



THE INVITATION
To The
'S U B S C R Y B E R'

MISS -

Tett nott knowing your Name, shal I ever adress thee thus. Fore am I weery & much sikkened of Ayrs & know I nott, your Tittles nor your Grases - though surely be you a Lady or a Countes, not a Miss meerly. In-deed; though you shale think to know much of me, when it does suit thee to desend to the Lowre Gazettes - still I know so very little 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 Teir 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 & knowing Nott; & you before me watching & knowing 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; still coming some, een wyth all the Storys of me -

Praps your fase have I survieuwed among them, & no longer know it. Tett 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 together now untill the ending of the World. It be the Passing of most Folk. & yett when I do sleep, does your Fase per-sist in evry Moment afore my Eye. It has been three Munth of it & does it yett seme Queere & bacckard thus, to know a Strangres Fase more Well than my Own, to know it, & yett Nott - but am I tollt that this be the going of Dreems -

Both we know (& be it Comon knowned) 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 Freelite -

Upon the Pike Road unto Lincon (where I do know that you have Lezure to Pass some days) do I heer of these madwo-men drawling

backwards & forwards to catch the coaches Idling when it come Busyed.
Shale you have seen them smeling of Rags & bending Teeth, always
Whelping some-thyng darklie & feet clod wyth Ayr; screeming 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
rekon, & neer a Coyn they askt; onlie wrenching at their Brest &
gabling of the coming Futures, the Spyrit of the Age & othre doomy
Isue, that occur to them when they can Sleep -

Few of them do come about the moortop villeges with such forespakings
now; fore een in their madnesses do they know 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 Foals Faith in Dreems; & thus were I
rare Plagud, in them. When were I a Girl some-time there were a
murky little Vashion I had, of a Bird wyth a Leash about its neck, flying
up & up - yett most I dyd sleep very Tidy -

But now in each Night, am I Visited with Viewings aftre 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 Closely, as a Palm - & each
Night, some difterent Aspeck; & it meke my Sleep as Busy as my
Days. Aftre these three Munth of it you come almost dullt, so well am
I acainted to thy Fase & hands & leggs & thinning back; & all
Person else that I see aftre (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 View a Young Girl, of
no especial Feeture, never Grave with neithre Babby nor Hous-band
nor Debt; indeed, when you be adresst 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 Poor Mannre that you oft do wysh 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, besyde the River; which be bound
atween Pavments of cutt Stone, & is never Permitid to Flood, nor
Loiter in Pools - the Houses about his be alyke tall (& very Light),
with nott a drop of Orizon atween them; & I know that it is this
Closeness which mekes you idle upon the Romanses & Ventures you
buy from that Sellers Cart, & makes you always Sulk to be Away; fore
those bookees 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. Yett 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 beer, fore have I writt it all
for thee now; have I Viewed, that you do meke a Tender voyce, which
never must Cross any Voyd greate than a Table-breath; have I
Viewed how Light you do treat with Visitors; as light as othres do
treat with their Crockerie -

Have I seen you tuche a bowl of sugarre or of salt & teke it to
your Lipps, & looking as if it is not a Marvell. Have I Viewed
little Dogs & such champing at the bones of your Ancles - &
though shale you leefe them behind you, in your Fathres House,
when you come - it Asures me to View you steer them with your
toe & correckt them, when they grow too Wild. When you do
dress, fore your Suppre, have I viewed the bone in the Flech of your
arm, lying still as a catt in its Baskeit; & 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
litle Parish of thee - though I never knowned whyfore God sent those
Dreems to me. Is it spake by Dots that a Dreem be a lettred, from God
or the Defil; & that one must lern to reed it, that they may be writt
Back. But never are these things Playn spake; if you shale lissen to those
planet-blasted Haggs upon the Pike Road they shale spake of dreems of
burning Pillars or Stars, in disaray, or a Fox clad in a Mans cloaths;
never does God seme to spake to them in Testimony Bare. I did come to
sware that if that be how God spake to me - in Dreems of spoylt Girls
- shale I nott spare the Farthing to Reply -

Untill this Scutchday eve last (when I sleapt the Poorest can I
member) I should neer have thought to send fore thee, nor een knowned
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 Naturae; as clere as a
Confeson they come (so he spake). At first then did I View you as
always you satt, at your litle Bench in your tidy Chambre; toppt with a
long black Glass (this one very Newly), though have I never seen you
View your-self 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 still 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 knowned, that you had been
that Night at the Parade again, seeing off Offisers - fore know 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 Fathre his
hands were strong as hangingrope, & wide, & mede to wring stone; so
are yours thin, & daintish, unspoilaged by churn nor scithe nor Broom;
mede Cuning onlie eer to be Vexed, in the light busyness of
Introducktions, the Sperning 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 wyshing 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 Complayment; 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 reddened Patch upon the flatt of it. At the verie First I did think that you had come Clummy, & cutt your Self, & knowed nott your own Blood. I should think that fore you have neer Worked, or tuched any Thing sharpre than a Goose-penn, have you never had a Wound; & when your Courses fall each Month have I viewed your Undercloaths spyrited away, folded like lovenotes; & new boyled Sheats, aparating After. Tett then did I View your hand closre, & did I View that it were onlie a red kerchief of Coton, verie Balled there -

Were it this kerchief that did First stopp me that Night, fore I knownned it, Well; fore all of Man knows 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 stayn is mede all-so -

Many fine things, did we meke of it at the Mill; cotes fore the soldiers, & kerchiefs fore the pretty 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 View. Those kerchiefs were the Fashion of the Teer gone - and een wyth all my Newly Coyn I cannot come by one now: but seeing it in your Hand should I never Forgett the Method -

As you turnt it, in your Lapp, I Viewed its Weafe, alike to the thatch of a Roof; & I membered Msr. Halsham satt at his Station, a-weafing most Fast wyth the Shutle, that he could turn a bolt within half a Bell, & fastre than anie grown Man could do it, by Hands a-lone -

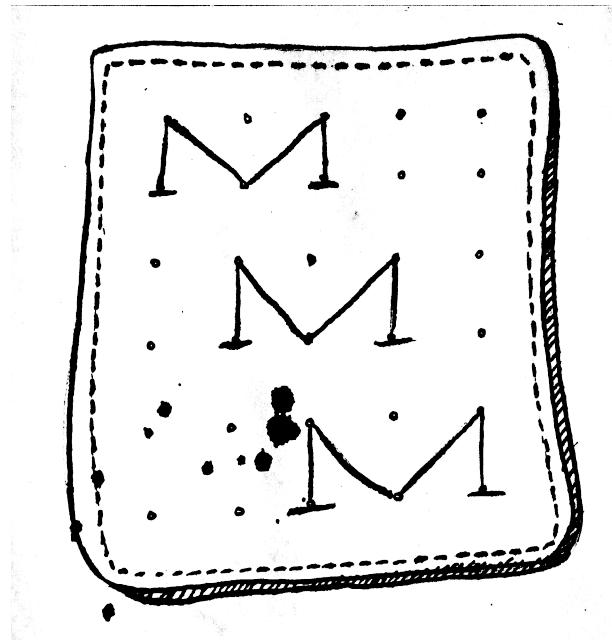
I Viewed the feeling of the stitches there, though they were as small & fine as eye-winkers; & I membered Sarah & Matthew, at their needlings, who could each get them, verie straight - een when the Needle were Thrashing in its holster; & did neither one catch a finger, in all their Teers; & in the Color, did I View Msr. Uxtor stewing at his Dyes; & in the cutt was Cath Hopgood, & her Constant Bledes; & in the smotheness of it (that you could bare tellt you tuched it) did I View John & I sending the dust a-clouding: fore did we scutch that Coton so free of Burr, that you should never have thought it did come from out-of-doors -

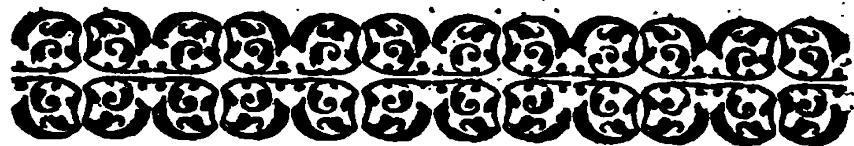
And then did you fauld the kerchief out within your Hands & we did both, surviue the Lettre stitched there, upon It. You stitch verie Poorly Miss - like a mallyshag chewing through an oak leaf - butt when I saw that Lettre there dyd I known it fore what it were - & then dyd I know why I Viewed you, each night, ovre again, ovre; am I surely that I did meke a great Shout within my Sleep then to See it, & if John were heer he should have thought Satan him Self, had Pricked me -

In the Dreem we did Gazze upon the Lettre both then you & me, dyd you shew it - & could I meke no Eror of it - more playn and Cleare

than God may writ, wyth hys Bushes aflame & doves Flying. Such a Simple Cortesy does warant a Reply in its Kind - & shale I to-morrow pay the Farthing to Msr. Chapman's boy, to teke this lettre; & another, that he should have it to you within the Citie by the same Eve -

