

How Sir

Cambridge, Sunday.

William, I believe has informed you of my safe return to Cambridge. I came back last Sunday night, after an absence of a fortnight. The quantity of ground I burned in that fortnight was very considerable. After visiting the Isle of Wight, with part of which I was absolutely enchanted, I went thro Hampshire to Southampton & Salisbury - from thence by the Mail thro Dorsetshire on the Exeter road as far as Lyme, a seaport on the borders of Devonshire - then we got out of the Mail & walked as far as we could that night along the Devonshire Coast - the next morning we hired a fishing boat & proceeded along the coast of Devonshire as far as Torbay; we landed at Brixham, where we dined, & after dinner walked back again, as far as we could, to a town called Torkey. The next morning (Sunday) we proceeded on our foot thro Teignmouth to Exmouth where we hired a boat up the Ex to Exeter. On the Monday & Tuesday we proceeded coast Devonshire Northwards to Biddiford. When we were at Biddiford it was just as near to come home by South water (excepting the passage cross the Bristol Channel) as thro Devonshire - so we took a passage in a Brig merchantman for Pool-Dye a little

village in Glamorganshire, where they load
vessels with lime — We were about 14
hours on our passage, the wind being contrary.
The next morning we walked thro Swansea
& as far as we could that night till
we were picked up by the Mail from
Swansea to Bristol — We arrived at Bristol
on the Friday noon & the next morning we
took coach for London, thro Bath &c

Such was our rout; you may easily conceive
~~and~~ we must have been very diligent & have
gone over so much ground, without travelling
much by night — night travelling would not
do for us because we wanted to see the country.
I am quite satisfied with my tour — I have
received information, which I could not have
had, but by ocular inspection — & I have
made up my mind that Devonshire is not
a county I should at all like to live in.
From the peculiar appearance of the trees
there I guess that the sea air is more in-
jurious to vegetation in Devonshire than in
most other maritime countries — The country
is very beautiful to see — but, I think, too
hilly to live in — It is a collection of hills
disposed in every direction — so that you can-
not stir a mile from a place without
climbing — the Southern Coast is very
beautiful & picturesque.

The little I saw of South Wales was
deliciously beautiful — but I had only a
glance at it — We crossed a ferry at

Swansea with between 20 & 30 market
women in the Boat & as they had a little
bit of altercation with the Boatman, we had
an opportunity of hearing a great deal of the
Welsh Language in a very short time. It
has a very pleasant sound. We landed in
Wales in a little Cove, close to which, among
the Cliffs, stands the Public house - almost the
only house in the ~~hill~~ parish - the inha-
bitants of this house live in a very curious
manner - all summer long the Female
part (Mrs Jenkins & her pretty Daughter
Nancy) seldom or never go to bed - they
nod & doze a little at snatches & change
their cloaths on a Sunday - which is
all the rest they take. The lime
quarries are close by & the mer-
chant vessels are loading & un-
turning from different ports at
all hours - & the mariners refresh
themselves at this house - so that there must
always be somebody up - the night we were
there we could procure no beds till 4 in the
morning - when two passengers went off in the
vessel which had brought us - we slept a little
by the kitchen fire & about 2 in the morning
in came our Captain with two or three others
they had then finished loading. We were up
the next morning by nine or a little after
but the industrious Mrs Jenkins & her Daughter
rallied us for lying in bed so long - "Well Gen-
tlemen you have made up for it this mor-
ning!" 'Tis amazing to me how Nancy can
keep her eyes so bright without sleep - she
had not had her cloaths off for 7 days when
we were there - but what a hard life those
mariners have - they wear themselves to pieces
rather than lose a tide - & all for the sake

of money! I must not ~~miss~~ miss Nancy,
without observing that the Irish as it were, a
waiter at ~~an~~ a public house yet her man-
ners are as strict as those of the most se-
cluded English Girl - yet with an agreeable
freedom, the result of seeing a variety of diffe-
rent people. Hoping soon to see you here. I remain
your faithful son H. Thomas Manning.

CAMBRIDGE

The Rev. William Manning

W. Norfolk

1801
1725