

Much ado about nothing: or, a plain refutation of all that has been written or said concerning the rabbit-woman of Godalming. : being a full and impartial confession from her own mouth, and under her own hand, of the whole affair, from the beginning to the end. Now made publick for the general satisfaction.

Contributors

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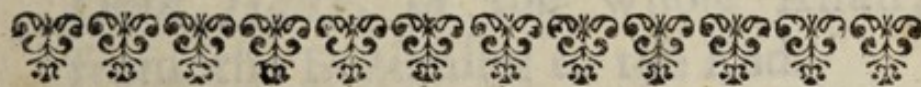
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Much ado about Nothing :

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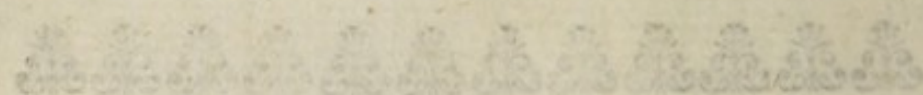
Rabbit-Woman's
CONFESSION.



(Price Four^p Pence.)

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Murray, near St. Paul's
Church.

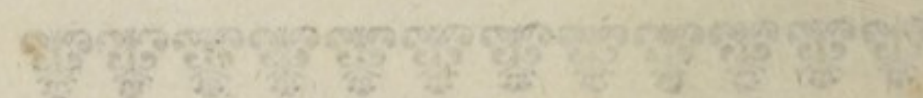


Much ado about Nothing:

OR, THE

Rabbit-Woman's

CONFESSION.



(Price Fourpence.)

2
Much ado about Nothing :

Or, a P L A I N

R E F U T A T I O N

O F

All that has been Written or Said

Concerning the

Rabbit - Woman

O F

G O D A L M I N G.

B E I N G

A Full and Impartial Confession
from her *Own Mouth*, and under her
Own Hand, of the whole Affair,
from the Beginning to the End.

*Now made publick for the General
Satisfaction.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *A. Moore*, near *St. Paul's*:
M^d.DCC.XXVII.

Which also about Nothing :

OR A PLAIN

REFUTATION

OF

All that has been Written or Said

Concerning the

Rabbinic - Woman

OF

GODALMING.

BEING

A Full and Impartial Confession
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L O N D O N :

Printed for A. Moore, near St. Pauls.
M. dccc. xxviii.

(5)



THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.



THE poor Wo-
man of Godal-
ming being now
the Topic of every
Con-

Conversation, and it being put to the general Vote, whether Rabbits shall be admitted to our Tables, ay or no; it has been thought fit to trace the whole Affair from its first Original; and to hear what the poor Woman has to say for herself, at a time when all Mouths are open against her: in order to which, the Publisher hereof has taken in-

indefatigable Pains to bring the whole Mystery to light, by purging the Woman in a proper manner, and at proper times, without the low Artifice of Wheedling, or the high Hand of Threatning ; but by touching *her in the Tenderest part*, viz. her Conscience ; and extracting the very Quintessence of the whole Affair in such a manner, and method, as

as will fet all Mankind to rights in their various mistaken Notions of this unhappy Woman.

It is therefore to be hoped, they will suspend their Judgments, till they have heard what ſhe has to ſay for herſelf; and that upon a mature Recollection and Debate of the whole, they will fet the Saddle on the right Horſe, by letting their Reſentments

ments fall on *the true Impostors, or Quacks*, and not on a poor innocent Woman, whose Misfortunes they have made the Cat's Paw of their Roguery.

P O S T S C R I P T.

IT was thought fit to print this Confession in *puris naturalibus*, (i.e.) in her own Stile and Spelling, without any
 C Amend-

Amendment or Adulteration, which would but spoil its natural Simplicity, and render it less Genuine and Credible.

THE



THE
Rabbit-Woman's
CONFESSION.

UNdurstandin I hav bin
mad a toun tauk of, I
thinks it is tim for me
to vindikat my self, hoo am as
innursent of what I am exkuz'd
with, as the child as is unborn.
I here I am mad a sad Cretur of

by a parsel of furjohns, hoo, as all the world noes, ar nun of the onnistists men; but I hope to clere myself, and shaim them all.

