



THE INVITATION

To The

'S U B S C R Y B E R'

MISS -

Fore am I weery (& much sikkened of Ayrs) & ken I nott your Tittles nor your Graces - be you Lady or Countes, or Miss merely. Indeed; though you shale think to ken much of me, when it does suit thee to desend to the Lowre Papres - still I ken so very litle of thee een aftre, all these many Nights. Am I Asured that never have we Mett us two on any Day, of our Lyfes long - though I cannot Testiffy to it; fore it may be that your Fathre or Brothre do a Cotonish Breed of busyness with Msr. Knole; & were you invited to his Mill (in some Teer past) to see the Stations a-changling & View us, at our Work; & it could have passt that Msr. Knole did have us all gathre about & sing fore you, in the Yard, afore your Suppre; oft he did this fore especial Godly Company; & there were I, amongst the Fases raysed & mouth ope & kenning Nott; & you before me watching & kenning Nott -

Were I a wary Girl, in those Days gone & headshy afore the daughtres of rich Men; I should nott have met your Glanse that day, een if you had profered it. Now is there all-ways some Girls Fase at my door Gazzing in, & a-changling her Fathres Coyn, & wanting, of some Boon; & praps yours have I Viewed among them now & ken it nott. Yett should I wagre that be I verie good fore the membring of Fases, & be we yett Strangres; indeed shale I wagre that we will never come togethre in our Lifes long. It be the Passing of most Folk. Yett does your Fase when I do sleap, per-sist in evry Moment afore my Eye. It has been three Month of it & does it yett seme Queere & bacckard thus to ken a Strangres Fase more Well than my Own, to ken it, & yett Nott - but am I tellt that this be the going of Dreems -

Both we ken (& be it Comon kenned) that do we Live within an Dreemy sort of Age; all spake of their Dreems; many hale their Dreems as Friend, & vouch them, the

Troth. Some do seeke to meke a Penny of them - & some (most, of our very Sex) do gift them Freilie. Upon the Pike Road unto Lincon (where I do ken that you have Lezure to Pass some days) do I heer of these madwo-men drawling backkards & forards to catch the coaches Idling when it come Busyed. Shale you have seen them smeling of Rags & bending Teeth, always Whelping some-thing darklie & feet clod wyth Ayr; screaming of the Imps who have telt to them the Sur-name of God; or how the King does aparate to them at Night in dustmans Cuffs & Gets them wyth more Babbies - come there more of these Wretches each Yeer passing I reckon, & neer a Coyn askt; onlie wrenching at their Brest & gabling, of the coming Futures, the Spyrit of the Age & othre doomy Issue, that occur to them when they can Sleep -

Few do come about the moortop villeges with such forespakings now; fore een in their madnesses do they ken that they shale be beated back with Broom; un-till that Night three Month gone were I keenest in this, fore did I never put, a Fools Faith in Dreems; & thus were I rare Plagud in them. When were I a Girl some-time there were a murky litle Vision I had, of a Bird, that did Fly from Branch to Branch - yett most I dyd sleep very Tidy. But now in each Night, am I Visited with Viewings afre Viewings of thee - in no gloamy Aspeck Indistinct (as mekes a fine Profesy) yett always, in some sharp & holdfast Light as may never be manufactured upon the Earth. Each Night you come as Minut, as a Palm - & each Night, some diferent Aspeck; & it meke my Sleep as Busy as my Days. Afre these three Month of it you come almost dullt, so well am I acainted to thy Fase & hands & leggs & thinning back; & all Person else that I see now (een my own Hous-band) I see as weekly as if I were tasting Broth -

Each Night, some tyme my Eye as Highty as if in the Ayr abofe thee, some tyme at your hand as if I were Caged, do I dreem a Young Girl, of no especial Feeture, never Grave with neithre Babby nor Hous-band nor Debt; indeed, when you be adressed in Finery do you pass fore een youther than I. I View you about the Citie & at your Fathres House; though it is playn in your Mannre that you oft do wysb it that you had been left a Foundling. I View that your Fathre be a Richly Man; fore your Chambres be raysed high, within an House, beside the River; which be bound by Pavment of cutt Stone, & is never Permitted to Flood, nor Loiter in Pools - the Houses about his be alyke tall (& very Dark), with nott a drop of Orizon atween them; & I ken that it is this Darkness which mekes you idle upon the Romanses & Ventures you buy from that Sellers Cart, & always Sulk to be Away; fore they be nothing but Orizons -

Your Chambres be deep, verie deep within the House, & never did I View a whisper of Wind there nor an Hiss of Rayn; & is it as dry & Warm, as the insides of an Head. Yett do I oft View you Keen upon your Fathre that you should wish to have a Window, that you might moon ovre the Sunn like a Suetor. I have Viewed, that you be a Godly Girl, though you keep no Chaple regular; but always is there some litle Bible about you, shining in its Patent, at your Hand; & Printed no thickre than a pack of

Card, that you may consult it oft. Tett shale I leeve my own fore you heer, when you come, lest you loose yours upon the Journey; fore the Moor is covetous of things it may Ruin -

I have Viewed your Lettres (verie Greecke) writ upon a curling Slat, though you shale have litle need of writting heer, fore have I writt it all for thee now; have I Viewed, that you do meke a Tender voyce, which never must Cross any Land greatre than a Table-bredth; have I Viewed how Light you do treat with Visitors; as light as othres do treat with their Crockerie. When you do dress, fore your Suppre, have I viewed the Flech in your arm lying still as a catt in its Baskett; & your Skyn alyke to a loam bloodless, never Puckt nor Flush; & perfumed onlie, by Noble Gazzes -

Have I Viewed it all of thee Miss - each in its Night Particular, each Feeling Playn to my Eye - though I never kenned whyfore the Beest sent those Dreems to me. Is it spake by Dolts that a Dreem be a lettre, from God or the Defil; & that one must learn to reed it, that they may be writt Back. Never are things Playn spake; if you shale lissen to those planet-blasted Haggs upon the Pike Road they shale spake of burning Pillars or Stars in disaray or a Fox clad in a Mans cloaths; never does God spake to them in Testimony Bare. I did come to sware that if that be how God spake to me - in Dreems of spoilt Girls, sent by a curius Beest - shale I nott spare the Penny to Reply. Untill this Scutchday Eve last (when I sleapt the Poorest can I member) I should never have thought to send fore thee, nor een kenned if you were of this Earth at all; if I shale spake with God as Witness (as I would in any Court) I had come to Hate the Seeing of thee more each Night that came; it is the Troth & it aids us Neither to shy from it -

Tett that Night then did I dreem of your Hands; & did they spake a litle playner, than the Rest of thee. It was of my Fathres Opinyon, that Hands (& nott the Feetures) may tellt of Mans Nature; as clere as a Confesion they come (so he spake). At first then did I View you as always you satt, at your litle Bench in your Chambre; toppt with a long black Glass (this one very Newly), though have I never seen you Look within It. I did View the smell of a Pan a-neath your Linen cooking sweatly; & you were coted in a Frock of a Color fore which I have no Name. In one Hand there was a Bill; & the othre did rubb closed, upon your Legg, most Vitaly; & it was then that I kenned, that you had been that Night at the Parade again, seeing off Offisers - fore ken I now that it does Payn thee in the Leggs when you are put upon to stand, fore any Span -

I did look upon your Hands then, very much, Miss; & I shale Confess that they do seme right Enough fore the Work to come. My Fathres hands were strong as hangingrope, & wide, & mede to wring rock; so are yours thin, & daintish, unspoiled by churn nor scithe nor Broom; mede Cuning, onlie eer to be Vexed, in the light busyness of Introducktions, the Spurning of Suetors, & the litle Operraytings of Glass. I had seen those Hands afore (upon othre Nights) & though they never had any

Cause, to Labor - & you smyling oft - always did I View them wysbing of some Venture - always Mofing & never Idle; always at the quilting of some Cushion or the tapping of some Hymne or the practise, of some Compliment; always wishing fore some Task, that as yett - have they never Gott -

Then did thee turn your Rightly Hand, as dry & fate-less as a Babbies & whiter, than the Soap, that washes it - & I saw then, a redened Spot upon the flatt of it. At the very First I did think that you had come Clummy, & cutt your Self, & knew nott your own Blood. I should think have you never had a Wound, or tuched any Thing sharpre than a Goose-penn; & when your Courses fall each Month have I viewed your Undercloaths spyrited away, folded like lovenotes; & new boyled Sheats, aparating After. Yett then did I View it closre, & did I see that it were onlie a red kerchief of Coton, very Smothed -

