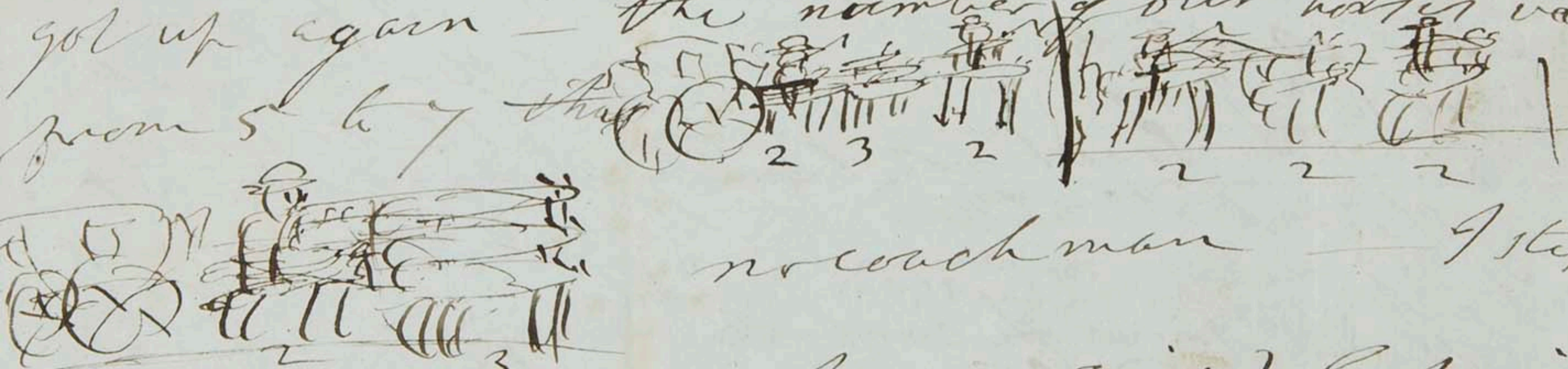


Paris, Friday Evening.  
8th Jan'y 1802.

Dear Sir

I essay to write to you, but I am too much fatigued in mind - I arrived here last night between 12 & one o'clock, a sad hour for a stranger - we say it & have been here about 2 in the afternoon; but the roads!!! Ice & snow - sometimes trotting, sometimes walking - horses falling down perpetually - but it did not signify - they got up again - the number of our horses varied from 5 to 7 thus



no coachman - I slept

at a vile hotel (as they call it) last night too late to go to the quarters I intended - where I am now, at the Hotel Beauvalet, Rue Jussienne - but this is a queer place - On the road the Juns were very pleasant; quite pictures - I saw a great deal - here they would join cheat me & they have cheated me - I walked about Paris this morning, alone - the waiter, when I came in again, was surprised - "then you know about Paris" "No" - I saw the Palais Royal - a most curious place - I bought a map of Paris

I am sure Paris is much more entertaining to  
a stranger to walk about than London — I wrote a  
strange letter, as if I was tipsy, whereas I never was  
more sober in my life — but the novelties of the troubles  
I have had has exhausted me — Looking out of  
the Inn window at Abbeville, who should I  
see busied about an English Carriage, but my  
Friend Fethill! I thought he had been in Paris  
many days ago — but he had been delayed by bad  
voyaging & consequent indisposition of his wife  
& child — was a joyful meeting — I found him  
again at Amiens, where he rested for the night  
I expect to see of him here either tonight or  
tomorrow morning — I cannot write any more at  
present — I sent you a letter from Boulogne on  
Tuesday. Good night.

Decadi, 20 nivose, Yesterday I could not find time  
Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> Juny } to finish my letter. I met  
Fethill in the street } not knowing that he was in Paris.  
I walked about a little with him, & then I went to  
skate in the Elysian Fields — The ground is  
overflooded for a while together among the trees &  
walks — it would be a most delightful place to skate  
in, the ice was all good — I was the admiration of  
the Spectators — I had no competitors — The Elysian  
Fields are close by the Palace of the Tuileries  
where the 1<sup>st</sup> Consul now resides — tis  
a most magnificent palace & gardens, adorned  
with abundance of Statues &c. There is nothing about  
London to compare with it — indeed I think that  
with respect to external appearance, Paris is far  
more magnificent, & interesting than London —  
The Houses of Grand & Massy — have a

chateau-like appearance, & seem built for  
eternity - yet many people prefer the ap-  
pearance of London! I don't understand it -  
Next Friday the 1<sup>st</sup> Consul will review  
his troops when I shall see him no thought  
that at present he is at Lyons!

I am quite unsettled yet; not fixed as yet  
as I mean to go, nor have I made any  
use of my introductions - the manners & cus-  
toms of the Hotels here are so very different from  
the English as to perplex a stranger who has not  
money to throw about - some of the English  
here are enormously extravagant - the  
Beckford of Fonthill gives 100 Guineas a month  
for his lodgings at some hotel I suppose he has

the whole of a Floor; & some of the Hotels  
here are Palaces in Grandeur. But this pro-  
fusion is of great disservice to us little folks  
For the consequence is that all Englishmen are  
supposed to abound in money - As for me I  
am taken for an ~~the~~ American by my hosts  
how that happened I don't know but it may  
be of service to me - they seem to expect  
me to be very Economical - I live very hum-  
bly - to say the best of it. - Direct to me

N<sup>o</sup> 165, Hotel Beauvalet Rue de la  
Jussienne, <sup>Paris</sup>

As soon as I am settled I will write to  
you again - I am your Obedient son J. Manning



P. P. PARIS

The Rev. Mr Manning  
in England  
21st Norfolk



I open my letter again to say that if any letters  
have come for me to you, send them to me, except  
one with the Dover postmark or Free Wm Manning  
either of which if you should have such, open, read, &  
burn - I sent a parcel from London, with a  
letter in it - I sent a letter from Boulogne