

# **Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)**

Samuel Richardson



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# **Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)**

## Samuel Richardson

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**Vol. 1**

*PAMELA*: or, *Virtue* Rewarded. In a SERIES of Familiar Letters from a Beautiful Young Damsel, To her PARENTS. Now first Published In order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of Both Sexes. A Narrative which has its Foundation in TRUTH and NATURE; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* Incidents, is intirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*. In Two VOLUMES. Vol. I.

**PREFACE by the EDITOR.**

*If to Divert and Entertain, and at the same time to Instruct, and Improve the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes:  
If to inculcate Religion and Morality in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally delightful  
and profitable to the younger Class of Readers, as well as worthy of the Attention of Persons of maturer Years  
and Understandings:*

*If to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the Parental, the Filial, and the Social Duties, and that from low to  
high Life:*

*If to paint Vice in its proper Colours, to make it deservedly Odious; and to set Virtue in its own amiable Light,  
to make it truly Lovely:*

*If to draw Characters justly, and to support them equally:*

*If to raise a Distress from natural Causes, and to excite Compassion from proper Motives:*

*If to teach the Man of Fortune how to use it; the Man of Passion how to subdue it; and the Man of Intrigue,  
how, gracefully, and with Honour to himself, to reclaim:*

*If to give practical Examples, worthy to be followed in the most critical and affecting Cases, by the modest  
Virgin, the chaste Bride, and the obliging Wife:*

*If to effect all these good Ends, in so probable, so natural, so lively a manner, as shall engage the Passions of  
every sensible Reader, and strongly interest them in the edifying Story:*

*And all without raising a single Idea throughout the Whole, that shall shock the exactest Purity, even in those  
tender Instances where the exactest Purity would be most apprehensive:*

*If these, (embellished with a great Variety of entertaining Incidents) be laudable or worthy Recommendations  
of any Work, the Editor of the following Letters, which have their Foundation in Truth and Nature, ventures to  
assert, that all these desirable Ends are obtained in these Sheets: And as he is therefore confident of the  
favourable Reception which he boldly bespeaks for this little Work; he thinks any further Preface or Apology for  
it, unnecessary: And the rather for two Reasons, 1st. Because he can Appeal from his own Passions, (which have  
been uncommonly moved in perusing these engaging Scenes) to the Passions of Every one who shall read them  
with the least Attention: And, in the next place, because an Editor may reasonably be supposed to judge with an  
Impartiality which is rarely to be met with in an Author towards his own Works.*

The Editor.

**To the Editor of the Piece intitl'd, Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded.**

*Dear Sir,* I have had inexpressible Pleasure in the Perusal of your Pamela. It intirely answers the Character you give of it in your Preface; nor have you said one Word too much in Commendation of a Piece that has Advantages and Excellencies peculiar to itself. For, besides the beautiful Simplicity of the Style, and a happy Propriety and Clearness of Expression (the Letters being written under the immediate Impression of every Circumstance which occasioned them, and that to those who had a Right to know the fair Writer's most secret Thoughts) the several Passions of the Mind must, of course, be more affectingly described, and Nature may be traced in her undisguis'd Inclinations with much more Propriety and Exactness, than can possibly be found in a Detail of Actions long past, which are never recollected with the same Affections, Hopes, and Dreads, with which they were felt when they occurred.

This little Book will infallibly be looked upon as the hitherto much-wanted Standard or Pattern for this Kind of Writing. For it abounds with lively Images and Pictures; with Incidents natural, surprising, and perfectly adapted to the Story; with Circumstances interesting to Persons in common Life, as well as to those in exalted Stations. The greatest Regard is every where paid in it to Decency, and to every Duty of Life: There is a constant Fitness of the Style to the Persons and Characters described; Pleasure and Instruction here always go hand in hand: Vice and Virtue are set in constant Opposition, and Religion every-where inculcated in its native Beauty and chearful Amiableness; not dressed up in stiff, melancholy, or gloomy Forms, on one hand, nor yet, on the other, debased below its due Dignity and noble Requisites, in Compliment to a too fashionable but depraved Taste. And this I will boldly say, that if its numerous Beauties are added to its excellent Tendency, it will be found worthy a Place, not only in all Families (especially such as have in them young Persons of either Sex) but in the Collections of the most curious and polite Readers. For, as it borrows none of its Excellencies from the romantic Flights of unnatural Fancy, its being founded in Truth and Nature, and built upon Experience, will be a lasting Recommendation to the Discerning and Judicious; while the agreeable Variety of Occurrences and Characters, in which it abounds, will not fail to engage the Attention of the gay and more sprightly Readers.

The moral Reflections and Uses to be drawn from the several Parts of this admirable History, are so happily deduced from a Croud of different Events and Characters, in the Conclusion of the Work, that I shall say the less on that Head. But I think, the Hints you have given me, should also prefatorily be given to the Publick; *viz.* That it will appear from several Things mentioned in the Letters, that the Story must have happened within these Thirty Years past: That you have been obliged to vary some of the Names of Persons, Places, &c. and to disguise a few of the Circumstances, in order to avoid giving Offence to some Persons, who would not chuse to be pointed out too plainly in it; tho' they would be glad it may do the Good so laudably intended by the Publication. And as you have in Confidence submitted to my Opinion some of those Variations, I am much pleased that you have so managed the Matter, as to make no Alteration in the Facts; and, at the same time, have avoided the digressive Prolixity too frequently used on such Occasions.

Little Book, charming Pamela! face the World, and never doubt of finding Friends and Admirers, not only in thine own Country, but far from Home; where thou mayst give an Example of Purity to the Writers of a neighbouring Nation; which now shall have an Opportunity to receive *English* Bullion in Exchange for its own Dross, which has so long passed current among us in Pieces abounding with all the Levities of its volatile Inhabitants. The reigning Depravity of the Times has yet left Virtue many Votaries. Of their Protection you need not despair. May every head-strong Libertine whose Hands you reach, be reclaimed; and every tempted Virgin who reads you, imitate the Virtue, and meet the Reward of the high-meriting, tho' low-descended, Pamela. I am, Sir,

*Your most Obedient, and Faithful Servant,*

J. B. D. F.

**To my worthy Friend, the Editor of Pamela, &c.**

SIR, I return the Manuscript of *Pamela* by the Bearer, which I have read with a great deal of Pleasure. It is written with that Spirit of Truth and agreeable Simplicity, which, tho' much wanted, is seldom found in those Pieces which are calculated for the Entertainment and Instruction of the Publick. It carries Conviction in every Part of it; and the Incidents are so natural and interesting, that I have gone hand-in-hand, and sympathiz'd with the pretty Heroine in all her Sufferings, and been extremely anxious for her Safety, under the Apprehensions of the bad Consequences which I expected, every Page, would ensue from the laudable Resistance she made. I have interested myself in all her Schemes of Escape; been alternately pleas'd and angry with her in her Restraint; *pleas'd* with the little Machinations and Contrivances she set on foot for her Release, and *angry* for suffering her Fears to defeat them; always lamenting, with a most sensible Concern, the Mifcarriages of her Hopes and Projects. In short, the whole is so affecting, that there is no reading it without uncommon Concern and Emotion. Thus far only as to the *Entertainment* it gives.

As to *Instruction* and *Morality*, the Piece is full of both. It shews Virtue in the strongest Light, and renders the Practice of it amiable and lovely.

The beautiful Sufferer keeps it ever in her View, without the least Ostentation, or Pride; she has it so strongly implanted in her, that thro' the whole Course of her Sufferings, she does not so much as hesitate once, whether she shall sacrifice it to Liberty and Ambition, or not; but, as if there were no other way to free and save herself, carries on a determin'd Purpose to persevere in her Innocence, and wade with it throughout all Difficulties and Temptations, or perish under them. It is an astonishing Matter, and well worth our most serious Consideration, that a young beautiful Girl, in the low Scene of Life and Circumstance in which Fortune placed her, without the Advantage of a Friend capable to relieve and protect her, or any other Education than what occur'd to her from her own Observation and little Reading, in the Course of her Attendance on her excellent Mistress and Benefactress, could, after having a Taste of Ease and Plenty in a higher Sphere of Life than what she was born and first brought up in, resolve to return to her primitive Poverty, rather than give up her Innocence. I say, it is surprizing, that a young Person, so circumstanced, could, in Contempt of proffer'd Grandeur on the one side, and in Defiance of Penury on the other, so happily and prudently conduct herself thro' such a Series of Perplexities and Troubles, and withstand the alluring Baits, and almost irresistible Offers of a fine Gentleman, so universally admired and esteemed, for the Agreeableness of his Person and good Qualities, among all his Acquaintance; defeat all his Measures with so much Address, and oblige him, at last, to give over his vain Pursuit, and sacrifice his Pride and Ambition to Virtue, and become the Protector of that Innocence which he so long and so indefatigably labour'd to supplant: And all this without ever having entertain'd the least previous Design or Thought for that Purpose: No Art used to inflame him, no Coquetry practis'd to tempt or mtice him, and no Prudery or Affectation to tamper with his Passions; but, on the contrary, artless and unpractis'd in the Wiles of the World, all her Endeavours, and even all her Wishes, tended only to render herself as un-amiable as she could in his Eyes: Tho' at the same time she is so far from having any Aversion to his Person, that she seems rather prepossess'd in his Favour, and admires his Excellencies, whilst she condemns his Passion for her. A glorious Instance of Self-denial! Thus her very Repulses became Attractions: The more she resisted, the more she charm'd; and the very Means she used to guard her Virtue, the more indanger'd it, by inflaming his Passions: Till, at last, by Perseverance, and a brave and resolute Defence, the Besieged not only obtain'd a glorious Victory over the Besieger, but took him Prisoner too.

I am charmed with the beautiful Reflections she makes in the Course of her Distresses; her Soliloquies and little Reasonings with herself, are exceeding pretty and entertaining: She pours out all her Soul in them before her Parents without Disguise; so that one may judge of, nay, almost see, the inmost Recesses of her Mind. A pure clear Fountain of Truth and Innocence, a Magazine of Virtue and unblemish'd Thoughts!

I can't conceive why you should hesitate a Moment as to the Publication of this very natural and uncommon Piece. I could wish to see it out in its own native Simplicity, which will affect and please the Reader beyond all the Strokes of Oratory in the World; for those will but spoil it: and, should you permit such a murdering Hand to be laid upon it, to gloss and tinge it over with superfluous and needless Decorations, which, like too much

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Drapery in Sculpture and Statuary, will but incumber it; it may disguise the Facts, marr the Reflections, and unnaturalize the Incidents, so as to be lost in a Multiplicity of fine idle Words and Phrases, and reduce our Sterling Substance into an empty Shadow, or rather *frenchify* our *English* Solidity into Froth and Whip-syllabub. No; let us have *Pamela* as *Pamela* wrote it; in her own Words, without Amputation, or Addition. Produce her to us in her neat Country Apparel, such as she appear'd in, on her intended Departure to her Parents; for such best becomes her Innocence and beautiful Simplicity. Such a Dress will best edify and entertain. The flowing Robes of Oratory may indeed amuse and amaze, but will never strike the Mind with solid Attention.

In short, Sir, a Piece of this Kind is much wanted in the World, which is but too much, as well as too early debauched by pernicious *Novels*. I know nothing Entertaining of that Kind that one might venture to recommend to the Perusal (much less the Imitation) of the Youth of either Sex: All that I have hitherto read, tends only to corrupt their Principles, mislead their Judgments, and initiate them into Gallantry and loose Pleasures.

