

...the black only faded to an orange line, a sickly yellow line, the line of the dead, & again under the shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue. And the thing was found. And men came skating through the mid-day sun & tore it through the crowded streets, the streets where men ~~just~~ smile with black hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest man can live, none pure woman ~~she~~ set her daily bread where the Devil ^{creeped} ~~is~~ under his best-loved name - the name of Gold. And the Lairs that minister to their thirst for ~~must~~ ^{must} broke through all rule, ~~all~~ ~~people~~, & told the truth about the thing. And they called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London where every young life's Hope is stamped out under the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice. And lo! the orange ~~to~~ became black again & the Streets of the City are deserted. And the little ~~black~~ demon gibbered in his corner & laughed & now arose & went out. And he grinned hideously on his hearers as he trotted through the Haymarket & washed the putrefaction beneath their feet & he Death bank their eyes. And he chuckled as he passed his hearers

...the black only faded to an orange line, a sickly yellow line, the line of the dead, & again under the shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue. And the thing was found. And men came skating through the mid-day sun & tore it through the crowded streets, the streets where men ~~just~~ smile with black hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest man can live, none pure woman ~~she~~ set her daily bread where the Devil ^{creeped} ~~is~~ under his best-loved name - the name of Gold. And the Lairs that minister to their thirst for ~~must~~ ^{must} broke through all rule, ~~all~~ ~~people~~, & told the truth about the thing. And they called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London where every young life's Hope is stamped out under the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice. And lo! the orange ~~to~~ became black again & the Streets of the City are deserted. And the little ~~black~~ demon gibbered in his corner & laughed & now arose & went out. And he grinned hideously on his hearers as he trotted through the Haymarket & washed the putrefaction beneath their feet & he Death bank their eyes. And he chuckled as he passed his hearers

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lips & quinned &aped & gibbered & quinned. And then it laughed out loud & shrank back frightened at its own hellish work. And the thick black London fog shut all the mystery in with a horrid pall.

There came the morning, if we call it morning when the black only faded to an orange line, a sickly yellow line, the line of the dead, & again under the shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue. And the thing was found. And men came skating through the mid-day sun & tore it through the crowded streets, the streets where men ~~just~~ smile with black hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest man can live, none pure woman ~~she~~ set her daily bread where the Devil ^{creeped} ~~is~~ under his best-loved name - the name of Gold. And the Lairs that minister to their thirst for ~~must~~ ^{must} broke through all rule, ~~all~~ ~~people~~, & told the truth about the thing. And they called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London where every young life's Hope is stamped out under the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice. And lo! the orange ~~to~~ became black again & the Streets of the City are deserted. And the little ~~black~~ demon gibbered in his corner & laughed & now arose & went out. And he grinned hideously on his hearers as he trotted through the Haymarket & washed the putrefaction beneath their feet & he Death bank their eyes. And he chuckled as he passed his hearers

- Which things are an allegory -

Given by Sir Samuel Kelly C. of B.
A.C. written in Land 18
97 York
22nd price 80 1905

The little black demon sat in his corner & grinned. Outside the roads ~~hell~~ ^{hell} ~~ghostly~~ ^{ghostly} revel over that thing, that thing unholy, that lay in the shadow of the old cathedral, that thing so lately a ~~living~~ ^{living} ~~loving~~ ^{loving} ~~cares~~ ^{cares} & now a blackened, swollen, & already rotting corpse. And it lay in the shadow of the old cathedral & the little black demon sat in his corner, in the red light of a dying fire & smacked its fleshless lips & grinned &aped & gibbered & grinned. And then it laughed out loud & shrank back' frightened at its own hellish mirth. And the thick black London fog shut all the mystery in with a hoard pall.