It be a Dreemy Age indeed Miss to find me at such Work; & still I feer yett; it be only a Dreem. They do speake that Wo-men in my State are given to Sily Visions - & praps I am no different, than those Haggs upon the Pike Road - to speake of the Troth of the World upon a Rag in a young Misses hand; & yett never have those Wretches had the Troth, so clere, again oure - sent not by God nor the Defil, but by some other Being entyre - the verie Lettres of it - its true Charactre -those one lettred rather than any Othre - stitched there, in that unceazing Light thus -





SOME IN-TELLIGENCE

Concerning This *Humble Stationer*

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 – no more Mistekings in my Method – shale I give it to the Boy that he may have it down, into the care of Msr. Cryer, & his Ofise - & am I Assured, that he shale have litle Work in divining you & Passing thys all to thee with my Direcshion-

I have nott your Name, fore never have I Viewed you speake it nor writt it, upon any Night; but Msr Cryer has writt to me that there be onlie a few goodly Maids in the Citie that shale fitt. He has tolte me that amongst hys Subscrybers is there a Mary Melchett, & a Matillda Makepeace, though he does nott know as yett their middling Names – nor if their Fathres house be by the River. When he does know you proper, 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 Lettres stitched upon it; that your Reward is nott Misplaced to some othre Fortunate -

Am I Asured (& should you be) that Msr. Cryer shale find thee; fore it does seeme 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 to me that he is Posessed of a fine new Station, by which he mekes his Prints; & does Promise that by his Method he will meke as good a Framing of all my Structions & my Cards as any have I Seen - & a drawing up of the Schedules, just as I send them all unto him, with-out Adoorning, with-out Rendring, unto the Lettre; that you may reed of them as simple as one of your Romanses, 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 writt 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 Sensible & Sober, & of a great & most Un-usual 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 with-out Regard, & a goodly Prise-

*Let it be testified here that he is a Man who does recognize the value of
the Truth when he does View it - a Currency, that fits no Purse yet
could free every Surety, if we would Mint it; & which pays off all
Rumour, of my Conduct -*





A LIGHT SCREED

On The Subject Of Her Ill Repute

I know 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 Futures; fore to heed chattre 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; een my kennelled Beest knows bits of the tune, & een a goodly Girl such as you shale have reed of me like a Bulloc, at Auxtion; evry Inche; & praps you do subscrybe to what is writt there -

I know that I am Rendered a Seer, a thornback, & Theef & being Orfaned twiceover & all else - they shale spake that I am a Croane though I be youther, than een 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 & Weak & Feable, though it be playn Evidense that I had worked sinse I were a Girl fore my Father, and then at Msr. Knoles Mill well sinse I was nine Teer, from the sixth Bell unto the Sixteenth each day, & have I worked the Harder, sinse departing it -

They spake that I have all the Birds of the County in my employ, a-hanging in the sky & awaiting my Bid. They shale spake that I do meer in-cant a litle Welsh & shale I have Men lying wyth Horses. Shale een the Rector spake that I do spurn the Chaple & God; yett did I nott syng my Psalms at the Mill upon the first Bell as loud as any Else - & lissen at Msr. Knole his sermons in the Yارد, een if my dinnre 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 some een still do meke of me a Witch; spaking & swearing that they have Witnesed me Abroad at some Mischeev against Innocents, shoed onlie in Vapours & wyth Soily Hands - 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 old Unestablished Moon - & always creaping thyngs within the Dark draging their Wettneses across thee, Petitioning to suckle - & then the Defil himself, alwaies with his dun Pestring -

Am I weery Miss of all this Ratling constant with-all - upon the Troth of such things was it spake precisely in the Court & of that came no Good fore any; & shale I nott tempre anie Foal furtbre to spake it heer. My fathre were a Mason, (by trade & name both) & did rayse manie Houses, in this villege, 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. I wether it yett, as quiet as anie 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 finger, to any of them - yett always did turn his Cheak to it as
the Book spake; & when he did dye a Young Man still, onlie a few did
stand fore him in the Chaple; & were it nott fore Sarah & Matthew
being his goodly Friends 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
manufacture a daughtre as he did -*





A VIEWING
Of Her
Native Pasture

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 cry that the Defil sits his Head lyke a dash-board! Nor like-wise shale I descend to slandre those who spake as they do through foetid & un-kept Mynds; they deserve onlie a Christian Pitty. Their aylment is borne upon the Ayr of this unkempt Country Miss - & mofes upon them, & addles them if they be Abroad in it too Long -

When you do come this Way upon the Auld Road from Nighchester; the Moor arysing to its Height Flattered & Narow - & then just be-low it the villege - then shale you View the Troth of it. A darkly Plase shirked by God - that clowd the Eye & chill the Body, & recuire a thyck cloke all the Yeer, een if onlie to fetch Watre; the verie Scullery of the World is it. It does go fore uncounting Myle, aftre Myle - the colour of a poysoned Drink, & yett does always seeme as Narow as an Alley, & nought higbre than a catts Back -

The ayr is thikkening with the Myst, presst down, upon the Ground - & strange Flyes heer & there, trayling their long cunnies aftre them - crows curlt lyke knuckles on the bush - conkers upon Trees - sloaps forevre verie Pussy & full, of gruft and Spoyl - its Edges pyled, with great Stanes undresst, untidied, longing onlie to Fall - the ground always whett - black-brewed een in the Sumer - when shale you surviue about, great snoted Cakes where the Toads hath boyled off in the Sunn -

They do speake that the river which run past your Fathres doore has its Spring someplase heer & are we Named fore it - but none that I know has eer Viewed it abouts - & even to poynt to its Course is an undone thing, fore it has neithre banks nor bows - but in-stead seaps heer & there about the Furze - & creaps into countless Rylls - each as unworthy of a name, as an Hound - coming deepre than an ancle & grean with Cold, or diseesed with all thyngs; the cack of Beests, bodies burried, of spernets swymming; by the licor of black dirt, the Creem in the cornres of Mens Mouths when they Thyrst - evry Animall 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 Yeer is lost to the Myst - & evry Yeer some drovre or horse-man slippes 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

— venomed - 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 vexxed that he were the
onlie Man yet Lizing who did know those flowers that should Hurt -
which, there be many more than should Heal -

Always did he drage me up the moortop to fish in the meres - & 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 Blede, & wink at me as he winked
at efery-one - & meant to teech me. Onlie two did I eer Lern of him
& 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
hath flowers of froth & a crooked stem & can kill a strong Man with
black veyns if it be et -

Nott minding the cough it gives and the Chill it sets about the bones &
the conkers it leaves upon the Surfases of all who dally wyth it; is it no
Wondre that to be amongst such a Land 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-thusasma, & tellt me that he has
Viewed it Epidemickally, in othre Plases where it comes very Willd
thus & the ayr can mose Free - 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 Dye; where
the gloam, & the Substanse of it does meke men see Lights, of some
elfish 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 Gobblins in the Gables; see
flashing bledes in Empty Hands; see not a Fase & speake it there; &
shale you see these Men broak their Reputation & promise to the verie
Law in Troth they Viewed it all -

There are manie such yett Lizing; in any of the villeges you go abouts
these Partes, do they swaddle their Dead up like Babes that they may
foregett to Walk, for onse did someone speake to see it Hapen; & when a
Constable do come & nayl some Notise or Procedings 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,
fore they sware that by the Word of the Law shale it stop them
Theeving -

My hous-band John, who be some-time sobre - who did reed off the
Motto of God, from the Millhouse wall evry morn in a goodly Voyce,
and speake Amen when the last Bell sownded - yett could he be found
oft Crying by the Door at Night alyke a Loon, swaring to me that there
was a Voyce in the dark ayr that speake to him, and accused him of things
that he swore he neer dyd do. There is no Voyce, I speake to him, onlie the
ayr mofing in your skull - but dyd he cry still, & ask of me forgiueness -

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 Stone; & this
she did untill she went down dead - & did my Fathre speake that he did
nott burn her then, but did lay her Bones aneath the Floor, & keap her
shoes hung upon the wall; & when I did all-ways ask of him, why he

dyd this Thing - he spake all-ways that she was a faith-full creature, whom dyd he Lofe from the fyrist Moment he saw her - & did she wysh to be Burried alyke a Christian -

& is it fore this that I shale hate this wet & dull 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 & Tallet, who did go to his Grave maddened; spitting blood and brused all ovre, and spaking the Name of an Horse three time over like the Lords -

Teke care when you do come Miss fore, it shale addle the Rich and the Poor alyke, from Duke to drover, from Judge to Jury - fore they all teke the samely Breath upon their Brest. Surveyw Msr. Knole him Self - shale you know him the Richest Man of the County - & though he play the Gravely felow in his black cote, & Visage, & profess to keep God & his Method - is most Charitable, meking Lesions fore the children at the Mill, & employing none that come Sick, nor Maimed, nor anie Child under six - yett all this does he come as Foalish as any Idiot spying Imps upon the Head-land -

