

a very affecting narrative worth printing P.F.  
 Extract of a Narrative of the affecting

Death of Mr Thomas Manning, Norfolk. —

————— About 4 o'clock on the Thursday  
 afternoon (Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> 1795) he seemed wonderfully al-  
 tered for the better; he spoke cheerfully, & answered the  
 inquiries of his Friends with readiness, & great hopes  
 were entertained of his recovery — tho' Dr F. still gave it  
 as his opinion, that the shock his body & mind had  
 received in the dreadful scenes he had gone thro, had  
 intirely broken both his heart & constitution, & would  
 finally bring him to the grave — his unhappy Father  
 was too well convinced of the truth of Dr F's prediction,  
 & refused all the flattering <sup>hopes</sup> held out by those more  
 sanguine Friends, whose wishes misled their judgement.  
 The poor Youth, whose case I am relating, was most  
 affectionately beloved by all his relations, & the thoughts  
 of parting with him thus in the prime of his life, & at so  
 short a warning, wrung their hearts with grief. —  
 Towards Evening he became more pensive again; he often  
 sighed deeply, & taking hold of his brother's hand, said in

a low voice, "My dearest friend, I feel I have but little longer to live, - don't let my friends feed themselves with delusive hopes - that sudden appearance of amendment this afternoon was only a symptom of approaching death. - It grieves me to undeceive you, & to see you all so afflicted - I could have wished not to have parted from you so soon, (here his Brother could no longer refrain from sobbing aloud) - but, my dear William, I beg you will try to stifle your own sorrow, & comfort my poor sisters, & my Father - I'm afraid they'll take it too much to heart - try to engage them in other scenes, as soon as you can, that may dissipate their melancholy. - There is but one thing I repent of, in this shocking affair, which is, that I shot at the villain, who stabbed Mrs Brune - I cannot justify murder in any case, - but the aggravated cruelty of the Hell-hounds & the sight of of her child still writhing in the flames - Oh! - my blood chills now at the recollection - that cruel blow on my head was but half - Here his voice failed him, & he sunk down in such agony, that the drops of sweat fell from his forehead, & D<sup>r</sup> F. insisted that he should not again be permitted to lead the discourse to that subject. When he was somewhat calmer again, he looked wishfully about the room, as if there was somebody missing, he wished to see; - "My Dear Tom" - says his Father, "who is



it you wish to see? — any body you'll name shall be sent for immediately — He fixed his eyes on his Father eagerly, & with hesitation, & gasping as it were for breath, he exclaimed — 'I must not — oh — don't let my death be put in the paper — she does not know I'm dying' —

Who, my dear? Interrupted his Father, — upon which question, a faint blush overspread his face, & he silently sunk down upon the pillow. — After this he became confused & wandering in his discourse, frequently crying in an angry tone "Why don't you let her come up?" — but mentioning no name; — then he would subside into the lowest dejection, & in the most despondent tone exclaim — "Has she quite forgotten me? — Is she really unconcern'd whether or not she ever see me again? — I hope she won't laugh, when she hears of my death? — then seeming to recollect himself, — "Oh my best beloved, forgive these unkind thoughts of my wandering brain — alas! — you little think you have seen me for the last time! — laugh! — No — far different emotions, I know, will swell your gentle bosom, when you learn the death of one you formerly honored with your friendship & esteem. —

Is it all over! — will the scene close, & shut me out from you for ever, — & shall I really never see you again? — Oh sister reflection! — Could I but see you once before I die to bid you a last adieu! it would be a consolation — 'twould cheer my dying spirit — but I go — & you know it not; — when my eyes are closed for ever, you will say, — "She has left the world, — & never

bad me one farewell" — but the sound of that voice, so dearly  
loved! will no longer reach me — I shall be mould'ring in  
the silent tomb. — Well, my dear friend, don't let my  
death, when you hear of it, make you melancholy; shed one  
tear in memory of our acquaintance, & when you recon-  
over those, who have been your friends — don't forget poor  
Manning! — The dejected voice & manner, in which he uttered  
these ravings of his imagination, melted some of the by standers  
into tears: after having exhausted himself, he sunk into a gentle  
daze, upon waking from which, tho he was evidently much weaker,  
his mind was perfectly calm & collected: He beseeched his friends around  
him, & after having addressed them in a very animated & pathetic  
manner, he continued thus, — " & now I have but one subject more  
to trouble you with — a subject that — well! (pausing, & wiping  
off a starting tear) tis of no use now to stifle the emotions of my  
heart — what I wished to say is this — I am perfectly conscious,  
that before my last daze, I was delirious, — & I make no doubt  
but that I talked upon a subject that is ever near my heart. —  
perhaps I mentioned the name of the lady — perhaps, (for I am  
sure I don't recollect a word that I said) my discourse may  
have given rise to suspicions injurious to her character — but  
I do now solemnly declare, that if any thing that then escaped  
my lips, can by any construction be made to sully the purity  
of her character, it is to be considered as the ravings of a dis-  
temper'd brain, & has no foundation in truth — & this I beg  
to be taken as the declaration of a dying man; — If I did not



mention her name, it is all very well - If I did, I charge  
 you, William, (addressing himself to his brother) to tell her  
 my last words, & to give into her own hands a lock of  
 my hair. - carry her my last farewell - tell her I  
 remembered her in my last moments, & bless'd her with  
 my dying - Oh - tis all over - I feel - farewell!  
 - fare - remem. With these broken sentences on his  
 lips, he expired without a struggle; at about half past 10.

Character, by an Intimate  
 Acquaintance

To truth, & Honors laws a zealous Friend  
 Convinced of Faults, those faults he strove to mend,  
 Warm & sincere, he play'd no double part -  
 Fly poe'rissy he scorn'd, & tricks of art,  
 Nor bad his lips deny the feelings of his heart.