There came the morning, if we call it morning when the black only ~~falls~~ ^{falls} to an orange line, a sickly yellow line, the line of the dead, & again under the shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue. And the thing was found. And men came skating through the mid-day sun & bore it through the crowded streets, the streets where men ~~just~~ ^{just} smile with black hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest man can live, none pure woman seek out her daily bread where the Devil ^{cries} ~~cries~~ ^{cries} under his best-loved name - the name of Gold. And the Liar that minister to their thirst for ~~news~~ ^{news} broke through all rule, ~~all~~ ~~points~~ ^{points}, & told the truth about the thing. And they called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London where every young life's Hope is stamped out under the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice. And lo! the orange ~~became~~ ^{became} black again & the streets of the City are deserted. And the little black demon gibbered in his corner & laughed & now goes & went out. And he grinned hideously on his hearers as he ~~traced~~ ^{traced} through the Haymarket & washed the putrefaction beneath their paint & the Death beneath their eye. And he chuckled as he passed his hearers

lips & grimaced & a ped & gibbered & grinned And then
it laughed out loud & shrank back frightened at its own
hellish mirth. And the thick black London fog shut all
the mystery in with a horrid pall.

There came the morning, if we call it morning when
the black only ~~shades~~ fades to an orange line, a sickly
yellow line, the line of the dead, & was under the
shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue
And the thing was found. And men came skaling through
the mid-day muck & bore it through the crowded streets,
the streets where men ~~put~~ smile with black
hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest
man can live, none pure woman seek out her daily bread
where the Devil ^{cried} ~~is~~ ^{asking} under his best-loved name -
the name of Gold. And the Liars that minister to
their thirst for ~~the~~ ^{news} broke through all rule, ~~all~~
~~principles~~, & told the truth about the thing. And they
called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London
where every young life's Hope is stamped out under
the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice.
And lo! the orange to become black again & the
streets of the City are deserted. And the little black
demon gibbered in his corner & laughed & now a case
& went out. And he grinned hideously on his dear
sisters as he trod through the Haymarket & withed
the putrefaction beneath their paint & the death beneath
their eye. And he chuckled as he passed his dear brother

ups & grimaced & a ped & gibbered & grinned. And then
it laughed out loud & shrank back frightened at its own
hellish mirth. And the thick black London fog shut all
the mystery in with a hoard pall.

Then came the morning, if we call it morning when
the black only ~~fade~~^{fades} to an orange line, a sickly
yellow line, the line of the dead, & was under the
shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue
And the thing was found. And men came skaling through
the mid-day sun & bore it through the crowded streets,
the streets where ~~men~~ smile with black
hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest
man can live, none pure woman seek her daily bread
where the Devil ^{cried} ~~is~~ ^{asking} under his best-loved name -
the name of Gold. And the Liars that minister to
their thirst for ~~the~~^{news} broke through all rule, ~~all~~
~~principles~~ & told the truth about the thing. And they
called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London
where every young life's Hope is stamped out under
the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice.
And lo! the orange to become black again & the
streets of the City are deserted. And the little black
demon gibbered in his corner & laughed & now a rose
& went out. And he grinned hideously on his dear
sisters as he trod through the Haymarket & withed
the putrefaction beneath their paint & the death beneath
their eye. And he chuckled as he passed his hearthstone

- Which things are an allegory

Given by Sir James Kelly 6 of 14
A.C. 11
E.H. 11
57 York
1925

The little black demon sat in his corner & grinned. Outside the roads ~~left~~ ^{leech} ~~ghostly~~ revel over that thing, that thing unholy, that lay in the shadow of the old cathedral, that thing so lately a ~~man~~ ^{living loving creature} & now a blackened, swollen, & already rotting corpse. And it lay in the shadow of the old cathedral. & the little black demon sat in his corner, in the red light of a dying fire & smacked its fleshless lips & grimaced &aped & gibbered & grinned. And then it laughed out loud & shrank back frightened at its own hellish mirth. And the thick black London fog shut all the mystery in with a horrid pall.

