



## THE INVITATION

To The

# 'S U B S C R I B E R'

MISS -

*Shal I ever adress thee thus. Fore am I weery & much sickenen of Ayrs  
& know I nott, your Tittles nor your Graces - be you Lady nor  
Countes, nor a Miss meerly. Indeed; 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 litle of thee, een aftr 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 & knowning Nott; & you  
before me watching & knowning 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 Viewed 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  
togethre in our Lifes long. It be the Passing of most Folk. & yett when  
I do sleap, does your Fase per-sist in evry Moment afore my Eye. It has  
been three Month 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 tellt 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  
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 Teer passing I  
rekon, & neer a Coyn they askt; onlie wrenching at their Brest &  
gabbling, 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 know that they shale be beaten 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 Vission I had, of a Bird, that did Fly from a Branch to a Branch  
– yett most I dyd sleap very Tidy -

But now in each Night, am I Visited with Viewings afre Viewings  
of thee – in no gloamy Aspek 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 Aspek; & it meke my Sleap 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 View 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  
youthier 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  
atween Pavments of cutt Stone, & is never Permitted 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 Romances & Ventures you  
buy from that Sellers Cart, & makes you always Sulk to be Away; fore  
those bookes 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 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 Voyd greater than a Table-bredth; have I Viewed how Light you do treat with Visitors; as light as othres do treat with their Crockerie. Have I seen you tuched a bowl of sugarre or of salt & teke it to your Lipps, & looking as if they are not a Marvell. Have I Viewed litle Dogs & such champing at the bones of your Ancles, and it Asures me to View you steer them with your toe, een correct them when they grow too Wild. When you do dress, fore your Suppre, have I viewed the Flech in your arm lying still as a catt in its Baskett, or a trout in its spawn; & 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 Part of thee - though I never knowed whyfore God 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. 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 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 Penny 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 knowed 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 Confesion 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 knowed, 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 Fathres hands were strong as hangingrope, & wide, & mede to wring stone; so are yours thin, & daintish, unspoiled by churn nor scithe nor Broom; mede Cuning, onlie eer to be Vexed, in the light busyness of Introductions, the Sperring 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 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 your hand close, & did I see that it were onlie a red kerchief of Coton, very Balled there -

Were it this kerchief that did First stopp me, fore I knownd 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 stain is mede all-so -

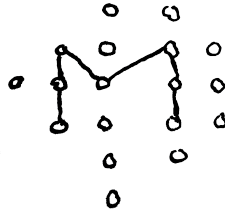
Many fine things, does the Mill meke of it; cotes fore the soldiers, & kerchiefs fore the pretty Ladies, & Tyes fore the Gentle-men - all day (from Bell to Bell) did we turn out such cloath, in such Colour, & do they still I heer. Those kerchiefs were the Fashion of the Teer gone, and een wyth all my Newly Coyn I cannot come by one now: but seeing it your Hand 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-weaving 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 eye-winkers; & 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 Teers; & in the Color, did I View Msr. Uxtor stering, 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 Coton so free of Burr that you should never have thought it did come from out-of-doors -

And then did you fauld it, out within your Hands & we did both View the Lettre stitched there, upon It; & though I had nott been Waiting fore it, when I saw that Lettre there dyd I knownd 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 Sleaf 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 Error of it - more plain and Clere 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 Penny to the boy to bring this lettre to you; & another, that he should have it 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 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 Misses hand; & yett never have those Wretches had the Troth, so clere, again ovre - sent ot by God nor the Defil, but by some other Being entire - the verie Lettre of it - its true Charactre - 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 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 it all to thee with my Direcshion -

I have 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 I know your name by Mary, or Martha, or Matillda, or some othre Name thus, & that your Fathres house be by the River; & he has yett writt in Return that he has in Mynd a few Girls amongst his Subscribers who may suit what I have tolt him of thee; & when he does know 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 stitched upon it; that your Reward is nott Misplased to some othre Fortunate -

