

carrying a neutral
o one had a right to
with so much kind-

t be altogether dis-
ted the governor of
ers, and he has hu-
therefore, in sending
return as I could for
the prisoners are libe-
ne circumstance find
beg that your High-
forth fall into your
since the horrors of
without being aggra-

NOEL BYRON.

cuts in the memoirs,
having given a view
ntial that this work
indebted to Lake's
sculars:

1170, by Henry II.,
l to the Virgin Mary.
until the time of our
the sum of 140,000l.
fulfil the agreement,
terwards sold to an-
ed in trustees, for the
rt of the edifice still

Wildman, is, with
specimen of gothic
aired a considerable
d his attention to the
a few years, the rain
ayed all those elegant

Lord Byron's own
ted with some good
, an antique cross, a
he room two finely-
ands. In the garden
sc skulls, taken from

the burial ground of the Abbey, and piled up together, but they were afterwards recommitted to the earth. A writer, who visited it soon after Lord Byron had sold it, says, 'In one corner of the servants' hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing-gloves and foils, and on the walls of the ample, but cheerless kitchen, was painted, in large letters, 'waste not—want not.' During the minority of Lord Byron, the Abbey was in the possession of Lord G—, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows, and starlings. The internal traces of this Goth were swept away; but witho it, all appeared as rude and unreclaimed as he could have left it. With the exception of the dog's tomb, a conspicuous and elegant object, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised every thing about him, except perhaps an additional crop of weeds. There still slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was his lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, are two towering satyrs, he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr, with her chubby cloven-footed brat, placed on pedestals, at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, strike for a moment, with their grim visages and silent shaggy forms, the fear into your bosom, which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry, at 'th' ould laird's devils.' I have frequently asked the country people what sort of a man his Lordship (our Lord Byron) was. The impression of his eccentric but energetic character was evident in the reply. 'He's the devil of a fellow for comical fancies—he flag's th' ould laird to nothing, but he's a hearty good fellow for all that.'

Horace Walpole (Earl of Oxford,) who had visited Newstead, gives, in his usual bitter sarcastic manner, the following account of it:

"As I returned, I saw Newstead and Althorp. I like both. The former is the very abbey. The great east window of the church remains, and connects with the house; the hall entire; the refectory entire; the cloister untouched, with the ancient eastern of the convent, and their arms on it: it has a private chapel, quite perfect. The park, which is still charming, has not been so much unprofaned. The present Lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks, five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house. *En revenge*, he has built two baby-forts to pay his country in castles, for damage done