There came the morning, if we call it morning when the black only ~~fade~~ ^{fade} to an orange line, a sickly yellow line, the line of the dead, & even under the shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue. And the thing was found. And men came, stealing through the mid-day muck & bore it through the crowded streets, the streets where men ~~just~~ smile with black hate beneath the mask, the streets where none honest man can live, none pure woman eke out her daily bread where the Devil ^{is king} ~~is king~~ under his best-loved name - the name of Gold. And the Liar that minister to their thirst for ~~news~~ ^{news} broke through all rule, ~~all~~ ~~principles~~, & told the truth about the thing. And they

2 I saw them stagger through the by-ways. Ha! how
he gloated. And now he is in an elly bleak & lone
& the fog is thicker & darker than before. And silently
he dances - yes! he dances now - he is so glad! - down the
streets & calls a woman to him that stands there in the shadow
And she comes & he leaps on her & licks her with that
black tongue that ~~for~~ forms with a foul sweet. And she
falls still in the shadow. And he licks & still licks with
that black tongue and the clothes rot from her as it
touches them. And he licks & still licks while the corpse
swells to a black putrid mass three times the size
~~that~~ God made it, spickled with leprous
patches of a dead white. And he has finished & the
loads crawl out & sit upon her & hold a ghastly revel
And the black fog is over all. And the little black
devil is in his corner & still set & gibbered.

And this happened day by day, and the people
were afraid. And the liars wrote many lies & gave much
advice so quaintly worded by their art that nothing or
anything might be understood ^{by it}. And the little black
devil sat in his corner still & grinned.

And then after seven days nothing more happened.
And the liars forgot & wrote new lies of other things.
And so the world went on.

Now there was a man in this city who was much honoured
for his name was noble & his money measureless. But

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he gloated. And now he is in an elly bleak & lone
& the ~~in~~ fog is thicker & darker than before. And silently
he dances - yes! he dances now - he is so glad! - down the
streets & calls a woman to him that stands there in the shadow
And she comes & he leaps on her & licks her with that
black tongue that ~~for~~ flows with a foul sweet. And she
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that black tongue and the clothes rot from her as it
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swells to a black putrid mass three times the size
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And the black fog is over all. And the little black
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anything might be understood. ^{by it} And the little black
devil sat in his corner still & grinned.

And then after seven days nothing more happened.
And the liars forgot & wrote new lies of other things.
And so the world went on.

Now there was a man in this city who was much honoured
for his name was noble & his money measureless. But

... and she clothes not from her as of
touches them. And he licks & still licks while the corpse
smells to a black putrid mass three times the size
~~that~~ God made it, spickled with leprous
patches of a dead white. And he has finished & the
loads crawl out & sit upon her & hold a ghastly revel
And the black fog is over all. And the little black
devil is in his corner & still set & gibbered.

And this happened day by day, and the people
were afraid. And the Liar wrote many lies & gave much
advice so quaintly worded by their art that nothing or
anything might be understood ^{by it}. And the little black
devil sat in his corner still & grinned.

And then after seven days nothing more happened.
And the Liar forgot & wrote new lies of other things.
And so the world went on.

Now there was a man in this city who was much honored
for his name was noble & his money measureless. But
he had no character & less virtue. So for these
~~these~~ qualities he was much esteemed. And he
knew also a woman whose name was not noble who had
no money but whose character & virtue were even
as his. And the gacious world thought that the
best good thing might outweigh the other two for she,
with it, could borrow a noble name & gain much
money also. And this indeed she did, & was much

And he licks & still licks while the corpse swells to a black putrid mass three times the size ~~that~~ God made it, sprinkled with leprous patches of a dead white. And he has finished & the loads crawl out & sit upon her & hold a ghastly revel. And the black fog is over all. And the little black devil is in his corner & still set & gibbered.

And this happened day by day, and the people were afraid. And the liars wrote many lies & gave much advice so quaintly worded by their art that nothing or anything might be understood ^{by it}. And the little black devil sat in his corner still & grinned.

And then after seven days nothing more happened. And the liars forgot & wrote new lies of other things. And so the world went on.