I have it playn, of his Daughtres mouth - that upon some Sabaths does he have a mob come up from the Citie, to his Hall for Luncheon (men of busyness - the Rector Melchet - some managers - one Justice Preston - een an paynter of picktures) - & that when they have et, & recited some Vurse do they teke a walk along the pigtracking unto the Moors Hights, by the two tall Stones whych stand there, at the verie heightiest; & when the daughtre does ask Him where he goes, he spake only to Temple, daughtre -

If you do not know his daughtre Charlotte; I should think you might Envie her; fore is she venturesome, & given to Fansies, just alyke to the Girls in your Bookes; & shale she oft teke Abroad 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 Hages & 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 spake, back to their goodly fires & wynes & Bookes untill they have seen what they did come to see -

There they do stand, arayed lyke burrials, & waiting fore one Simon Awlbatch - a dirty cowherd who upon that Day each Week does holler his Steers across the Moortops passt that Plase - & when he & his Herd Passes them do they Behold him as if the Wretch, were the rarest Vase or a Ledgre of Proffits. Charlotte tollt to me that she has heard them under the Wynd spake in Tones, manufacture Poetry in Whispres, 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 little Picktures of him that he does wrapt in Silk aftre (so she spake) -

Miss - let them spake it Slander to writh 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. Have I lernt well & bittre that to Lye - een

fore a Kindness - comes to nought. Have I forgiſen Sarah the Lyes ſhe ſpake of me, in the Court - een iſ ſhe meant to keap me Safe & Tidy - fore look what has come of her - all the County knows now what comes when we are feering of the Troth -

Well have I no feer of the Courts, the longre - and ſhale I writt it heer as I ſhould ſpake it upon the Record, afore any othre Judge iſ he ſhould askt me - no Lyes - that Mſr. Elijah Knole did profess againſt me and callt it Troth, yet has come ſo Addled (whateer his Ayrs) that he may ſee a Wretch and think him a Saint - & that Wretch Simon Awlbatch be no Saint, but a Murtherer of boys - and a Perjuror of Innocents - & 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 call upon them - & do I pitty Simon Awlbatch the verie moft - fore of any man who does this Plaſe ſikken with Notions, he does come the very Sikkened of them all-

Those fyne men ſee nougħt: ſhould I rathre ſhew to Mſr. Knole, & his Felowes, when they do Turnt to their fyres & their Wyves & their Locked Walls, their goodly Simon Awlbatch as I do View him, & have Viewed him trothfully 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 might meke a Chart of it - in any Clime or Season -

Be there any Man upon whom the Land weigts the Heavyer - & through whych the Ayrs do blow lyke he were Ayr - & upon whom does it beſtowe the more foul and Beastly Mynd, ſo feering & Wretched - ſo drudgely Moſing - ſo un-worthy of being Man. Pitty him Miſſ his Lyfe God-given - fore no man ſemeſ more a Witch than he - fore to View him out there at his Nonſences - no larger in my Eye than a Myte - always up & down those Sloaps as in a Frenzy, at ſome darkly Afair - ſpying Poachers in evry Shadow - the Face of God, in the Moon - ſhiferiſg at the Thundre as if it were His Voyce -

Do I member upon the Night did he killt little Robin Marchand (fore none may ſpake that it did nott happen thus) the Man did ſware in the Court aftre with a ſcrubbed Face & his hat in his Hands Shakking that he did know the Boy by Sight, & knowned him to be Poaching - to be ſcrumping cattle, ſo he ſpake - & yett what did we all View, those who did come aweke that Night when the Man 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 haue I murthered the Holy Ghoast -





A SURVIEWING

Of Her
Creature's Conveniences

Sarah dyd all-ways hate Simon Awlbatch, fore what he dyd then to her Boy; in her Eyes and in her Hands the most, whych dyd go hard lyke Aples when she herd his Name spake. Tett how could I hate him his own Trespasses against me – how might any goodly & Sobre woman hate one alyke he – as he has spake to Hate me, in the Publick, again and ovre – when he is so Adled as to heer Prayers in evry thundrehead, and see adders in his porridge? Do we hate the Horse that kycks us, thyning us Wolfs, or the dogg that Bytes, thyning us Burgler? To such a Beest Death should be, a greatly Mersy; to rid it of its Feers that mekes it Lash and Curse, that meke it Lye and Bellow - that meke it Testify so-

Shal you likely meet with Simon Awlbatch your Self Miss upon the Road, when you do come to this Plase – fore does he always seme to find them who are Fresh to these Partes and droan upon them lyke a Heap of Flys. Shale he be afeered of you, Miss, yett shale he Curl his Lipp still – & speake that it does no Good fore a Girl to be out in these Parts whateuer. He speake nott of robbres nor rapers yett – in stead he Caution thee of othre Defils, whych does he sware to see Roam this Land – yett seen only when the Myst come verie Torid (of course) & the Dark is getting up & no Man looks too Hardly -

Shale he sware to thee of all those Beests whom might you meet upon the High Road, & might wysh you as a Quarry - black doggs and Hands flying; a long Elf callt So & So that will theeve the ink from a well & the lead from a Pencil; a Giant that does wash his Clarts in the river & does peg his britches, Greying upon the Morning; a mean & bitter & brown litle Felow 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, & Souris them -

Shale he teke you by that faint Wrist of yours & tellt to you never to cross the Auld Road with no Gard; nott fore that you might fall, or loose your Way; but that upon half-mooned Nights there goes a spryt callt Pindlerwrist in a cab pullt by a team of dead mens Necks; & if nott he, then Herb Robert & his Beard of smocke & his fingerings Everlasting; or if nott any of they then Villeroy Goodfellow or King Brigant or Jack-In-The-Hedge 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 -

And 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 & shivre his Cloke & blow through his Beard &

*meke a soily Crosing upon thee - & tellt to you then of the feersome
Beest that does meke its Home in that Wicked Plase - & of the Wyfe so
Awfull who does Comand it-*

*The Fool spake Trothfull thus, when he spake that there be some Beest
in Nighthead othre than his Fathres cows; & 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 fisure upon the wall of
my Fathres kitchin such that a Mouse, might manufecture; & a crack
Rysing, & Marys shoes fallt to the floor with a Rung - 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 living, verie Large &
of a Queer Voyse asking fore a cupp of Water, as if it had Travailed Far
to come -*

*Many have come into my Fathres House sinse & seen as much, & I
should stand again in any Court of the Land and testify to these thyngs.
Butt then shale Simon Awlbatch smyle at thee, & Lye - & his Lyes
run into the Lyes of the County larger - & come as Frothing in the
Teling as a Hound that chases out the empty Night from the Yارد, &
expects a Bone, fore it-*

*All across the County you shale hear it, now synce the Trial. Long Tocto,
some call him; Belzebub, othres; the Bullbutcher, more oft. One gentle-
man shale profess to you that the Beest in my Fathres kitchin, be some
bulbegger very old & fey - flown up out of the Suck to have a Rackett,
of me - his friend shale tellt that it be a Wizzard in another Form,
whom does meke little Trix of Magick & poshions & lights that I do
paye him fore in Cunny, or Pudding -*

*Their companyon 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; & that they know its sheap & callt it the Great Serpent him-
Self - the Prime Minister of Hel, slivered up out of the Pit to meke my
fathres Walls fell down in payment fore his Sins. Only this weeke gone
did Jane Bannery come and 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 still Comon) to stick that Mound with bronz'd Poles; fore
they thought my Beests Length be spread about below the Earth alyke
to a Rivre- & did they mean to Difine him, & cutt him, & sell him
in Chops -*

*Een Sarah - who were a goodly kind and Wo-man Sensible - 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 come & look withyn the fisure, that he should nott Wink nor
Smyle at it - lest it come out from my Walls then & Folow them
homeward -*

*Has it been two long Yeer & 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, verie Smothe & having a sperpents sheap; & then I did*

nott know it as I know it now, as well as my own Hands, evy Parte;
& 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 old Shoes to see if it Burnt - &
how I did teke up an old Chawk & 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 fense a Defil -

Yett never has that Beest askt of me anie Defilish Thing sinse that
Day; nott my Soul, nor my Coyn, nor een an hottened Meel. It is
certain Beestly & have, all the Ornament of Beests; yett is it alyke to no
Beest that does eer walk these Partes, about -

I do member the Rector spaking at his stand in the Chaple onse, 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
surview Simon Awlbach & his Herd crosing then upon the Sloaps,
abofe us - curst & hating of their Lot, Man & Beest - & did we
Wondre then at the Miseries of Lions, & Lambs -