Publish then, this good, this edifying and instructive little Piece for their Sakes. The Honour of *Pamela's* Sex demands *Pamela* at your Hands, to shew the World an Heroine, almost beyond Example, in an unusual Scene of Life, whom no Temptations, or Sufferings, could subdue. It is a fine, and glorious Original, for the Fair to copy out and imitate. Our own Sex, too, require it of you, to free us, in some measure, from the Imputation of being incapable of the Impressions of Virtue and Honour; and to shew the Ladies, that we are not inflexible while they are so.

In short, the Cause of Virtue, calls for the Publication of such a Piece as this. Oblige then, Sir, the concurrent Voices of both Sexes, and give us *Pamela* for the Benefit of Mankind: And as I believe its Excellencies cannot be long unknown to the World, and that there will not be a Family without it; so I make no Doubt but every Family that has it, will be much improv'd and better'd by it. T will form the tender Minds of *Youth* for the Reception and Practice of Virtue and Honour; confirm and establish those of *maturer Years* on good and steady Principles; reclaim the Vicious, and mend the Age in general; insomuch that as I doubt not *Pamela* will become the bright Example and Imitation of all the fashionable young Ladies of *Great Britain*; so the truly generous Benefactor and Rewarder of her exemplary Virtue, will be no less admired and imitated among the *Eeau Monde* of our own Sex. I am,

*Your affectionate Friend, &c.*

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***PAMELA; or, Virtue Rewarded. In a Series of Familiar Letters, &c.***

## LETTER I.

*Dear Father and Mother,* I have great Trouble, and some Comfort, to acquaint you with. The Trouble is, that my good Lady died of the Illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for her Loss; for she was a dear good Lady, and kind to all us her Servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her Goodness to wait upon her Person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor Mother, who have so much to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my Lady's Goodness had put me to write and cast Accompts, and made me a little expert at my Needle, and other Qualifications above my Degree, it would have been no easy Matter to find a Place that your poor *Pamela* was fit for: But God, whose Graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd at a Pinch, put it into my good Lady's Heart, on her Death-bed, just an Hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young Master all her Servants, one by one; and when it came to my Turn to be recommended, for I was sobbing and crying at her Pillow, she could only say, My dear Son! —and so broke off a little, and then recovering—Remember my poor *Pamela!* —And these were some of her last Words! O how my Eyes run! —Don't wonder to see the Paper so blotted!

Well, but God's Will must be done!—and so comes the Comfort, that I shall not be oblig'd to return back to be a Clog upon my dear Parents! For my Master Taid, I will take care of you all, my Lasses; and for you, *Pamela*, (and took me by the Hand; yes, he took me by the Hand before them all) for my dear Mother's sake, I will be a Friend to you, and you shall take care of my Linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear Father and Mother, for God to bless him: For he has given Mourning and a Year's Wages to all my Lady's Servants; and I having no Wages as yet, but what my Lady said she would do for me as I deserv'd, order'd the House-keeper to give me Morning with the rest, and gave me with his own Hand Four golden Guineas, besides lesser Money, which were in my old Lady's Pocket when she dy'd; and said, If I was a good Girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a Friend to me, for his Mother's sake. And so I send you these four Guineas for your Comfort; for God will not let me want: And so you may pay some old Debt with Part; and keep the other Part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my Duty, and it shall be my Care to love and cherish you both; for you have lov'd me and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself: And so you have for us all, or what must have become of us! I send it by *John* our Footman, who goes your way; but he does not know what he carries; because I seal it up in one of the little Pill-boxes which my Lady had, wrapt close in Paper, that it mayn't chink; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, dear Father and Mother, I must give you both Grief and Pleasure; and so I will only say, Pray for your *Pamela*; who will ever be,

*Your most dutiful Daughter.*

I have been scared out of my Senses; for just now, as I was folding this Letter, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, in comes my young Master! Good Sirs! how was I frightned! I went to hide the Letter in my Bosom, and he seeing me frighted, said, smiling, Who have you been writing to, *Pamela?* —I said, in my Fright, Pray your Honour forgive me! —Only to my Father and Mother. He said, Well then, Let me see how you are come on in your Writing! O how I was sham'd! — He, in my Fright, took it, without saying more, and read it quite thro', and then gave it me again;—and I said, Pray your Honour forgive me;—yet I know not for what. For he was always dutiful to his Parents; and why should he be angry, that I was so to mine! And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the Hand, and said, You are a good Girl, *Pamela*, to be kind to your aged Father and Mother. I am not angry with you. Be faithful, and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said, Why, *Pamela*, you write a very pretty Hand, and spell tolerably too. I see my good Mother's Care in your Learning has not been thrown away upon you. My Mother used to say, you lov'd reading; you may look into any of her Books to improve yourself, so you take care of them. To be sure I did nothing but curchee and cry, and was all in Confusion, at his Goodness. Indeed he is the best of Gentlemen, I think! But I am making another long Letter. So will only say more, I shall ever be,

*Your dutiful Daughter, Pamela Andrews.*

## LETTER II.

*In Answer to the preceding.*

Dear Pamela, Your Letter was indeed a great Trouble and some Comfort to me, and your poor Mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good Lady's Death, who took such care of you, and gave you Learning, and for Three Years past has always been giving you Cloaths and Linen, and every thing that a Gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief Trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Every body talks how you have come on, and what a genteel Girl you are, and some say, you are very pretty; and indeed, Six Months since, when I saw you last, I should have thought so too, if you was not our Child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone! —Indeed, my dear Child, we begin to be in great Fear for you; for what signifies all the Riches in the World with a bad Conscience, and to be dishonest? We are, 'tis, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; tho' once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would sooner live upon the Water and Clay of the Ditches I am forc'd to dig, than to live better at the Price of our dear Child's Ruin.

I hope the good 'Squire has no Design; but when he has given you so much Money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and Oh! that fatal Word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do as *you should do*, almost kills us with Fears.

I have spoken to good old Widow *Mumford* about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good Families, and she puts us in some Comfort; for she says, it is not unusual, when a Lady dies, to give what she has about her to her Waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her Illness. But then, why should he smile so kindly upon you? Why should he take such a poor Girl as you by the Hand, as your Letter says he has done twice? Why should he stoop to read your Letter to us; and commend your Writing and Spelling? And, why should he give you Leave to read his Mother's Books! —Indeed, indeed, my dearest Child, our Hearts ache for you; and then you seem so full of Joy at his Goodness, so taken with his kind Expressions, which truly are very great Favours, if he means well, that we fear —Yes, my dear Child, we fear—you should be *too* grateful,—and reward him with that Jewel, your Virtue, which no Riches, nor Favour, nor any thing in this Life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long Letter; but will say one Thing more; and that is, That in the Midst of our Poverty and Misfortunes, we have trusted in God's Goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our Lot is hard here; but the Loss of our dear Child's Virtue, would be a Grief that we could not bear, and would bring our grey Hairs to the Grave at once.

If you love *us* then, if you value *God's* Blessing, and *your own* future Happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your Guard; and, if you find the least Attempt made upon your Virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all cover'd with Rags, and even follow you to the Church-yard, than have it said, a Child of ours prefer'd worldly Conveniencies to her Virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful Present; but 'till we are out of our Pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the Price of our poor Daughter's Shame: So have laid it up in a Rag among the Thatch, over the Window, for a while, lest we should robb'd. With our Blessings and our hearty Prayers for you, we remain,

*Your careful, but loving Father and Mother, John and Elizabeth Andrews.*

**LETTER III.**

*Dear Father*, I must needs say, that your Letter has fill'd me with much Trouble. For it has made my Heart, which was overflowing with Gratitude for my young Master's Goodness, suspicious and fearful; and yet, I hope I never shall find him to act unworthy of his Character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young Creature as me? But that which gives me most Trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the Honesty of your Child. No, my dear Father and Mother, be assur'd, that, by God's Grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave. I will die a thousand Deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assur'd, and set your Hearts at rest; for altho' I have liv'd above myself for some Time past, yet I can be content with Rags and Poverty, and Bread and Water, and will embrace them rather than forfeit my good Name, let who will be the Tempter. And of this rest satisfy'd, and think better of

*Your dutiful Daughter till Death.*

My Master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no Cause to fear any thing Mrs. *Jervis* the House-keeper too is very civil to me, and I have the Love of every body. Sure they can't *all* have Designs against me because they are civil. I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and hope nobody would do me more hurt, than I am sure I would do them. Our *John* so often goes your way, that I will always get him to call that you may hear from me, either by Writing, for it brings my Hand in, or by Word of Mouth.

LETTER IV.

*Dear Mother,* For the last Letter was to my Father, in Answer to his Letter; and so I will now write to you; tho' I have nothing to say but what will make me look more like a vain Hussy, than any thing else: Yet I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret Pleasure one has to hear one's self prais'd. You most know then, that my Lady *Davers*, who, you know, is my Master's Sister, has been a whole Month at our House, and has taken great Notice of me, and given me good Advice to keep myself to myself; she rold me I was a very pretty Wench, and that every body gave me a very good Character, and lov'd me; and bid me take care to keep the Fellows at a Distance; and said, *that* I might do, and be more valu'd for it, even by themselves. But what pleas'd me much, was, that at Table, as Mrs. *Jervis* was telling me, my Master and her Ladyship were talking of me, and she told him, she thought me the prettiest Wench she ever saw in her Life; and that I was too pretty to live in a Batchelor's House; and that no Lady he might marry, would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improv'd, and had a good Share of Prudence, and Sense above my Years; and it would be Pity, that what was my Merit, should be my Misfortune. —No, says my good Lady, *Pamela* shall come and live with me, I think. He said, With all his Heart, he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, said she, I'll consult my Lord about it. She ask'd how old I was; and Mrs. *Jervis* said, I was Fifteen last *February*. O! says she, if the Wench (for so she calls all us Maiden Servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her Person as Mind.

Now, my dear Father and Mother, tho' this may look too vain to be repeated by me, yet are you not rejoic'd as well as I, to see my Master so willing to part with me? —This shews that he has nothing bad in his Heart. But *John* is just going away, and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

*Your honest, as well as dutiful Daughter*

Pray make use of the Money; you may now do it safely.

LETTER V.

*My dear Father and Mother,* John being going your way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He says it does him good at his Heart to see you both, and to hear you talk. He says you are both so good, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the Purpose. It is a thousand Pities, he says, that such honest Hearts should not have better Luck in the World. But this is more Pride to me, that I am come of such honest Parents, than if I had been born a Lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady *Davers*. And I am very easy at present here. For Mrs. *Jervis* uses me as if I was her own Daughter, and is a very good Woman, and makes my Master's Interest her own. She is always giving me good Counsel, and I love her, next to you two, I think, best of any body. She keeps so good Rule and Order, she is mightily respected by us all; and takes Delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read, is good Books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one of our Men, *Harry*, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me; I think he call'd me his pretty *Pamela*, and took hold of me, as if he would have kiss'd me; for which you may be sure I was very angry; and she took him to Task, and was as angry at him as could be, and told me she was very well pleas'd to see my Prudence and Modesty, and that I kept all the Fellows at a Distance. And indeed I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civil to every body; but yet, methinks I can't bear to be look'd upon by these Men—servants; for they seem as if they would look one thro'; and, as I almost always breakfast, dine, and sup with Mrs. *Jervis*, so good she is to me, so I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. *Jervis's* sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in Awe of her, knowing her to be a Gentlewoman born, tho' she has had Misfortunes. I am going on again with a long Letter; for I love Writing, and shall tire you. But when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any Danger now: And indeed can but wonder at myself, (tho' your Caution to me was your watchful Love) that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: For I am sure my Master would not demean himself so, as to think upon such a poor Girl as I, for my Harm. For such a Thing would ruin his Credit as well as mine, you know: For, to be sure, he may expect one of the best Ladies in the Land. So no more at present; but that I am

*Your ever dutiful Daughter.*

**LETTER VI.**

*Dear Father and Mother,* My Master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a Suit of my old Lady's Cloaths, and half a Dozen of her Shifts, and Six fine Handkerchiefs, and Three of her Cambrick Aprons, and Four Holland ones: The Cloaths are fine Silks, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no Affront to him to make Money of them, and send it to you: it would do me more good.