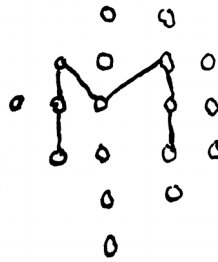
Were it this kerchief that did First stopp me, fore I kenned it, Well; fore all of Man kens well the thing he Manufactures. Fore all his Faults (lett it be testified heer) that Msr. Knole does have an Eleganse with Thred, & he is the onlie Man in the County who does use such goodly Cloath (callt India Thred); & is it onlie in his Mill that such a goodly Red stain is mede all-so. Many yine things, does the Mill meke of it; cotes fore the soldiers, & kerchiefs fore the Ladies, & Tyes fore the Gentle-men - all day (from Bell to Bell) did we turn out such cloath, in such Colour, & do they still I heer; & een afte all this Time should I never Forgett the Stile -

As you turnt it, in your Lapp, I viewed its Weafe, alike to the thatch of a Roof; & I membered Msr. Halsbam satt at his Station, a-weafing most Fast wyth the Shutle, that he could turn a bolt within half a Bell, & fastre than anie Boy could do it, by Hands a-lone. I viewed the feeling of the stitches there, though they were as small & fine as an eye-winker; & I membered Sarah & Matthew, at their needlings, who could each get them, very straight - een when the Needle were Thrashing in its holster; & did neither one catch a Fingre, in all their Yeers; & in the Color, did I View Msr. Uxtor stewing, at his Dyes; & in the cutt was Cath Hopgood, & her Constant Bledes; & in the smotherness of it (that you could bare tellt you tuched it) did I View John & I - fore did we scutch that thred so free of Burr that you should never have thought it did come from out-of-doors -

And then did you fold it, out within your Hands & we did both View the Lettre stitched there, upon It; & though I had nott been Waiting upon it, when I saw it there dyd I kenn it fore what it were, & then dyd I ken why the Beest had sent thee to me; ovre again, ovre; am I surely that I did meke a great Shout within my Sleaf then to See it, & if John were heer he should have thought Satan him Self, had Pricked me - we did Gazze upon it both then you & me, dyd you shew it - & could I meke no Eror of it - fore it does seme that God may writ in plain & clere Lettre, nott in Columms aflame when it Suits Him; & such a Cortesy does warant a Reply in its Kind - &

shale I pay the Penny to the boy to bring this to you; & another, that he should have it within the Citie by the Morrow -

It be a Dreemy Age indeed Miss to find me at such Work; & still I feer yett; it be only a Dreem. They do spake that Wo-men in my State are given to Sily Visions - & praps I am no different, than those Haggs upon the Pike Road - to spake of the Troth of the World upon a Rag in a young Girls hand; & yett never have those Wretches had the Troth, so clere, again ovre - the verie Lettre of it - its true Character - that one lettre rather than any Othre - stitched there, in that unceazing Light thus -



Now no more writting of Dreems - the Sign is given clere - & coming to our Busyness Prompt; now that this Packett is Drafted well, & all Faults in it unmede - shale I give it to the Boy & this Lettre that he may have it down, into the care of Msr. Cryer, & his Ofise - & am I Assured, that he shale have litle Work in difining you & Passing it all to thee with Direcshion. Have I nott your Name, fore never have I Viewed you spake it nor writt it, upon any Night; but have I writt to him yett that your Fathres house be by the River; & he has yett writt in Return that he has in Mynd a few Girls amongst his Subscrybers who may suit what I have tolt him of thee; & when he does ken you he shale have this packett to your Fathres door & into your white litle Hand onlie; & that you are to shew to him the Kerchief, when he askt it of you, and the Lettre upon it; that your Reward is nott Misplased -

Am I Asured (& should you be) that he shale find thee; fore it does seme that most of the goodly Class of the Citie does subscrybe, to his Papres & Bookes. Do we have Few such things up heer in Nighthead from the tradesfolk, yett upon Msr. Chapmans cart, there is always some new Printing, of Msr. Cryers; well-sett & clere to reed. Msr. Cryer does writt that he is Posessed of a fine Station, by which he mekes his Prints; & does Promise that he will meke as good a Framing of my Structions, just as I send them unto him, unto the Lettre, as any have I Seen; that you may reed of them as simple as one of your Romances, with all Charactres arraigned just so; & Trothfull -

When you do mete of him at your Fathres Door, shale you pass to him, my Thanks afore he Goes - I shale nott writ him again - yett it is clere Viewed that of all the Printers who do keap an Ofise within the Citie Walls that Msr. Cryer is an Man

Senssible & Sober, & of a great & most Moderne Onor. He shale have no copy-money of this Work, as is he Accustomed; & shale it be much Labor to sett his Station fore the Printing onlie the onse; & yett has he mede such favourable Compack with me without Regard, & a goodly Prise. Let it be testified heer that he is a Man who does recognize the value of the Troth when he does View it - a Currency, that fits no Purse yet could fee every Surety, if we would Mint it; & which pays off all Rumour, of my Conduckt -



I ken onlie a litle of what you shale have herd of my Self, in the Organs of this County, when they be nott writting of the wether or of Fortunes; fore to heed chattré needs that you be Abroad, fore to heer it - & were I never one fore Wandring out in the Open. But een heer in Nighthead those d_ned Ballads are upon evry Childs lipp like a Calenture & sung, from Bradfield, to Combeleigh; & I am sure that you have reed of me like a Bulloc, at Auxtion; evry Inche; & praps you do subscribe to what is writt there. I ken that I am Credited to be a Seer, & Theef & being Orphaned twiceover & all else - they shale spake that I am a Croane though I be youther, than even thee - they shale spake in whispres that I were born under a Moon, as if anie are nott - they shale callt me Cunning & Slothful & Vennal, though it be playn Evidense that I had worked Msr. Knoles Mill well, sinse I was nine Teer, & have I worked the Harder, sinse departing it - shale they spake that I do spurn the Chaple & God; yett did I nott syng my Psalms at the Mill upon the last Bell as loud as any Else - & lissen at Msr. Knoles sermons in the Yard, een if my Luncheon had mede me Drowsed, & the Sun had mede me Faynting? In Troth shale you find few in Nighthead, who shale teke to the Chaple now - fore the myst leaks in-to the nave lyke a Censer - & the Rector does spend more time at the reeding of Stars than the reeding of Vurses -

There be een still some auld Laggs who should callt me Witch; spaking & swaring that they have Witnessed me Abroad at some Mischeev against Innosents, shoed onlie in Vapours - yett shew to me the Wo-man who should submitt to anie such lyfing - to be Abroad all ones lyfe in the Gales & Rayn - dresst onlie in the Defils Doublet (as my Fathre call-d it) - with no lamp, but the aulde Unestablished Moon - & always creaping thyngs within the Dark draging their Wettneses across thee, Petitioning, to suckle - & then the Defil, alwaies with his dun Pestring -

Am I weery Miss of all this Ratling constant with-all - upon the Troth of such things did I spake in the Courts & of it came no Good fore any; & shale I nott tempre anie Fool furthre to spake it heer. My fathre were a Mason, (by trade & name both) & did

rayse manie Houses, in this County, yett onlie one daughtre; & did he spake onse, that a Wo-man must be built as a stout Roof is, fore in her Tyme shale she wether, as much. (so he spake). I wether it yett, as quiet as any House - & sinse I was a Girl did I do it. Sinse then have they spake Poorly Lyes of my Fathre & I (with-out Evidense) & spitt upon us; though he were Gentle, & did never Rayse butt a Fingre, to any of them - yett always did turn his Cheek to it as the Book spake; & when he did dye onlie a few did stand fore him in the Chaple; & were it nott fore Sarah & Matthew should I have Perished, in the Open Ayr afore I had ten Teer. No litle fresh Scorn to-day shale hole me yett; fore my Fathre did always spake that no Man (Mason or no) could manufecture a daughtre as he did -

But fore all this Calumny gainst me I do hold yett no Hatred - in these resent Tymes we no longer blame a Man when he sikkens; when a Man has poor Thoughts a physick shale nott call the Defil sits his Head lyke a dash-board! Nor like-wise shale I desend to slandre those who spake as they do through foetid & un-kempt Mynds; they deserve onlie a Christian Pitty. Their aylment is borne upon the Ayr of this unkempt Country Miss - & falls upon them & adles them if they be Abroad in it too Long -