Now there was a man in this city who was much honoured for his name was noble & his money measureless. But he had no character & less virtue. So for these ~~two~~ qualities he was much esteemed. And he knew also a woman whose name was not noble who had no money but whose character & virtue were even as his. And the gacious world thought that the best good thing might outweigh the other two for she, with it, could borrow a noble name & gain much money also. And this indeed she did, & was much

2 & saw them stagger through the by-ways. Ha! how
he gloated. And now he is in an ally black & lone
& the fog is thicker & darker than before. And silently
he dances - yes! he dances now - he is so glad! - down the
streets & calls a woman to him that stands there in the shadow
And she comes & he leaps on her & licks her with that
black tongue that ~~he~~ forms with a foul sweat. And she
falls still in the shadow. And he licks & still licks with
that black tongue and the clothes rot from her as it
touches them. And he licks & still licks while the corpse
swells to a black putrid mass three times the size
~~that~~ God made it, speckled with leprous
patches of a dead white. And he has finished & the
loads crawl out & sit upon her & hold a ghastly revel
And the black fog is over all. And the little black
devil is in his corner & still set & gibbered.

And this happened day by day, and the people
were afraid. And the Liar wrote many lies & gave much
advice so quaintly worded by their art that nothing or
anything might be understood ^{by it}. And the little black
devil sat in his corner still & grinned.

And then after seven days nothing more happened.
And the Liar forgot & wrote new lies of other things.
And so the world went on.

Now there was a man in this city who was much honored
for his name was noble & his money measureless. But
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~~the~~ qualities he was much esteemed. And he
knew also a woman whose name was not noble who had
no money but whose character & virtue were even
as his. And the gossips would thought that the
best good thing might outwige the other two for she,
with it, could borrow a noble name & gain much
money also. And this indeed she did, & was much

esteemed of all men. But the women hated her.
Now for a long time had she held this noble man
in her thrall, but he (having no virtue ~~in her~~ ^{any soft})
grew tired of her. And his friends said "Get rid of
this woman, but shabbily, so that you may be the more
esteemed of all men & all shall be well." For the
men of London think that, by reason of the fog, the
Eye of God sees ^{not} the deeds that are done in London.
And so he went & ~~he~~ took another woman to
him. But she, the first, went to her Father, &
did consult. And he, from the flames overlooking, bid
her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
corpse, nor was any breath left in her. And
her heart sprang out & arose sweet, into the
outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the
shadow of St Pauls, ~~was~~ ^{had been} ~~the~~ ^{the} rival of her, &
was now — And again some other child of hate
& again even for seven days. And after seven
days the heart came back & entered again
into her & the life came into her again & she
rose & went out & so will on

Now it came to pass that she was possessed
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
of this. And she was merry at supper & grew
drunken. And ~~when~~ ^{being} maddened, she passed
out into the street & began to rave in the market-place
stove her clothes. And the man in blue came to her
& took her. For the men of London do all drink & the
women do so. But they say outwardly that it is a kind
thing & so appoint a punishment for the poor who are
drunken in the street. **B**ut ^{for} the rich the man in blue
proceeds in a ^{that} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~more~~ ^{more}. And this man
in blue had not the woman knew not that she was rich

esteemed of all men. But the women hated her.
Now for a long time had she held this noble man
in her thralldom, but he (having no virtue ^{any soft} ~~in his~~)
grew tired of her. And his friends said "Get rid of
this woman, but shabbily, so that you may be the more
esteemed of all men & all shall be well." For the
men of London think that, by reason of the fog, the
Eye of God sees not the deeds that are done in London.
And so he went & ~~he~~ took another woman to
him. But she, the first, went to her father, &
did consult. And he, from the flames everlasting, bid
her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
and the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
corpse. nor was any breath left in her. And
her heart sprang out & arose, & went into the
outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the
shadow of St Pauls' ~~was~~ had been ^{the} rival of her, &
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& again even for seven days. And after seven
days the heart came back & entered again
into her & the life came into her again & she
arose & went out & so lived on.

