

TM 12/117

Bengley - Friday

26 May 1803

My dear Manning

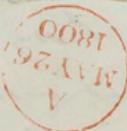
I have twice wrote to you, but
never sent them — for these many weeks, and
since my return, I have been so wretched, that
the most valuable things of this world, have appeared
as虫es — I will know how inconvenient it is for
me and very one to hear me the generale
prospect of society, but when the Mind is ill
and the Brain deranged, we must make
excuses for each other — but, I believe that
you, Manning, have seen enough of me to
be convinced that my friendships are not about
lived, they kick with me to sterility, and as
time moves on they increase, too they arrive
at an inconceivable sterility — I very much
wish you may be happy, and that your future
prospects may be crowned with success —
You will perhaps be surprised, when I tell you
that through necessity, I have thrown off the
Dress of B. F. and am content to live
with a tattered Quaker Farmer in Cumbland
I believe now in conciuur what I have

under one — ~~Some~~ Every day has been
like old hair, and every morning, like the
dawn of an execution — this may be too harshly
said — but I dread rising in the morning,
for I have nothing, (at least have had) but
miserable and disheartening thoughts to accompany
the day in — My mind is awake to every
sympathy — the virtues of a town, and the
rural simplicity of the Country strike extreme
me, with the difference, that in a town
my heart is full of misery and dissatisfaction,
but in retirement, those there will be
found the seeds of happiness — indeed,
Marrowy Hours to those of the thralldom of
unitedness, with which I have been chained
down with, and I am a bad town & delight
in leaving a place full of vexation &
misery, ~~for the greater part~~ of their employment
but often as it may be necessary — but I
must try something — and in those cases
experiment is useful — and as I now

you I am good for nothing, as much incapable
for the Business of the World, as a Woman
in Bed, for cannot turn his side —
then, Manning, is plain truth, and were
I to pursue so far more — I think I should
certainly protract my future fate — a
Stretch & unbroken in disease, die bair
on a Mission — When I become
more composed, I have certainly two with
fresh debts due to my friends — and in one or
two, you and Lamb, comprise them all,
except Mother and sister, and upon the
I have but few real friends — Slavery
for the day when I may look around me with
a bold & free Mind, when I can turn to my
few stores, and call them my own, when
I have feel'd an interest in life, a quiet
interest, which is worth all the cataract
of a狂妄的 obstinacy — My father and
Mother had much interest in you — James

is quite well, as well nearly as ever
I hope to hear from you soon and in
return, I think I may trouble you
some letters, filled with more cheering
thoughts than the last

Yours very truly
John Greenleaf Whittier
W. Cambridge



farewell
1 May 60

RJ

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Bingley Friday

My dear Manning -

I have twice wrote to you, but never sent them for these many weeks, and I believe months, I have been so wretched that the most valuable thing of this world have appeared as iota - I well know how incumbent it is for me and every one to pursue the general progress of society, but when the mind is ill and the brain diseased we must make excuses for each other - but I believe that you, Manning, have seen enough of me to be convinced that my friendships are not short lived, they keep with me to eternity and as time moves so they increase, till they arrive at an unimaginable splendour - I very much wish you may be happy, and that your future prospects may be crowned with success - You will perhaps be surprised, when I tell you that through necessity, I have thrown off the load of business and am content to live with an honest Quaker Farmer in Cumberland, I believe you can conceive what I have undergone Every day has been like despair, and every morning like the dawn of an execution - This may be too sharply said - but I dread rising in the morning for I have nothing (at least have had) but miserable and despairing thoughts to employ the day in my mind is awake to every sympathy - the gaieties of a town and the rural simplicity

of the Country alike influence me, with the difference that in a town my heart is full of misery & dissatisfaction but in retirement I hope there will be found the of happiness - indeed Manning, I long to throw off the thralldom of wretchedness, with which I have been chained down with, and I can shed tears of delight in leaving a world full of vexation of spirit; for the quietness of rural employment but after all it may be visionary - but I must try something - and in some cases experiment is useful - and as I now am. I am good for nothing, as much incapacitated for the business of the world, as a man in bed for cannot turn his side - This Manning is plain truth, and were I to pursue commerce - I think I could prophesy my future fate - a wretch sunken in disease, despair and misery. When I become more composed, I shall certainly turn with fresh delight to my friends and mine are few, you and Lamb, comprise them all except Brothers and Sisters, Amongst

I have but few real friends - I long for the day when I may look around me with a happy mind; when I can turn to my few stores, and call them my own, when I can feel an interest in life, a quiet interest, which is worth all the intoxication of a rapturous eternity - My Father and Mother feel much interested in You - James is quite well as well nearly as ever - I hope to hear from you soon, & in return I think I may promise you some letters, filled with more cheering

TM 12/117

Thoughts than the past
farewell
R Lloyd

Thomas Manning Esq
Mr Crips
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