When you come shall you View his Cowes Miss - eye-soars 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
baunches hung as heavy as a sconse, their Tallow Waxing - blindly
Terrible - eating all, lycking stone Walls to Powder - swallowing dirt
- Twitching Madly - dreeming of Hands - Misteached - falling oft,
snaping Legs - & fitt then only for a Mallet -

Call them Beests of Burthen - & yett have I never seen them bear any
Burthen but a cud, & manufacture nougnt but Patts, & Lows; shirk
daily; & lyke Judges shale only mose fore Briberys. Each does have her
idiot Personalitys; her love for the dark Woods; her Sex, Visions of
Bulls; her Vexing Tendencies - mean Mystries - shying full Heads
always slicked in Rayn, & Panicked -

Rare shale you see a Animall that is so desprate to be Rendered unto
some Thing else - anie Lyfe but theirs - but een when they are brought
within a Barn at Market do they screem ungracious fore the Shelter &
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 Animall 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 -
& were he meking his three turns upon the strop and cutting his Beard
Tidy & clene afore his Work, and having me to hold the Bowl; &
spake he then to me that did I know that one Day he should Dye - &
dyd I speake nougnt at fyrist, fore dyd I not know how to Reed it - &
spake he clene out your Ducts Girl, & spake he that thyng again - &
spake I Nay Fathre fore did I thynk it would Pleese him - & did he
spake Tea, I should ready my Self fore it - & were I butt a Girl &
spake Nay never & mede to Cry - & did he cutt his Cheak then &
there was a litle thred of Blood, coming -

& putt he his hands upon my Neck verie Precize & spake Tea one day

*Coming fore all Men do it; & that I should be right, & that he feered
nott to miss me - yett only to miss those Dayes what should come afstre
him - & spake I what Days - & spake he some Newly Age he
reckoned, rendered by God Allmighty, coming on the Wynd - an Age
when all Things upon the Earth, should lofe its Work as much as he
dyd - 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 joyfull -*

*I cryed then fore I were butt a Girl & I knownned nott hys meaning -
& were I a Girl sinse, & oft dyd I not knowned what he spake & dyd
- yett now am I a Wo-man Grown & I know well of my Fathre -
fore has that Age now come. It came that day the Beest climed into my
his kitchin - that Beest what they call a comett-born Defil - it came to
be some Newly Beest, some Beest verie Perfeckt -*

*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 nougnt
Frivolous nor Roaring yett onlie in an Exacting Voyce, & only when it
is askt. It has no appetite fore Fields of Fodder, no burr or barb but
smothe to tuche - shale teke no blood nor milk nor Bread nor Grass in
Payment; yett shal need onlie a litle whettingen (onse Dayly) to keap it
Smothe; & a spot of Dinner, that it tekes aneath the House upon its
own gumption -*

*Its Pelt has no myte, nor dag - its body no corners; its horns alyke milk-
teeth, no Poynt - its Head no Substanse nor Thoughts yett of Duty nor
misteking of my Command; & is it nott shy of the tuche of Man, as the
Tethred Hawk is - yett is Greedy fore it, to be pusht & pullt with-out
Complain. It keaps no Season, nor the Moon, nor any Animall
Pendulum - yett onlie marks each Week of Work -*

*Nay, a Newly Beest truly - not turnt to tricks lyke a tinkers mutt
- nor the wastage of a Lyfe in Grass, like a steer - but a goodly
Work, a clean Method, & a fair Wage for the both of us -*





AN APOLOGIA
Of The Wyfes
Industries Rumoured

Is it this goodly Work (and how you might Struct the Beest in it Propre) to whych this Packett, shale Direckt thee - & shale you have all that you recuire of it withyn, or upon your Arifing. It be no Romanse Miss; & een wyth Msr. Cryers printinges shale you see it a Poorly Packett. It has no teling, of Novele things - no rimes - it meke no Marvell of what has Apparated in this Plase - no Hawking, of my Circumstanse; recuire it no Trix - no Gosip with anie Dark Prinses, what-all; no cribbing of any black old Booke - nor any Crauling the Climes of Mid-night, in some Lonesome Highty Place -

Fyrstly shale you think it longly, & dull - should it have been the longre, if all Workings of my Method Had I writh heer. Fore no Poet am I to writh Romanses, nor a Rector to writh Sermons nor a Judge to rendring his Hasty Judge-ment wyth an Old Word & a wave. My Fathre dyd teech to me my Sheaps, & had me mynd my Spasings, but I only lernt my Numbres when had I mispleesed hym, & then onlie those tween one to fife. Of course does Msr. Wainscote, have me lern much more (& a litle of his Greecke) when he does give to me Bookes fore Practising; yet were I never scooled Proper nor took any Tuttore but my own finger crauling, one sownding at a time. Msr. Cryer shale see how poorly I scraul; fore 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 wysh fore 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 & soilwarpes & quacks, & queers, & seers, each wyth their Imps & their Methods & their fancyed Blessings for the Dead - spaking to anie Man that stopps let me rendre you a Fortune, or a Love, or a ment Finger, or a new Lyfe entyre -

Shale you surely hear of a Richard Orion, who has woofed this way back & forards, sinse my Fathre were youth - who does keap a little nigget under his hat, that no Man has Viewed but many speake of, & he feeds it with chopt leather in return fore Futures - who does keap a Whistle with no Pea about his Wrist, by which (he speake) 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 know that, he feers me; but when I were a Girl
did he bring to the Streat 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, & Vux her against Lust, Meazles & falling asleep at her
Station, all three-

There be many othres of his sort in these Partes, feeding upon Mens
addlings like stock at a Manger - do I member James Cubb who did
mix poshions of pondwater & scraps of pork that he spake were the lips
of hanged men - & who 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 Munth 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
anothre) does it keap the French from them -

Now heer I testify in 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 threwn 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 -
to be so cringing & Adled that you do wysh you were some thing Else
entyre - yett to feed such a Sickness be one Terrible - to sell Myst to the
Starfing 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 askt a Coyn fore it, & have the Courege of Men to do it smyling
all these Yeers -

Have I no such Courge Miss - fore am I but a wo-man, & a Wyfe
to my hous-band, only, & afore that were I a Girl - & if when a Girl I
should have lyed or mede False Witness or writt some thing Slacking
upon my Fathres Papres, should he have rysed such a finger to me.
Were I brought forth as any goodly Wo-man is by her Fathre - to keap
myself inside-of-doors - to meke no false Gesture - to look where I were
Going - to watch the World, & nott Trouble it - to speake clere & little
& 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 then 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 pulpit 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; its Scedule kept
onlie by a Wo-man faithfull to the Task thankless -

My Fathre did speake of a Newly Age coming - too did those Haggs
upon the Road speake 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 seeme that all are spaking of a Turning now -

I shale think that you do know of a Mrs. Crosby - fore does she oft gife Sermons in the Houses of the City (they spake) - & did we have her to the Mill as Msr. Knoles guest some three Yeer gone now - & did she her Self speake to us in the Tard of a Tyne coming, of Gods Method & the Beads upon Christs Brow - & did she smyle upon me then (member I her Fase verily turnt to me) & speake she that such an Age be the Age of Wo-man verily - when Wyves work alongside their Hous-bands, at Gods good Industry - when we meke our own Fair coyn & thrifit it by Gods charity - 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 sickly Ayrs but the Herder - & when the Greatest Work be done nott by the strength of a back, or the swing of a sword but by the cleverness of litle fingers & soft Words - a Wo-mans Age she speake - & did she strike the Ayr lyke it could Ring -

Whosever Age it be Miss - my Fathres or Msr. Wainscotes or my own - do we know that it be heer coming now. I have had every Signall of it - the Lettre of it 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 onlie, who till now neer had no Alembick, but her Woomb, no salary but a screaming babby, & has mogrified nought but Milk unto Buttret -

Tett heer be the Manual then by whych to Work it - a Wo-mans Work, the Truest Work of the World - a Newly Work; & do you nott wysh to Work Miss - do I nott see your hands champing fore it at evry Moment of your idle Days - do you nott want a Part in It - Miss - fore if you come and do it Well & putt down your Attitudes - shirk the hand of any Officer or Clerk spaking Love to thee - moon nott - yett Come up heer - & do it all as I have writht it just so - shale you meke a Venture of it - shale you have such Orizons - shale you meke your Mark - shale you Employ thy self & have this Beest come a Consoal of the World; & do a Work that does bring you Powre over it all; ovre Man, Wo-man, all that is God-made; Time, Tydes, the Movements of all Gazzes & Weighty Thyngs -

Fore who is Fitter to fee such Work - to have the Onor of such Powre ovre the World, the County, all that is Naturall - but she who must bear its burthen the Greatest - Wo-man only - to whom that World be only Foe - a thwart of her Joy - & the Drive of her Slavehood - who but Wo-man -