Now it came to pass that she was possessed by
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
of this. And she was merry at supper & grew
drunken. And ~~coming over~~, being wadded, she passed
out into the street & began to rave in the market-place

esteemed of all men. But the women hated her.
Now for a long time had she held this noble man
in her thralldom, but he (having no virtue ^{any soft} ~~in her~~)
grew tired of her. And his friends said "Get rid of
this woman, but shabbily, so that you may be the more
esteemed of all men & all shall be well." For the
men of London think that, by reason of the fog, the
Eye of God sees th not the deeds that are done in London.
And so he went & ~~he~~ took another woman to
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did consult. And he, from the flames everlasting, bid
her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
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her heart sprang out & arose, & went into the
outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the
shadow of St Pauls' ~~was~~ had been ~~the~~ ^{the} rival of her,
was now — And again some other child of hate
& again even for seven days. And after seven
days the heart came back & entered again
into her & the life came into her again & she
rose & went out & so lived on.

Now it came to pass that she was passed by
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
of this. And she was merry at supper & grew
drunken. And ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~supper~~ ~~and~~ ~~grew~~ ~~drunken~~

And so she went & ~~took~~ took another woman to
him. But she, the first, went to her father, &
did consult. And he, from the flames everlasting, bid
her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
corpse. nor was any breath left in her. And
her heart sprang out & arose, went into the
outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the
shadow of St Pauls' ~~was~~ had been ~~that~~ ^{the} rival of her, &
was now — And again some other child of life
& again even for seven days. And after seven
days the heart came back & entered again
into her & the life came into her again & she
arose & went out & so lived on.

Now it came to pass that she was passed by
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
of this. And she was merry at supper & grew
drunken. And ~~coming over~~, being waddled, she passed
out into the street & began to rave in the market-place
& tore her clothes. And the man in blue came to her
& took her. For the men of London do all drink & the
women also. But they say outwardly that it is a hard
thing & so appoint a punishment for the poor who are
drunken in the street. But ^{for} the rich the man in blue
procureth a car ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{may be driven} home. And this man
in blue had not the woman knew not that she was rich

him. But she, the first, went to her Father, & did consult. And he, from the flames everlasting, bid her be of good cheer. And the room was dark And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a corpse. nor was any breath left in her. And her heart sprang out & arose & went into the outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the shadow of St Pauls ~~was~~ had been ~~that~~ ^{the} rival of her, & was now — And again some other child of fate & again even for seven days. And after seven days the heart came back & entered again into her & the life came into her again & she arose & went out & so lived on.

Now it came to pass that she was possessed by until the day before the anniversary of the first day of this. And she was merry at supper & grew drunken. And ~~coming over~~, being waddened, she passed out into the street & began to rave in the market-place & tore her clothes. And the man in blue came to her & took her. For the men of London do all drink, & the women also. But they say outwardly that ~~it's~~ a hard thing & so appoint a punishment for the poor who are drunken in the street. **B**ut ^{for} the rich the man in blue procureth a cab ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{may be driven} ~~to~~ ^{home}. And this man in blue that met the woman knew not that she was rich.

him. But she, the first, went to her father, &
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her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
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days the heart came back & entered again
into her & the life came into her again & she
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Now it came to pass that she was passed by
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
of this. And she was merry at supper & grew
drunken. And ~~cutting over~~, being waddled, she passed
out into the street & began to rave in the market-place
& tore her clothes. And the man in blue came to her
& took her. For the men of London do all drink, & the
women also. But they say outwardly that it is a horrid
thing & so appoint a punishment for the poor who are
drunken in the street. But ^{for} the rich the man in blue
procureth a cab ^{that may be driven} ~~by~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{home}. And this man
in blue had not the woman knew that that she was rich

esteemed of all men. But the women hated her.
Now for a long time had she held this noble man
in her thralldom, but he (having no virtue ~~in his~~ ^{from soft})
grew tired of her. And his friends said "Get rid of
this woman, but shabbily, so that you may be the more
esteemed of all men & all shall be well." For the
men of London think that, by reason of the fog, the
Eye of God sees not the deeds that are done in London.
And so he went & ~~then~~ look a other woman & to
him. But she, the first, went to her Father, &
did consult. And he, from the flames overlooking, bid
her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
corpse. nor was any breath left in her. And
her heart sprang out & across went into the
outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the
shadow of St Paul's ~~was~~ had been ~~that~~ ^{the} rival of her, &
was now — And again some other child of life
& again even for seven days. And after seven
days the heart came back & entered again
into her & the life came into her again & she
rose & went out & so lived on.

