

TH/11/28  
Macao; 1<sup>st</sup> Monday in December  
1808.

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir

In my last, which I sent by the way of Bengal, I told you that troops had been landed here (to protect the place from the French) & that the Chinese Government refused their consent. This refusal they have steadily persisted in; a war of words has been carried on, with threatening appearances of more active hostilities. We bully the Chinese, & they bully us. but they laugh at us, being sure that the Company won't risk the trade, but submit to anything first. In the interim all Communication is cut off; nobody goes up to Canton. great uneasiness prevails among the merchants. perhaps in a few days the dispute will be settled; if so, not much to our honour I'm afraid. for the Court of Portugal has certainly a right to protect this place as it pleases. All the other foreigners here are looking eagerly for the pleasure of seeing us worsted. Americans, Dutch &c & to those you may add all the Portuguese inhabitants of the place. not omitting the Bishop, who is not accused of being partial to heretics.



Mr & Mrs Baring are going to Bengal.  
They embark today. Mr B. will forward this  
letter for me from India, the 1<sup>st</sup> opportunity. I  
shall write again by the direct fleet, but as  
that may possibly be delayed by these disputes  
you have a chance of receiving this first.

Dated Dec<sup>r</sup> 1807 or Jan<sup>y</sup> 1808

I acknowledged your letter, in my last. A  
few days ago I received a parcel containing stockings &  
cloth; & a box containing a Troughton's Circular  
Sextant. which things I presume are sent me by  
Edward. I shall write to him by the ~~direct~~ Direct  
fleet, & to Fanny as I have promised. I hope  
now soon to get up to Canton, till when I can say  
nothing of my plans — It is charming weather  
here now; charming English Summer weather.

Did I tell you that I have adopted the Chinese  
Dress? Or ~~the~~ rather a mixture Chinese & Sutchin.

I wear a long robe; loose Drawers. nankeen boots  
& a black fine crepe turban. Vastly comfortable  
in the hot weather. & so becoming with my long beard!  
You may be sure! I shall certainly smuggle ~~on~~  
a suit into England, to show you at Gips.

My affectionate love to all that are near & dear, &  
kind remembrances to such of our common friends, as you may



happen to meet. no more at present from  
Your Obedient Son  
T. Manning.





*W. G. F. G. F. G.*

*The Rev. Dr. M. W. F. G.*

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