You will be full of Fears, I warrant now, of some Design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. *Jervis* when he gave them me; and he gave her a Mort of good Things at the same Time, and bid her wear them in Remembrance of her good Friend, my Lady, his Mother. And when he gave me these fine Things, he said, These, *Pamela*, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your Mourning is laid by, and wear 'em for your good Mistress's sake. Mrs. *Jervis* gives you a very good Word; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your Friend.

I was so surpris'd at his Goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I curcheed to him, and to Mrs. *Jervis* for her good Word; and said, I wish'd I might be deserving of his Favour, and his Kindness: And nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my Knowledge.

O how amiable a Thing is doing good! —It is all I envy great Folks for!

I always thought my young Master a fine Gentleman, as every body says he is: But he gave these good Things to us both with such a Graciousness, as I thought he look'd like an Angel.

Mrs. *Jervis* says, he ask'd her, If I kept the Men at a Distance; for he said, I was very pretty, and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my Ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good Word, and took Occasion to launch out in my Praise, she says. But I hope she said no more than I shall try to deserve, tho' I mayn't at present. I am sure I will always love her next to you and my dear Mother. So I rest,  
*Your ever dutiful Daughter.*

LETTER VII.

*Dear Father,* Since my last, my Master gave me more fine Things. He call'd me up to my old Lady's Closet, and pulling out her Drawers, he gave me Two Suits of fine *Flanders* lac'd Headcloths, Three Pair of fine Silk Shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me; for my old Lady had a very little Foot; and several Ribbands and Topknots of all Colours, and Four Pair of fine white Cotton Stockens, and Three Pair of fine Silk ones; and Two Pair of rich Stays, and a Pair of rich Silver Buckles in one Pair of the Shoes. I was quite astonish'd, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly asham'd to take the Stockens; for Mrs. *Jervis* was not there: If she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I receiv'd them very awkwardly; for he smil'd at my Awkwardness; and said, Don't blush, *Pamela*: Dost think I don't know pretty Maids wear Shoes and Stockens?

I was so confounded at these Words, you might have beat me down with a Feather. For, you must think, there was no Answer to be made to this: So, like a Fool, I was ready to cry; and went away curcheeing and blushing, I am sure, up to the Ears; for, tho' there was no Harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. *Jervis*, who said, God put it into his Heart to be good to me; and I must double my Diligence. It look'd to her, she said, as if he would fit me in Dress for a Waiting-*maid's* Place on his Sister Lady *Davers's* own Person.

But still your kind fatherly Cautions came into my Head, and made all these Gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet I hope there is no Reason; for what Good could it do him to harm such a simple Maiden as me? Besides, to be sure, no Lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my Head; for my Good, I know very well. But, may be, without these Uneasinesses to mingle with these Benefits, I might be too much puff'd up: So I will conclude, All that happens is for our Good; and so God bless you, my dear Father and Mother; and I know you will pray to God to bless me; who am, and shall always be,

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

**LETTER VIII.**

*Dear* Pamela, I Cannot but renew my Cautions to you on your Master's Kindness to you, and his free Expression to you about the Stockens. Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there *possibly* may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my Child's everlasting Happiness in this World and the next; it is enough to make one fearful of the worst. Arm yourself, my dear Child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your Life sooner than your Virtue. What tho' the Doubts I fill'd you with, lessen the Pleasure you would have had in your Master's Kindness, yet what signify the Delights that arise from a few paltry fine Cloaths, in Comparison with a good Conscience?

These are indeed very great Favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say he look'd so amiable, and like an Angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an Impression upon you! For, tho' God has bless'd you with Sense and Prudence above your Years, yet, I tremble to think what a sad Hazard a poor Maiden of no more than Fifteen Years of Age stands against the Temptations of this World, and a designing young Gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much Power to oblige, and has a kind of Authority to command as your Master.

I charge you, my dear Child, on both our Blessings, poor as we are, to be on your Guard; there can be no Harm in that: and since Mrs. *Jervis* is so good a Gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am the easier a great deal, and so is your Mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her Counsel in every thing. So with our Blessings and assured Prayers for you, more than for ourselves, we remain

*Your loving Father and Mother.*

Besure don't let People's telling you you are pretty, puff you up: for you did not make yourself, and so can have no Praise due to you for it. It is Virtue and Goodness only, that make the Beauty. Remember that, *Pamela*.

**LETTER IX.**

*Dear Father and Mother,* I Am sorry to write you word, that the Hopes I had of going to wait on Lady *Davers* are quite over. My Lady would have had me; but my Master, as I hear by the bye, would not consent to it. He said, Her Nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his Mother lov'd me, and committed me to his Care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. *Jervis* would be a Mother to me. Mrs. *Jervis* tells me, the Lady shook her Head, and said, *Ah! Brother!* and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your Cautions, my Heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your Caution, or my own Uneasiness, to Mrs. *Jervis*; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain, and conceited, to have any Fears about the matter, from the great Distance between so great a Man, and so poor a Girl. But yet Mrs. *Jervis* seem'd to build something upon Lady *Davers*' shaking her Head, and saying, *Ah! Brother,* and no more! God, I hope, will give me his Grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no Occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you shall continue to me your good Advice, and pray for

*Your sad-hearted Pamela.*

LETTER X.

*Dear Mother,* You and my good Father may wonder that you have not had a Letter from me in so many Weeks; but a sad, sad Scene has been the Occasion of it. For, to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your Cautions were well-grounded. O my dear Mother! I am miserable, truly miserable! —But yet, don't be frighted, I am honest! —God, of his Goodness, keep me so!

O this Angel of a Master! this fine Gentleman! this gracious Benefactor to your poor *Pamela!* who was to take care of me at the Prayer of his good dying Mother; who was so careful of me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord *Davers's* Nephew; that he would not let me go to Lady *Davers's*: This very Gentleman (yes, I must call him Gentleman, tho' he has fallen from the Merit of that Title) has degraded himself to offer Freedoms to his poor Servant! He has now shew'd himself in his Colours, and to me, nothing appears so black and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but have writ from time to time how he, by sly mean Degrees, exposed his wicked Views: But somebody stole my Letter, and I know not what is become of it. It was a very long one. I fear he that was mean enough to do bad things, in one respect, did not stick at this; but be it as it will, all the Use he can make of it will be, that he may be asham'd of *his* Part; I not of *mine*. For he will see I was resolv'd to be honest, and glory'd in the Honesty of my poor Parents. I will tell you all, the next Opportunity; for I am watch'd, and such-like, very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. *Jervis*, This Girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employ'd. And yet I work all Hours with my Needle, upon his Linen, and the fine Linen of the Family; and am besides about flowering him a Waistcoat. — But, Oh! my Heart's broke almost; for what am I likely to have for my Reward, but Shame and Disgrace, or else ill Words, and hard Treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long Letter.

*Your most afflicted Daughter.*

I must *he* and *him* him now; for he has lost his Dignity with me!

## LETTER XI.

*Dear Mother,* Well, I can't find my Letter, and so I'll tell you all, as briefly as I can. All went well enough in the main for some time after my last Letter but one. At last, I saw some Reason to suspect; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner, as shew'd not well; and at last he came to me, as I was in the Summer-house in the little Garden, at work with my Needle, and Mrs. *Jervis* was just gone from me; and I would have gone out; but he said, No, don't go, *Pamela*; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me so, whenever I come near you, as if you was afraid of me.

I was all confounded; and said at last; It does not become your poor Servant to stay in your Presence, Sir, without your Business requir'd it; and I hope I shall always know my Place.

Well, says he, my Business does require it sometimes, and I have a mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.

I stood all confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the Hand; for now no Soul was near us.

My Sister *Davers*, said he, (and seem'd, I thought, to be as much at a Loss for Words as I) would have had you live with her; but she would not do for you what I am resolv'd to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my Girl, said he, with some Eagerness, hadst thou not rather stay with me than go to my Sister *Davers*? He look'd so, as fill'd me with Affrightment; I don't know how; wildly I thought.

I said, when I could speak, Your Honour will forgive your poor Servant; but as you have no Lady for me to wait upon, and my good Lady has been now dead this Twelve-month, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady *Davers*, *because*—

I was proceeding; and he said a little hastily— *Because* you're a little Fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a Gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own Light; and so saying, he put his Arm about me, and kiss'd me!

Now you will say, all his Wickedness appear'd plainly. I struggled, and trembled, and was so benumb'd with Terror, that I sunk down, not in a Fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his Arms, quite void of Strength, and he kissed me two or three times, as if he would have eaten me. —At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the Summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the Door.

I would have given my Life for a Farthing. And he said, I'll do you no Harm, *Pamela*; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay! You won't, Hussy, said he! Do you know who you speak to! I lost all Fear, and all Respect, and said, Yes, I do, Sir, too well! —Well may I forget that I am your Servant, when you forget what belongs to a Master.

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly. What a foolish Hussy you are, said he, have I done you any Harm? — Yes, Sir, said I, the greatest Harm in the World: You have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me, and have lessen'd the Distance that Fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor Servant. Yet, Sir, said I, I will be so bold to say, I am honest, tho' poor; And if you was a Prince, I would not be otherwise.

He was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish Slut! Cease your blubbing! I own I have demean'd myself; but it was only to try you: If you can keep this Matter secret, you'll give me the better Opinion of your Prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some Gold in my Hand, to make you Amends for the Fright I put you to. Go, take a Walk in the Garden, and don't go in till your blubbing is over: And I charge you say nothing of what has past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the Money, indeed, Sir, said I; poor as I am! I won't take it: for to say Truth, I thought it look'd like taking Earnest; and so I put it upon the Bench; and as he seem'd vex'd and confus'd at what he had done, I took the Opportunity to open the Door, and went out of the Summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, *Pamela*; and don't go in yet, as I told you.

O how poor and mean must these Actions be, and how little must they make the best of Gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the Power of their Inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a Turn or two in the Garden, but in Sight of the House for fear of the worst, and breathed upon my Hand

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to dry my Eyes, because I would not be too disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear Father and Mother; and don't be angry I have not yet run away from this House, so late my Comfort and Delight, but now my Anguish and Terror. I am forc'd to break off, hastily,

*Your dutiful and honest Daughter.*

LETTER XII.