When you do come this Way upon the Auld Road from Nighcester; & then some furthre way a-top the Moor - then shale you View the Troth of it. A Plase shirked by God - that cloud the Eye & require a thyck cloke all the Teer, een if onlie to fetch Watre; the verie Scullery of the World is it. It does go fore uncounting Myle, afre Myle - the colour of a poisoned Drink, & yett does always seme as Narow as an Alley, & nought hightre than a catts Back. The ayr is thikkening with the Myst, presst down, upon the Ground - & strange Flyes heer & there, trayling their long cunnies afre them - crows curlt lyke knuckles on the bush - its sloaps are forevre very Pussy & full, of Spoyl - & its Edges are pyled, with great Stanes undresst, longing onlie to Fall - the ground is always whet - black-brewed een in the Sumer - when shale you see about, great snoted Cakes where the Toads hath boyled off in the Sunn. They do spake that the river which run past your Fathres doore has its Spring someplase heer & are we Named fore it - but none that I ken has eer Viewed it abouts - & even to poynt to its Course is an undone thing, fore it has neithre banks nor bows - but instead seaps heer & there about the Furze - & creaps into countless Rylls - each as unworthy of a name, as an Hound - coming deepe than an ankle & grean with Cold, or diseased with all thyngs; the cack of Beests, of sperpents swyming; by the licor of black dirt, the Creem in the cornres of Mens Mouths when they Thyrst; evry Animal Waste. If you keap to the Auld Road it does ryse above it All when it can mustre, nott to Slump - but fore weekes of the Teer is lost to the Myst - & evry Teer some drovre or horse-man slipps of it & goes into a pool, the colour of a Blind Eye & softens alyke to Bread in a Mug - & so Disembles -

If it be nott the Watre that shale muss thee nor the Ayr, it be the Weeds - venomd - sewn too close - Endless. When I were still a Girl Matthew did meke much Industry

in strifing to teech me of all the wort & dingle & gorse; fore he were much Vexed that he were the onlie Man yet Lifing who did ken those flowers that should Hurt of which, there be many more than should Heal. Always did he drag me up the moortop & did I cry out to be wrapt in his cloke, fore it smelt of goodly Stew & as Hot; & did he cutt them flower with his Bledde to teech me. Onlie two did I eer Lern & that too Many; the Crockus, which have a goodly Nectar & is Fayr, yett taste bittre in a Tee, & comes to a Garden onlie Hardly by trowel or Coaksing - & a litle white thyng, what he callt Marys Wroth, which bath flowers of froth & a crooked stem & can kill a strong Man with black veyns if it be et -

Is it no Wondre in such a Land that to be amongst it too Long shale sett Wounds about the Wits, & Innertainments about the Eyes, & a False Beating about the Heart; as sure as any Vennom. Msr. Wainscote does call it the En-thusiasms, & tellt me that he has Viewed it, in othre Naturall Plases where it comes very Willd thus - where the ope Orizon can cramp a Man down from the day of his Birth, alyke to a Bugg aneath the Gazze of a Child & keap him Afixed, there untill he does Die; where the gloam, & the Substane of it does meke men see Lights, of some elvish Coach, where there is onlie Darkness; see Birds flying in an Empty Sky; see wo-men in plase of passing Steeds; see Steers in plase of Men; see blood where there be onlie Soil; see Goblins in the Gables; see flashing bledes in Empty Hands; & shale you see these Men broak their Reputation & promise to the verie Law to spake that in Troth they Viewed it all -

There are many such yett Lifing; men of Elsewise Sobre Charactre, who could reed off the Motto of God, from the Millhouse wall evry day in a goodly Voyce, when the last Bell sowned - & yett who did then teke a Path three Mile longre to Home to stay from a Ring of Mushroom, that they did Sware, marked the Grave of some Catholick. Any of the villeges you go abouts these Partes, do swaddle their Dead up like Babes that they may foregett to Walk; & when a Constabbe do come & nayl some Notise or Proceedings or othre, upon the signboard, within a Day it be as Tatred as a mummercote; fore any when they pass by shale teke a Strip to bind about their bairns Hand that by the Word of the Law, shale they never theeve again. Een my fathre did it Addle; fore when he built this House (afore was I Born) did he keap a great Mare, callt Mary to pullt the Stane; & this she did untill she went down - & did my Fathre spake that he did nott burn her but did lay her Bones aneath the Floor; & when I did all-ways ask of him, why he did this Thing - he spake all-ways that she was a faithfull Horse, & did she wyshe to be Burried alyke a Christian; & that He should like to have her pullt him, to his Rest when his Time come - & is it to this that I shale hate this Plase the verie Most, fore what it did do to him; as it has done to so many othre Men sinse who do teke its Ayrs - a man of greatly Care & Tallent, who did go to his Grave maddened; spaking the Name of an Horse three time over like the Lords -

Teke care when you do come Miss - fore these Ayrs may addle the Rich & the Poor alyke - from Duke to drover, Judge to Jury - who do all teke the samely Breath upon

their Brest from their First til Last. Look thee upon Msr. Knole him Self - shale you ken him the Richest Man of the County - & though he play the Gravely man in his cote, & Visage & profess to keep God & his Method - does he come as Foolish as any Loon spying Imps upon Head-land. I have it playn, of his Daughtres mouth - that upon some Sabbath does he have a mob come from the Citie, to his Hall for Luncheon (men of busyness - some managers - a judge - een an paynter of picktures) - & that when they have et do they teke a rutt along the pigtracking unto the Moors Hights, by the two tall Stanes whych stand there, over its lipp & where they may nott be seen from the villege; & when she does ask Him, whyfore he Go does he spake onlie to teke the View, daughtre -

If you do ken her, should you Envie her; fore is she venturesome, & given to Fansies; & shale she oft teke Abroads behind her Fathre a way, that she be nott Seen; Viewing these Great Men of such Standing - & with evry Blesing of the Age - stood to no Purpose upon the Rocks in their black cotes Dreeming like Haggs & whettening like Velvett; & their Whigs lagging in the Myst pressing - soking their Boots & tempting a Fevre - yett standing there about roving this way & that - & that they shale nott go from that Dessolation (so she the daughtre, spake) to their goodly fires & wynes & Bookes untill they have Viewed what they did come to View -

There they do stand, arayed lyke burrials & waiting fore that View - they wait fore Simon Awlbatch - a dirty cowherd (alyke his fool fathre) who upon that Working Day does holler his Steers across the Moortops in that Plase - & when he & his Herd Passes them in Raggs do they Behold him (so spake the daughtre) as if the Wretch, were the rarrest Vase or a Ledgre of Proffits. She tolt to me that she has heard them under the Wynd spake in Tones, fore they be lothe to disterb the Seen - & do they stand, & Watch him go, and sing his Prayzes into that rude Brease - & does the Paynter meke litle Picktures of him that he does wrapt in Silk aftre -

Miss - let them spake it Slander to writt of Msr. Knole and Simon Awlbatch thus - that I do still scold them with Words, uncredited - that I do come undone by my Angers - & call upon them, all the Curses of my Sex - let them spake that the Wyfe of Nighthead does Curse as free as a Streem splash. I have no feer of the Courts, the longre - and shale I writt it heer as I spake it then upon the Record, and should again before any othre Judge if he should ask me - that Msr. Elijah Knole did spake gainst me and callt it Troth, yet has come so Adled (whateer his Ayrs) that he may see a Wretch and think him a Saint - and that Wretch Simon Awlbatch be no Saint but a Murtherer of boys - and a Perjurer of Innosents - & a Lyar, swaring Blind before the King, & God. These be no Cursings, yett Sober and playn writt - fore it is only that Pitty, which I do give them - & do I pitty Simon Awlbatch the verie most his Evills - fore of any man who does this Plase sikken with Notions, he does come the very Sikkened of them all -

