

the fencing foils, gloves, masks, and single-sticks he used in his youth, and in a corner of the cloister lies a stone coffin, taken from the burial ground of the abbey. The ground floor contains some spacious halls and divers apartments for domestic offices, and there is a neat little private chapel in the cloister, where service is performed on Sundays. Byron's sole recreation here was his boat and dogs, and boxing and fencing for exercise, and to prevent a tendency to obesity, which he dreaded. His constant employment was writing, for which he used to sit up as late as two or three o'clock in the morning. His life here was an entire seclusion, devoted to poetry.

THE END.