Now you must noe, as I beng, thof I sa it as shud not sa it, a Woman as knows wats wat, I was alwas dispektid by my naburs, and in pertikular Mr. *Howard*. hoo alwas told me I wos a Wuman as had *grate natturul parts*, and a *large Capassiti*, and kapible of beng kunferved in depe *Kun-trivansis*; and as how if I wold be rulid by him, and use *Prick-kawshun*, sum think mowt be dun, and as how if I lust Rawbits, I shud navar wont: so he tretid me with as fine a Rawbit as effer I tastid in my born days. Now you must noe his Rawbit
had

had an indiffrent tast from ani I
 had effer ete, for it wos not
 byld, nor rostid, nor fricumceed,
but tost up skin and aul with its
eres prickt up. How effer, thank
 G^{ed}, I got it all down, and thote
 I neyur tastid a dellikittur mor-
 fil in my lyf; my huzbund had
 giffen me mani and mani a Raw-
 bit before, but no comparrezon.
 So I neffur astur vallid his Raw-
 bits, no more then nutthink at
 all, but alwas honed and honed
 for my nabor's Rawbit. But he
 groing wary of suplyng me, fobd
 me off, and sade as how I had
 too much *Affucktation* for him :
 so he brot me one *Surjohn*, and
 another *Surjohn*, but nun of
 these Rawbits went down lik
 his, nor spent hafe so well : and
 as for takin them at the mouth,
 I

I cood not ; for evar sence I had
tastid his Rawbitt, I tuk them all
tuther way, and I humbli kun-
seve it is the best way, espechal-
ly if thay ar not flabby ; but if
thay ar flabby, thay ar not wurth
a fart.

Miscubin Aftur this, *an ugly old Gentil-
man* in a grate blak wig cam to
me, but he had lost his Rawbit
by the way, for I cood see nun
he had ; and he onli tez'd me,
and tez'd me, but mad nutthink
of it ; for he fumblid and fum-
blid, but to no porpos, for all
his grabblin and gropin signe-
fyd as much as nuthink.

Molyneux. Then thay brote a *purblynd
Gentilman*, hoo was for *survay-
in* me with his *Telluskop* ; but it
was so dark he cood not see,
tho he got upon a gynt-stool,
and

and had it not bin for anothur Parson more quick-sited then himself, he had sartinly lost his *Telluskop*.

The next was a *pritty Gentil* ^{St Andre.} *man*, hoo had a charmin Rawbit, and more thon that *plaid swetly* on the *Fiddil*, and cut *capors* as hy as ani think : He wood have jumpt the Lord noes ware, if he mowt hav had his will, and shakt the powdar out of his wig ; but I likt him the bettar for all that : if I cood ha my will, he shood be the onli man I wood be kunfernd with.

As for the *squab Man*, that ^{Dr Maubray.} cry'd out *a Sooterkin, a Sooterkin*, I dont lik him at all ; for it semes he wonted to mak a Devils Damm of me, and peept, and peept, the Devil peep his
Eyes

Eyes out, in hops to see a dancing Devil cut a capor out of my Belli, but he was disapinted.

Sir R. Manningham. But the wurst of them all was a *fine-faced long-nosed Gentilman, with a Neck lik a Crain*; he was for purformin an *oppurashun*, as he call'd it, and tawkt of making *Insishuns*, and *Cesariums*, and the Lord noes wat: but the othur Gentilman wood not let him, for which I shall alwas pray for um.

Limborch. Thare was likwys a noutlandish surjohn, a fumbl-fisted fellow, as was nevr cut out to handil Gentilwimin, his fingurs war all astrutt, and he hurt me so, I nevr dezir he shood meddl with me ani mor as long as I liv.

After

After this, thay brot a powr
 mor of surjohns, I nevur see
 such a mortul site of ugli fel-
 lurs in my born days, peepin
 and gropin, and sputturing out
 haf *English*, and haf *Lattin*; nay,
 it mout be Law-*Lattin* for awt
 I noe, for I nevur herd such
 Gibburich sins I was born.

