

to the navy, and planted a handful of Scotch firs, that look like ploughboys dressed in old family liveries for a public day. In the hail is a very good collection of pictures, all animals. The refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons: the vaulted roof remaining, but the windows have new dresses making for them by a Venetian tailor."

The following detailed description of Byron's paternal abode, is extracted from "A visit to Newstead Abbey in 1828," in *The London Literary Gazette*:

"It was on the noon of a cold bleak day in February, that I set out to visit the memorable abbey of Newstead, once the property and abode of the immortal Byron. The gloomy state of the weather, and the dreary aspect of the surrounding country, produced impressions more appropriate to the views of such a spot, than the cheerful season and scenery of summer. The estate lies on the left hand side of the high north road, eight miles beyond Nottingham; but as I approached the place, I looked in vain for some indication of the abbey. Nothing is seen but a thick plantation of young larch and firs, bordering the road, until you arrive at the hut, a small public-house by the wayside. Nearly opposite to this is a plain white gate, without lodges, opening into the park; before stands a fine spreading oak, one of the few remaining trees of Sherwood forest, the famous haunt of Robin Hood and his associates, which once covered all this part of the country, and whose county was about the domain of Newstead. To this oak, the only one of any size on the estate, Byron was very partial. It is pretty well known that his great uncle (to whom he succeeded) cut down almost all the valuable timber; so that, when Byron came into possession of the estate, and, indeed, the whole time he had it, it presented a very bare and desolate appearance. The soil is very poor, and fit only for the growth of larch and firs; and of these, upwards of 700 acres have been planted. Byron could not afford the first outlay which was necessary, in order ultimately to increase its worth; so that as long as he held it, the rental did not exceed 1300*l.* a-year. From the gate to the abbey is a mile. The carriage road runs straight for about three hundred yards through the plantations, when it takes a sudden turn to the right; and, on returning to the left, a beautiful and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the abbey rising among the dark trees beneath. To the right of the abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left till it reaches the abbey, which is approached on the north side. It lies in a valley very low; sheltered to the north and west, by rising ground,

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