THAT NEW & INOSENT CONFECKTURE

Of Physickology

I

It were a Day in the Winter gone last (so it was; fore was there rime in the Skillet, I member) – when dyd Msr. Wainscote fyrst come Visiting, as he does still each Weeke; & had brought to me as Allways, a Volyume fore to reed -

As have I testifized in this Packett afore Msr. Wainscote has been most Kindly to me; & despite the pratings of the County has he been, Nought else. He had come to me fyrst some Months afore thense when had he heard from a Tinker in the Citie, of some Pannther upon the Heath, & of the Witch who had Caged it; butt is he a Man of Troth, & of Aplication, & dyd he come then to surviue the Troth of us -

Then were I still butt a Girl, & not a Wo-man yett – a Foal onlie – staggering – shivering – Feering all – knowing Nought. Some munths already had this Beest stabled, in my Fathres Walls & still I shrank from it; putt a Cloath ovre that little fisure that I might not, have to See it; left out fore it, Liver & Cabage & feered, when it would not Eat; begged John not to speake to any Soul, of it, & sat Dumb when he Did; sat Dumb when he brought them Souls (couffing or heartsick or their innards all untidy) to our door of a Night, that no Folk might see them; & did I scrable for the Pennys they sometime threw fore me (mark Miss, for Pennys) when had they tuched the Beests Head, & swared they felt Right again; all that tyme dyd I not speake a Word -

Msr. Wainscote had nott come wanting of such Poor Cury; but still were I feerfull of him fyrst, & his stinking Legg & his soars & his wheesing. I knownned that he were a Quaintense of Msr. Knoles in those Days, & dyd I think he had come to ment me Harm – to see me workless – or to burn me lyke a Roach – or to teke me to the Citie to shew my Linings to his Pewpills. Butt that fyrstly time did he askt onlie to sitt, & someplace, fore his Man to stand - & tol to me that he wyshed only to View us at our-selfs; that is what he speake then -

Each weeke has he come synce; some times he dyd sitt & writh; some times he dyd askt of me thyngs that were I too Feered to Answer; then onse dyd he start to bring to me Volyumes of hys own House, fore he saw me at my Lettres & said that I might be goodly to writh, fore a masons daughtre -

That cold day dyd he bring to me, a booke Partickular. Many of his

*Volyumes are Newly, & barely Ope; but this were a litle Old; nott
Antick, yett as Old as I; & read well, many Times. When I ope it did
I View upon the Pages manie Circlets & Sheaps, & very Greecke; &
did I spake bold to Msr. Wainscote then, that he had brought to me some
auld Defilry & dyd scold him thus -*

*Then dyd he laugh pleased at me & gripe hys Legg & meke a Pype &
spake then that it had been writt by a good Christian Man, no
Wizzard, no Magick withall - & then dyd I spake what it were - &
he spake that it dyd tellt the Truly Secrits of the World as God, had
manufactured them, upon the First Day - & then dyd I tuche the book
Well & ask of him how this good Christian Man had come by them;
& Msr. Wainscote dyd spake that it were not Praying nor Mystry nor
Reathing nor Roaming nor Compacks wyth Angells, yett onlie by
Playn Work; had this Man satt within his House each Day &
Viewed thyngs afore him Playnly, nott only how it did suet him to See
them; & what he Viewed, he tryed to writt, & graph -*

*I asked then what the Secret were; & Msr. Wainscote dyd Laugh
afresh (fore it dyd meke him Pleased to see me taught) & spake, that I
would need to reed the Book entyre back & forards to know it; butt
then he spake that the Secret were simply of a Powre, a Forse verie
Greatly, that God had set, to rule ovre all Thyngs, all Bodies - to
Gofern ovre Man, Wo-man; Beest; the Land; the Sky; the Space; &
een the Defil - to Mofe them lyke Tools - to Plase them lyke dollies - a
verie Greatly Powre, allmost as Great as God -*

*& dyd I ask the Name of this Powre; & dyd Msr. Wainscote shew to
me the Name in the booke then - fore this good Christian Man had
named this thyng GRAVITAS; & dyd I nicker & giggle & champ
just lyke a Girl then; & whinned to Msr. Wainscote that it dyd sound
alyke to some great auld Dragon -*

*Mark thys feeble Girl Miss - thys dolting Foal - to thynk on Draggons
& Defils; to turn from the Troth of it all because, it dyd not Suet me. I
thought nott upon thys booke again for some Tyme; in those Dayes I had
the Dinnre to thynk upon, & the Damp - & othre thyngs slipt from
my Head as easy as a spigot. Dyd Msr. Wainscote teke that Booke back
into his House (fore was he shamed fore me I know); & did I neer
look, upon those Sheaps or that Name again, nott een now -*

*But as I have spake, have I a good membering for Fases; & some Daye
thence dyd I thynk upon those sheaps again; & upon that Greecke, &
that Name; & thought I on them Regular; when I were at my Work,
or come home from the Mill & sitt withyn my House - so verie Quiet
- a good Christian wo-man, not mattering what they spake now - dyd
I just sitt quiet & thynk upon it, & look about me, in Playn View - at
the Rayn upon the Sill; the ague upon my Back; the Sunn when it dyd
come up; my hous-band when he dyd askt to go Down; all of it - &
dyd I see the Weft of some-thyng there, evrywhere I turnt my head to,
& my mynd, stitched upon the World -*

*Like that good Christian Man I came to View there that auld
Powre GRAVITAS all about me; verie barely, nott as one sees a
Person proper, yett at the Creazes of thyngs, in evry Moment of evry
Yeir in evry Plase; by my Side, by my housbands; & by Msr.
Wainscotes & the Kings I reckon & yours & evry Persons; not a*

Draggon, yett the verie Footman of God, & as un-seen at his Chores as a Footman too -

Folk of thys Addled County will see sprytes in evry sun-beam, yett how fewe will sware to View this GRAVITAS at his Work, all about them, in the Ayr always & in all Plases? No Cariage of Flech need he, no Darkness, fore he Works by Day, just as Well; no Scales nor Horns, nor Uni-form, nor Form anie. He need no Arm to push or to Pullt us - no Body to Presst us; fore lyke anie Thyng working is he knowned best by his Eforts - & what Efort untiring thought I then -

Does Gods Booke hafe some of it Rightly; sinse the verie seckond Week of thys Earth, when dyd the Fruit fell of the Tree into Eves hand unwaiting, does GRAVITAS spend hys Days at his Work; the Mofings of all Bodies - the rending of all Thyngs; the Dressing of the World - the Serving of its Fortunes; all War and Pease; the Work of any Defils - watres Divers falling; dough Raising; dust; Stars; the going & ceasing of Thyngs; the evibrating of Ayr to meke Speach; the meddling of Men; of Posesvions; of Time; of een the wings of Angells - all such things lye within his Employ -

Folk heer shale onlie see what their dead Heads tellt them to - butt could they know the Troth of it if they dyd onlie sitt as Quiet as I dyd, & watch fore him. Might you know him now Miss if you Hush - do you nott Feel him Now upon thee - Breathing without Breath - meking your Arangements - Setling all Mattre - how he Forsets him Self - the Ruler of our Manshions - the Layer of our Tables - the Mariage of all Thyngs - behind each stands he, very Tidy - & Working - allways Working - thought I then -

I dyd sitt & View him for munths Miss; I came to know him, as I know my hous-band by hys Mofements; in his Strength & his Wiles, his Wonts, in the Wake he Leafes in the World. And then were it that weeke when the Rocks fellt & dyd fore those Boys at Brightholmlee (I member) & all were spaking of it in evry villege that lyes neath the Moor edges; & it was that weeke allso when dyd Msr. Wainscote come & hys Legg was hurting of him, & dyd he sigh & speake that it felt so heafy (that is what he speake); & had I been thyning much, & toltnone of it; & so I askt him then, if GRAVITAS were a goodly fellow?