*Dear Mother,* Well, I will now proceed with my sad Story. And so after I had dry'd my Eyes, I went in, and begun to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the House, and go to the next Town, and wait an Opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a Loss to resolve whether to take away the Things he had given me or no, and how to take them away: Sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the Cloaths on my Back; but then I had two Miles and a half, and a By-way, to go to the Town; and being pretty well dress'd, I might come to some harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then may-be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forc'd to run away; and to carry a bad Name back with me to my dear poor Parents, would be a sad thing indeed! —O how I wish'd for my grey Russet again, and my poor honest Dress, with which you fitted me out, and hard enough too you had to do it, God knows, for going to this Place, when I was but twelve Years old, in my good Lady's Days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. *Jervis*, and taking her Advice, and only feared his Command, to be secret; for, thought I, he may be ashamed of his Actions, and never attempt the like again: And as poor Mrs. *Jervis* depended upon him, thro' Misfortunes that had attended her, I thought it would be a sad thing to bring his Displeasure upon her for my sake.

In this Quandary, now considering, now crying, and not knowing what to do, I pass'd the Time in my Chamber till Evening; when desiring to be excused going to Supper, Mrs. *Jervis* came up to me; and said, Why must I sup without you, *Pamela*? Come, I see you are troubled at something; tell me what is the Matter.

I begg'd I might be permitted to lie with her on Nights; for I was afraid of Spirits, and they would not hurt such a good Person as she. That was a silly Excuse, she said; for why was you not afraid of Spirits before? Indeed I did not think of that. But you shall be my Bedfellow with all my Heart, said she, let your Reason be what it will; only come down to Supper. I begg'd to be excus'd; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken Notice of by my Fellow-servants; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. *Jervis*, when we are a-bed.

She was so good to indulge me, and went down to Supper; but made more haste to come up to-bed; and told the Servants, that I should lie with her, because she said she could not rest well, and she would get me to read her to sleep, because she knew I lov'd reading, as she said.

When we were alone, I told her every bit and crumb of the Matter; for I thought, tho' he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a Secret of such a Nature, I thought would be to deprive myself of the good Advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought, and would keep worse Secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear Mother?

Mrs. *Jervis* could not help mingling Tears with my Tears; for I cry'd all the Time I told her the Story; and begg'd her to advise me what to do; and I shew'd her my dear Father's two Letters, and she praised the Honesty and Inditing of them; and said pleasing things to me of you both. But she begg'd I would not think of leaving my Service; for, says she, in all Likelihood, you behav'd so virtuously that he will be asham'd of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: Tho', my dear *Pamela*, said she, I fear more for your Prettiness than for any thing else; because the best Man in the Land might love you; so she was pleased to say. She said she wished it was in her Power to live independent; that then she would take a little private House, and I should live with her like her Daughter.

And so, as you order'd me to take her Advice, I resolv'd to tarry to see how things went, without he was to turn me away; altho', in your first Letter, you order'd me to come away the Moment I had any Reason to be apprehensive. So, dear Father and Mother, it is not Disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a Blessing, or the good Fruits of your Prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

All the next Day I was very sad, and began to write my long Letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mention'd) to Mrs. *Jervis*, That Girl is alwas scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do, or to that purpose. And when I had finish'd my Letter, I put it under the Toilet, in my late Lady's Dressing-room, where nobody comes but myself and Mrs. *Jervis*, besides my Master; but when I came up again to seal it up, to my great Concern it was gone; and Mrs. *Jervis* knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my Master's having been near the Place in the time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. *Jervis*, as well as I, thinks he has it some how

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or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

But he has order'd Mrs. *Jervis* to bid me not spend so much time in writing; which is a poor Matter for such a Gentleman as he to take notice of, as I am not otherwise, if he did not resent what he thought I wrote upon. And this has no very good Look.

But I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. *Jervis*; tho' after all, the Fears I live in on one side, and his Frowning and Displeasure at what I do on the other, makes me more miserable than enough.

O that I had never left my Rags nor my Poverty, to be thus expos'd to Temptations on one hand, or Disgusts on the other! How happy was I a-while ago! How miserable now! —Pity and pray for

*Your afflicted Pamela.*

**LETTER XIII.**

*My dearest Child*, Our hearts bleed for your Distress, and the Temptations you are tried with. You have our hourly Prayers; and we would have you flee this evil Great House and Man, if you find he renews his Attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. *Jervis* to advise with. We can find no Fault in your Conduct hitherto: But it makes our Hearts ache for fear of the worst. O my Child! Temptations are sore things; but yet without them, we know not our selves, nor what we are able to do.

Your Temptations are very great; for you have Riches, Youth, and a fine Gentleman, as the World reckons him, to withstand; but how great will be your Honour to withstand them! And when we consider your past Conduct, and your virtuous Education, and that you have been bred to be more ashamed of Dishonesty than Poverty, we trust in God that he will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we can't see but your Life must be a Burden to you, through the great Apprehensions always upon you; and that it may be presumptuous to trust too much to your own Strength; and that you are but very young; and the Devil may put it into his Head to use some Stratagem, of which great Men are full, to decoy you; I think you had best come home to share our Poverty with Safety, than to live with so much Discontent in a Plenty, that itself may be dangerous. God direct you for the best. While you have Mrs. *Jervis* for an Adviser, and Bedfellow, (and, O my dear Child, that was prudently done of you) we are easier than we should be; and so committing you to God's blessed Protection, remain

*Your truly loving, but careful, Father and Mother.*

LETTER XIV.

*Dear Father and Mother,* Mrs. *Jervis* and I have liv'd very comfortably together for this Fortnight past; for my Master was all that time at his *Lincolnshire* Estate, and at his Sister's the Lady *Davers*. But he came home Yesterday. He had some Talk with Mrs. *Jervis* soon after he came home; and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, I know *Pamela* has your good Word; but do you think her of any Use in the Family? She told me, she was surpris'd at the Question; but said, That I was one of the most virtuous and industrious young Creatures that ever she knew. Why that Word *virtuous*, said he, I pray you? Was there any Reason to suppose her otherwise? Or has any body taken it into their Heads to try her? —I wonder, Sir, says she, you ask me such a Question! Who dare offer any thing to her in such an orderly and well-govern'd House as yours, and under a Master of so good a Character for Virtue and Honour? Your Servant, Mrs. *Jervis*, says he, for your good Opinion; but pray, if any body did, do you think *Pamela* would let you know it? Why, Sir, said she; she is a poor innocent young Thing, and I believe has so much Confidence in me, that she would take my Advice as soon as she would her Mother's. *Innocent!* again; and *virtuous*, I warrant! Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, you abound with your Epithets; but 'tis my Opinion, she is an artful young Baggage; and had I a young handsome Butler or Steward, she'd soon make her Market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to snap at him for a Husband. Alack—a—day, Sir, said she, 'tis early Days with *Pamela*, and she does not yet think of a Husband, I dare say: And your Steward and Butler are both Men in Years, and think nothing of the Matter. No, said he, if they were younger, they'd have more Wit than to think of such a Girl. I'll tell you my Mind of her Mrs. *Jervis*, I don't think this same Favourite of yours so very artless a Girl, as you imagine. I am not to dispute with your Honour about her, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but I dare say, if the Men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, are there any Men that will not let her alone that you know of? No, indeed, Sir, said she; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently, that they all esteem her, and shew her as great Respect as if she was a Gentlewoman born.

Ay, says he, that's her Art, that I was speaking of: But let me tell you, the Girl has Vanity and Conceit, and Pride too, or I am mistaken; and I could give you perhaps an Instance of it. Sir, said she, you can see further than such a poor silly Woman as me; but I never saw any thing but Innocence in her. —And *Virtue* too, I'll warrant ye, said he. But suppose I could give you an Instance, where she has talk'd a little too freely of the Kindnesses that have been shew'd her from a *certain Quarter*; and has had the Vanity to impute a few kind Words utter'd in mere Compassion to her Youth and Circumstances, into a Design upon her, and even dar'd to make free with Names that she ought never to mention but with Reverence and Gratitude; what would you say to that? —Say, Sir! said she, I cannot tell what to say. But I hope *Pamela* incapable of such Ingratitude.

Well, no more of this silly Girl, says he; you may only advise her, as you are her Friend, not to give herself too much Licence upon the Favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the Affairs of my Family purely for an Exercise to her Pen and her Invention. I tell you, she is a subtle artful Gypsy, and time will shew it you.

Was ever the like heard, my dear Father and Mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a Repulse, and mistrusts that I have told Mrs. *Jervis*, and has my long Letter too that I intended for you; and so is vex'd to the Heart. But, however, I can't help it. So I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in *his* Sense; and as light as he makes of the Words *Virtue* and *Innocence* in me, he would have made a less angry Construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may be, my *Crime* would have been my *Virtue* with him; naughty Gentleman as he is! —I will soon write again; but must now end with saying, That I am, and shall always be,

*Your honest Daughter.*

## LETTER XV.

*Dear Mother*, I Broke off abruptly my last Letter; for I fear'd he was coming; and so it happen'd. I thrust the Letter into my Bosom, and took up my Work, which say by me; but I had so little of the Artful, as he called it, that I look'd as confused, as if I had been doing some great Harm.

Sit still, *Pamela*, said he, and mind your Work, for all me. —You don't tell me I am welcome home after my Journey to *Lincolnshire*. It would be hard, Sir, said I, if you was not always welcome to your Honour's own House.

I would have gone; but he said, Don't run away, I tell you. I have a Word or two to say to you. Good Sirs, how my Heart went pit—a—pat! When I was a *little kind*, said he, to you in the Summerhouse, and you carry'd yourself so *foolishly* upon it, as if I had intended to do you great harm, did I not tell you, you should take no Notice of what pass'd, to any Creature? And yet you have made a common Talk of the Matter, not considering either my Reputation or your own. —I made a common Talk of it, Sir, said I! I have nobody to talk to, hardly!

He interrupted me, and said, *Hardly!* you little Equivocator! what do you mean by *hardly*? Let me ask you, Have you not told Mrs. *Jervis* for one? Pray your Honour, said I, all in Agitation, let me go down; for 'tis not for me to hold an Argument with your Honour. Equivocator, again! said he, and took my Hand, what do you talk of an *Argument*? Is it holding an Argument with me, to answer a plain Question? Answer me what I asked. O good, Sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me further, for fear I forget myself again, and be sawcy.

Answer me then, I bid you, says he, Have you told Mrs. *Jervis*? It will be sawcy in you, if you don't answer me directly to what I ask. Sir, said I, and fain would have pulled my Hand away, may be I should be for answering you by another Question, and that would not become me. What is it, says he, you would say? Speak out!

Then, Sir, said I, why should your Honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. *Jervis*, or any body else, what passed, if you intended no harm?

Well said, pretty *Innocent* and *Artless!* as Mrs. *Jervis* calls you, said he; and is it thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my Question? Why then, Sir, said I, I will not tell a Lye for the World: I did tell Mrs. *Jervis*; for my Heart was almost broke; but I open'd not my Mouth to any other. Very well, Boldface, said he, and Equivocator, again! You did not open your Mouth to any other; but did you not *write* to some other? Why now, and please your Honour, said I, (for I was quite courageous just then) you could not have asked me this Question, if you had not taken from me my Letter to my Father and Mother, in which, I own, I had broke my Mind freely to them, and asked their Advice, and poured forth my Griefs!

And so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, *in* my House, and *out* of my House, to the whole World, by such a Sawcebox as you? No, good Sir, said I, and I hope your Honour won't be angry with me; it is not me that expose you if I say nothing but the Truth. So, taunting again! Assurances as you are, said he! I will not be thus talk'd to.