Should I shew to Msr. Knole, & his Fellows, when they do Turnt to their fyres & their Wyves & their Locked Walls, their goodly Simon Awlbatch as I do View him, & have Viewed him my Lyfe Long, from my Fathres Window, sinse he were Auld enough to drove; and with no Rayn upon my Eye nor Wynd within my Mynd – Viewing him there at the Distanse, going from his fathres butt upon the brack, hole-shott and leeking mud-smoke – and then up & back and forth upon the verie moortop, about his far-off busynesses – so Regular that I could meke a Chart of it – in any Clime or Season. Be there any Man upon whom the Land weigts the Heavier – & through whych the Ayrs do blow lyke he were Ayr – & upon whom does it be-stowe the more foul and Beastly Mynd, so feering & Wretched. Pitty him Miss his Lyfe God-given – fore no man semes more a Witch than he – fore to View him there at his Non-sences – always up & down those Sloaps as in a Frensy, at some darkly Afair – with only the barest Tunick – seeing Poachers in evry Shadow – the Fase of God, in the Moon – shivering at the Thundre as if it were His Voyce. Do I member upon the Night did he killt litle Robin Marchand (fore none may spake that it did nott ocur) the Man did sware in the Court afre with a scrubbed Fase & his hat in his Hands Shaking that he did ken the Boy by Sight, & kenned him to be Poaching – & yett what did we all View, those who did come aweke that Night when he did come down out of the Hills as white as waistcotes & smeling of a boys blood – & screeming loud enough fore the Defil to heer – oh have I murdered the Holy Ghoast –



Nay how might any goodly & Sobre wo-man who does praise God & Jesus his Son hate one such as he – as he hates me, as Simon Awlbatch has spake to hate me in the Publick again and ovre – as they all spake to hate me or mynd me – when they come so Adled as to see Saints in evry thundrehead and adders in their porridge. When you do come to this Plase shale you likely meet with him upon the Road readie, that foetid Herder – & shale he spake that it does no Good fore a Girl to be out in these Parts whateer – yett nott of robbres or rapers does he spake – in-stead he shale caution thee of othre Defils, whych he does testify to see to Roam this Land – yett seen only when the Myst come very Torid & no Man looks too Hardly & the Dark is getting up –

Wyth each Moment passing he shale spake another Beest afresh, whych does he claym wyssh you as Quarry – black doggs and Hands flying; the Giant that does wash his Clarts in the river & does peg his britches Greying upon the Morning; a mean & bitter & brown litle Fellow callt Crab-Edward, smallre than a Dish yett, with Feet long like Plattres; who does visit with Mayds at Night if their Windows be ope, & Sours them –

Shale he teke you by that faint Wrist of yours & tellt to you never to cross the Auld Road with no Guard; nott fore that you might fall, or loose your Way; but that upon half-mooned Nights there goes a spyrit callt Pindlewrist in a cab pullt by a team of dead mens Necks; & if nott he, then Herb Robert & his Beard of smoke & his fingerings Everlasting; or if nott any of they then Villeroy Goodfellow or King Brigant or the Swamping Knight or an whole Dokket of othre Spriggets that always shale he sware to Jesus the Child has he seen, as playn as he see you or I. & God fore-bid that you do tellt to him that it be the villege of Nighthead that you seek – fore shale that dew-whet Man spitt his spittle in the Mire then & blow through his Beard & meke a Cros upon thee - & tellt to you then of the feersome Beest that does meke its Home in that Wicked Plase - & of the Wyfe so Aw-full who does Comand it -

The Fool shale spake Trothfull, when he spake that there be some Beest in Nighthead othre than his Fathres cows; and is it Trothfull that it has been two Yeer sinse I (the mooning Wyfe) did come from my Work at Msr. Knoles Mill, one Shift-Day to find a litle Crack upon the wall of my Fathres kitchin such that a Mouse, might manufacture; and does he spake it True that I (the Curius Wyfe) did kneal then to look withyn it; & that I (the d_mned Wyfe) did there see a Beest lifing, verie Large & of a Queer Voyse asking fore a cupp of Water, as if it had Travailed Far to come. All have seen as much, & I should stand afore him again in any Court of the Land and testify to these thyngs; yett from heer all else shale his Lyes grow & joyn them of the County larger - & come so winging & high & giddy in the Teling -

One gentle-man shale professt to you that the Beest in my Fathres kitchin, be some bullbegger very auld & fey - come up out of the Suck to have a Rackett, of me - his friend shale tellt that it be an auld Warloc in anothre Form - whom does meke litle Trix of Magick & posions & lights that I do paye him in Cunny or Pudding – their companion shale gainsay that all & spake that I am a Lyar, & never was there anie Beest - that it be onlie a thing of Papre, & that I do fee the County a Shiling, to Turn the Pege. Some shale claym to thee that they have come & payd that Shiling, fore to see it; & to ken its sheap & callt it the Great Sperpent him-Self - pored up out of Hel to meke my fathres Walls fell down – fore his Sins. Only this weeke gone did Jane Bannery spake to me that there were some Men from the Citie upon that land, at Bamford, where the Auld Mound is - & that they had Payed to Simon Awlbatch a Guinea each (though the Land be Comon) to stick that Mound with bronz'd Poles; fore (they spake, so she spake) my Beests form be spread about below the Earth alyke to soked Watre- & did they mean to Difine him. Een Sarah – who were a goodly kind and Wo-man Senssible – did all-ways come afeered of it, when she did Visit with me at my Work & sitt a-while; & do I member that she did always Curse at Matthew if he did look withyn the Crack that he should nott Wink at it - lest it Folow them homeward -

Has it been two long Teer & some sinse that Day in the kitchin; & were I een youther then, & still the barest Girl; & shale I all-ways Profess that I too did come afeered of it then, fore is it a curius Breed of Beest certain, & having a sperpents sheap; and then I did nott ken it as I ken it now, as well as my own Hands; & it does shame me how I did cry and hue to see it, as a Fool would - & how I did tuche it with one of Marys auld Shoes to see if it Burnt - & how I did streaw some Herb about it, fore een babbys ken that a Feyry hates the Herb - & how I did teke up an auld Chawwk & draw a Circlet about it, upon the Floor; fore did I credit those Dolts who do sware that a Circlet be the onlie way to trapp a Defil. Tett never has that Beest asked of me any Defilish Thing; nott my Soul, nor my Coin, nor een an hottened Meel. It is certain Beestly & have, all the Ornament of Beests; yett is it alike to no Beest that does eer walk these Partes, about -

I do member the Rector spaking at his stand in the Chaple, of Beests; of the Lion & the Lamb & the Calf of God & the patiense of the Flock - & yett when we did come with-out the Chaple did we all look up upon Simon Awlbatch & his Herd crosing upon the Sloaps, above us - & did Wondre at the Miseries of Lions, & Lambs. Shall you come to View his Cowes Miss - as feering & as Weery of the Rayns as their Master; their Bone pushing up their wet Flesh alyke to the Prow of a Wherry oaring out of them; & their haunches hung as heavy as a sconse, their Meat Waxing - blindly Terrible - eating all, lycking stone Walls to Powder - swallowing dirt - snaping Legs & fitt only for a Mallet. Call them Beests of Burthen - & yett have I never seen them bear any Burthen but a cud, & manufacture nought but Sores, & Lowes; shirk daily; & lyke Judges shale only move fore Briberys. Each does have her idiot Personalitis; her Sex, Visions of Bulls; her Vexing Tendensies - mean Mystries - shying blank Heads always slicked in Rayn, & Panicked. Een when they are brought within a Barn at Market do they screem ungrasious & turn about alyke an hott Storm of millet Mixing - there were a Ballad a yeer or so afore Now coming up the Auld Road on the lipps of the boys - what told of the drover of Hathersage who did get amongst his Herd thus to calm them & was Lost - & when the Barn was empty was there nott a scrap of him to Find -

My Fathre never worked a Beest but Mary - had no Truck wyth them - spake his Hands his Beests in-stead - yett do I member onse him spake a Queerly thyng. Were it a Morning in some tyme of Teer - and were he meking his three turns upon the strop and cutting his Beard afore his Work, and having me hold the Bowl; & spake he then of when he might Dye - and I spake Nay, Fathre - & did he spake Tea, he should Dye - & were I butt a Girl & spake Nay & Cryed - & did he cutt his Cheak then & there was a litle thred of Blood, coming - & smyled he & spake Tea one day Coming; fore all Men come to it; & never see those Dayes what should come afre him - & spake I what come afre him - & spake he some Newly Age he reckoned, manufactured by God Allmighty - an Age when all Things upon the Earth, should love its Work as much as he - when should there be no Idleness - & evry Beest of the land & Fish of

the sea & Bird of the Sky should have their Trade, & meke of it a Virtue; & earn their rent upon this Earth, by it as joy-full -