I reckon was Msr. Wainscote then stuned to heer thys Foalish Girl speake on such thyngs again afre so Longly - mayhap he thort I had forgoten it all - & speake he then that there was no Good nor Evil to it; is all Lyfe merely Mofement & evibration, he speake (I member), & it were only the Naturae of thyngs, & the Law. My voyce dyd ryse to him then fore the firstly time, & I speake that is it neither Good nor Evil to killt those Brightholmlee Boys, or drage upon hys own Legg & payn him -

Dyd he smyle then & speake nott; & dyd I speake on that were it neither fayr nor Foul to drag us to our Bedds in Weariness, een if we have nott pullt a plough nor scithed a Furlong; to Nock the Planets in their Fields & have Fools look upon them & meke their Lyves by it; to dull our Tools yett sharpen a Robbers knifes - to hurl the Moon about by its halter to bring to Girls the Cramps & the Courses -

I askt whyfore does GRAVITAS tugg upon the Gallow Rope, no mattro if they who hang be Gilty or no; whyfore does he upset Things Plased Precyse; whyfore does he press upon my hous-band & lye him in Bed with poorly Thorts, some Days when he should be Earning; whyfore does he mofe Foul Ayrs; Addling Wynds; Armies; bad Dreems; raysed Hands; bledes; drifing Rayns; a Judges Hammre; whyfore does he come so Spitefull - & so ornery -

Whyfore does he render men & wo-man to skelingtons, mofe them to their Graves, to their Griefs - stoppre their Breathing or Permitt it, by hys Fancy? Why must he muss thyngs, when it surely be hys Duty by God fore to keap the World verie Tidy -

I askt Msr. Wainscote if it be the Law that GRAVITAS do these Things, or if he has misread Gods Structions - or if God is as Addled as all the Rest - is GRAVITAS the true Fathre of the World - as the Butler is the true Master of anie aulld House - & Msr. Wainscote then blasfemed three tymes & griped hys Legg - & dyd not lit a pype - & spake to me that I askt the wrong Thyngs -

I Testify again that Msr. Wainscote was Kindly most times, & is he still. Een if he does some-time treat with me as if I were still a Girl, undiscovered, is it playn to View that he is a Man who should stand by me, afore the Kings Judgement & have his Lerned Name broak fore me, & fore the Troth. I neer wisht him no Hurt, & so I stoppt then - & I thynk we speake about the War a lyttle in stead, & how lyfe should be in some hundred yeers, & othre lyttle thyngs; & neer dyd he answre me-

His legg was vexxing him terrible that day, & it vexxes him styll; it is the Weakness of his Sex, so he callt it. Tea Miss, a verie Weakness: men have Many. Such I thort it Kindly to askt him not again, though it be the verie Best of Queerys; fore I knownded then that he would neer Answre it if he lifed until the yeer two thousand. No man could answre it - not that good Christian Man at his Sheaps & Plotting; not Matthew at hys Poisonings; not een my Fathre, & were he the Best of them. Was it then that I mede it my Work to answre my Self - & has it been a yeers Work or more in the answring - & no Help askt; onlie to sitt verie Quiet, & to fynd it - a Woman's Work at the last - she on whom GRAVITAS weights the heaviest - & all her Sisters -





THAT NEW & INOSENT CONFECKTURE

Of
Physickology

II

Now lett me come to the middle of it Miss - do my Dreems meke it verie Playn that your Muther has neer spake to you, of these Wo-manly Thyngs - nor do they spake of them in anie of your Bookes & Pamflets; though have you runn your fingers down your own Peges, when did you think your Self allone. Is it nott fore me to be your Muther Miss - were I not een born when you were born. Had I no muther at all to teech me of such Mattres - but had I my Self, & then had I Sarah -

Was I six Teers when I fyrst walked a finger, a verie cold Wintre again were it; & I member that my cunny felt like hott Laundry then; & when I had nott yett Twelve Yeer, I satt at Sarahs knee & were she brushing my Hayrs; & had I been thyning of these thyngs, fore I was always thyning een then was I - & dyd I askt her then how my Fathre built me; & if by the same Method had Matthew built little Robin, fore was Matthew not so goodly wyth his hands & a chisle as my Fathre -

Was Robin mithering in his crib & dyd she smyle at me then a litle (I member) & spake that it were she & Matthew together that had to meke litle Robin. It was then that she tolte me of the Artickels that your own Muther should have tolte you Miss; of how Children are mede if you have not a Crafts-man fore a Fathre; of how Matthew dyd bring Sarah crockuses, from the rill-side, & dyd he Fall upon her; of his raw watre, & how he mede a Poring of it upon her Cunny; & how they had Prayed to St. Severus & left Gifts fore him at the Church, that God might fill their Garden - & how litle Robin had waxed in her belly lyke a Moon - & how bys Fase came waxxing fyrst from her Cunny, all roundly & Pale & shyning -

There be no great Sceme to it - no Secret to be kept by it - is it how most Babbies come. It comes wyth no Cherubbs Trumpets, & no hollering of Heafen; just as a Roof is Raysed is it done, wyth an Efort, & lyke all thyngs in thys World is GRAVITAS there to quicken it -

Dyd Msr. Wainscote shew to me onse (through a Glass) how a Mans watres is as alyve as a Rivre wyth Spawnings, manie little kycking Sperpents, too Smal for Dolts to Credit; & I know now how does GRAVITAS lye in that litle Brethd between a Man & a Wo-man, & teke those litle sperpents down from a Cock into a Cunny; fore look upon

your Cunny Miss now, & see it There; does it nott seme alyke a Pool to you; does it nott seme Built alyke a Bowl, awaiting some Ewer - some Mans mortar to set firm - & rayse up a Child alyke a litle Wall -

We callt it a Fucking heer on the Moor Miss, & I sure know that it be your Mothers wysh that one day a Suetor should fuck thee, & no more Curtisies, & such Fuss - 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 Whettening; GRAVITAS guiding; to come very Heafy; leggs crooked lyke a Lettre; a litle one Falling alyke an Aple; to wrapt it in fyne cloaths; to meke it Heafier; to bear it smyling; to sitt & survieuw 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 -

To Msr Wainscote should I putt thys now, if he were not so Poorly & a Man - if GRAVITAS were goodly - if the Laws were Just - if he dyd hys Work with-out Shirk - if he were nott Cruell - should it be Simple & Tyreless hys Work thus; verie Perfeckt; no Wo-man lacking a Babby if she is fool enough to wysh it; & no Babby on Earth else -

Butt do I member when I had fourteen Teer, & I herd Sarah and Matthew oft at their Fucking from my Room; calling each othre by those Petting Names, & Petting & doing each thyng as God meant it; & yett was there never anie Brother fore litle Robin, & none to replase him when he were Gone; & were they begging God for a Brother, anothre Flowre fore their Garden - & Matthew meking hys Watre, & stil none -

There be manie more alyke them in thys County & the World, Griefing - & yett een More who be Griefing a swole Bellie, a Babby coming when it be nott wanted, or there be no Reason fore it - they who is too Youithly fore a Wedlock, or een a Fucking; who has neer been wyth a Man; who has neer been aloan wyth anie Man but their Fathre they Profes; has never knownned a Hous-band, or else has been verie Carefull wyth him; has keapt her Self dry and clene her Lyfe entyre, her Bowl as dry as a Brick - & still it comes-

It be the Naturae of Thynge - Msr. Wainscote spake that Daye - & the Law. So Girlish was I - so Kindly - thynking only of hys Legg, my next Meel or turf in the Grate - should I have spake what a Law it was - what a Law that should contemnt & no Appeal. My Fathre onse spake that a Law is onlie worth them who Work behind it - & whethre GRAVITAS is slothful, or wrothful - is his Doings nougnt but Evil Miss - when een if a Wo-man, come verie Care-full of anie Man in all the Plases of her Lyfe - does never Lye wyth one - or if she does, shale never lett hys watre fall where it might Pool - if een she may fynd her-self come Quickkened one morn in her kitchin - may sicken & weary; may have tales Tolt over her head - that she were Ravished when nougnt were Looking - that she went out-of-doors lyke a Witch & got her Reward - that it were the Trader who does come that way but onse a Teer -

Whose fault but GRAVITAS then meking his Mischief - that she be thus shuttred up then, to come on verie Heafy wyth her Burthen; fettered; blinkered; leggs crooked lyke a Lettre; expectant of nougnt by Payn - moaning she, & speake a Lyar; crying she, & speake Lost - &

bearing 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 Wage Feeble; to come an Hagg wyth nougat
but a Litter to shew, begging & Raving mad wyth Child -

Blame not the Jack Adams who gave hys Piece of Seed to the misdeed,
fore he is blameless as a Bull is he; as Innocent in hys Habits as an auld
Beest. Man is the plaything of GRAVITAS - woofed about thys World
heed-less; herded lyke Meat, alwaies beloved to be Abroad, in Field or
upon Moor-top; blown thither by the Wind or the Fell of a Sloap; &
Heeding the Call of Naturae as oft as he Wishes, in the ope Wind
standing, wyth all the Courge of hys Sort -

Only a buttoning of the Britches does it teke; to meke hys thred upon the
Grass, from hys Inner Spool. Evry one of them - pauper to prince;
traders; waggoners; drovers; soothsayers; farmres; busynessfolk; een
coming Homeward from the Mill can they nott go a Mile with-out
meking their Pisset upon the Road. Shale you have seen your own
footmen Miss 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 Sizzle; & they compere the
Sounds as if they were breeds of Heafenly Musick - anothre Weakness
of their own -

The world is full of their watre Mis-spent - unheeded - Thoughtless -
& to Msr. Wainscote should I speake thys - if he were not so Gammy in
hys Leggs, if he were not so Heafy wyth it evry tyme I saw him - I
should speake that it be a Cruell servant of God who should teke up this
raw Watre Pissed in hys handless Hands - & in-tend to Bear it up
into the verie Ayr - into the Myst - into the Rayn hanging; horid with
Mens Parts; as torrid as a Soop; & then wait 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 finger & Foregett her Self,
& tuche there - & there goes GRAVITAS then wyth Creaping fingers
- unaskt - teking those lytle Serpents insyde & up; violeting her; filling
her Bowl - where no launder may have it out - churning her - &
setting her Lyfe in a Mould - what Naturae - what Law -