Pray, Sir, said I, who can a poor Girl take Advice of, if it must not be of her Father and Mother, and such a good Woman as Mrs. *Jervis*, who for her Sex—sake, should give it me when asked? Insolence! said he, and stamp'd with his Foot, Am I to be question'd thus by such a one as you? I fell down on my Knees, and said, For God's sake, your Honour, pity a poor distressed Creature, that knows nothing of her Duty, but how to cherish her Virtue and good Name! I have nothing else to trust to; and tho' poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value Honesty above my Life. Here's ado with your Honesty, said he, foolish Girl! Is it not one Part of Honesty, to be dutiful and grateful to your Master, do you think? Indeed, Sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ingrateful to your Honour, or disobedient, or deserve the Names of Boldface and Insolent, which you call me, but when your Commands are contrary to that first Duty, which shall ever be the Principle of my Life!

He seem'd to be moved, and rose up, and walked into the great Chamber two or three Turns, leaving me on my Knees; and I threw my Apron over my Face, and laid my Head on a Chair, and cry'd as if my Heart would break, having no Power to stir.

At last he came in again, but, alas! with Mischief in his Heart! and raising me up, he said, Rise, *Pamela*, rise; you are your own Enemy. Your perverse Folly will be your Ruin! I tell you this, that I am very much displeas'd with the Freedoms you have taken with my Name to my House—keeper, as also to your Father and Mother; and you may as well have *real* Cause to take these Freedoms with me, as to make my Name suffer for imaginary ones:

And saying so, he offer'd to take me on his Knee, with some Force. O how I was terrify'd! I said, like as I had read in a Book a Night or two before, Angels, and Saints, and all the Host of Heaven, defend me! And may I never survive one Moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my Innocence. Pretty Fool! said he, how will you forfeit your Innocence, if you are oblig'd to yield to a Force you cannot withstand? Be easy, said he; for let the worst happen that can, you'll have the Merit, and I the Blame; and it will be a good Subject for Letters to your Father and Mother, and a Tale into the Bargain for Mrs. *Jervis*.

He by Force kissed my Neck and Lips; and said, Who ever blamed *Lucretia*, but the *Ravisber* only? and I am content to take all the Blame upon me; as I have already borne too great a Share for what I have deserv'd. May I, said I, *Lucretia* like, justify myself with my Death, if I am used barbarously? O my good Girl! said he, tauntingly, you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty Story in Romance, I warrant ye!

He then put his Hand in my Bosom, and the Indignation gave me double Strength, and I got loose from him, by a sudden Spring, and ran out of the Room; and the next Chamber being open, I made shift to get into it and threw—to the Door, and the Key being on the Inside, it locked; but he follow'd me so close, he got hold of my Gown, and tore a Piece off, which hung without the Door.

I just remember I got into the Room; for I knew nothing further of the Matter till afterwards; for I fell into a Fit with my Fright and Terror, and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the Key-hole, spy'd me lying all along upon the Floor, stretch'd out at my Length; and then he call'd Mrs. *Jervis* to me, who, by his Assistance, bursting open the Door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the Matter, if she was wise.

Poor Mrs. *Jervis* thought it was worse, and cry'd over me like as if she was my Mother; and I was two Hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little up on my Feet, he coming in, I went away again with the Terror; and so he withdrew again: But he staid in the next Room to let nobody come near us, that his foul Proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. *Jervis* gave me her Smelling-bottle, and had cut my Laces, and sat me in a great Chair, and he call'd her to him: How is the Girl, said he? I never saw such a Fool in my Life. I did nothing at all to her. Mrs. *Jervis* could not speak for crying. So, he said, she has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the Summer-house, tho' I'll assure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now; and I desire you to keep this Matter to yourself, and let me not be nam'd in it.

O Sir, said she, for your Honour's sake, and for Christ's sake—But he would not hear her, and said—For your own sake, I tell you, Mrs. *Jervis*, say not a Word more. I have done her no harm. And I won't have her stay in my House; prating, perverse Fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into Fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me To-morrow after Dinner, in my Mother's Closer, and do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.

And so he went out in a Pet, and order'd his Chariot and Four to be got ready, and went away a Visiting somewhere.

Mrs. *Jervis* then came to me, and I told her all that had happen'd, and said I was resolv'd not to stay in the House; and she saying, He seem'd to threaten as much; I said, Thank God; then I shall be easy: So she told me all he had said to her, as I have said above.

Mrs. *Jervis* is very loth I should go; and yet, poor Woman! she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruin'd for the World. She says, To be sure he means no good; but may be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all Attempts: And that I shall know what to do better after To-morrow, when I am to appear before a very bad Judge, I doubt!

O how I dread this To-morrow's Appearance! But be assured, my dear Parents, of the Honesty of your poor Child! As I am sure I am of your Prayers for

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

Oh! this frightful To-morrow! how I dread it!

## LETTER XVI.

*My dear Parents*, I Know you longed to hear from me soon. I send as soon as I could.

Well, you may believe how uneasily I passed the Time till his appointed Hour came. Every Minute, as it grew nearer, my Terrors increased; and sometimes I had great Courage, and sometimes none at all; and I thought I should faint when it came to the Time my Master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink, for my part; and do what I could, my Eyes were swell'd with crying.

At last he went up to the Closet, which was my good Lady's Dressing-room; a Room I once lov'd, but then as much hated.

Don't your Heart ake for me? —I am sure mine flutter'd about like a Bird in a Cage new caught. O *Pamela*, said I to my self, why art thou so foolish and fearful! Thou hast done no harm! what, if thou fearest an unjust Judge, when thou art innocent, wouldst thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have Courage, *Pamela*, thou knowest the worst! And how easy a Choice Poverty and Honesty is, rather than Plenty and Wickedness?

So I chear'd myself; but yet my poor Heart sunk, and my Spirits were quite broken. Every thing that stirred, I thought was to call me to my Account. I dreaded it, and yet I wished it to come.

Well, at last he rung the Bell; O thought I, that it was my Passing-bell! Mrs. *Jervis* went up, with a full Heart enough, poor good Woman! He said, Where's *Pamela*? let her come up, and do you come with her. She came to me; I was ready to come with my Feet, but my Heart was with my dear Father and Mother, wishing to share your Poverty and Happiness. But I went.

O how can wicked Men look so stedly and untouch'd, with such black Hearts, while poor Innocents look like Malefactors before them!

He looked so stern, that my Heart failed me, and I wish'd myself any-where but there, tho' I had before been summoning up all my Courage. Good God of Heaven, said I to myself, give me Courage to stand before this naughty Master! O soften him! or harden me!

Come in, Fool, said he, angrily, as soon as he saw me (and snatch'd my Hand with a Pull); you may well be asham'd to see me, after your Noise and Nonsense, and exposing me as you have done. I ashamed to see *you!* thought I: Very pretty indeed! — But I said nothing.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, here you are both together. Do you sit down; but let her stand if she will: Ay, thought I, if I *can*; for my Knees beat one against another. Did you not think, when you saw the Girl in the way you found her in, that I had given her the greatest Occasion that could possibly be given any Woman? And that I had actually ruin'd her, as she calls it? Tell me, could you think any thing less? Indeed, says she, I fear'd so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and *all* I did to her, to occasion all this Folly, by which my Reputation might have suffer'd in your Opinion, and in that of all the Family? —Tell me, what has she told you?

She was a little too much frighted, as she owned afterwards, at his Sternness, and said, Indeed she told me you only pulled her on your Knee, and kissed her.

Then I plucked up my Spirit a little. *Only!* Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, and was not that enough to shew me what I had to fear! When a Master of his Honour's Degree demeans himself to be so free as that to such a poor Servant as me, what is the next to be expected? —But your Honour went further, so you did; and threaten'd what you would do, and talk'd of *Lucretia*, and her hard Fate. —Your Honour knows you went too far for a Master to a Servant, or even to his Equal; and I cannot bear it! So I fell a crying most sadly.

Mrs. *Jervis* began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor Maiden, that had such a Value for her Reputation. He said, I speak it to her Face, I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my Favours, or the Notice I took of her; but I abhor the Thought of forcing her to any thing. I know myself better, said he, and what belongs to me: And to be sure I have enough demean'd myself to take so much Notice of such a one as she; but I was bewitch'd, I think, by her, to be freer than became me; tho' I had no Intention to carry the Jest farther.

What poor Stuff was all this, my dear Mother, from a Man of his Sense! But see how a bad Cause and bad Actions confound the greatest Wits! —It gave me a little more Courage then; for Innocence, I find, in a weak Mind, has many Advantages over Guilt, with all its Riches and Wisdom!

So I said, Your Honour may call this Jest or Sport, or what you please; but indeed, Sir, it is not a Jest that becomes the Distance between a Master and a Servant! Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he? Do you hear the Pertness of the Creature? I had a good deal of this Sort before in the Summer-house, and Yesterday too, which made me rougher to her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

Says Mrs. *Jervis*, *Pamela*, don't be pert to his Honour! You should know your Distance; you see his Honour was only in jest! —O dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, don't you blame me too! It is very difficult to keep one's Distance to the greatest of Men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest Servants!

See again, said he; could you believe this of the young Baggage, if you had not heard it. O good your Honour, said the well-meaning Gentlewoman, pity and forgive the poor Girl; she is but a Girl; and her Virtue is very dear to her; and I will pawn my Life for her, she will never be pert to your Honour, if you'll be so good as to molest her no more, nor frighten her again. Said she, You see how, by her Fit, she was in Terror; she could not help it; and tho' your Honour intended her no harm; yet the Apprehension was almost Death to her: And I had much ado to bring her to herself again. O the little Hypocrite, said he! she has all the Arts of her Sex; they are born with her; and I told you a-while ago, you did not know her. But, said he, this was not the Reason principally of my calling you before me both together: I find I am likely to suffer in my Reputation by the Perverseness and Folly of this Girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written Letters; for I find she is a mighty Letter-writer! to her Father and Mother, and others, as far as I know; in which she makes herself an Angel of Light, and me, her kind Master and Benefactor, a Devil incarnate! —(O how People will sometimes, thought I, call themselves by the right Names!—) And all this I won't bear; and so I am resolv'd she shall return to the Distresses and Poverty she was taken from; and let her take care how she uses my Name with Freedom, when she is gone from me.

I was brighten'd up at once upon these welcome Words: And I threw myself upon my Knees at his Feet, with a most sincere, glad Heart; and I said, God Almighty bless your Honour for your Resolution: Now I shall be happy; and permit me, on my bended Knees, to thank your Honour for all the Benefits and Favours you have heaped upon me: For the Opportunities I have had of Improvement and Learning; through my good Lady's Means, and yours. I will now forget all your Honour has done to me: And I promise you, that I will never take your Name in my Lips, but with Reverence and Gratitude: And so God Almighty bless your Honour, for ever and ever, *Amen!* —And so I got up, and went away with another-guise sort of Heart than I came into his Presence with. And so I fell to writing this Letter. And thank God all is over.

And now my dearest Father and Mother, expect to see soon your poor Daughter, with an humble and dutiful Mind, return'd to you: And don't fear but I know how to be happy with you as ever: For I will lie in the Loft, as I used to do; and pray let the little Bed be got ready; and I have a little Money, which will buy me a Suit of Cloaths, fitter for my Condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. *Mumford* to help me to some Needle-work; and fear not that I shall be a Burden to you, if my Health continues; and I know God will bless me, if not for my own sake, for both your sakes, who have, in all your Trials and Misfortunes, preserved so much Integrity, as makes every body speak well of you both. But I hope he will let good Mrs. *Jervis* give me a Character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for Dishonesty.

And so God bless you both, and may you be blest for me, and I blest for you: And I will always bless my Master and Mrs. *Jervis*. And so good Night; for it is late, and I shall be soon called to-bed.

