

25 June 1800

My dear Manning

It is long since I wrote you, but my Mind and Body are so inactive, list about its own concerns, that my languor may be truly rather selfish indeed to speak the truth my life seems likely to be a life of listlessness. It may perhaps partake of no peculiarity minor, but it ~~would~~ be continually worn with deadening sorrow — I sometimes wish things might rise to their height, and so bring on severe illness for the time, so that I might know a vacant Mind, & Mind unstained with liberty — As for myself, and keeping my Bed it is a blessing, contrasted with the agonies, or more properly, the slow torture of a sinking perplexed Mind — after hearing so much of me, you will hardly forgive me — I am no sensible to every variation, and the colour of human existence that to keep free from Bias, I am obliged to feel ill towards the few comforts, indeed, the Many comforts this World has for me for I seemed fated for happiness, and

for a perpetual joy, even in life's ~~shortest~~
trifles — but there is a Milder, which ~~more~~
than, ~~excels~~ some hours of quietness, wherein
I deem existence a Blessing, and almost am
proud of a lot, which makes the World and
its toys like the buzzings of insects beneath
my feet — ~~but~~ ^{now} I feel an Interest
in one individual thing, it would be a
comfort — but I find none — It appears
like warming over a barren earth, ^{wherein}
all your Joy consists in rest, and the
forgetfulness of life's Barren ^{and imaginary} joys, but
even such a Journey could be pleasant
were it ~~not~~ with a ^{healthful} soul, which
feels the luxury of its own dignity, but how
hateful must it be, when you are stung
by the burning sun, and all the poison
of insects, which makes your existence
one state of torpid affliction — here,
Manning, have I not some unimportance

Matter — every Word I write is to myself
a Puzzle, so weak is my head, that I cannot
weigh the meanings, weights, or ~~parts~~^{parts} putting
together of Words, or sentences — you will
therefore pardon in coherence — If you bear
from me, you must have such stuff, and
I have been too often imposed from you, to
admit one tittle of the hasty reception of
my most futile letters — If I am
happy, it often arises in the Warm ~~composure~~^{composure}
to a friend; I am apt to feel the very
tingling of the Brain, and the most
awkward comedy of the heart, but
are such feelings which unlock the granary
of my soul, and if some mirth and light
com appears, it is spontaneous, or more
properly, unavoidably connected with the
good — My very bones feel crooked and
perverted, which gives distortion to what
I write — but I am led along to apologize
till my sheet draws to conclusion

without sparing you of the rest I fed for
you, and how much gratification a little
from you would give me, but I
would afford a still stronger one to see



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you soon home, whereof you would
be thought no stranger, but a friend of
the most affectionate, free, and intimate
kind — With a mind sensible of your
kindness farewell — R. May Jr.

R. F.

24th June 1800

My dear Manning

It is long since I wrote
 you but my mind and body are so inactive,
 but about its own concerns, that my conduct
 may be truly called selfish indeed to speak
 the truth my life seems likely to be a life of
 perplexity. It may perhaps partake of no
 paroxysms of misery, but it may be continually
 worn with deadening sorrow - I sometimes wish,
 things might rise to their height, and so bring
 on severe illness for the time, so that I might
 know a vacant mind, a mind chartered
 with liberty - As for illness, and keeping
 my bed it is a blessing, compared with the
 agonies or more properly, the slow torture of
 a sickening perplexed mind - after hearing
 so much of me, you will pardon any
 reminiscence - I am so sensible to every variation,
 and colour of human existence, that
 to keep free from bias, I am obliged to feel
 cold towards the few comforts indeed, the
 many comforts this world has for me for
 I seemed framed for happiness, and for a
 perpetual joy, even in life's merest trifles -
 but there is a mildew, which blasteth all
 except some hours of quietness, wherein I
 deem existence a blessing, and almost
 am proud of a lot, which makes the world
 and its toys like the buzzing of insects
 beneath my feet - Could I feel an interest
 in one individual thing, it would be a
 comfort - but I find none - It appears like

roaming over a barren heath wherein
all your joy consists in rest, and the
forgetfulness of life's Barren Journey, and
imaginary woes, but even such a journey
could be pleasant were it trod with a
healthful soul, which felt the beauty of
its own dignity, but how hateful must
it be, when you are stung by the burning
sun, and all the poison of insects, which
makes your existence one state of lasting
affliction - here Manning, have I wrote
some unintelligible matter - every word I
write is to myself a puzzle, so weak is my
head, that I cannot weigh the meaning,
weight, or proper putting together of words or
syllables - You will therefore pardon incoherency.
If you hear from me, you must have such
stuff, and I have been too often assured
from you, to doubt one little of the happy
reception of my most futile letters - If I am
happy, it often arises in the warm correspondence
to a friend, I am apt to feel the very
tingling of the Brain, and the most awkward
conceits of the heart; but they are such
feelings which unlock the granary of my soul
and if some and light appears,
it is essential, or more properly, unavoidably
connected with the good - my very senses
feel crooked and perverted, which gives
distortion to what I write - but I am
led along to apologize till my sheet
draws to conclusion without assuring you
of the respect I feel for you, and how much
gratification a letter from you would give

me, but it would afford a still stronger
one to see you at our house, wherein you
would be thought no stranger, but a
guest of the most affectionate, free, and
intimate kind - With a mind sensible
of your kindness farewell

R Lloyd

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