Am I Asured (& should you be) that Msr. Cryer shale find thee; fore it does seme that most of the goodly Class of the Citie does subscribe, 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 new Station, by which he mekes his Prints; & does Promise that he will meke as good a Framing of my Struictions & my Amulotts, just as I send them unto him, with-out Adoorning, unto the Lettre, as any have I Seen; 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 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 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 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 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 Futuress; 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<sub>u</sub>ned Ballads are upon evry Childs lipp like a  
Calenture & sung, from Bradfield, to Combeleigh; een my kennelled  
Beest knows the tune when it heers it. Een a goodly Girl such as you  
shal have reed of me like a Bulloc, at Auxtion; evry Inche; & praps you  
do subscribe to what is writt there -*

*I know that I am Credited to be a Seer, a thornback, & Theef & being  
Orfaned 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 sinse I were a Girl foe 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. Shale een the Rector  
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 dinere had mede me  
Drowesed, & 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 callt me Witch; spaking & swaring that they  
have Witnesed 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 old Unestablisshed Moon - & always creaping thyngs within the  
Dark dragging 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 did I spake precisely in the Court & of that 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 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 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 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 -

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 sickens; 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 desend 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 - & falls upon them & addles 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 & chill the Body, & 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 highre than a catt's Back. The ayr is thickenning 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 - sloaps forevre very 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 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 know 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 ancle & 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 slippis 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 Lifying who did know 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 Blede, & wink at me as he winked at everyone, & meant 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 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; 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-thusiasma, & tellt me that he has  
Viewed it, in othre 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 Substanse 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; see not a Fase &  
spake it there; & shale you see these Men broak their Reputation &  
promise to the verie Law in Troth they Viewed it all -

There are many such yett Lifing; in any of the villeges you go abouts  
these Partes, do they swadle their Dead up like Babes that they may  
foregett to Walk, for onse did someone spake to see it Hapen; & when a  
Constable 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, 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 day in a goodly  
Voyce, when the last Bell sownded - yett could he be found oft Crying  
by the Door at Night alike a Loon, swaring to me that there was a  
Voyce in the dark ayr that spake to him, and acused him of things  
that he swore he neer dyd do. There is no Voyce, I spake to him, onlie  
the ayr - but dyd he cry still, & ask of me forgifeness -

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 dead - & did my Fathre spake that he  
did nott burn her then, 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 faith-full Horse, & did she wyssh to be Burried  
alyke a Christian; & that He should like to have her pullt him, to his  
Rest when his Time come - & 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 & Tallent, who did go to his Grave maddened; spitting blood  
and brused, 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. Look thee upon Msr. Knole  
him Self - shale you know him the Richest Man of the County - &  
though he play the Gravely man in his black cote, & Visage, & profess  
to keep God & his Method - 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 - some managers – one Justice Preston - een an paynter of picktures) - & that when they have et do they teke a walk 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 the daughtre does ask Him where he goes, he spake only to the Temple, daughtre -

If you do not know his daughtre Charlotte (Miss) I should think you might Envie her; fore is she venturesome, & given to Fansies, just alyke to the Girls in your Books; & 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 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 spake, back to their goodly fires & wyne & Bookes untill they have Viewed what they did come to View -

There they do stand, arayed lyke burrials, & waiting fore Simon Awlbatch - a dirty cowerd 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 Ledge of Proffits. Charlotte 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 Nighthed 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 should spake it upon the Record, 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 Addled (whateer his Ayrs) that he may see a Wretch and think him a Saint – and that Wretch Simon Awlbatch be no Saint, but a Murthrer 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 - fore of any man who does this Plase sikken with Notions, he does come the very Sikkened of them all-

Words mean nought: should I rathre 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 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 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 out there at his Non-sences - no larger in my Eye than a Mite - 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 aftrw with a scrubbed Fase & 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 - & screaming loud enough fore the Defil to heer - oh have I murthered the Holy Ghoast -