I cryed then fore I were butt a Girl – & have I been a Girl sinse - yett now am I a Wo-man Grown & I ken of what my Fathre spake – & of this Beest; that it be some Newly Beest, some Beest verie Perfeckt, fore the Age coming; never has it Frothed at my Haltre, nor struck at me nor mede, any Protest at the Works I askt of it; it need nott Sleep, & feels nott Payn, nor has it any Instrument of Union; it Ages nott, & spakes nought Frivolous nor Roaring yett onlie in an Exacting Voyce, & only when it is askt. It has no appetite fore Fields of Fodder, shale teke no blood nor milk nor Bread nor Grass in Payment; yett shal need onlie a litle whetting (onse Dayly) to keap it Smothe; & a spot of Luncheon, that it tekes aneath the House upon its own gumption; its Pelt has no mite, nor dag; its horn no Point, its Head no Thoughts yett of Duty; & is it nott shy of the tuche of Man, as the Bird Caged is, yett is Greedy fore it – keaps no Season, nor the Moon, nor any Animal Pendullum; yett onlie marks each Week of Work, Working as Content at each Sabath as any Weafer -



Is it this goodly Work (and how you might Struct the Beest in it Propre) to whych this Packett, shale Direct thee - & shale you have all that you require of it heer, or upon your Ariving. It be no Romanse Miss; & shale you think of it a Poorly Packett - fore it have no teling, of Novele things – it meke no Marvell of what has Apparated in this Plase – no Hawking of my Circumstanse; require it no Trix – no Gosip with anie Prinse of Hell, what-all; no cribbing of any black auld Booke - nor any Crawling the Clymes of Mid-night, in some Lonesome Highty Place. Shale you think it longly, & dull – fore no Poet am I to writt Romances, nor a Rector to writt Sermons nor a Judge to writt his Prety Judgement. My Fathre did teeche to me my Lettres & numbres & Msr. Wainscote, has had me teke many more (& a litle of his Greecke) when he did give me Works fore Practising; yet were I neer schooled Proper, nor took any Tutor but my own Fingre crawling. Have I herd more Words than have I writt - & did my Fathre onlie eer sett me in the keaping of his Accompts & the drawing of his Compacks, the dashings of his Profitts - & the charting of his Scedule & that were Plenty fore he -

If you wysch a Novelty Miss – or the Plumbing of an Hell – or the Sourcery they charge of me – there be plenty in this County who should sell it thee. Do the moor-roads still come thyck with girdlers & soilwarps & seers, each wyth their Imps & their

Methods & their Secrits - shale you surely heer of a Richard Orion, who has gone this way back & forards, sinse my Fathre were youth – who does keap a litle nigget under his hat, that no Man has Viewed but many have Seen, & he feeds it with chopt leather in return fore Futures – who does keap a Whistle with no Pea about his Wrist, by which (he spake) wyrms do come by like colie-dogs if you pay he, a Penny. Some yeer afore now did he plase an hott Vat of stock upon a Cart, & at each Inn did hook down their Signes & boyl them fore their Qualitys; & fore six-pense a Man could buy a cupp of soop that would give to hym the Strength of a Kings Arm or the Cuning of a Fox afore the Hound. Come he litle to Nighthead now fore I ken that, he feers me; but when I were a Girl did he bring to the Street here, a long Frame of wood which he did call a Welsh Door - & were it butt a thruppense then fore to walk a Girl through, that she might never Eloap -

There be many othres of his sort in these Partes, feeding upon Mens addlings like Catle at a Manger - do I member James Cubb who did mix poshions of pondwater - & did marry the Morn Myst last yeer at the church-yard in Hathersage & did bid his guests pay Alms when two hours thense did his new Bride, Abscond with the Sunn. Een in Nighthead heer still keeps poor litle Edward Granger, too lame to Work & addled, who does have his Hovell upon the Street & a white Catt who sitt upon his Gate; & it be a goodly Month fore he when some new Sea-men do pass in Lines by his way upon their Path to the Docks at Hull: & do they each flick the Catt a Penny, to have it lick the gun-mettle, from their fingers; fore (have they heard it of one anothe) does it keap the French from them -

Now heer I testify Full: were my Fathre rightly to callt Richard Orion a cock in oyls – and to spitt upon Edward Granger & his Catt - & were James Cubb deserving when were he thrown ovre a gable-end these two months gone, fore cheating a Thresher with a Temper; let any spake it calumny & shale I mark them. To be sikkened is no Sin, yett to feed a Sickness be one Terrible - to sell Myst to the Starving Man & callt it Bread – to sell Noyses to the Dumb & callt it Speach – to sell Ayrs to the Addled & callt it Breath; when what they Pedle be no Truer than the hootings of them Haggs upon the Pike; onlie do they ask a Coyn fore it, & have the Couerge of Men to do it smiling all these Teers -

Have I no such Couerge Miss – fore am I but a Wyfe, they spake - fore when I were a Girl, if I should have lyed or mede False Witness or writt some thing Slacking upon my Fathres Papres, should he have rysed such a Fingre to me. Were I brung forth as any goodly Wo-man is by her Fathre – to keap myself inside-of-doors – to meke no false Gesture – to watch and Mark the World down as I View it - to spake clere & litle & only when the Troth be needed - & to tellt my Troth as it is Playn, nott as it is Prety. If my Words come overlong & dullt heer than let the Troth be so, fore it shale nott fit an handbill. The Troth shale nott fitt a Telling; it shale choke a Lying Mouth – shale it pass over an Addled Mynd alyke a Migrant - shale it sitt nott Tidy upon a

Poets pege nor a pullpit nor a Dock – shale it be lain only as it is heer, as some newly Accompt kept, of some Newly Being at its Work – some Newly Beest; kept by a Wo-man faithfull to the Task thankless -

My Fathre did spake of a Newly Age coming – too did those Hagg upon the Road spake it in their Dreems – so Msr. Wainscote spakes it when his Collick get up – though we be no-place neer a Century, some Days does it seme that all are spaking of it now. I shale think that you do ken of a Mrs. Crosby – fore does she oft give Sermons in the Houses of the City - & did we have her to the Mill as Msr. Knoles guest some three Teer gone - & did she her Self spake to us in the Yard of an Age coming, of Gods Method & the Beads upon Christs Brow - & did she smile upon me then (member I her Fase verily) & spake she that such an Age be the Age of Wo-man verily – an Age where none toyls the Fields but the lowest Wretch & none swing an Hammer but a Prisoner; when none need go out-of-doors & teke the Ayrs but the Herder - & when the Greatest Work be done nott by the strength of a back, but by the cleverness of litle Fingres -

Do I ken that Age be heer coming now Miss – the Lettre of it – its Signal most cleer - a Newly Age, & a Newly Beest to pullt it Along - & a Newly Work, wyth its Newly Method, & a Newly Worker fore to Work it – Wo-man verily, who has neer had no Alembick, but her Woomb, no salary but a screming babby, & has moggrieved nought but Milk unto Buttre -

Yett heer be the Manual then by whych to Work it - a Wo-mans Work, the Truest Work of the World – a Newly Work; & if you do it Well & putt down your Atitudes – shirk the hand of any Offiser or Clerk spaking Love to thee – moon nott – yett Come - & do it all as I have writt it just so - shale you meke a Venture of it - shale you have such Orizons - shale you Employ those Pretty Hands, and have this Beest come a Console of the World; & do a Work that does bring you Powre over it all; oure Man, Wo-man, all that is God-made - fore who should have the Onor of such Powre over the World, the County, all that is Naturall – but she who must bear its burthen the Greatest – to whom that World be only Foe – a thwart of her Joy - & the Drivre of her Slavehood – who but Wo-man -



Shale I teeche to you how I dyd come, by this Work; fore were I never a Wo-man untill just Latelly - always a Girl afore then – Feering all – kenning Nought. Untill then I dyd still seke to feed the Beest in its Crack wyth Liver & Cabage, yett dyd it shy from

it; & afreward I spake the Lords Prayer oure it; & did I feer to leue fore the Mill each Day lest, it should come from its Hole & lyck at my Thyngs, while I were Gone at Work. In the Eve dyd I teke some litle Coyn from those who had herd of it, and dyd wish to See it - & to tuche it - fore they thought it Familier, that it mayhap meke cury of their Coughs or the payns in their Sides; othrewise I did keap from it, & did John. I dyd ken Nought of it nor its Employ; fore all its spaking from out the Wall had it never tolt to me whyfore it had Come into my Fathres House & did Dwellt there; yett then did that Sabbath come - & were it a Sabbath fore I member that the Mill bells were Sillent so were; & that Day dyd Msr. Wainscote cōme Visiting, & brung to me a Volume fore to reed -