I hope Mrs. *Jervis* is not angry with me, because she has not called me to Supper with her; tho' I could eat nothing if she had. But I make no doubt I shall sleep purely to Night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy Loft once more.

So, good Night again, my dear Father and Mother, says  
*Your honest poor Daughter.*

May-hap I mayn't come this Week, because I must get up the Linen, and leave every thing belonging to my Place in Order. So send me a Line if you can, to let me know if I shall be welcome, by *John*, who'll call for it as he returns. But say nothing of my coming away to him, as yet. For it will be said I blab every thing.

**LETTER XVII.**

*My dearest Daughter*, Welcome, welcome, ten times welcome, shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent, and happy, and honest; and you are the Staff of our Old-age, and our Comfort too. And tho' we cannot do for you as we would, yet we doubt not we shall live comfortably together, and what with my diligent Labour, and your poor Mother's Spinning, and your Needle-work, I make no doubt we shall live better and better. Only your poor Mother's Eyes begin to fail her; tho' I bless God, I am as strong, and able, and willing to labour as ever; and Oh my dear Child, your Virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed Things are Trials and Temptations to us, when they be overcome!

But I am thinking about those same four Guineas: I think you should give them back again to your Master; and yet I have broke them. Alas! I have only three left; but I will borrow it if I can, Part upon my Wages, and Part of Mrs. *Mumford*, and send it to you, that you may return it, against *John* comes next, if he comes again, before you.

I want to know how you come. I fancy honest *John* will be glad to bear you Company Part of the Way, if your Master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your Mother will go one five Miles, and I will go ten on the Way, or till I meet you, as far as one Holiday will go: For that I can get Leave for; and we shall receive you with more Pleasure than we had at your Birth, when all the worst was over; or than we ever had in our Lives.

And so God bless you, till the happy Time comes; say both your Mother and I; which is all at present, from  
*Your truly loving Parents.*

LETTER XVIII.

*Dear Father and Mother,* I Thank you a thousand times for your Goodness to me, express'd in your last Letter. I now long to get my Business done, and come to my New—Old Lot, again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my Master has turn'd me off; and as I shall come to you an honest Daughter, what Pleasure it is to what I should have, if I could not have seen you but as a guilty one! Well, my writing Time will soon be over, and so I will make Use of it now, and tell you all that has happen'd since my last Letter.

I wonder'd Mrs. *Jervis* did not call me to sup with her, and fear'd she was angry; and when I had finish'd my Letter, I long'd for her coming to Bed. At last she came up, but seem'd shy and reserv'd; and I said, O my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I am glad to see you: you are not angry with me, I hope. She said she was sorry Things went so far; and that she had a great deal of Talk with my Master after I was gone. She said, he seem'd mov'd at what I said, and at my falling on my Knees to him, and my Prayer for him, at my going away. He said, I was a strange Girl; he knew not what to make of me: And is she gone? said he: I intended to say something else to her, but she behav'd so oddly, that I had not Power to stop her. She ask'd if she should call me again. He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and me too, that she shall go now I have given her Warning. But where she had, it I can't tell; but I never met with the Fellow of her in my Life, at any Age. She said, he had order'd her not to tell me all: but she believ'd he never would offer any thing to me again, and I might stay, she fancy'd, if I would beg it as a Favour; tho' she was not sure neither.

I stay! dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, why 'tis the best News that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I do nothing but long to go back again to my Poverty and Distress, as he said I should; for, tho' I am sure of the Poverty, I shall not have Half the Distress I have had for some Months past, I'll assure you.

Mrs. *Jervis*, dear good Soul, wept over me, and said, Well, well, *Pamela*, I did not think I had shew'd so little Love to you, as that you should express so much Joy to leave me. I am sure I never had a Child half so dear to me as you!

I cry'd to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been; and said, What would you have me to do, dear Mrs. *Jervis*? I love you next to my own Father and Mother, and you are the chief Concern I have to leave this Place; but I am sure it is certain Ruin if I stay. After such Offers, and such Threatenings, and his comparing himself to a wicked Ravisher, in the very Time of his last Offer; and making a Jest of me, that we should make a pretty Story in Romances; can I stay, and be safe? Has he not demean'd himself twice? and it behoves me to beware of the third Time, for fear he should lay his Snares surer; for may—hap he did not expect a poor Servant would resist her Master so much. And must it not be look'd upon as a sort of Warrant for such Actions, if I stay after this? for I think, when one of our Sex finds she is attempted, it is an Encouragement to a Person to proceed, if one puts one's self in the Way of it, when one can help it; and it shews one can forgive what in short ought not to be forgiven. Which is no small Countenance to foul Actions, I'll assure you.

She hugg'd me to her, and said, *I'll assure you!* Pretty—face, where gottest thou all thy Knowledge, and thy good Notions, at these Years? Thou art a Miracle for thy Age, and I shall always love thee! But, do you resolve to leave us, *Pamela*?

Yes, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; for as Matters stand, how can I do otherwise? —But I'll do all the Duties of my Place first, if I may. And I hope you'll give me a Character as to my Honesty, as it may not look as if I was turn'd away for any Harm. Ay, that I will, said she; I will give thee such a Character as never Girl at thy Years deserv'd. And I am sure, said I, I will always love and honour you, as my third best Friend, whenever I go, or whatever becomes of me.

And so we went to Bed, and I never wak'd 'till 'twas Time to rise; which I did, as blyth as a Bird, and went about my Business with great Pleasure.

But I believe my Master is fearfully angry with me; for he past by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards Evening he met me in the Passage, going into the Garden, and said such a Word to me as I never heard in my Life from him, to Man, Woman or Child; for he first said, This Creature's always in my way, I think! I said, standing up as close as I could, and the Entry was wide enough for a Coach too, I hope I shan't be long in your Honcur's Way. D—n you! said he, (that was the hard Word) for a little Witch; I have no Patience

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

with you.

I profess I trembled to hear him say so; but I saw he was vex'd, and as I am going away, I minded it the less. But I see, my dear Parents, that when a Person will do wicked Things, it is no Wonder he will speak wicked Words. And so I rest

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

## LETTER XIX.

*Dear Father and Mother,* Our *John* having no Opportunity to go your Way, I write again, and send both Letters at once. I can't say yet when I can get away, nor how I shall come; because Mrs- *Jervis* shew'd my Master the Waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said, It looks well enough, I think the Creature had best stay till she has finish'd it.

There is some private Talk carry'd on betwixt him and Mrs. *Jervis*, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her at all. I should be very base if I did. But to be sure she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful Commands; and other, I dare say, she won't keep; she is too good, and loves me too well; but she must stay when I am gone, and so must get no Ill-will.

She has been at me again to ask to stay, and humble myself, as she says. But what have I done, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I? If I have been a Sawce-box, and a Bold-face, and Pert, and a Creature, as he calls me, have I not had Reason? Do you think I should ever have forgot myself, if he had not forgot to act as my Master? Tell me, from your own Heart, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, if you think I could stay and be safe? What would you think, or how would you act in my Case?

My dear *Pamela*, said she, and kiss'd me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as you do. But I know nobody else that would. My Master is a fine Gentleman; he has a great deal of Wit and Sense, and is admir'd, as I know, by half a dozen Ladies, who would think themselves happy in his Addresses. He has a noble Estate; and yet I believe he loves my good Maiden, tho' his Servant, better than all the Ladies in the Land; and he has try'd to overcome it, because he knows you are so much his Inferior; and 'tis my Opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud Heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay; and so he speaks so cross to you, when he sees you by Accident.

Well, but, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor Girl as I, as may be he may, for I have read of Things almost as strange, from great Men to poor Damsels; What can it be for? —He may condescend, may-hap, to think I may be good enough for his Harlot; and those Things don't disgrace Men, that ruin poor Women, as the World goes. And so, if I was wicked enough, he would keep me till I was undone, and 'till his Mind changed; for even wicked Men, I have read, soon grow weary of Wickedness of one Sort, and love Variety. Well then, poor *Pamela* must be turn'd off, and look'd upon as a vile abandon'd Creature, and every body would despise her; ay, and justly too, Mrs. *Jervis*; for she that can't keep her Virtue, ought to live in Disgrace.

But, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me tell you, that I hope, if I was sure he would always be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that God will give me his Grace, so as to hate and withstand his Temptations, were he not only my Master, but my King, for the Sin's sake; and this my poor dear Parents have always taught me; and I should be a sad wicked Creature indeed, if, for the sake of Riches or Favour, I should forfeit my good Name: yea, and worse than any other young body of my Sex; because I can so contentedly return to my Poverty again, and think it less Disgrace to be oblig'd to wear Rags, and live upon Rye-bread and Water, as I use to do, than to be a Harlot to the greatest Man in the World.

Good Mrs. *Jervis* lifted up her Hands, and had her Eyes full of Tears: God bless you, my dear Love, said she; you are my Admiration and Delight! — How shall I do to part with you?

Well, good Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, let me ask you now: —You and he have some Talk, and you mayn't be suffer'd to tell me all. But, do you think, if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done! ay, and *asbam'd* of it too! for I am sure he ought, considering his high Degree, and my low Degree, and how I have nothing in the World to trust to but my Honesty! Do you think in your own Conscience now, pray answer me truly; that he would never offer any thing to me again; and that I could be safe?

Alas! my dear Child, said she, don't put thy home Questions to me, with that pretty becoming Earnestness in thy Look. I know this, that he is vex'd at what he has done; he was vex'd the *first* Time, more vex'd the *second* Time.

Yes, said I, and so he will be vex'd I suppose the *third*, and the *fourth* Time too, 'till he has quite ruin'd your poor Maiden, and who will have Cause to be vex'd then?

Nay, *Pamela*, said she, don't imagine that I would be accessory to your Ruin for the World. I only can say, that

he has yet done you no Hurt; and 'tis no Wonder that he should love you, you are so pretty; tho' so much beneath him: But I dare swear for him, he never will offer you any Force.

You say, said I, that he was sorry for his *first* Offer in the Summer-house; well, and how long did his Sorrow last? —Only 'till he found me by myself; and then he was worse than before: and so became sorry *again*. And if he has deign'd to love me, and you say can't help it, why he can't help it neither, if he should have an Opportunity, a *third* time to distress me. And I have read, that many a Man has been asham'd at a Repulse, that never would, had they succeeded. Besides, Mrs. *Jervis*, if he *really* intends to offer no *Force*, What does that mean? — While you say he can't help liking me, for *Love* it cannot be! —Does not it imply, that he hopes to ruin me by my own *Consent*? I *think*, said I, (and I hope God would give me Grace to *do* so) that I should not give way to his Temptations on any Account; but it would be very presumptuous in me to rely upon my own Strength, against a Gentleman of his Qualifications and Estate, and who is my Master; and thinks himself intitled to call me Bold-face, and what not; only for standing on my necessary Defence? And that where the Good of my Soul and Body, and my Duty to God, and my Parents, are all concerned. How then, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I can I *ask* or *wish* to stay?

Well, well, says she; as he seems very desirous you should not stay, I hope it is from a good Motive; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace himself as well as you. No, no, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; I have thought of that too, for I would be glad to think of him with that Duty that becomes me; but then he would have let me gone to Lady *Davers*, and not have hinder'd my Preferment. And he would not have said, I should return to my *Poverty* and *Distress*, when I had been, by his Mother's Goodness, lifted out of it; but that he intended to fright me, and *punish* me, as he thought, for not complying with his Wickedness: And this shews me enough what I have to expect from his future Goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear, dear Price!