Sarah dyd never spake to hate him for what he dyd then, to her Boy; yet were it as Plain to View to me - in her Eyes and in her Hands the most, whych dyd go hard lyke ripe Aples when she herd his Name said. Yett how could I hate him his own Trespasses against me - how might any goodly & Sobre wo-man 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 adders in his porrige? Do we hate the Horse that kycks us, thynking us Wolfs, or the dogg that Bytes, thynking us Enemy? 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 yourself (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 to them lyke a Heap of Flys. Shale he be afeered of you, Miss, yett shale he Curl his Lipp still - & spake that it does no Good fore a Girl to be out in these Parts whateer. He spake 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 wysb you as a Quarry - black doggs and Hands flying; a 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 Gard; 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 smoce & his fingerings Everlasting;

or if nott any of they then Villeroy Goodfellow or King Brigant or Jack-In-The-Hedge or an whole Docket of othre Spriggets that always shale be 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 village 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 Cros 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; & and is it Trothfull that it has been two Teer 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 Travailled 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 joyn the Lyes of the County larger - & come as Frothing in the Teling as a Hound that chases out the empty Night from the Tard, & expects a Bone, fore it-

All across the County you shale heer it, now synce the Trials. Long Tocto, some call him; Belzebub, othres; the Bull-killer, more oft. One gentle-man shale professt to you that the Beest in my Fathres kitchin, be some bullbegger 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 anothre Form, whom does meke litle Trix of Magick & posions & 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 Page -

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 Sperpent 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 always 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 come out from my Walls then & 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 serpents sheap; and then I did nott know it as I know 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 old Shoes to see if it Burnt - & how I did hang some Herb about it, fore een babbys know that a Feyry hates the Herb - & how I did teke up an old Charwk & 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 asked of me any Defilish Thing sinse that Day; 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 heer 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 - Twitching Madly - 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 nought but Sores, & Lows; shirk daily; & lyke Judges shale only move fore Briberys. Each does have her idiot Personalitys; her love for the dark Woods; 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 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 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 Yeer - 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 to me that one day he should Dye - and I spake Nay, Fathre - & did he spake Tea, I should ready my Self fore it - & were I butt a Girl & spake Nay never & Cryed - & did he cutt his Cheak then & there was a litle thred of Blood, coming - & putt he his hands upon my Neck & spake Tea one day Coming; fore all Men do it; & that I should be right, & that he feered nott to miss me, yet only to miss those Dayes what should come afre him - & spake I what Days - & spake he some Newly Age he recconed, manufactured by God Almighty - an Age when all Things upon the Earth, should love its Work as much as he did - 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 - & were I a Girl sinse - yett now am I a Wo-man Grown & I know well of what my Fathre spake -

fore has that Age now come. It came that day the Beest slunk into my Fathres 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 Sleap, & 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 whettening (onse Dayly) to keap it Smothe; & a spot of Dinner, that it tekes aneath the House upon its own gumption. Its Pelt has no mite, nor dag; its body no corners; its horn no Point, its Head no Thoughts yett of Duty; & is it nott shy of the tuche of Man, as the Tethred Hawk is, yett is Greedy fore it. It keaps no Season, nor the Moon, nor any Animal Pendullum; yett onlie marks each Week of Work, Working een on that Day that God him Self had to Rest. Nay, a Newly Beest truly - not turnt to tricks lyke a fairground mutt, nor the killing of steers alyke a Mastiff - but a goodly Work, a clean Work, & a fair Wage for the both of us -



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 recuire of it heer, or upon your Ariving. It be no Romanse Miss; & een wyth Msr. Cryers printings shale you think of it a Poorly Packett. It have 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 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 scramble fore his Pretty Judge-ment. My Fathre dyd teeche to me my Lettres, & I only had my Numbres when he did count down, from ten to one, those tymes he came a-tempered. 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 neer schooled Proper nore took any Tutor but my own Fingre crawling, one sounding at a time. Msr. Cryer shale see how poorly I scrawl; fore did my Fathre onlie eer sett me in the keaping of his Accompts & the drawing of his Compacts, 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 & soilwarps & quacks, & queers, & seers, each wyth their Imps & their Methods & their Secrits - shale you surely heer of a Richard Orion, who has come 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 speak 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 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 know 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 come giddy with a *Lad* & *Eloap* -