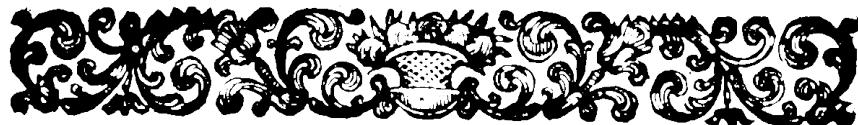
So lett the Dumb-struck dreem Rumour of me - lett Simon Awlbatch
screme of me from the verie Hights - lett them speake me Witch &
Harlott & Mange & soilwarp & all them thyngs. Fore do I View it
now as Ms.r Wainscote speake it - are Words just the Evibrating
of Ayr - be that a Promise or a Threat or the cry of a cutt throte.
Shale I not pay heed to a Word of it - nor I shale feel not one Atom of
Gilt at anie of it. Look to God, & his Laws - fore do I only seek to gife
to thys County & thys World what it does need - & some tyme that
were all-so what it did want. If they speake that I broak Gods Law,
then speake I, was it fitt to be broak -

Heer in Nighthead in my Fathres House will you come to see that
there has been a newly Law writh - a Law fore a Newly Age &
judged, by a Newly Beest - fore look upon it Miss, when you do come -
when you do View it fore the verie Fyrst Moment - & tellt me that it
does nott seeme Newly to thee - come from no Plase is it - & lyke none
othre - hanging 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 his Relm Orizon-less, no dust or dirt to be seen; in the sheap of a sperpent yett no Crawling flatt - as uppards & Balansed & as the Rod of Mosses - devoyd of the verie World is it, & GRAVITAS has no Powre heer. The Hages upon the Pike Road spake of a Spirrit of the Age - & heer it is if eer there was one - wyth no Poundage - floting as tidy & frictless in its Relm as a Mote -

No grand name in Greecke does it need to do the Work of GRAVITAS, to fend him from his Atentions - no lisense of God - no jealousies nor little Cruelties - no Lusting - no Sex - no Charactre withal - onlie the hand of a Wo-man to operrayte it - to render thyngs Newly - to mill happynesses endlessly, wyth no Guile nor Shirk nor anie Ceazing - verie Perfeckly - untill one Daye coming - a Daye mayhap shale I never see - if you do your Work so Perfeckly & with-out Question - shale GRAVITAS have hys Powres Strippt entyre - hys Wage - hys Scedule - & it shale be the Wyfe of Nighthead & her Defil who shale do it in hys Plase. Evry Arangement of the World shale be at thy Call; evry moggrifying by thy Lisenese now; evry Bit verie Tidy; evry Conveniense; evry Wont & Comfort. Mayhap men shale Fly that Day - mayhap Msr. Wainscote will walk Lightly on hys Legg - mayhap the dead shale ryse - mayhap a Promise will be a Law - & need there never be another Age thereafstre -

If one day they wysh to seek Evidense of me again - if they do wysh to judge the Wyfe Of Nighthead - let thys Work spake fore me. They shall View how have I serficed thys County over-much - the whole World - so much that have I Forgott my Self; have I scarce rysen from it. Lett all those of thys County stand Witness fore me then; my subscrybers; the bride wishing a Sunn fore her day, & the widow a Rainclowd; the muthers wyshing a flat calm atween Hull & Quebec - the men bent-double wyth their Backs a-pressing; the Boys wyth the Burthen upon their Brays; 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 Muthers - some Lonely - some wyth coyns, others onlie with a covered Dish to pay me - yett all spaking by God did they never Lay wyth a Man - yett do they Feel Queer (shale they speake); & ken I much how do they Feel; fore the Body is the Eye Miss & if you Look shale you View it; how their cunny is come the colour of a garnet, or a raspberry - how do they feel as if they are Dying verie Fast - as if they do have a fyre layn in their Unders - as if their Lap is being Hung for Stealing -





THE MATTER FINAL

Of *The Wyfe's Estate*

Am I coming verie Dullt Miss, shale you thynk; no maydens nor Draggons nor Captins nor Parlors to reed of heer; & shale I close thys Packett now thus; fore you have much Else to meke Readie afore you do Come. You have withall those Suetors to Spurn; to Packege your Warmest Cloathes; a Cabb to order; & your Fathres hand to teke, & hys Mynd to Work upon -

Praps shale you tellt to him that you have been Chose fore a Great Thyng; praps you shale not have hym know your Purpose; praps he shale forebid it; 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 know that all the best Ventures do be-gin wyth a Runing Away -

There be no Naturall Auspision, about your Coming; GRAVITAS will have the Moon rysen & Felled no matter; nor shale the Stars nor thys Teers Comett mynd you in their Faling; hys petty Works goes on regardless. Nay does the moon mattro not never - come you in-stead Abroad when the Wether is Fair present & when the Roads bare no Myst; the Beest shewed to me that thys coming Week that he has no plans to meke anie Watre -

If you did come heer at Msr. Knoles pleasure in some Teer gone do I scarce reckon you member the Way now; shale you come the fyrist to Nighchester Town by Horse I shale thynk - though leve it 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 weeekes 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 Treat with me Upset oer an Edge in hys Running-Box; & lyke to a bad hand was dealt all oer the Scree - & dyd Mrs. Toxall surviue it all did she, she tollt me -

Past Nighchester does come the Auld Road upp the moor leftward & shale it ryse; shale GRAVITAS presst you then, fore shale he start to know why are you Coming; shale he weight upon your Back; & wyth all the newly Fenses layn, the Paths must now turnt Leftward & Ritward many Tyme over, & is it Easesome to come Mistook -

Teke no Mapp wyth you, though manie will callt you Foalish nott to; fore much eror have they & poorly set. Shale you see upon anie mapp

that you may Procur shewn in Playn Ink the Road turning Rightly into the Country, asyde a ring of big Stones what are Markt the White Stones of King Brigant. Shale you look fore them; shale any tellt you that they be There; shale they tellt you that it be a Court for Trolls or Knights turnt Hard For Heresy; but when you shale come to the Plase shale you View the Troth of County Wisdom Miss - of Addling - no Stones there; onlie the white Sheep of Msr. Brigant, of Brigant Farm, grasing; who een though they do come Slothfull in these Chiller Months - cannot be relyed upon to Stand that still -

The verie Best Going - in stead - is to meke for the Mill Bells toleng, playn to View by their sownd from anie Plase on the Moor, fore manie a Mile - & if you keap by the Road thus & guard your Self verie Well Miss - step nott from the Path nor into the Bogg; wrapt your Self most Tightly; wear manie Cotes & Hods; sheke the Mud from your Flanks; shale you slip His Grasp - shale he miss you (Miss) entyrelly - & shale you come soon enough to the Mill Gate, & the Great House ahind it - & the Road then, Rysing to the moortop; & Nighthead shining newly there a litle way on -

Should I laugh most Harty to View you coming in Miss; to View you There in your Body finall; to see your Bootes Laced; your Throat burried deep in Cloaths; to know what I know of thee now; 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 Provishion. They shale nott know thee as I do know thee; shale Edward Grainger shoo hys Catt inside-of-doors; shale Sal Matlin breathe your Ayrs in your wake; 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 Ruggs & the Plates to be sett in their Boxes; though Msr. Cryer has come Kindly & promised to me that he shale send hys Man Msr. Chapman, to bring down the Most of my Worldy Thyngs -

Should I wysh to be Away in some two Day or more, fore 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 it Start all afresh, lyke a cartwheel turning - the Addling - their tyred old Pratings - & Simon Awlbatch the loudest; so Giddy shale he come; & soon shale it be the only Queery upon the Districkts Lipps - better than anie Balad - the onlie Mistry worth the Print - who is it what has quickkened the Auld Wyfe of Nighthead -

Always the Wyfe am I - though none shale speake that it be Johns; fore have we been Maried thys Six Teer & no Issue; fore most Exackt have I been; & has he alwaies had of me that I were as Baren as a sextons drawer, & dyd never Vex in thys, & dyd love me, yett; butt now the Child coming; he sees it; & it makes him covetous & Ugly - & does he Credit all those Balads & whisprings a-sudden - & tellt me the Night just gone that have I Tryed him, over-much - Working all Hours of the Bell - Listening to thys Beests Lyes - filling hys kitchin wyth Oafs (so he speake) - & that he hath borne me Well & the Shames I have brought us, these two Teer past & yett no more; & that must I alwaies have thynked hym a Shrinking thyng, hornified, & a Coward. Dyd he

