little to remind us that we are now in what was once the "merry green-wood" of Sherwood Forest, and in lieu of Robin Hood and Little John one only meets with grimy colliers. But then on the coal-trucks the name of Annesley at once awakens the memories of Byron and Mary Chaworth. At Linby we alighted, and were directed to the Abbey. The sight of a place which one has dreamed of for years fills the mind with inexplicable feelings. Newstead Abbey is not very grand, but it is very charming. The expanse of water, and the somewhat low situation of the Abbey, are rather suggestive of damp, but the interior of the house gives one the notion that it is a most liveable place. The window of the remaining portion of the church is very striking, and forms, perhaps, the chief feature of the exterior. We ring the bell, and are received by a very civil butler, who shortly brings an equally civil and respectful house-keeper to show us over the house. Newstead, of course, in its present aspect of comfort and elegance, can give us little notion of the ruin-



THE RAILWAY HORROR AT ASHTABULA, OHIO.—SCENE IN THE CHASM AFTER THE WRECK.

ed halls of his ancestors as they appeared to Byron when he took possession of them. Mr. Webb has shown a just appreciation of its once noble owner. Byron's bed-room, with the identical furniture he used, is in exactly the same state as it was in his occupation. His college pictures hang upon the walls, the bed-furniture, the toilet-tables, everything, in fact, is just as he left it, and the effect is almost startling. In one of the corridors are his boxing-gloves, foils, inkstand, and the brass collar of his dog *Boatswain*. And here, too, will be found the portion of the tree on which he carved his own and his sister's name in 1814, and the sword and helmet he wore in Greece.

One could linger for an age over these relics; but Newstead has other charms. Mr. Webb was the friend of the illustrious Livingstone, and himself an adventurous African traveller, whose hunting trophies adorn the beautiful house. The Livingstone memorials are most interesting. Here is the bed-room in which the great traveller wrote his last work when upon a long visit to Newstead. It is just as he left it. And here will be seen the cap worn by him in his last journey. But we must not delay. The day is wearing on apace, and with just one look at "Byron Oak," and a distant prospect of a Wellingtonia planted by Livingstone, we must hasten away.



THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—A PLAN, FROM COL. BEATSON'S WORK, TO ACCOMPANY MR. J. M. LE MOINE'S PAPER ON PAGE 38.