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 the slain - & 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 *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 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 thrown ove 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 *Noyes* to the *Dumb* & callt it *Speech* - 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 *Coyne* fore it, & have the *Couerege of Men* to do it smyling all these *Teers* -

Have I no such *Couerege 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 *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 look where I were *Going* - to watch the *World*, & nott *Trouble* 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 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 *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*; its *Scedule* kept onlie by a *Wo-man* faithfull to the *Task* thankless -

My *Fathre* did spake of a *Newly Age* coming - too did those *Haggs* 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 a Turning now -

I shale think that you do know 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 turn to me) & spake she that such an Age be the Age of Wo-man verily – when Wyves work alongside their Hous-bands, at Gods good work – when we meke our own Fair coyn & thrift 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, but by the cleverness of litle Fingres – a Wo-mans Age she spake - & 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 Signal 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 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; & 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 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 meke your Mark - shale you Employ thy self & have this Beest come a Console of the World; & do a Work that does bring you Powre over it all; ovre Man, Wo-man, all that is God-made; that does put a Balm on evry Addling of evry Being of this Earth -

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 -



It were onely Daye the Winter gone last (so it was; fore was there rime in the Skillet, I member) – when dyd Msr. Wainscote come Visiting; as he does still each Weeke; & had brung to me as Allways, a Volyume 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. 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 Application, & dyd he come then to see the Troth of us -

Then were I still butt a Girl, & not a Wo-man yett - a Foal onlie - staggering - shivring - Feering all - knowning Nought. Some moonths already had this Beest stabled, in my Fathres Walls & still I shrank from it; putt a Cloath ovre that litle Crack that I might not, have to See it; left out fore it, Liver & Cabage & feered fore my Soul, when it would not Eat; begged John not to spake 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 Pennies they sometime threw fore me (mark Miss, for Pennies) when had they tuched the Beests nose, & swared they felt Right again; & neer did I Right them -

Msr. Wainscote had nott come wanting of such Poor Cury; but still were I feerfull of him fyrst, & his stinking Legg & his wheesing; I knownd 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 me to his Pewpills. Butt that fyrstly time did he ask onlie to sitt, & someplace, fore his Man to stand - & tolt to me that he wysshed only to View us at our-selves; that is what he spake then. Each weeke has he come synce; some times he dyd sitt & writt; 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 writt, fore a masons daughtre -

That cold day dyd he bring to me, this 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 - & dyd he laugh plesed 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 Compacts wyth Angells, yett onlie by Playn Work; had this Man satt within his House each Day & Viewed thyngs afore him Plainly, nott only how it did suet him to View them; & what he Viewed, he tryed to writt -

I asked then what the Secrit were; & Msr. Wainscote dyd Laugh afresh (fore it dyd meke him Plesed 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 Secrit were 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 Move them lyke Tools - to Plase them lyke dollies - a verie Grealty 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 & gingle & champ just lyke a Girl then; & whinned to Msr. Wainscote that it dyd sound alyke to some great auld Draggon -

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 Tyne; in those Dayes I had hungre to thynk upon, & the Cold, & 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 for 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 Name; & thought I on it 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. Like that good Christian Man I came to see there that auld Powre GRAVITAS all about me; verie barely, nott as one sees a Person proper, yett at the corners of thyngs, in evry Moment of evry Teer in evry Plase; by my Side, by my housbands; & by Msr. Wainscotes & the Kings I reccon & 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 see 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 knowened best by his Eforts. & what Efort untiring thought I; sinse the verie second Week of thys Earth, when dyd the Fruit fell of the Tree into Eves hand unwaiting, does he spend hys Days at it; the Mofings of all Bodies - 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 pushing of Ayr to meke Speach; the meddling of Men; of Posesyions; 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 Arrangements - Setling all Mattre - how he Forses him Self - the Ruler of our Manshions - the Layer of our Tables - behind each Thyng stands he, very Tidy - & Working - allways Working -

I dyd sitt & watch him for moonths 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 & spake that it felt so heafy (that is what he spake); & had I been thynking much, & tolt



none of it; & so I askt him then, if GRAVITAS were a goodly fellow?