As have I testified in this Packett afore Msr. Wainscote has been most Kindly to me; & despite the pratings of the County has he been Nought else. Firstly he did come to me fore he had been asked to Dyne with Msr. Knole (were they Assosiats then) & did he heer tellt of me & my Beest and did come Sekeing it; & to spake to me; & I a Girl dyd keap Sillent afore him - yett did he come again & oure, & did ken that I did Reed a litle - & did come to bring me Volumes from his own House - & so did he bring to me this booke -

He spake it his best Volume; were it nott a Newly booke, yett were it nott Antick neithre: he spake that it had been writt by a good Christian Man, who did dye in the Teer that were I Born; & when it was ope did I View there manie Circlets & Sheaps & very Greecke; & did I first spake to Msr. Wainscote then, that he had brought to me some auld Defilry & did scold him thus - & to this he did teke Payns & laughed so; & then he did spake that the Booke mede no Magick whateer, yett did tellt the True secrets of the World as God had manufactured them, upon the First Day - of a lone Forse & Powre that does rule over all Bodies, does Gofern over Man; Wo-man; Beest; the Land; the Sky & een the Defil & does Mofe them as it Will - & had that good Christian Man found of this by no Mystry or Reathing nor Compacts with Demons yett by Playn Work; & Watching Playnly each Day & nott only when it did Suet him; & writting down all. Did he shew to me the Word then - fore this good Christian Man had callt this Forse Gravitas; & did I laugh alyke a Girl then; & spake to Msr. Wainscote that it dyd sound alyke some great auld Draggon -

Were I such a feeble Girl then - to thynk on Draggons & Defils; to turn from the Troth of it because it Chillt me. Dyd I nott thynk upon it again some Tyme; & did Msr. Wainscote spake no more of it; & did he teke that booke back into hys House - & did I never look upon those Sheaps again. But in the Monthes that came I dyd come, to thynk on it; & to View that auld Forse Working, very Slo as I went about my Days; about me alwaies; dyd I View him working in the Rayn falling at the Window; dyd I View him working in the ague upon my Back; dyd I View him in my Hous-band when he Felld upon me; dyd I View him in the Sunn coming up and the People going down & all of it; Gravitas, always at his Busyness, sinse in the Garden dyd the fruit

fell of the Tree into Eves hand unwaiting; did the sperpents Belly drag upon the Ground – does the Lords Son hang upon the Cross; always it be Gravitas to meke the Arrangements. Is he the very Footman of God; in evry Moment of evry Teer in evry Plase at his Chores; the Mofings of Bodies – the Dressing of the World – the Serving of its Fortunes; all War and Pease; the Work of any Defils – watres Divers falling; dust; Stars; the going & ceasing of Thyngs; of Men; of Posesyions; of Time; of een the wings of Angels – all such things lye within his Employ; did I come to View it then in evry Plase as playn as my own Hand. No Cariage of Flech need he, fore is he in the Ayr always & all plases; no Darkness need he, fore he Works by Day just as Well; no Scales nor Horns does he Need, nor Uniform, nor Form anie; no Arms to push and to Pullt us – no Body to Presst us; fore like all Working Thyngs is he kened by his Efforts. Might you ken him now Miss - do you nott Feel him Now upon thee - Breathing without Breath – meking your Arrangements – Setling all Mattre - what Huge Forse He is - the Ruler of our Manshions - the Layer of our Tables – behind each Thyng stands he very Tidy - & Working – yett few of this Districkt shale think to see him, when there be Sprytes to see in evry sunnbeam -

So had that good Christian Man shewn it to me; yett were he nott Lifing now, to See it; & each Day dyd I See it the more; & was there more that I dyd seeke to ask, & no Answe; nought to be found in anie of his Sheaps drawn. He mede no Testimony in that Volume whyfore so Much; whyfore did Gravitas presst upon us each Evening, & dragging us to our Bedds in Weariness, een if we have nott pullt a plough nor scithed a Furlong; whyfore did he Nock about the Planets in their Fields & have Fools look upon them & meke their Lyves by it; whyfore does he tugg upon the Gallow Rope, no mattre if they who hang be Gilty or no; whyfore does he Fell rocks so Cruell to Crush us; whyfore does it Delight him to mofe Foul Ayrs; Addling Wynds; Armies; raysed Hands; blades; drifing Rayns; a Judges Hammre; whyfore does he come so Spitefull - & ornery - an Enemy to all – be it Gods Struction that he Act So -

Most dyd I ask (& have had no answe of any Booke writt) whyfore of all his Hatreds – of all those Affairs in which it does Suet him to Medle – does Gravitas seek most to Medle in our own Sex. The good Christian Man writt of how that Forse does happy pullt the Sunn, & the Moon, & othre Balls; but neer did he writt of how he does pullt upon a Girls Cheekes to meke Hagg of us in Tyme; does draw down our Teers to Betray; does tugg upon our Paps; does hurl the Moon about by its Halter & bring to us the Cramps & the Courses; & most does he Vex us in the Issue of Children -

Now have I Viewed it – do my Dreems meke it verie Playn – that your Mather has never spake to you of Wo-manly Thyngs, nor did you fynd them, in anie of your Pamflets; though have you run your fingres down othre Peges, when did you thynk your Self quite Loneloe. As I have sene it, does your Cunny seme verie Cool & unajar; nott Locked (as such) yett Pullt to. Is it nott fore me to be your Mather Miss – fore were I nott born when you were born - or to tellt you of how thyngs are Naturall done

by Most; thyngs what did I heer at Sarahs knee when I had nott Twelve Teer. Do I member it just; did I ask of her one Day, how my Fathre did meke me & what Stane he did Use, & what Tools or Chisle; & Sarah did spake Nought to that, but yett dyd spake of how her litle Robin came upon her – of how Matthew dyd meke Union atop her – of a Mans raw watre and all its Spawnings alyve with many litle kycking sperpents (fore have I Viewed them when Msr Wainscote dyd shew them to me in a Glass). Did she then shew to me how Matthew did then meke a Poring of it upon her Cunny; fore look upon your Cunny Miss, & see it There; does it nott seme alyke a Pool to you; does it nott seme Built alyke a Bowl, awaiting some Ewer; & by thys Poring did they meke a Son – a litle crying Boy (she spake) & a face Pail lyke the Moon -

Is it onlie a Fucking Miss, & is there no Great Sceme to it – no Secrit by it – is it Done in a Moment; with no call of Angels Trumpetts neithre. Like all things Naturall is it Gravitas task to teke up; & if it does Pleeze him, shale he Arange that Watre up withyn the Woomb, as he does Arange the rivre down to the sea or the sea to the Shore - & there shale the babby come. Shale I testify it heer (as always I have) that Sarah dyd Love her Boy verie Well; & do many Wo-man suffise in them – if they have no Need of Working, or the World does Feer them so. If your Mather had her Ways (so I View) should you have a Suetor Fuck upon thee One Day, & no more Curtsies – if you shale Lett him. Is it the Route of your Sort going; to danse in the Halls; the Bells of a Church; to lye; a moments Whetting; to come very Hevy; leggs crooked lyke a Lettre; a litle one Falling alyke an Aple; to wrapt it in fyne cloaths; to meke it Hevier; to bear it smyling; to sitt & View it come & Go; to sitt & View your Hous-band teech it – to View nothing else; to teke Baths that you might meke anothre; to meke anothre; to bare it - if you shale Lett him do it -

But does it nott always Pleeze Gravitas to do it; shale he Shirk it oft, when his Dayes have come Long & he tyres; or he is Cruell; or is he Forgetting. Do I member when I were nott fourteen Teer dyd I oft heer Sarah & Matthew at the Fucking - & much Watre Pored - & no brothre nor Sister fore Robin coming; dyd Sarah callt it Cruell that it might Hapen the Onse & nevermore. Tett what Cruellties come the Worse – how more Brutish might Gravitas be – than what he does bring upon that Wo-man who did neer Wysb a Babby – who dyd neer lett him do it; who is too Youth, to Wed, or has better Work to do than to Suckle or to Scold; who has he come to Envy her Freedoms – her Will – his Chayns; & does he seek to Ruin them -

