

my mothers. I agree with you in the hope that we shall continue our correspondence for a long time. I trust my dearest Friend that it will only be interrupted by our being some time or other again in the same place or under the same roof, as when I have finished my *Classical labours* and my minority is expired, I shall expect you to be a frequent visitor to Newstead Abbey, my seat in this county, which lies about 12 miles from my mothers house where I now am; There I can show you plenty of hunting, shooting, and fishing, and be assured no one ever will be a more welcome Guest than yourself. Nor is there any one whose correspondence can give me more pleasure, or whose friendship yield me greater delight than yours. Such, dearest Charles, Believe me, will always be the sentiments of

yours most affectionately,
BYRON

[TO AUGUSTA BYRON]

Burgage Manor August 6th. 1805

Well, my dearest Augusta, here I am, once more situated at my mothers house, which together with its *inmate* is as *agreeable* as ever. I am at this moment vis a vis and Tete a tete with that amiable personage, who is, whilst I am writing, pouring forth compliments against your *ingratitude*, giving me many oblique hints that I ought not to correspond with you, and concluding with an interdiction that if you ever after the expiration of my minority are invited to my residence, *she* will no longer condescend to grace it with her *Imperial* presence. You may figure to yourself, for your amusement, my solemn countenance on the occasion, and the *meek Lamblike* demeanor of her Ladyship, which contrasted with my *saintlike visage*, forms a *striking family painting*, whilst in the background, the portraits of my Great Grandfather and Grandmother suspended in their frames, seem to look with an eye of pity on their *unfortunate descendant*, whose *worth* and *accomplishments* deserve a *milder fate*. I am to remain in this *Garden of Eden* one month. I do not indeed reside at Cambridge till October, but I set out for Hampshire¹ in September where I shall be on a visit till the commencement of the term. In the mean time, Augusta, your *sympathetic* correspondence must be some alleviation to my *sorrows*, which however are too ludicrous for me to regard them very seriously, but they are *really* more *uncomfortable* than *amusing*.—I perceive you

¹ Byron was planning to visit the Hansons at their country house in Hampshire before going to Cambridge.

were rather surprised not to see my *consequential* name in the papers amongst the orators of our 2d speechday, but unfortunately some wit who had formerly been at Harrow, suppressed the *merits* of Long, Farrer,² and myself, who were always supposed to take the Lead in Harrow eloquence, and by way of a *hoax* thought proper to insert a panegyric on those speakers who were really and truly allowed to have rather disgraced than distinguished themselves, of course for the *wit* of the thing, the best were left out and the worst inserted, which accounts for the *Gothic omission* of my *superior talents*. Perhaps it was done with a view to weaken our vanity, which might be too much raised, by the flattering paragraphs bestowed on our performance the 1st speechday, be that as it may, we were omitted in the account of the 2d to the astonishment of all Harrow. These are *disappointments* we *great men* are liable to, and we must learn to bear them with philosophy, especially when they arise from attempts at wit. I was indeed very ill at that time, and after I had finished my speech was so overcome by the exertion that I was obliged to quit the room. I had caught cold by sleeping in damp sheets which was the cause of my indisposition. However I am now perfectly recovered, and live in hopes of being emancipated from the slavery of Burgage manor, But Believe me Dearest Augusta, whether well or ill

I always am your affect. Brother
BYRON

[TO AUGUSTA BYRON]

Burgage Manor August 10th. 1805

I have at last succeeded, my dearest Augusta, in pacifying the dowager, and mollifying that *piece of flint* which the good Lady denominates her heart. She now has condescended to send you her *love*, although with many comments on the occasion, and many compliments to herself. But to me she still continues to be a torment, and I doubt not would continue so till the end of my life. However this is the last time she ever will have an opportunity, as, when I go to college, I shall employ my vacations either in town; or during the summer I intend making a tour through the Highlands, and to visit the Hebrides with a party of my friends, whom I have engaged for the purpose. This my old preceptor Drury recommended as the most

² Edward Noel Long, Byron's contemporary at Harrow, was later one of his closest friends at Cambridge; T. Farrer played in the cricket match against Eton with Byron.