Now it came to pass that she was possessed
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
of this. And she was merry at supper & grew
drunken. And ~~when~~, being wadded, she passed
out into the street & began to rave in the market-place
store her clothes. And the man in blue came to her
& took her. For the men of London do all drink, & the
women doo. But they say outwardly that it is a hard
thing & so appoint a punishment for the poor who are
drunken in the street. **B**ut ^{for} the rich the man in blue
procureth a ~~car~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{may be driven} home. And this man
in blue that was the woman knew that that she was rich

esteemed of all men. But the women hated her.
Now for a long time had she held this noble man
in her thrall, but he (having no virtue ~~any more~~)
grew tired of her. And his friends said "Get rid of
this woman, but shabbily, so that you may be the more
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men of London think that, by reason of the fog, the
Eye of God sees not the deeds that are done in London.
And so he went & ~~he~~ took another woman to
him. But she, the first, went to her Father, &
did consult. And he, from the flames everlastingly bid
her be of good cheer. And the room was dark
And the woman grew cold & shrank now into a
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outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the
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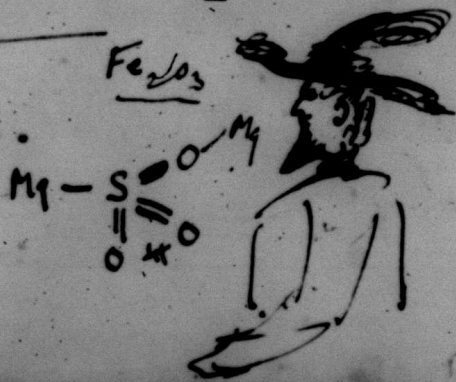
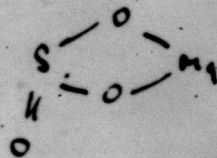
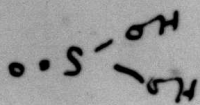
Now it came to pass in us we were possessed
until the day before the anniversary of the first day
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out into the street & began to rave in the market-place
stole her clothes. And the man in blue came to her
& took her. For the men of London do all drink, & the
women do so. But they say outwardly that it is a hard
thing & so appoint a punishment for the poor who are
drunken in the street. **B**ut ~~for~~ ^{for} the rich the man in blue
procureth a ~~car~~ ^{car} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{may be} ~~made~~ ^{made}. And this man
in blue that was the woman knew that that she was rich

& so forced her to come with him. And the morning came
& she was brought before him who was to judge her. But he
was late, having been hindered by drunken the night before, & he
had a headache in consequence. But at last he came &
spoke loud & viruously, even ~~by~~ giving a long moral
lecture on the vice of drink. But while he yet spoke, the
woman grew cold & shrank up & now there was no life left
in her, even as before. And the Liars wrote much of
this. But her heart had shung out as before & went about
with its black tongue, sucking & slaying. And the Liars wrote
much of this also. And so seven days ^{passed} & the woman was
buried. And over her they signed the Cross. And the noble man
knew that it was she & over her grave he raised a cross
of marble. And at the end of the seven days the little black
devil ceased his gibbering & came, & sought her. But he
found her not for when ^{he} came to the grave it might not pass
the cross. So he wandered up & down in twelve places
& sought rest & found it not. And he went to the Patriarch
the father of London. And he was sad for he said, this
child of mine is grown to my will & there is nothing
left for me to do. I am not needed here. Let us see
said the little black demon gibbering & gnawing again
"let us flee away even to the ^{nearest} ~~next~~ place we may." "Yes"
he heard that old Patriarch looking a faded face with
a hoarse voice "let us what we may" To the church of