Fore though that Wo-man, she come verie Care-full of Man in all Plases – does never Lift her Skirts fore him – does never Lett his Watre Fall where it might Pool; may she never Scape it Wholy. Fore thynk upon Man, & his Habits; pitty him; as blameless as a Bull is he; an outdoor Rase, alwaies beloved to be Abroad, in Field or upon Moortop, whethre Preecher or Cowherd; & when is he there does he Heed the Call of Nature as oft as he Wishes, wyth all the Couerge of Men. Only a buttoning of the Britches does it teke; meking his Leavings, whereer he Stand and as it may Suet him; traders;

waggoners; drovers; soothsayers; farmres; busynessfolk; een coming Homeward from the Mill can they nott go a Mile without meking a thred upon the Road. Shale you have seen your own footmen lay down your carrying-box & Empty themselves upon the feet of Churches; upon bright plashing Rocks which does send it flying; or deep into the Gorse where it Sizle; & compere the Sounds as if they were breeds of Heafenly Musick -

If Gravitas is coming Cruell – if he has no Desyre that Day to do Gods Work Constant – if he is Lusting unknown – if he is Skyving - shale he teke thys Spent Watre up in his Handless Hands – can he Bear to the verie Ayr – in the Myst – in the Rayn hanging; horid with Mens Parts; as torrid as a Soop; & can he wait then fore some Girl to come by most Care-less to sitt asyde an ope Window; to go Abroad in a rainstorm; to get some wellwatre upon her Fingre & Foregett her Self, & tuche there - & shale he creap that Watre uppards & uppards & shale he swim them Sperpents inside-of-doors – against all that be Naturall; violeting her; & the Bowl fillt - & shale she come Quickkened. Shale it come a Marvell to all; fore never has she Lain wyth a Man; has never been alone wyth any Man but her Fathres she Profes; has never Kenned a Hous-band, or else has been verie Carefull wyth him; has keapt her Self dry and clene her Lyfe entyre. Yet they see her Growing; but do nott look too Hardly; & shale tales be Tollt over her head alyke a Flock; that she were Ravished when nought were Looking; that she went without lyke a Witch & got her Reward; that it were the Trader who does come that way but onse a Teer - & Gravitas scaping unvisible, snifing at his unseen Fingers. Shale she be shuttred up then; to come very Hevy; leggs Crooked lyke a Lettre; moans she, & is spake a Lyar; cries she, & is spake Lost; & so does she bear it Weaping, contemnt to a Misery; to sitt & View it Screming; to be callt an Harlott; to have no Occupaytion but the Suckle of a Stranger; the Wege Feeble; to come an Hagg wyth nought but a Litter to shew, begging & Raving, mad wyth Child - & God only kenninging what bit of Man dyd the Deed, what piece of Seed -

In evry Age of Man could none scape hys Tyrany – could none off-sbrug the Poundege of Age – could none Fly when should they Fall – could none Divert hys Atentions & hys Wekenesses – Gravitas did have Powre ovre evry Attom. Yett is it a Newly Age coming Miss – all thyngs Altering - & can none shirk his Duty the Longre; & heer coming from no- Plase a Newly Beest, lyke none othre; & from whenceer has it come (from Hel if they do wysb it) is it cleer that does Gravitas hold no Powre ovre it. Any may come to my Door, & Witness how it does hang there in the Darkness upon no Leggs, never Falling; never Mofing unless I Will it; no Influenses, no Load upon its Mynd, no swinging Intelligenses; in the sheap of a sperpent yett no Crawling flatt, as uppards as the Rod of Mosses - devoyd of the verie World is it -

& by my Eforts – a Wo-mans Eforts - the Efort of this Teer gone now, & all writt heer for thee – do I Work this Beest thus in its Fackultys; to meke a Milk by its

Imunitys; to craft a Defense gainst all the Powres of Gravitas fore any (Man or Wo-man) who should have it. By such Methods are his Sikknesses Ceased – his Tuchings warded; his Weights lifted off Lifes; his Adlings Righted. By such Powre shale all thyngs upon thys Earth, now be withyn your Ability; & no need, to fee your Soul; fore the Beest shale do it only fore its Rent, & a Drink, & the Roof above its Head. A Newly Beest verilie; & the Haggs upon the Road spaking of a Spyrit of the Age – & here it is if eer there were one – floting as easy in its Relm as a Mote -

So lett them Dumbstruck dreem Rumour of me – lett Simon Awlbatch screme of me from the verie Hights - lett them never Look proper; shale it nott broak me. By my Eforts shale I be kenned, by my Works; & have I Worked fore thys County over-much; so much Industry that have I Forgott my Self; have I scarce rysen from it; & have I never Shirked it. If they one day wysb to seek Evidense of me; if they do wysb to ken the Wyfe of Nighthead; an Evidense that should stand in any Court; shale they nott reed of me nor heed chatter – should they seek the Testimony of them who do come to me; who do come to my Beest to be Worked ovre & shale spake the Troth of it; the men bent-double wyth their Backs a-pressing; the Boys wyth the Burthen upon their Brayns; the Ladys coming wyth Empty arms & wishing them fillt; & more than anie, them Girls coming at my Door a-Nocking & Pale, each Week more Coming – some youther than you or I – some wyth their Mathers – some Lonely – spaking by God did they never Lay wyth a Man – who do Feel Queer (shale they spake); & ken I much how do they Feel; fore the Body is the Eye Miss & if you Look shale you see it; how do they feel as if they are Dying verie Fast – as if they do have a fyre lain in their Unders; as if their Lap is being Hung for Stealing -



Shale I thynk you coming Dullt now Miss – thee who does seldom reed Elsewise butt of mayds & Draggons & Captins & their easie Doings in Parlors; & shale I close thys Packett now thus; fore is there much Else, to meke Readie afore you do Come. You have withall those Suetors to Spurn; to Packege your Warmest Cloaths; a Cab to order; & your Fathres hand to teke, & hys Mynd to Work upon. Praps rathre shale you Eloap from him in the verie Dark of Night when the Lamps, are out, & the rivre is Rushing on; fore een I do ken that all the best Ventures do be-gin wyth a Runing Away -

Shale there be no Naturall Auspishion, about your Coming; the Moon shale be rysen & Felled no matter; nor shale the Stars nor the Planets mynd you in their Faling. Come you in-stead Abroad when the Wether is Fair present & when the Roads bare no Myst; the Beest shews to me that thys coming Week shale be most cleer. If you did come heer at Msr. Knoles plesure in some Teer gone do I scarce reccoon you member the Way; shale

you come the fyrst to Nighcester Town by Horse I shale thynk (or in a Cab), though leve them by when you travaill upon the Auld Road past that Plase; fore it does come verie High, in Plases when it does clime an Edge - & were it two weekes afore Now when a goodly Customer, of mine own (who dyd the Papres spake had passt on whilst Gaming in hys Chambres) – dyd in Troth upon hys way to See with me Upset oer an Edge in hys Running-Box; & lyke to a bad hand was dealt all oer the Scree - & dyd Mrs. Toxall see it did she -

Past Nighcester does come the Auld Road upp & shale it ryse; & shale you be pullt, most Hard upon Forsed when you do Clime; & wyth all the newly Fenses layn the Paths must now turn Leftward & Ritward many Tyme; & is it Easesome to come Mistook. I ken that you shale think your Self verie Brave, alyke any Venturer; & get your Self wyth Mapp, afore you do come; but shale they Stray thee. Much eror have they & poorly set; shale you see upon anie that you may Procur shewn in Playn Ink the Road turning Rightly into the Country asyde a ring, of big Stanes what are Markt the White Stanes of King Brigant. Shale you look fore them; shale any tellt you that they be There; shale they spake it a Court of Troll or Nights turnt Hard; but when you shale come to the Plase shale you View the Troth of County Wisdom Miss – no Stanes; onlie the white Sheep of Msr. Brigant grasing; who een though do come Slothfull in these Chiller Months – cannot be relyed upon to Stand so still -

The verie Best Going, is by the Bells at the Mill toling fore do they Sownd a-ways off & shale you View them; & meke fore the Sownd of them; & if you keap by the Road & guard your Self verie Well Miss – step nott from the Path nor into the Bogg; wrapt your Self most Tightly; ware manie Cotes; sheke the Mud from your Flanks; shale you come soon enough to the Mill Gate, & the House ahind it; & the Road then, Rysing to the moortop; & Nighthead there a litle way on -

