

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 without, 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 Orford), 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
east
the
clois
conve
quite
not b
lost l
sand
house
pay h
navy,
like
public
tures,
drawi
remain
for the

The
ternal
Abbey

"I
ary, t
Newst
mortal
the dr
duced
such a
summer
high r
but, a
some i
thick p
road, u
by the
white
before
remain