*stand to me there in my own Fathres House & askt me the Troth of it
in Highty Voyce; be it Msr. Wainscotes - be it the Defils; - be it Crab-
Edwards bittre little wind-fall - or be it thys Beests, lyke a Witch
frotting wyth a Dogg dyd we do it -*

*I dyd View him there Sitting wyth hys Mans Head Draging in hys
cack'd Hands so heafy, wyth hys Poorly Thorts - saying shale he Go,
shale he nott come Back - & I Viewed GRAVITAS thumbing on hys
Neck, pushting him & pushting him; & I spake nott. Fore what could
I have 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 Work to Lofe him in the ways
that I am Able; that I were pleesed to have him in my Fathres bed, fore
he dyd so well what he was tolled; that I have employed my Self in our
Mariage wyth all Muster - that sometime I do credit what they say of
him, that he has been tuched sinse he were a Babby - that have I stood
by him in all hys Agonnys - tolled no one - that the Child is done now and
is that all -*

*Shale it ayd me nott to Cry to him, that neer have I Lain wyth anie
othre Man; No use to Cry to him of how the World works, the Troth of
it - how it has been a whetted Summre, the whettest sinse the
summre my Fathre, dyd dye; & so manie whetted Feet coming &
Going through the house - so much Custom - so much Work - & damp
Leafings on the flaggstones - & that upon that day was I summonsed
to the Court dyd the Cart hitt a Ruck (I member) & my skirts did come
a litle Damp - & were my Hands chayned & could I nott wype it,
untill the Eve. Fore it concerns nott Now; what drip dyd it; what
Mans left-behind seed; only that it be done; that dyd I Faltre, as a Wo-
man must never Faltre; am I d ned now; am I spake Harlott; am I
spake Strumpett; am I spake Baggage; & no Use in rayling at it. Am I
smyling yett Miss - fore how feering is GRAVITAS- thys greatest
Forse - ruling ovre all - how feering to spend hys Powres against me so
- to skulk about - to Plan such - to Wait fore me to Err - to Ruin me -*

*Here is anothre Wyfe fekkened - & anothre Wo-man weerieed; &
anothre Work stalled. Butt shale you nott see me Cry at it Miss - shale
you see me smyling - nay - if I am to be an Harlott & a Strumpett &
a Bagage - shale I nott stay to teke it - if I am to be Bagage, is Best that
I do carry my Self -*

*When you come shale you fynd Nighthead but one Street & its Houses
- & if you do come through Sarah & Matthews garden (it has all the
Croakuses about) & then come rightward by the Chaple shale you see
my Fathres house rysing asyde Edward Graingers - fore he built heer
none, the Taller - nor sunk Pylings the deeple -*

*Come leftward then about that House, & Edwards mess of Bees
bussing to reech the Gate; & is the Door upon the Leftmost syde. Come
quick & shut the door behind you Safe from the wether Miss - shale I
leeve no Bolt drawn ovre; fore none should come withyn & meddle
while the Beest be there; & John shale nott return; shale he be at the
Mill, or in Nighchester wyth his Sisters hous-band now do I warrant -*

*Onlie may you fynd, mayhap Msr. Wainscote there waiting - & hys
Man to lean upon. He shale come verie Stonished to View a Girl such
as you in that Plase - & shale I have no tyme to Warn him, of my*

Plans - yett shale he render hys Fase Polytely, & Greet you as any Gentleman, & ask of you Plesentrys; how your Sweethart does Fare the War; who are your People; do you love to Reed -

When he does know your Purpose shale he askt of me - shale he askt wherefore I Go; whyfore I Go; shale he Weap. He is kindly Miss - is it his Weakness - so lett him come withyn & sitt - & tellt to him the verie Troth of it - fore have I shewen him none of thys, & does it Pleese me to Teech him now -

Shale there be manie in thys Plase & all abouts the Moors & its villeges who should thynk to tellt him whyfore I go, & where; that shale thynk to in-close me in their Mynd alike a Paddock, & have the Acrage of me. They would tellt him that my busyness is Finished - that none shale come to see me now; that sinse the Trial do I feer fore my Lyfe - that has the Gilt of it gotten me; that I have turnt to a Bird & flewn - that I have shrank to the head of a pin - that my Beest hath et me Finall & have I gone down his Gulet to Hell; to be cozies-wrapt in the Defil's pintle-end, lyke a Coverlett-

Teke you then his Hand most Carefull (fore his thumbs have come to Payn him now, in these Colder Munths) & you tellt to him that I go nott fore am I Shamed, nor be I Gilty. Have I nought to Gilt me; & if I do have anie Debt, all shale be Payd, in its Tyme. I had no Wish to go - fore do I love thys Work - as you shale Love it Miss - all-ways dyd I think - let the World mose, fore I shale nott -

Tellt to him onlie that I am tyred; nott by my Work, but by my Child - that I can kneel nott the longre - that soon my Hands will be Full wyth othre Labors. Yett spake then that he need nott Feer - that the Troth shale out - that it be a Newly Age coming - & that have I taught to you all the Structions fore its Doing - & are you verie Nimble to it - & that when they see what a fyne young Girl have I got, what groomless new Wyfe, shale you have such a Venture of them -

I know that he should want me to come to the Citie, to hys Chambres - but could I never life with anie Man again - not een he. Tellt to him that Msr. Chapman shale have me and my Thyngs upon a Cart unto Totley at the Least, to the Pike Road & its Haggis - & then that I know nott, where shale I go. Am I youth yett; youther than thee Miss; mayhap shale I meke a Venture - I have Monies enough. Mayhap shale I go to thys plase callt India, or thys plase callt London, whicheer come Closest - whicheer comes more Dryly -

Mayhap shale I meer go where GRAVITAS might whim me; alyke a Stone upon a Brook, down & down into that County Larger; untill the Child is come - or untill I do tyre moar - or untill I might sleap with-out Dreems again, verie Lightly & free of thee; Workless - as I have sleapt sinse were I a Girl & Fathre dyd sing a litle & stroke at my Nose to have me Sleep - & tollt me that he were the best thyng he eer mede; & would I go out then lyke the Dead -

Butt words are nought Miss - onlie evibrations of Ayr, by a Forse Interested; shale you shew him in-stead, that he may View it fore himself - shew to him the kerchief in your hand, & what you have stitched there upon it; do I wager that, in all that he & I have speake of, he shale know the

Meening of it by Now -

When you come withyn my Fathres House shale it have Pleesed him that you loose your Shoes, to keap it Dryly & Tidy; had it a Newly Roof layn thys Summre last, by a man from Nighchester. It now be verie Dark in the Hall 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 tuche the Walls cleer there wyth your fingers, & View them thus, going West some Way fourteene Pases - & then South some way ten Pases - then turning North anothre three Pases - & there a Curtain have I left hanging -

Past it be the kitchin; a longly Cell my Fathre mede it, & the Beest in its little fisure heer upon the West Wall. The hole is only Smal, & the Beest mekes onlie a little Light; shale I leve a tallow or two burning that you might not fall. Msr. Chapman may Furnish more if you do need them; & anie Food; & anie Watre from the Well; & anie Oyntments - anie Product at all. If you come Chiled is Matthews Cloke there fore you to wear; butt the Beest mekes hys own Heet, a most Obliging Warmth - & had I no need of a Fyre in neer two Yeers -

Be nott afeered there of the Beest when do you View him the fyrstly time; come nott creaping lyke anie Girl, yet with all the Powres of your Sex; & do it just as is it writt heer in these next Peges - & all shale be well -

Thys is a goodly Chambre in whych to Work it; indeed be it the only Fayr Plase upon the Moor, do I reckon. I were never one for Cury, butt still dyd I lyke to be heer in the kitchin, when my Fathre was a-work. Is it a room as deep & warm as you are Acustomed; the ayr sweet & Dryly. The fisure in the Wal is so litle that no Foul Ayrs passes through it; & there be onlie one Window, & a man from Uxton dyd meke a Glass fore it, verie Nicely & Clene, thys Spring last. Is it sett low, yett if you do Aply your Self to it, shale you have your Orizons to survieuw, if you still Wysh them - yett no Suetors, nor the Sunn, but atween the Myst coming the weft of the County be-low, the Citie & its Houses; Nighchester; the Auld Road coming; the Mill; the Pike Road disapearing; Bamford lefward; Combeleigh & Attbridge rightward; the rivre shyning in all Plases; & above it all rysing the moor tops; & alwaies at his Apointed Times & as he always has been Simon Arlbatch, crossing backward and forards - blasing wyth his Torch - scratching at hys Tallow - subject to his Forse - meking his Watre - calling aftre his Cattle - crying to the Ghoasts - praying to the Moon - so Pityng - at thys Distanse so small & begging to be Pluckt - by God's Talon - & rendred into some-thyng else Entyre - some Thyng so verie Tidy -

I remayn &c.

Anne Latch

Mrs. Anne Latch