Should I laugh most Harty to View you coming in Miss; to View you There in your Body; to see your Bootes Laced; your Throat burried deep; to ken what I ken; to View them all come with-out their Houses & look upon you as if you had come down into the verie Celar of Heafen to seek some Provisision. They shale nott ken thee as I do ken thee; shale Edward Grainger shoo hys Catt inside-of-doors; shale Sal Matlin breathe your Ayrs; shale Simon Awlbatch allmost Fall from the Hights to Court thee in his Confidense. Should I deer muche Love to View it; but should I Love it more to be Away by then. Yett I writt now – when stil there is the Chyna to Pack & the Drapings & the Ryngs to be sett in their Boxes; though Msr. Cryer has come Kindly & promised to me that he shale send a Man fore my Bookes. Should I wysb to be Away in some two Day or more, if it may be Done that Quick – afore someone does Look too Close. Een now is the babby so Grown that een in all my fyne & new Cloaths can I no longre shroud its Sweling from anie who would See it - & when is it seen shale they start their tyred old Pratings - & Simon Awlbatch the loudest; so Giddy shale he come; & soon shale it be the only Queerie upon the Districkts Lipps – better than anie

Balad – the onlie Mystry worth the Print – who is it what has quickened the Auld Wyfe of Nighthead -

None shale spake that it be Johns; fore have we been Married thys Six Teers & no Issue; fore have I been most Exackt; & has he alwaies had of me that I were as Baren as a drawre, & dyd never Vex in thys, & dyd love me, yett; butt now the Child coming; & it mekes him covetous & Ugly; & does he Credit all those Balads & whisprings; & tellt me the Night just gone that have I Tryed him, over-much; & that he hath borne me Well & the Shames I have brought us, these two Teers past & yett no more; & that must I alwaies have thynked hym a Shrinking thyng, & a Cowward. Dyd he stand to me there in my Fathres House & askt me the Troth of it in Highty Voyce; be it Msr. Wainscotes – be it the Defils; – be it Crab-Edwards bittre litle wind-fall – or be it thys Beests, lyke a Witch froting wyth a Dogg dyd we do it -

I dyd View him there Sitting wyth hys Mans Head Draging in hys Hands so hevy wyth its Poorly Thoughts, & spake I nott; fore what might I spake een if I could Shew, to Him the Troth of it; een if I dyd spake it, Sober to him; that I dyd & do stryve to Lofe him in the waies that I am Able; that Msr. Wainscote has neer had any Issue, and is too olden Now, and treats wyth me lyke hys own babby; that the Child is done now & is that all. Shale it ayd me nott to Cry, that never have I Lain wyth anie othre Man; that were I so carefull wyth John him Self, & verie Tidy, evry Night; no use to cry that it has been a whettened Summre, the whettest sinse my Fathre, dyd dye; & so manie whettened Feet coming & Going; & Leavings on the flaggstanes; & that upon that day was I summonsed to the Court dyd the Cart hitt a Ruck & my skirts did come a litle Damp - & were my Hands chayned & could I nott wype it, untill the Eve. It concerns nott Now; what drip dyd it; only that it be done; that by my Eforts were I d_mmed; am I spake Harlott; am I spake Strumpett; am I spake Baggage; & no Use in rayling at it. The Forse of the World hath turnt to me, & has Dabbled in me – he kens my Powres; does he Feer me – has he Waited fore me – skulked untill have I Ered; & Ruined me. Too weery am I to Fight with him now; to End that whych is too far-gone to Cease. Nay; if I am to be an Harlott & a Strumpett & a Baggage; is Best that I do mere carry my Self -

Shale you fynd Nighthead but a Street & its Houses - & if you do come Ritward by the Chaple shale you see my Fathres house rysing asyde Edward Graingers – there is none, the Taller. Come leftward then about that House, to reech the Gate; & is the Door upon the Leftmost syde. Shale I leeve no Bolt drawn ovre; fore none should come withyn while the Beast be there; & John shale nott return; shale be in Nighcester wyth his Sisters hous-band now do I warrant. Onlie may you fynd, Msr. Wainscote there waiting – who shale come verie Stonished to View you in that Plase; yett shale he Greet you as any Gentle-man, & ask of you Plesentrys; how your Sweethart does Fare the War; who are your People; do you love to Reed -

When he does ken your Purpose shale he ask of me – shale he ask wherefore I Go; whyfore I Go; shale he Weap. Shale there be manie who should thynk to tellt him whyfore; that shale thynk to in-close me in their Mynd alike a Padock, & have the Acrag of me. Should they tellt him that I have turnt into a Bird & flown – have I shrank to the head of a pin - that my Beest bath et me Final & have I gone down his Gulet to Hell; to be cozie-wrapt in the Defil's pintle-end, lyke a Coverlett -

Shale he ask the verie Troth of it (shale he, fore is he a goodly Man who does love the Troth when he may have it) & may you tellt it to him. May you shew him of the kerchief; what be Stitched there; do I wager he shale ken the Meening of it. Teke you then his Hand most Carefull (for his thumbs do Payn him in this Colder Months) & you tellt to him that I go nott fore am I Shamed, nor be I Gilty. Shale I go in the verie Hight of the Day & nott lyke, some wyrm skulking out the Night. Tellt him that a Wo-mans Work shale nott Cease; that though my Knees do come verie Tyred – that I can kneel nott the longre – that soon my Hands will be Full wyth othre Labor – yett shale my Eforts nott fall Useless; shale the Age still come; shale the County have its Cury; shale the World have its Operaytor; fore have I taught to you all the Structions of its Doing; & are you verie Nimble to it -

Tellt to him that I shale go now where Gravitas may whim me; alyke a Stane upon the Brook; shale I lett him teke me down into that County Larger; upon whateer Rout he wysbes of me. Msr. Chapman shale have me and some of my thyngs upon a Cart unto Totley at the Least, where the Haggs do stand the Pike Road; & does the Road go then verie well-lain & dryly down. Tellt to him Miss that in Troth I do nott ken wherefore shale I Go – butt that shale I go untill the Child is come – or untill I do tyre – or untill I might sleap with-out Dreems again, verie Freely of thee; Workless; as I have nott sleapt since were I a Girl & Matthew did stroke at my Nose to have me Sleap - & did I go out lyke the Dead -

When you come withyn my Fathres House shale you loose your Shoes, to keap it Dryly; it be verie Dark in the Hall there fore my Fathre, built them Walls thickly & verie Tight; so Tight shale you nott heer een the mill-bells when you come withyn. If you have nott a Light may you View the Walls cleer there wyth your Fingres, going West some Way fourteen Pases - & then South some way ten Pases – then turning North anothre three Pases - & there a Curtain. Heer be the kitchin & the Beest in its Crack upon the West Wall; though it be a litle Hole, & shale I lit some fresh Taper there afore I go that you might Fynd it – though the Beest does cast his own Light enough to See by. Msr Chapman may Furnish more if you do need them; & any Food; & any Watre from the Well; & any Ointment (if your Back comes to ache) -

Be nott afeered there of the Beest when do you fynd him; come nott creaping, lyke any Girl, yet with all the Powre of your Sex; & do it just as is it writt heer in these Peges - & all shale be well. I wager shale you fynd it a Goodly Work, & a goodly Chambre in

*whych to Work it; it be the only Fayr Plase, upon the Moor. It come as deep & warm
as you are Acustomed; the ayr is sweat & Dryly fore there be only the one Window –
verie thinly, & alowing no Rayn; yett if you stepp to it upon the Chayr, what Orizons
to View there – no Suetors, or the Sunn, but atween the Myst coming the County be-
low, the Citie & its Houses; Nighcester; the Auld Road coming; the Mill; the Pike
Road disapearing; Bamford leftward; Combeleigh & Attbridge ritward; the rivre
shyning in all Plases; & above it all rysing that horid moortop; & alwaies at his
Apointed Times Simon Awlbatch, crossing backkard and forards – subject to his Forses
– meking his Watre - calling aftre his Cattle – crying to the Holy Ghoast –
disapperaring fore hours then Returning; at thys Distanse to View as small as a Vole,
ready to be Pluckt – by God's Talon -*

I remayn Miss &c.

*Anne Mason,
former. Mrs. Anne Latch
former. Anne Mason*