

Brothertown Oct 20 1866
Housemaid's Soliloquy
W C and Brothers and Sisters

Oh Dear Dear Wonder if my mistress ever
Thinks i am made of flesh and blood
Five times Within half an hour
I have trotted up stairs to hand things
That Ware only four feet from her rocking
Than theres her son Mr George it does seem
To me that a great able boeice I must like
him well not call a poor tired Warner
up four pair of stairs to ask Whats the
Time of day higho its Sally do this and
Sally do that till i Wish i never had
been baptised at all and i might as well
go further back While i am about it and
Wish i had never been borne now insted
of ~~be~~ ordering me round so like a dray horse if
they would only look up smiling like now
then or ask me how my ~~the~~ rheumatiz did
or say yave morning Sally ~~see~~ show some
sort of interest in ~~the~~ low creature i could
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Pluck up a bit of heart to make for them
a kind word ease the wheels of my treadmill
amazingly are I wouldn't cost them any thing
either I look at my clothes all at sixes and sevens
I can't get a minute ~~to~~ to sew on a string or a button
except at night and then I am so sleepy it is ~~so~~
as much as ever I can find the way to bed and then
What a bed it is to ~~be~~ be sure Why even the pigs
are now and then allowed clean straw to sleep
sleep on and as to bed clothes the less said about
them the better my old cloak serves for blanket
and the sheets are as thin as a charity school soup
well well one wouldn't think it to see all the fine
glittering things down in the drawing room masters
span of horses and miss Clara Ingram's earrings
and rich dresses ~~I aint sure we got for mine there~~
the I try to think it's all right but it is no
use ~~to~~ To morrow is Sunday, Day of rest I
believe they call it Humph more cooking to be
done more company more confusion than on any
other day in the week ~~and~~ if I own a soul I have
not ~~had~~ heard how to take care of it for many
a long day; Waster if my master and mistress
calculated to pay me for that if I lose it it
is a question in my mind how of goshen I
aint sure we got ~~a~~ mine there the hell again

J L B