I reccon was Msr. Wainscote then stuned to heer thys Foalish Girl spake on such thyngs again aftr so Longly – mayhap he thort I had forgotten it all - & spake he then that there was no Good nor Evil to it; it were only the Naturae of thyngs, & the Law. My voyce dyd ryse to him then fore the firstly time, & I spake that is it neither Good nor Evil to killt those Brighthollee Boys, or drag upon hys Legg & payn him? Dyd he smyle then & spake nott; & dyd I spake on that were it neither thing 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 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 mattre if they who hang be Gilty or no; whyfore does he upset Things Plased Precise; 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 move Foul Ayrs; Addling Wynds; Armies; bad Dreems; raysed Hands; blades; drifing Rayns; a Judges Hammre; whyfore does he come so Spitefull - & so ornery? I askt Msr. Wainscote if it be the Law that GRAVITAS do these Things, or if he has misread Gods Struptions - or if God is as Addled as all the Rest - & 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 - a Man such as he who should stand by me, afore the Kings Judgement & have his Lerved Name broak fore me, & fore the Troth, should I wysb no Hurt. I stoppt then, & I thynk we spake about the War a lyttle in stead, & how lyfe should be in some hundred yeers, & othre lyttle thyngs; & neer dyd he answe 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 very Weakness: men have Many. Such I thort it Kindly to askt him not again, though it be the verie Best of Questions; fore I knownd then that he would neer Answer it if he lifed until the yeer two thousand. No man could answe it - not that good Christian Man at his Sheaps & Plottings; 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 answe my Self - & has it been a years 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 -



Now lett me come to the middle of it Miss - do my Dreems meke it verie Playn that your Mather 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 run your fingres down your own Peges, when did you think your Self allone. Had I no mother at all to teeche me of such Mattres – Sarah dyd alwaies say that I onlie eer

took aftr my Fathre in my Tempers - but had I my Self, & then had I Sarah -

Was I six Teers when I fyrst walked a fingre, a verie cold Wintre again were it; & I member that my cunny felt like hott Laundry then; & when I had nott yett Twelve Teers, I satt at Sarahs knee & were she brushing my Hayrs; & had I been thynking of these thyngs, for I was always thynking een then was I - & dyd I askt her then how my Fathre built me; & if by the same Method had Matthew built litle 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 mede litle Robin. It was then that she tolt me of the Artickels that your own Mather should have tolt you Miss; of how Children are mede if you have not a Crafter for a Fathre; of how Matthew dyd Fall upon Sarah; 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 & how litle Robin had waxed in her belly lyke a Moon - & how hys Fase came fyrst from her Cunny, all roundly & Pale & shyning -

Is it nott fore me to be your Mather Miss - were I nott een born when you were born. There be no great Sceme to it - no Secrit to be kept by it - is it how most Babbies come. It comes wyth no Cherubbs Trumpets, & no hollering of Heafen; just as Fish ryse in the Rivres is it done, in a Moment, & lyke all thyngs in thys World is GRAVITAS there to carry it off. Dyd Msr. Wainscote shew to me onse (through a Glass) how a Mans tamarisk is as alyve as a Rivre wyth Spawnings, manie litle kycking Sperpents, too Smal for Foals to Credit; & I know now how does GRAVITAS lye in that litle Bredth atween 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 Milk to meke some Curds, some Chease - to meke a Pail lytle Babby all wrappt in Muslin -

We callt it a Fucking heer on the Moor Miss, & I sure know that it be your Mothers wysb that one day a Suetor should fuck thee, & no more Curtsies, & 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 Whetting; 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 & View it come & Go; to sitt & View your Hous-band teeche it - to View nothing else; to teke Baths that you might meke anohtre; to meke anohtre; to bare it - if you shale Lett him do it -