She was silent, and I said, Well there's no more to be said; I must go, that's certain; All my Concern will be how to part with you: And indeed, next to you; with every body; for all my Fellow-servants have lov'd me, and you and they will cost me a Sigh and a Tear too now-and-then, I am sure; and so I fell a-crying. I could not help it. For it is a pleasant Thing to one to be in a House among a great many Fellow-servants, and be belov'd by them all.

Nay, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. *Longman* our Steward is: Vastly courteous indeed on all Occasions, and he said, once to Mrs. *Jervis*, be wish'd he was a young Man for my sake, I should be his Wife, and he would settle all he had upon me on Marriage; and, you must know, he is reckon'd worth a Power of Money.

I take no Pride in this; but bless God, and your good Example, my dear Parents, that I have been enabled to have every body's good Word. Not but that our Cook one Day, who is a little snappish and cross sometimes, said once to me, Why this *Pamela* of ours goes as fine as a Lady. See what it is to have a fine Face! —I wonder what the Girl will come to at last!

She was hot with her Work; and I sneak'd away; for I seldom went down in the Kitchen; and I heard the Butler say, Why, *Jane*, nobody has your good Word! What has Mrs. *Pamela* done to you? I am sure she offends no body. And what, said the peevish Wench, have I said to her, *Foolatum*; but that she was pretty? They quarrel'd afterwards, I heard; but I was sorry for it, and troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly Prattle, from  
*Your dutiful Daughter.*

O! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the Waistcoat; I never did a prettier Piece of Work; and I am up early and late to get it finish'd; for I long to come to you.

LETTER XX.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Did not send my last Letters so soon as I would, because *John* (whether my Master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady *Davers's*, instead of *Isaac*, who used to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust *Isaac*; tho' he is very civil to me too. So I was forced to stay till *John* return'd.

As I may not have Opportunity to send again soon; and yet as I know you keep my Letters, and read them over and over (so *John* told me) when you have done Work, so much does your Kindness make you love all that comes from your poor Daughter; and as it may be some little Pleasure to me, may-hap, to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me what I have gone thro', and how great God's Goodness has been to me (which, I hope, will rather strengthen my good Resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad Conduct, have Reason to condemn myself from my own Hand, as it were): For all these Reasons, I say, I will write as I have Time, and as Matters happen, and send the Scribble to you as I have Opportunity; and if I don't every time, in Form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe that it is not for want of Duty. So I will begin where I left off about the Talk between Mrs. *Jervis* and me, for me to ask to stay.

Unknown to Mrs. *Jervis*, I put a Project, as I may call it, in Practice. I thought with myself some Days ago, Here I shall go home to my poor Father and Mother, and have nothing on my Back, that will be fit for my Condition; for how should your poor Daughter look with a Silk Night-gown, Silken Petticoats, Cambrick Head-cloaths, fine Holland Linen, lac'd Shoes, that were my Lady's, and fine Stockens! And how in a little while must they have look'd, like old Cast-offs indeed, and I look'd so for wearing them! And People would have said, (for poor Folks are envious, as well as rich) See there Goody *Andrews's* Daughter, turn'd home from her fine Place! What a tawdry Figure she makes! And how well that Garb becomes her poor Parents Circumstances! —And how would they look upon me, thought I to myself, when they come to be in Tatters, and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could get homespun Cloths, to dwindle into them one by one, as I could get them? —May-be, an old Silk Gown, and a new Linsey-woolsey Petticoat, and so on. So, thinks I, I had better get myself at once 'quipt in the Dress that would become my Condition; and tho' it might look but poor to what I was us'd to wear of late Days, yet it would serve me, when I came to you, for a good Holiday and Sunday Suit, and what by God's Blessing on my Industry, I might, may-be, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was saying, unknown to any body, I bought of Farmer *Nichols's* Wife and Daughters, a good sad-colour'd Stuff, of their own Spinning, enough to make me a Gown and two Petticoats; and I made Robings and Facings of a pretty Bit of printed Calicoe, I had by me.

I had a pretty good Camlet quilted Coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two Flannel Under-coats, not so good as my Swan-skin and fine Linen ones; but what would keep me warm, if any Neighbour should get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now-and-then, as sometimes I us'd to do formerly; for I am resolv'd to do all your good Neighbours what Kindness I can; and hope to make myself as much below'd about you, as I am here.

I got some pretty good *Scots* Cloth, and made me at Mornings and Nights, when nobody saw me, two Shifts, and I have enough left for two Shirts, and two Shifts, for you, my dear Father and Mother. When I come home, I'll make 'em for you, and desire your Acceptance as my first Present.

Then I bought of a Pedlar, two pretty enough round-ear'd Caps, a little Straw Hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens, turn'd up with white Calicoe; and two Pair of ordinary blue Worsted Hose, that make a smartish Appearance, with white Clocks, I'll assure you; and two Yards of black Ribbon for my Shift Sleeves, and to serve as a Necklace; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in two Hours, for two Days together: For, you must know, tho' I lay with Mrs. *Jervis*, I kept my own little Apartment still for my Cloaths; and nobody went thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad Housewife to have say'd so much Money; but my dear good Lady was always giving me something.

I believ'd myself the more oblig'd to do this, because as I was turn'd away for what my good Master thought Want of Duty; and, as he expected other Returns for his Presents, than I intended, I bless God, to make him; so I thought it was but just to leave his Presents behind me when I went away: for, you know, if I would not earn his

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Wages, why should I have them?

Don't trouble yourself, now I think of it, about the Four Guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given me, with some Silver, as I told you, as a Perquisite, being what my Lady had about her when she dy'd; and, as I hope for no other Wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserv'd them in the fourteen Months, since my Lady's Death: For she, good Soul! overpaid me before in Learning and other Kindnesses. —O had she liv'd, none of these Things might have happen'd! —But God be prais'd, 'tis no worse. Every thing turns about for the best, that's my Confidence.

So, as I was saying, I have provided a new and more suitable Dress, and I long to appear in my new Cloaths, more than ever I did in any new Cloaths in my Life; for then I shall be soon after with you, and at Ease in my Mind. —But mum—I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Was forc'd to break off; for I fear'd my Master was coming; but it prov'd to be only Mrs. *Jervis*. She came to me, and said, I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, *Pamela*. And I, said I, dread nothing so much as Company; for my Heart was up at my Mouth now, for fear my Master was coming. But I always rejoice to see my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

Said she, I have had a world of Talk with my Master about you. I am sorry for it, said I; that I am made of so much Consequence as to be talk'd of by him. O, said she, I must not tell you all; but you are of more Consequence to him, than you think for—

Or *wish* for, said I; for the Fruits of being of Consequence to him, would make me of none to myself, or any body else.

Said she, thou art as witty as any Lady in the Land. I wonder where thou gottest it. But they must be poor Ladies, with such great Opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more than I. —But let that pass.

I suppose, said I, that I am of so much Consequence, however, as to vex him, if it be but to think, he can't make a Fool of such a one as I; and that is nothing at all, but a Rebuke to the Pride of his high Condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

There is something in that, may-be, says she; but indeed, *Pamela*, he is very angry at you *too*; and calls you twenty perverse Things; wonders at his own Folly, to have shewn you so much Favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclin'd to, he says, for his Mother's sake, and would have persisted to shew you for your own, if you was not your own Enemy.

Nay, now, I shan't love you, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I; you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, tho' you know the Hazards I run. —No, said she, he says you shall go; for he thinks it won't be for his Reputation to keep you: But he wish'd (don't speak of it for the World, *Pamela*) that he knew a Lady of Birth, just such another as yourself, in Person and Mind, and he would marry her Tomorrow.

I colour'd up to the Ears at this Word; but said, Yet if I was the Lady of Birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I would have him: For she that can bear an Insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be any Gentleman's Wife; any more than he would be a Gentleman that would offer it.

Nay, now, *Pamela*, said she, thou carriest thy Notions a great way. Well, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, very seriously, for I could not help it, I am more full of Fears than ever. I have only to beg of you as one of the best Friends I have in the World, to say nothing of my asking to stay. To say my Master likes me, when I know what End he aims at, is Abomination to my Ears; and I shan't think myself safe till I am at my poor Father's and Mother's.

She was a little angry at me, 'till I assur'd her, that I had not the least Uneasiness on her Account, but thought myself safe under her Protection and Friendship. And so we dropt the Discourse for that Time.

I hope to have finish'd this ugly Waistcoat in two Days; after which, I have only some Linen to get up, and do something to, and shall then let you know how I shall contrive as to my Passage; for the heavy Rains will make it sad travelling on Foot: But maybe I may get a Place to —, which is ten Miles of the Way, in Farmer *Nichols's* close Cart; for I can't sit a Horse well at all. And may-be nobody will be suffer'd to see me on upon the Way. But I hope to let you know more,

*From, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

*My dear Father and Mother,* All my Fellow-servants have now some Notion, that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. *Jervis* tells them, that my Father and Mother growing in Years, cannot live without me; and so I go to them to help to comfort their old Age; but they seem not to believe it.

What they found it out by, was, the Butler heard him say to me, as I pass'd by him, in the Entry leading to the Hall, Who's that? *Pamela*, Sir, said I. *Pamela!* said he, How long are you to stay here! —Only, please your Honour, said I, till I have done the Waistcoat; and it is almost done. —You might, says he, (very roughly indeed) have finish'd that long enough ago, I should have thought! Indeed, and please your Honour said I, I have work'd early and late upon it; there is a great deal of Work in it! Work in it! said he; yes, you mind your Pen more than your Needle; I don't want such idle Sluts to stay in my House.

He seem'd startled, when he saw the Butler. As he enter'd the Hall, where Mr. *Jonathan* stood, What do you here, said he? —The Butler was as much confounded as I; for I never having been tax'd so roughly, could not help crying sadly; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. *Jervis*, and told my Complaint. This Love, said she, is the D—! in how many strange Shapes does it make People shew themselves! And in some the farthest from their Hearts.

So one, and then another, has been since whispering, Pray, Mrs. *Jervis*, are we to lose Mrs. *Pamela*? as they always call me—What has she done? And then she tells them as above, about going home to you.

She said afterwards to me, Well, *Pamela*, you have made our Master from the sweetest-temper'd Gentleman in the World, one of the most peevish. But you have it in your Power to make him as sweet-temper'd as ever; tho' I hope in God you'll never do it on his Terms!

This was very good in Mrs. *Jervis*; but it intimated, that she thought as ill of his Designs as I; and as she knew his Mind more than I, it convinc'd me, that I ought to get away as fast as I could.

My Master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. *Jervis* about Houshold Matters, having some Company to dine with him To-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying, at his Roughness in the Entry, I turn'd away my Face.

You may well, said he, turn away your cursed Face; I wish I had never seen it! —Mrs. *Jervis*, how long is she to be about this Waistcoat?

Sir, said I, if your Honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and tho' it will be now finish'd in a few Hours, I will do so still; and remove this hateful poor *Pamela* out of your House and Sight for ever.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, not speaking to me, I believe this little Slut has the Power of Witchcraft, if ever there was a Witch; for she enchants all that come near her. She makes even you, who should know better what the World is, think her an Angel of Light.

I offer'd to go away; for I believ'd he wanted me to ask to stay in my Place, for all this his great Wrath; and he said, Stay here, stay here, when I bid you; and snatch'd my Hand. I trembled, and said, I will! I will! for he hurt my Fingers, he grasp'd me so hard.

