

published about 6 weeks, my Bookseller tells me he has sold a great number, when we meet, I shall be happy to present a Copy for your Inspection.—The present volume differs very materially from the one printed privately last Winter, several poems published in the former, are withheld from the latter, which however contains many more pieces, original & translated, & is of considerably larger size.—When you answer this (if I can expect so much, after my apparent yet unintentional neglect) address the Reply to Trinity College, where I remain another year, Illness prevented my Residence for the last twelve months.—I have heard 3 times from Delawarr, that is to say, *twice* more often than I expected, or indeed desired, for though I formerly liked him, long absence, & our serious Quarrel entirely destroyed, the seeds of affection, once *deeply* sown, I addressed him merely to explain the mistaken grounds on which we had acted, without (as I plainly told him) any view to a Reconciliation, this produced a Reply, &c. &c. in short the affair was compromised, & we are what the World commonly call Friends, long may we be so, but never so intimate as before, indeed, I shall take care we are not much together, & I doubt not D's Inclinations, are not more *violently* bent, on a renewal of our acquaintance, than my own, all things considered, how should it be otherwise?—I have never seen Harrow since the last day I spent there with your Lordship; next Summer, *we old Harrow men*, will favour the *little* Boys, our Successors with a visit.—I hope this Letter will find you *safe*, I saw in a Morning paper, a long account of Robbery &c. &c. committed on the persons of *sundry Majors, Colonels, & Esquires*, passing from *Lady Clare's to Limerick*, from such Banditti, the *Lord* deliver your *carcase & Habitation*, you may exclaim with Pope, in his Imitation of Spencer "*Bad Neighborhood I ween*."—I am now setting off, for the Highlands of Scotland, & expect your answer on my Return, to Cambridge, have we any chance of meeting next Winter? I shall pass some time in Town, where you will probably spend your Vacation, present my Remembrance to *Brother Richard*, & believe me dearest Clare,

yours ever affectly

BYRON

[TO JOHN HANSON]

Dorant's Hotel, October 19th. 1807

Dear Hanson,—I will thank you to disburse the quarter due as soon as possible, for I am at this moment contemplating with a *weoful*

visage, one solitary Guinea, two bad sixpences and a shilling, being all the Cash at present in possession of

yours very truly

BYRON

[TO ELIZABETH BRIDGET PIGOT]

*Trinity College Cambridge
October 26th. 1807*

My dear Elizabeth,—Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for these last two days at Hazard, I take up my pen to enquire how your Highness, & the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of Archbishopal Grandeur *Southwell*, go on.—I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently, but racing up & down the Country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the Duties of a Correspondent?—Fixed at last for 6 weeks, I write, as *thin* as ever (not having gained an ounce since my Reduction) & rather in better humour, for after all, *Southwell* was a detestable residence; thank St. Dominic I have done with it, I have been twice within 8 miles of it, but could not prevail on myself to *suffocate* in its heavy atmosphere.—This place is wretched enough, a villainous Chaos of Dice and Drunkenness, nothing but Hazard and Burgundy, Hunting, Mathematics and Newmarket, Riot and Racing, yet it is a Paradise compared with the eternal dullness of Southwell, oh! the misery of doing nothing, but make *Love, enemies, and Verses*.—Next January (but this is *entre nous* only, and pray let it be so, or my maternal persecutor will be throwing her Tomahawk at any of my curious projects) I am going to *Sea* for four of [or?] five months, with my Cousin Capt. Bettesworth,¹ who commands the Tartar the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen most scenes, and wish to look at a naval life.—We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, or to the Devil, and if there is a possibility of taking me to the Latter, Bettesworth will do it, for he has received four and twenty wounds in different places, and at this moment possesses a Letter from the late Ld. Nelson, stating Bettesworth as the only officer of the navy who had more wounds than himself.— — — I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a *tame Bear*,² when I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was "he should

¹ George Edmund Byron Bettesworth (1780–1808) was descended from the Trevanions. Byron's grandmother, Sophia Trevanion, was the wife of Admiral Byron. Bettesworth was killed at Bergen in 1808, while in command of the *Tartar*.
² Byron later sent the bear to Newstead to join a growing menagerie.