To Msr Wainscote should I putt thys now, if were not so Poorly & a Man - if GRAVITAS were goodly - if the Larws 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 wysb 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; callting each ohtre by those Petting Names, & Petting & doing each thyng as God meant it; & yett was there anie Brother fore litle Robin, & none to replase him when he were Gone; & were they begging God for a Brother, &

Matthew meking hys Watre, & stil none Coming. There be manie more alike 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 Youthly fore a Wedlock, or een a Fucking; who has neer been wyth a Man; who has neer been alone wyth anie Man but their Fathre they Profes; has never knownd a Hous-band, or else has been verie Carefull wyth him; has kept her Self dry and clene her Lyfe entyre, her Bowl as dry as a Communion Dysb - & still it comes-

It be the Naturae of Thyngs - Msr. Wainscote spake that Daye - & the Law. So Girlish was I - so Kindly - thynking only of hys Leggs 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 - & whether GRAVITAS is slothful, or wrothful - is his Doings nought but Evil Miss - when een if a Wo-man, come verie Care-full of anie Man in all the Plases of her Lyfe - does neer Lye wyth one - or if she does, shale neer lett hys watre fall where it might Pool - if een she may fynd her-self come Quickkened one morn in her kitchin? That she sicken & weary, that she may have tales Told over her head; that she were Ravished when nought 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, idle at his Station or Making his Mischief - that she be thus shuttred up then, to come on verie Heafy wyth her Burden; fettered; blinkered; leggs crooked lyke a Lettre; moaning she, & spake a Lyar; crying she, & spake Lost; & bearing it Weeping, contemnt to a Misery; to sitt & View it Screaming; to be callt an Harlott - to have no Occupaytion but the Suckle of a Stranger; the Wage Feeble; to come an Hagg wyth nought but a Litter to shew, begging & Raving, mad wyth Child -

Blame not the Man who gave hys Piece of Seed to the misdeed, fore he is blameless as a Bull is he; as Innosent in hys Habits as a Beest. Fore know een you Miss that Man is an out-door Race, from pauper to prince; alwaies beloved to be Abroad, in Field or upon Moortop; & Heeding the Call of Naturae as oft as he Wishes, in the ope Wind standing, wyth all the Courege of hys Sort. Only a buttoning of the Britches does it teke; meking his yellow Leavings; 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 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; & 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 - unbeeded - Thoughtless - & to Msr. Wainscote should I spake 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 spake 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 Ayre - 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 Fingre & Foregett her Self, & tuche there - & goes GRAVITAS then wyth Creaping fingres -



unaskt - teke those lytle Sperpents insyde & up - violeting her; filling  
her Bowl; churning her - & setting her Lyfe in a Mould -

So lett the Dumb-struck dreem Rumour of me - lett Simon  
Awlbatch scream of me from the verie Hights - lett them spake  
me Witch & Harlott & Mange & soilwarp & all them thyngs -  
fore if Gods Law be unjust, let it be Broaken. Heer in Nighthead  
in my Fathres House has there been a newly Law writ - a Law  
fore a Newly Age, & judged by a Newly Beest. Fore look upon  
him Miss, when you do come - when you do View him fore the  
verie Fyrst Moment - & tellt me that he does nott seme Newly to  
thee - come from no Plase is he - & lyke none othre - hanging  
there, in the Darkness upon no Leggs, neer Falling; neer Mofing  
unless I Will it; no Influenses, no Load upon its Mynd, no  
swinging Intelligenses; 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. The Haggs upon  
the Pike Road spake of a Spyrit of the Age - & heer it is if eer  
there was one - floting as tidy in its Relm as a Mote -

No grand name in Greecke does it need to do its Work - no license  
of God - no jealousies nor litle Cruelties - no Lusting - no Sex -  
no Charactre withal - onlie the hand of a Wo-man to opperrayte it  
- to mill happynesses endlessly, wyth no Guile nor Shirk nor anie  
Ceasing - verie Perfectly - untill one Daye coming - a Daye  
mayhap shale I neer see - if the Work is done so Endlessly - shale  
GRAVITAS have hys Powers Strippt - 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 my  
Cal; 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 -

