

Handwritten: *Print* Marsilles. September 4, Saturday ^{Morning} 1842

The first moment of repose I find I dedicate to you as I have since I left Paris. I arrived here last night at 10 o'clock by the diligence from St. Trignon - I shall stay here a week at least. I have need of rest, great need - I have travelled very quick, yet with great anxiety to make every possible observation on the manners of the Country. Instead of resting 3 nights, I travel in Imagination, without sleeping, & mournfully call out to the Guide - & portillion that I have left my shoes & things behind me. The 1st thing I do this morning after reclaiming my trunk (which I had sent here from Paris) is to go to the Post-office, where ^{we} are blest with the sight of a letter from you ^{dated 29th July} - I expect other letters from Paris but found them not - I have some hopes of receiving another letter from you before I leave Marsilles. I sent you a letter from Berne in Switzerland & another from Geneva. After receiving this, pray write as soon as you conveniently can, & direct to me Poste restante at Toulouse. - I staid over the morning at Geneva & drank tea at Mr. Selens where I was introduced by Mr. Ferriere to whom I had a letter from Miss Williams - but I could not stay to accept the invitation from Madame Leconte the Bankers Lady, who gives a tea to a lot of English, & others, every Wednesday. I set off on the Tuesday morning for Chamonix. Arrived

that evening within 3 leagues of Chamouni, performing the last 10
miles on foot under the conduct of a ~~Swiss~~ young Savoyard,
a Soldier & requisition, who showed me the Sabre wound he had
received at the Battle of Marengo — He had deserted from
Italy, returned to his home, & his Shipwreck, but was about to rejoin his
regiment (to serve he apprehended but I believed to receive a regular
Congé) the day after the morrow, where at he was said to cheer
me in the dark, he observed that he should be afraid to return
that night alone, for there were brigands in the Country, & nothing
was more easy than to murder a man & throw him down into
the torrent below — My God, what risks I have run, if I
could believe all the accounts of fearful people — for exam-
ple at Arignon, I rode over on horseback to Vancluse
in the heat of the day (to the astonishment of the good folks at
the Hotel) & in returning was beset for several
miles & was enough when I got into the diligence at mid-
night that evening (Thursday evening last) I found that we were
escorted till broad daylight by 5 dragoons. But to return,
on the Wednesday morning, at Daybreak, I walked the remain-
ing 3 leagues to Chamouni (over rough & mountainous ground)
& then refreshing myself with a Dish of Coffee, & a bit of
Honey comb (not to mention bread & butter) I set off as if fresh
to visit the Glacier on the top of Mont alvert, considered as a
day's work. When I arrived on the top, who should I see
looking down on the Sea of ice but the Hon^{ble} Mr Bennet,
with whom was acquainted at Cambridge (a most well in-
formed & sensible man — he recognised me immediately &
I him after a moment's hesitation — He had been travelling
over Italy, with his friend Mr. Maillard, to whom I in-
troduced me — There are two Inns at Chamouni (of excellent
Burgundy) we happened to be at different / but I dined with him &
his friend both the days I staid there & we parted under hopes of
meeting again at Paris — I have left a name at Chamouni for my

exertions Mr Bennett's Guide observed to him that that
Devil of an Englishman was enough to tire all the guides
at Chamouni in fact I did perform great things for me
On the Thursday Mr B. & I were to ascend Mount Breven
if fine weather - but it proved cloudy - Mr B. declined I mounted
(it was to have the finest view possible of Mount Blanc)
luckily the clouds dispersed when I was on the summit & I
had every advantage possible (a cool day a clear view &
majestic clouds, rolling below). Mount Breven is itself prod-
giously high it requires 5 hours to ascend - 3 1/2 to descend - I
performed the whole in about 6 hours including an hour that I
staid at the top while the clouds dispersed - to be sure I mounted the
shortest way thro a terrible passage they call the Chimney
& I descended the same way for which I can produce the testimony of
a goatherd who declared that he saw us climbing the rock both go-
ing & returning - when we were within about an hour of the bottom
my Guide asked me if I was tired - I happened to be quite fresh & in

good spirits - the question piqued
me. I took my baton, pointed
with iron & imitating the
manner of the guides, descended
furiously by leaps in less than
20 minutes - I fairly astonished
the guide - I was down time enough
to join in finishing the dinner my

friends had begun, & as it was the last day we set up rather later than
early rising travellers ought, but which means I could not get off the
next morning till near 7 o'clock - I took my faithful Guide
with me, we were mounted on a couple of horses & ~~travelling~~
hays & our object was to get on as far as possible ~~intending~~
towards Thonci, in my way to Chambery. He thought I
meant to take the great road by Bonneville but I meant
to cross the mountains - when we arrived at Sallanches, we
came to an éclaircissement - He was surprised & knew nothing
of the road, was even afraid to venture upon the expedition & I
had a shame to go with me as guide when he knew nothing of the road
- but I have not time to tell you how we were brought on the
mountains - how we led our horses thro impossible ways - how we
left at a village to which now road leads all on the mountains - how I

*The Rev. Mr. Manning,
Dipton, Shropshire.*

In Angletown.

J. H. Manning

*where I strangely found the Lyons diligence ^{ready} ready to depart
for Arignon how I arrived at Arignon ^{on Sunday night} how I visited the famous
Vaucluse ^{Thursday} in the Clastens seat of the day how I received a Coach
de Soleil for some indisposition from some other cause. how on Thursday
night the moment I was back from Vaucluse I slept an hour entered
diligence extremely indisposed but ~~recovered~~ recovered during the journey - how
I made my acquaintance in the Coach - how in walking to the post office this
morning I have been struck with the port & shipping of sea but I'll soon write
^{and am} J. H. Manning*

En Angleterre.

This image shows a close-up of a page from an old manuscript. The paper is aged and stained. On the left, there is a large, stylized red initial 'H' with a long vertical stroke extending downwards. To its right, there is a smaller, dark brown initial 'H' with a similar vertical stroke. The page is heavily stained with various brown and red marks, and there is a prominent vertical crease running down the center.

A circular library stamp from the Foreign Office, London. The outer ring contains the text "FOREIGN OFFICE" at the top and "LONDON" at the bottom. The center of the stamp features the date "14 SE 1892".

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diligence extremely indisposed but ~~recovered~~ recovered during the Journey - how
I made my acquaintance in the Coach - how in walking to the post office this
morning I have been struck with the port & shipping of sea but I'll soon write
^{my dear Mr. D. can I J. Manning}