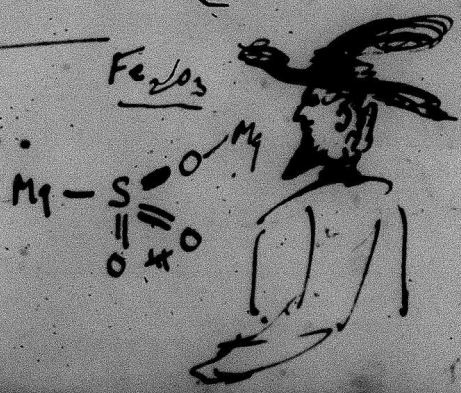
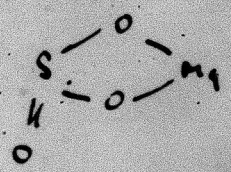
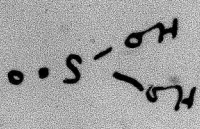
& so forced her to come with him. And the morning came
& she was brought before him as was to judge her. But he
was late, having been himself drunken the night before, &
had a headache in consequence. But at last he came &
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much of this also. And so seven days ~~passed~~ ^{passed} & the woman was
buried. And over her they signed the Cross. And the noble man
knew that it was she & over her grave he raised a cross
of marble. And at the end of the seven days the little black
devil ceased his gibbering & came, & sought her. But he
found her not. For when ~~he~~ ^{he} came to the grave it might not pass
the cross. So he wandered up & down in unclean places
& sought rest & found it not. And he went to the Patriarch
the father of London. And he was sad for he said, this
child of mine is grown to my will & there is nothing
left for me to do. I am not needed here. Let us see
said the little black demon gibbering & grimacing again
"let us flee away even to the ~~next~~ ^{nearest} place we may." "Yes"
to hearken that old Patriarch looking a lashed tail with
a horrid look "let us out of this town." For he thought

& so forced her to come with him. And the morning came
& she was brought before him as was to judge her. But he
was late, having been himself drunken the night before, &
had a headache in consequence. But at last he came &
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of marble. And at the end of the seven days the little black
devil ceased his gibbering & came, & sought her. But he
found her not for when ^{he} came to the grave it might not pass
the cross. So he wandered up & down in tridean places
& sought rest & found it not. And he went to the Patriarch
the father of London. And he was sad for he said, this
child of mine is grown to my will & there is nothing
left for me to do. I am not needed here. Let us see
said the little black demon gibbering & grimacing again
"let us flee away even to the ^{nearest} ~~next~~ place we may." "Yes"
to heard that old Patriarch looking a lashed tail with
a horrid look "let us out of this way" For he had such