Untill that Day goes the Working - foreer Working - each Daye,  
neer Ceasing - weathering Blows, from Men & Wo-man both-  
& still serving them - one afre anothre at my Door, neer  
ceazing - teking what litle Wege is needed. f they one day wysht to  
seek Evidense of me again - if they do wysht to judge the Wyfe Of  
Nighthead - let my Work spake fore me. Let them claim me  
killer, let them blame me for it all - fore those who come to me  
shale tellt to them the Troth of it. They shall tellt them how have  
I Worked for thys County over-much - the whole World - so  
much that have I Forgott my Self; have I scarce rysen from it.  
Shale you come to know them Well Miss; 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 View 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-



*Am I coming verie Dullt Miss, shale you thynk; no maydens nor Draggons nor Captins nor Parlors to reed of beer; & 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 Cloaths; a Cab 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 he shale not know your Purpose; praps he shale forbid it; praps rathre shale you Eloap from him in the verie Dark of Night when the Lamps, are out, & the riure is Rushing on; fore een I do know that all the best Ventures do be-gin wyth a Runing Away -*

*There be no Naturall Auspishion, about your Coming; he will have the Moon rysen & Felled no matter; nor shale the Stars nor thys Teers Comett mynd you in their Faling. Hys Work goes on regardless: 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 GRAVITAS has no plans to meke anie Watre -*

*If you did come heer at Msr. Knoles plesure in some Teer gone do I scarce recon you member the Way; shale you come the fyrst to Nighcester Town by Horse I shale thynk - though leve him 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 View it all did she, she tollt me -*

*Past Nighcester 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 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 tellt you that it be a Court for Trolls or Knights turnt Hard; but when you shale come to the Plase shale you View the Troth of County Wisdom Miss - of Addling - no Stanes there; onlie the white Sheep of Msr. Brigant 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 toling; playn to View by their sownd from someways off - & 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 slip His Grasp - shale he*

miss you (Miss) entyrelly - & shale you come soon enough to the Mill Gate, & the Great House abind 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; to see your Bootes Laced; your Throat burried deep in Cloaths; to know what I know of thee; to View them all come without 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 weke; shale Simon Awlbatch allmost Fall from the Hights to Court thee in his Confidense-

Should I deer mucche Love to View it; but should I Love it more to be Away by then - & yett I still writt now - when stil there is the Chyna to Pack & the Drapings & the Ruggs & the Ryngs to be sett in their Boxes; though Msr. Cryer has come Kindly & promised to me that he shale send a Man, Msr. Chapman, to bring down the Most of my Worldlies. Should I wysb 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 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 Queerie upon the Districkts Lipps - better than anie Balad - the onlie Mystry worth the Print - who is it what has quickkened the Auld Wyfe of Nighthead -

Always the Wyfe am I - though none shale spake that it be Johns; fore have we been Married thys Six Yeers & 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 mekes him covetous & Ugly - & does he Credit all those Balads & whisprings - & tellt me the Night just gone that have I Tryed him, over-muc -; & that he hath borne me Well & the Shames I have brought us, these two Yeers past & yett no more; & that must I alwaies have thynked hym a Shrinking thyng, & a Cowward. 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 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 heafy wyth hys Poorly Thorts - I saw 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 stryve to Lofe him in the waies that I am Able; 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 - tollt 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; that I were plesed to have him in my Fathres bed, fore he dyd so well what he was tollt; that I dyd Love how Tidy he kept. No use to Cry to him of how the World works, the Troth of it - how it has



been a whettened Summre, the whettest sinse the summre my Fathre, dyd dye; & so manie whettened 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 & 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 neer 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 weeried; & 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 Nighthed 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. Come leftward then about that House, & Edwards mess of Bees buzzing; 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 Beest be there; & John shale nott return; shale he be at the Mill, or in Nighcester wyth his Sisters hous-band now do I warrant. Onlie may you fynd, mayhap Msr. Wainscote there waiting - & hys Man to lean upon - 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 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 shewn him none of thys, & does it Please me to Teach him -