sit for a Fellowship."—*Sherard* will explain the meaning of the sentence if it is ambiguous.³—This answer delighted them not,—we have eternal parties here, and this evening a large assortment of *Jockies*, *Gamblers*, *Bozers*, *Authors*, *parsons*, and *poets*, sup with me.—A precious Mixture, but they go on well together, and for me, I am a *spice* of every thing except a *Jockey*, by the bye, I was dismantled again the other day.—Thank your Brother in my name, for his Treatise. I have written 214 pages of a novel, one poem of 380 Lines,⁴ to be published (without my name) in a few weeks, with notes, 560 Lines of Bosworth Field, and 250 Lines of another poem in rhyme, besides half a dozen smaller pieces, the poem to be published is a Satire, apropos, I have been praised to the Skies in the *Critical Review*,⁵ and abused equally in another publication,⁶ so much the Better, they tell me, for the sale of the Book, it keeps up controversy, and prevents it from being forgotten, besides the first men of all ages have had their share, nor do the humblest escape, so I bear it like a philosopher, it is odd enough the two opposite Critiques came out on the same day, and out of five pages of abuse, [my?] Censor only quotes *two lines*, from different poems, in support of his opinion, now the proper way to *cut* up, is to quote long passages, and make them appear absurd, because simple allegation is no proof.—on the other hand, there are seven pages of praise, and more than *my modesty* will allow, said on the subject.—Adieu yours truly

BYRON

P.S.—Write, Write, Write!!!

³ In a marginal note in his copy of Moore (I, 121), now in the possession of James M. Osborn, E. H. Coleridge has written: "That is, Miss Pigot's brother. Byron's dirty *double entente* has been quoted seriously as a piece of academic wit". But Miss Pigot's brothers were John, Richard, and Henry. Sherard was probably Sherard Becher. See Aug. 9, 1806, to John Pigot, where Byron refers to "Sherard B." and Jan. 13, 1807, to John Pigot, in which he mentions "S. Becher". No slang dictionary has yielded a *double entente* for the phrase "sit for a fellowship".

⁴ The poem to be published was a satire which he then called "British Bards". With additions that brought it to 696 lines, it appeared in 1809 as *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

⁵ For September, 1807.
⁶ The abuse in *The Satirist* of October, 1807, rankled more than Byron would admit. He struck back at the editor, Hewson Clarke, in the text and in a postscript of the second edition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, the first edition to which he affixed his name.

[TO JOHN RIDGE] Trinity College Cambridge Novr. 11th. 1807

Mr. Ridge.—I had not the slightest idea, we should have any occasion to publish a second Edition, for some Time, nor does it appear necessary till the first at least is entirely sold.—I merely suggest this for your own advantage, the *work* is *your property*, & you may dispose of it as you please.—When I was in London, I observed the Booksellers objected to the size, & two or three said, the poems should have been printed in the same size, as Ld. Strangford's & Little's poems, in this opinion I coincide, & with your leave the next Edition shall be printed & *bound* in the same manner, & in the same coloured Boards as Little. I dont admire the yellow backs.—We will also alter the Title, simply to "poems" by Ld. Byron &c. &c. & omit the *Latin Motto*, the two others can remain.—The preface we will omit altogether.¹—The Dedication I will send in Time.²—You could not have the second Edition printed in London? could you? if it made no difference to you, I should prefer it, as I could superintend the proofs in person.—I wish the second poem (Stanzas on a view of Harrow) to be omitted. I have some new pieces which may occupy a place in the latter part of the volume.—These I will send when we have decided, *when, where, & how*, we are to publish, a new Edition.—Your Answer will oblige &c. &

BYRON

P.S.—I do not know whether Mr. J. Becher would like the trouble of correcting the Sheets, however, if you think it probable I will make the Request.—I think our next Edition, should be on *hot press* as the first has gone off well.—

[TO JOHN HANSON] Trin. Coll. Camb. Novr. 13th. 1807

Sir,—I have this day written to Mrs. Byron, to get my allowance discounted at the Southwell Bank, as you of course will not pay till the 25th Decr.—I have generally signed the Drafts myself, but Mrs. Byron will do it instead on the present occasion, as I am not on the spot; this I presume makes no difference, as I have apprised you in Time.—As I have drawn for the full quarter £125, & not deducted

¹ The second edition of *Hours of Idleness* was published in 1808 by Ridge with the title *Poems Original and Translated*, which had been part of the sub-title of the earlier volume. The preface, which was to be the occasion of such heavy ridicule by the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, was omitted.

² The dedication was to the Earl of Carlisle.