

you, not for liberating the vessel, which, carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain, but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

"In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your Highness, I have requested the governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions; but should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity; more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

"(Signed)

NOEL BYRON.

Missolonghi, 23d January, 1824."

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THE figure which this ancient edifice cuts in the memoirs, as well as in the works of the poet, and having given a view of it in the vignette, make it almost essential that this work should contain some account of it. I am indebted to Lake's *Life of Lord Byron* for the following particulars:

"This Abbey was founded in the year 1170, by Henry II., as a Priory of Black Canons, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It continued in the family of the Byrons until the time of our poet, who sold it first to Mr. Claughton, for the sum of 140,000*l.* and on that gentleman's not being able to fulfil the agreement, and paying 20,000*l.* of a forfeit, it was afterwards sold to another person, and most of the money, vested in trustees, for the jointure of Lady Byron. The greater part of the edifice still remains. The present possessor, Major Wildman, is, with genuine taste, repairing this beautiful specimen of gothic architecture. The late Lord Byron repaired a considerable part of it, but forgetting the roof, he turned his attention to the inside, and the consequence was, that in a few years, the rain penetrating to the apartments, soon destroyed all those elegant devices which his Lordship contrived. Lord Byron's own study was a neat little apartment, decorated with some good classic busts, a select collection of books, an antique cross, a sword in a gilt case, and at the end of the room two finely-polished skulls, on a pair of light fancy stands. In the garden likewise, there was a great number of these skulls, taken from