Shale there be manie in that 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 Padock, & have the Acrage of me. They would tellt him that my busyness is Finished - that none shall come to see me now; that since the Trial do I feer fore my Lyfe - that has the Gilt of it gotten me; that I have turnt to a Bird & flown - that I have 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 -

Teke you then his Hand most Carefull (for his thumbs have come to

Payn him now, in these Colder Moonths) & you tellt to him that I go nott fore am I Shamed, nor be I Gilty. Have I nought to Gilt me; no Debts do I owe; tellt him that I neer took Sarahs Guinea; that neer would I teke their coyn; that Awlbatch means less to me than a stitch out of line. Tellt to him onlie that I am tyred; a Wo-mans tyredness – that I can kneel nott the longre – that soon my Hands will be Full wyth othre Labors. Tett 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 wyfeless new Wyfe, shale you have such a Venture of them -

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 young yett; younger than thee Miss; mayhap shale I meke a Venture; mayhap shale I go to thys plase callt India, or thys plase callt London, whicheer come Closest - I have Monies enough, & Msr. Wainscote dyd alwayes spake that I should lyke them. Mayhap shale I go where GRAVITAS might whim me; alyke a Stane upon a Brook, down & down into that County Larger; untill the Child is come – or untill I do tyre – 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 stroke at my Nose to have me Sleap - & tollt me that he were the best thyng he eer mede; & did I go out lyke the Dead -

Butt words are nought Miss - be they onlie the sownds of meat, like a hand clapping or a throat braking; shale you shew him in stead, that he may View it fore himself - shew to him the kerchief in your hand, & what be stitched there upon it; do I wager that, in all that he & I have spake of, of Dreems, he shale know the Meening of it by Now -

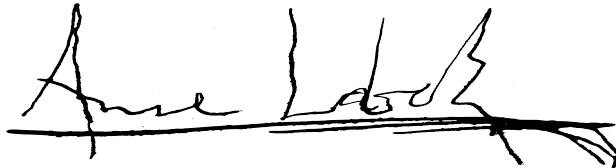


When you come withyn my Fathres House shale you loose your Shoes, to keap it Dryly & Tidy; had it a Newly Roof lain thys Summre last, by a man from Nighcester. It now be verie Dark in the Hall there fore my Fathre built them Walls thickly & verie Tight; so Tight shale you nott heer een the mill-Bells when you come withyn. If you have nott a Light may you tuche the Walls cleer there wyth your Fingres, & View them thus, going West some Way fourteen 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 Room my Fathre mede it, & the Beest in its litle Crack heer upon the West Wall. Shale I leve a Candle or two burning that you might not fall; & 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). If you come Chiled is Matthews Cloke there fore you to wear; butt the Beest mekes hys own Heet, a most Obliging Warmth, & shale I thynk youll have need of the auld Ragged Thyng -

Be nott afeered there of the Beest when do you View him the fyrstly time; come nott creaping, lyke any Girl, yet with all the Powres 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, without much Efort withal,  
& thys a goodly Chambre in whych to Work it; indeed be it the only  
Fayr Plase upon the Moor, do I reccon. Is it a room as deep & warm as  
you are Acustomed; the ayr sweet & Dryly. The Crack in the Wal is so  
litle that no Ayr 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 high, yett if you stepp to it upon a chayr, shale you  
have your Orizons to View, if you still Wysb them - yett no Suetors,  
nor 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  
rightward; the rivre shyning in all Plases; & above it all rysing the  
moor tops; & alwaies at his Apointed Times & as he alwayes has been  
Simon Awlbatch, crossing backkard and forards - blazing wyth his  
Torch - subject to his Forses - meking his Watre - calling aftre his Catle  
- crying to the Ghoasts - praying to the Moon - so Pitying - at thys  
Distanse so small & begging to be Pluckt - by God's Talon -

I remayn &c

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Anne Latch". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

Mrs. Anne Latch