Durin this tyme, I was dele-
 vurd, as they say, of I dont noe
 how mani Rabbitts; but I pro-
 tests I noe nothink of the mat-
 tur, thay mowt put um thare for
 owt I noe, for I cant tell no
 mor then the child as is unborn
 how I cum by um. If I did
 brede um, the mor is my mis-
 fortun, and I thinks I oft in kon-
 shuns to have a Penshun to mak
 ammends, and not to be mad a
 maygam of, and a laffin-stok,
 D and

and sent from post to pillur, to banniurs, and to prifun, and I dont noe ware: But thare is mor lys it femes told of me, for thay fay as how I wanted to mak a *Kunny-Worren* of my *Parfly-Bed*, and as how I had agrid to fuply the *Poltururs* with *Rawbitts* at an under pryfe: But this is a ftori raifd by the *Warrinors*, and I wood not have pepel fet themfelfs againft Rawbitts for my fake, for I nevur did fell a Rawbitt to no parfon watevur: for how cood I, wen the *furjohns* run away with um as fast as tha cum from me. If tha *fold um*, or *eat um*, the more fhaim for um; but why fhood the fawt be lade at my dore, wen I am in-nurfent of the mattur?

As

As for the Portur of the Banniur, he is a lying dog, and onli wonts to mak a peni of me.

As for bing fryted with *Rawbitts*, it is all a ly; for the troath is, I had alwas an ugli wa of crying *Odd Rawbitt me!* at evri turn.

This ugli wurd I uzd in gest or arnist; for if I was angri with ani bodi, I wood cry *odd Rawbitt um*; or if I was gokin or plain the fool with ani bodi, I had alwas *Rabbitt um* at my tungs end: so that I had got such a habit of using myself to this wikid wurd, that I was nikanam *Rawbittin Merry* long enuff afore this Misfortin hapned.

Now I do follymly deklar, that to the best of my nolige, all this has hapned to me for my rash wishis, and profan fwearin, and saing Odd Rawbitt me, and such wikid wishis; tharfor I do besech all Cristiun peple to tak warning by me, and not to wish rash wishis for the futur, or to sware or curs, lest tha be punnishid for the sam.

As for the *surjohns*, tha hav mad a *fine kettle of Fish*; but wat is that to me? as tha bru let um bak, I am resolvid to clere miself, and let them git off as well as tha can.

As for thare barbirus Experiment wich tha intended, of sending a *chimni-sweeper's boy up my*
fal-

fallopin Tubb, I thank um for thare luff, but tha shall play no such triks with me : I noes tha wood hang me if tha cood, but I hops sum good Cristiu will stand in *my gap*, and not let a pore Wuman be hangid for a parsil of navs and fools.

I dos declare all this is the trooth, and nuthink but the trooth, as I hops for merci ; and I hops all good peple will tak worning by me, and piti me, and not se me hangid.

And I do assure all peple, gentil or simpl, that tha may *ete Rawbitts* mornin, noon, or nite, without any fere or danger for the futur ; for all as has bin sad, exept what I have
here

here written, is a damd kun-
founded ly.

MERRY TUFT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THOF I be ripurzentid
as an ignirunt littirat Wu-
man, as can nethur rite nor
rede, yet I thank God I can do
both; and thof mahaps I cant
spel as well as sum peple as
fet up for authurs, yet I can rite
trooth, and plane *Inglish*, wich
is mor nor ani of um all has
dun. As for settin my Mark
to a papur, it wos wen I wont
well, and wos for goin the
shortist

shortist wa to work : if tha had
axt me to rite my name, I
wood hav dun it; but tha onli
bid me fet my mark, as kun-
clooding I cood not rite my
nam, but tha was mistakn.

F I N I S.



thought we to work : if the had
 are me to the my name, I
 wood hay gun it; but the only
 bid me for my mark, as knu-
 clogging I could not the my
 name, but the was mistaken.

POSTSCRIPT

F. V. N. 2.