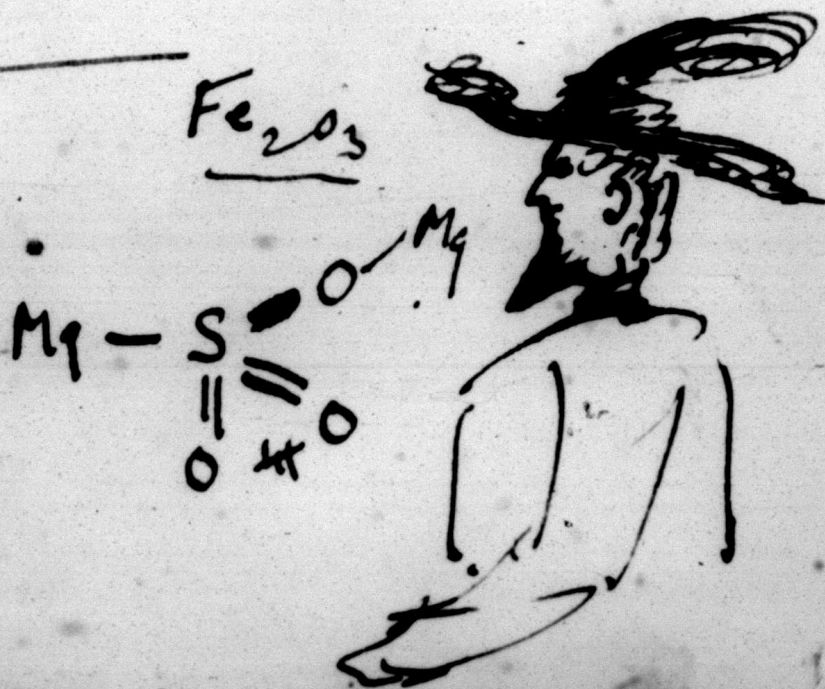
with the black tongue, sucking & slaying. And the traitor wrought
much of this also. And so seven days ^{passed} & the woman was
buried. And over her they signed the Cross. And the noble man
knew that it was she & over her grave he raised a cross
of marble. And at the end of the seven days the little black
devil ceased his gibbering & came & sought her. But he
found her not for when ^{he} came to the grave it might not pass
the cross. So he wandered up & down in unclean places
& sought rest should it not. And he went to the Patriarch
the father of London. And he was sad for he said, this
child of mine is grown to my will & there is nothing
left for me to do. I am not needed here. Let us see
said the little black demon gibbering & grinning again
"let us flee away even to the ^{nearest} ~~next~~ place we may." "Yes"
he bowed that old Patriarch bushing a loaded tail with
a horrid hum "let us out of this fog" For the thick black
fog still hung down over all the city. "Let us to the
nearest place where we may find some good that we may
corrupt." And they arose & went through the dark streets &
away & away. And they fled very far.



with the black tongue, sucking & slaying. And the tears wrought
much of this also. And so seven days ^{passed} & the woman was
buried. And over her they signed the Cross. And the noble man
knew that it was she & over her grave he raised a cross
of marble. And at the end of the seven days the little black
devil ceased his gibbering & came & sought her. But he
found her not for when ^{he} came to the grave it might not pass
the cross. So he wandered up & down in unclean places
& sought rest & found it not. And he went to the Patriarch
the father of London. And he was sad for he said, this
child of mine is grown to my will & there is nothing
left for me to do. I am not needed here. Let us see
said the little black demon gibbering & grinning again
"let us flee away even to the ^{nearest} ~~next~~ place we may." Yes
he heard that old Patriarch lashing a loaded tail with
a horrid hand "let us out of this log." For the thick smoke
of still burning down over all the city. "Let us to the
nearest place where we may find some good that we may
corrupt." And they arose & went through the back streets &
away & away. And they fled very far.



... washing a loaded sail with
this log "For the thick black
all the city." Let us to be
y find some good that we may
went through the black streets &
fled very far.



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 this. But her heart had stung out as before & went about
 with its black tongue, sicking & slaying. And the Liar wrote
 much of this also. And so seven days ~~past~~ ^{passed} & the woman was
 buried. And over her they raised the Cross. And the noble man
 saw that it was she & over her grave he raised a cross
 of marble. And at the end of the seven days the little black
 devil ceased his jellings & came & sang a dirge. But he
 found her not for when ~~he~~ ^{he} came to the grave it might not pass
 the cross. So he wandered ~~to~~ down in the dark places
 & sought rest & found it not. And he went to the Patriarch
 the father of London. And he was sad for he said, "His
 child of mine is given to my ~~eye~~ & there is nothing
 left for me to do. I say, 'not needed here'. And he
 said the little black demon quivering & quivering again
 "I have fled away, even to the ~~most~~ ^{nearest} place we may." "Yes"
 he had that old Patriarch having a sacred hair with
 a horrid taint "let us out of this by" For he ~~shall~~ ^{shall}
 still ~~run~~ down over all the city. "Let us to the
~~house~~ ^{house} where there will they find some good that in way
 corrupt." And they arose quiet through the dark streets &
 away away. And they fled very far.

