

same quantity of paper, and have therefore a right to close. To conclude therefore, please remember me to the Doctor. Salute Priscilla and Aquila, and all the pretty girls who are in Exon.

Your very humble servant,

THOS. DANFORTH.

TO REV. ISAAC SMITH, SIDMOUTH.

Bristol, August 24, 1776.

DEAR SIR:

The regret with which I left Sidmouth was in some measure balanced by the agreeableness of the day. To pass by our first stage, the least amusing, our second to moisten our driver and horses, for both often want watering, was on the borders of Blackdown at a place called Southhast, and at "*the sine of George Inn, heer all sorts of leckers are sold*;" besides the peculiar taste of the painter in spelling, the letters were of so doubtful a form that my fellow traveller, Mr. Davis, chose to read "*leckys*," which word, (if to be found in the Devonshire nomenclature I am ignorant of its meaning,) he, being skilled in provincial dialects, may be acquainted with. Our third stage was at the Castle inn, Taunton; on our way hither we saw a hill called *Quantook*, so like our Indian names I could not help remarking it. After a small delay we proceeded to Hillbishop, and dined at the hospitable table of Mr. Jirrald;* his good husbandry is fully repaid by a plentiful harvest of apricots, nectarines and apples; nor is his table without the best cider England affords, which is scarcely equalled by the most sparkling champagne. Our next stage was at Bridgewater; from the inn we walked to Miss Sealy's garden, planned to promote the wise purposes of thought and meditation. Here we regaled ourselves with green gages and gooseberries, the boughs being loaded. At the bottom of the garden is a small piece of water, filled with large carp, brought to the surface by pieces of bread thrown in, which they rose to catch, a pleasing sight I never before had. Our next stage was eighteen miles to Cross, where we were told the beds were full, and they had no horses; so we

* A dissenting minister.