He seem'd to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly; and said, Begone! And away I tripp'd, as fast as I could; and he and Mrs. *Jervis* had a deal of Talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he express'd himself vex'd to have spoke in Mr. *Jonathan's* Hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. *Jonathan* our Butler, is a very grave good sort of old Man, with his Hair as white as Silver! and an honest worthy Man he is. I was hurrying out, with a Flea in my Ear, as the Saying is, and going down Stairs into the Parlour, met him. He took hold of my Hand, in a gentler manner tho', than my Master, with both his; and he said, Ah! sweet, sweet Mrs. *Pamela!* what is it I heard just now! —I am sorry at my Heart; but I am sure I will sooner believe any body in Fault than you. Thank you, Mr. *Jonathan*, said I; but as you value your Place, don't be seen speaking to such a one as me. I cry'd too; and slipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

And now I will give you an Instance how much I am in Mr. *Longman's* Esteem also.

I had lost my Pen some how; and my Paper being wrote out, I stepp'd to Mr. *Longman's* our Steward's Office, to beg him to give me a Pen or two, and a Sheet or two of Paper. He said, Aye, that I will, my sweet Maiden! And

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gave me three Pens, some Wafers, a Stick of Wax, and twelve Sheets of Paper; and coming from his Desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a Word or two with you, my sweet little Mistress (for so these two good old Gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly): I hear bad News; that we are going to lose you: I hope it is not . Yes, it is, Sir, said I; but I was in Hopes it would not be known till I went away.

What a D—l, said he, ails our Master of late! I never saw such an Alteration in any Man in my Life! He is pleas'd with nobody, as I fee; and by what Mr. *Jonathan* tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could you have done to him, tro'? Only Mrs. *Jervis* is a very good Woman, or I should have fear'd *she* had been your Enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. *Jervis* is a just good Woman, and next to my Father and Mother, the best Friend I have in the World. —Well then, says he, it must be worse. Shall I guess? You are too pretty, my sweet Mistress, and, may—be, too virtuous. Ah! have I not hit it? No, good Mr. *Longman*, said I, don't think any thing amiss of my Master; he is cross and angry with me indeed, that's ; but I may have given Occasion for it, may—be; and because I am oblig'd to go to my Father and Mother, rather than stay here, may—hap, he may think me ungrateful. But you know, Sir, said I, that a Father and Mother's Comfort is the dearest thing to a good Child that can be. Sweet Excellence! said he, this becomes you; but I know the World and Mankind too well; tho' I must hear, and see, and say nothing! But God bless my little Sweeting, said he, where—ever you go! And away went I, with a Curchee and Thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear Father and Mother, to be so beloved. —How much better, by good Fame and Integrity, is it to get every one's good Word but *one*, than by pleasing *that one*, to make *every one else* one's Enemy, and be an execrable Creature besides! I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

*My dear Father and Mother,* We had a great many neighbouring Gentlemen, and their Ladies, this Day at Dinner; and my Master made a fine Entertainment for them. And *Isaac*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, and *Benjamin* waited at Table. And *Isaac* tells Mrs. *Jervis*, that the Ladies will by—and—by come to see the House, and have the Curiosity to see me; for it seems, they said to my Master, when the Jokes flew about, Well Mr. *B*—, we understand that you have a Servant—maid, who is the greatest Beauty in the County; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

The Wench is well enough, said he; but no such Beauty as you talk of, I'll assure ye. She was my Mother's Waiting—maid, and she on her Death—bed engag'd me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is pretty that is young.

Aye, aye, says one of the Ladies, that is ; but if your Mother had not recommended her so strongly, there is so much Merit in Beauty, that I make no doubt such a fine Gentleman would have wanted no such strong Inducement to be kind.

They all laugh'd at my Master: And he, it seems, laugh'd for Company; but said, I don't know how it is; but I see with different Eyes from other People; for I have heard much more Talk of her Prettiness, than I think she deserves: She is well enough, as I said; but I think her greatest Excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her Fellow—servants love her; my House—keeper in particular doats upon her, and you know, Ladies, she is a Woman of Discernment; and, as for Mr. *Longman*, and *Jonathan*, here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not , *Jonathan*? Troth, Sir, said he, an't please your Honour, I never knew her Peer, and all your Honour's Family are of the same Mind. Do ye hear now? said my Master—Well, said the Ladies, we will make a Visit to Mrs. *Jervis* by—and—by, and hope to see this Paragon.

Well, I believe, they are coming, and I will tell you more by—and—by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their Game without me!

Well, these fine Ladies have been here, and gone back again. I would have been absent if I could, and did step into the Closet, so they saw me not when they came in.

There were four of them, Lady *Arthur* at the great white House on the Hill, Lady *Brooks*, Lady *Towers*, and the other, it seems, a Countess, of some hard Name, I forget what.

So, Mrs. *Jervis*, says one of the Ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your Health. I am much oblig'd to your Ladyships, said Mrs. *Jervis*: Will your Ladyships please to sit down? But, said the Countess, we are not only come to ask after Mrs. *Jervis*'s Health neither; but we are come to see a Rarity besides. Aye, says Lady *Arthur*, I have not seen your *Pamela* these two Years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty in that Time.

Then I wish'd I had not been in the Closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them: but I have often found, that bashful Bodies owe themselves a Spight, and frequently consound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid Confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. *Jervis*, *Pamela* is very pretty indeed; she's but in the Closet there:—*Pamela*, pray step hither. I came out, all cover'd with Blushes; and they smil'd at one another.

The Countess took me by the Hand: Why, indeed, she was pleas'd to say, Report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be asham'd, Child (and star'd full in my Face); I wish I had just such a Face to be asham'd of! O how like a Fool I look'd!—

Lady *Arthur* said, Aye, my good *Pamela*, I say as her Ladyship says: Don't be so confus'd; tho' indeed it becomes you too. I think your good Lady departed made a sweet Choice of such a pretty Attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she liv'd till now.

Ah! Madam, said Lady *Brooks*, do you think, that so *dutiful* a Son as our Neighbour, who always *admir'd* what his Mother *lov'd*, does not pride himself, for all what he said at Table, in such a pretty Maiden?

She look'd with such a malicious sneering Countenance, I cannot abide her.

Lady *Towers* said, with a free Air; for it seems she is call'd a Wit; Well, Mrs. *Pamela*, I can't say, I like you so well as these Ladies do; for I should never care, if you were my Servant, to see you and your Master in the same

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House together. Then they all set up a great Laugh.

I know what I could have said, if I durst. But they are Ladies—and Ladies may say any thing.

Says Lady *Towers*, Can the pretty Image speak, Mrs. *Jervis*? I vow she has speaking Eyes! O you little Rogue, says she, and tapt me on the Cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, and please your Ladyship, said I, it should be either! —I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the Sense I have of my Unworthiness, renders me unfit for such a Presence.

I then went away, with one of my best Curchees; and Lady *Towers* said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow! —And Lady *Brooks* said, See that Shape! I never saw such a Face and Shape in my Life; why she must be better descended than you have told me!

And so, belike, their Clacks run for half an Hour in my Praises, and glad was I, when I got out of the Hearing of them.

But it seems they went down with such a Story to my Master, and so full of me, that he had a hard Life to stand it; but as it was very little to my Reputation, I am sure I could take no Pride in it; and I fear'd it would make no better for me. This gives me another Cause for leaving this House.

This is *Thursday* Morning, and next *Thursday* I hope to set out; for I have finish'd my Task, and my Master is horrid cross: And I am vex'd, his Crossness affects me so. If ever he had any Kindness towards me, I believe he now hates me heartily.

Is it not strange, that Love borders so much upon Hate? But this wicked Love is not like the virtuous Love, to be sure: That and Hatred must be as far off, as Light and Darkness. And how must this Hate have been increased, if he had met with a base Compliance, after his wicked Will had been gratify'd?

Well, one may see by a little, what a great deal means: For if Innocence cannot attract common Civility, what must Guilt expect, when Novelty had ceas'd to have its Charms, and Changeableness had taken place of it? Thus we read in Holy Writ, that wicked *Amnon*, when he had ruin'd poor *Tamar*, hated her more than ever he lov'd her, and would have turn'd her out of Door!

How happy am I, to be turn'd out of Door, with that sweet Companion my Innocence! —O may that be always my Companion! And while I presume not upon my own Strength, and am willing to avoid the Tempter, I hope the Divine Grace will assist me.

Forgive me, that I repeat in my Letter Part of my hourly Prayer. I owe every thing, next to God's Goodness, to your Piety and good Examples, my dear Parents; my dear *poor* Parents, I will say, because your *Poverty* is my *Pride*, as your Integrity shall be my Imitation.

As soon as I have din'd, I will put on my new Cloaths. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. *Jervis* with them; for she shan't see me till I am full-dress'd. —*John* is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written. — I find he is going early in the Morning; and so I'll close here, that I am

*Your most dutiful Daughter.*

Don't lose your Time in meeting me; because I am so uncertain. It is hard, if some how or other, I can't get a Passage to you. But maybe my Master won't refuse to let *John* bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; and you know *John* as well as I; for he loves you both. Besides, may-be, Mrs. *Jervis* can put me in some way.

LETTER XXIV.

*Dear Father and Mother*, I Shall write on, as long as I stay, tho' I should have nothing but Sillinesses to write; for I know you divert yourselves at Nights with what I write, because it is mine. *John* tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you, he hop'd something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the Occasion of my coming away; for *if* they should guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me: Besides, I really am concern'd that my poor Master should cast such a Thought upon such a Creature as me; for besides the Disgrace, it has quite turn'd his Temper; and I begin to think he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it, and so finds no way but to be cross to me.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited; for it is more my Concern than my Pride, to see such a Gentleman so demean himself, and lessen the Regard he used to have in the Eyes of all his Servants on my Account. —But I am to tell you of my new Dress to Day.

And so, when I had din'd, up Stairs I went, and lock'd myself into my little Room. There I trick'd myself up as well as I could in my new Garb, and put on my round-ear'd ordinary Cap; but with a green Knot however, and my homespun Gown and Petticoat, and plain-leather Shoes; but yet they are what they call *Spanish* Leather, and my ordinary Hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to; tho' I shall think good Yarn may do very well for every Day, when I come home. A plain Muslin Tucker I put on, and my black Silk Necklace, instead of the *French* Necklace my Lady gave me, and put the Ear-rings out of my Ears; and when I was quite 'quip'd, I took my Straw Hat in my Hand, with its two blue Strings, and look'd about me in the Glass, as proud as any thing. —To say Truth, I never lik'd myself so well in my Life.

O the Pleasure of descending with Ease, Innocence and Resignation! —Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble Mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking Disappointment, let Fortune's Wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. *Jervis*, to see how she lik'd me.

I met, as I was upon the Stairs, our *Rachel*, who is the House-maid, and she made me a low Curchee, and I found did not know me. So I smil'd, and went to the House-keeper's Parlour. And there sat good Mrs. *Jervis* at Work, making a Shift: And, would you believe it? she did not know me at first; but rose up, and pull'd off her Spectacles; and said, Do you want me, forsooth? I could not help laughing, and said, Hey-day! Mrs. *Jervis*, what! don't you know me? —She stood all in Amaze, and look'd at me from Top to Toe; Why you surprise me, said she; what! *Pamela!* Thus metamorphos'd! How carne this about? As it happen'd, in stept my Master, and my Back being to him, he thought it was a Stranger speaking to Mrs. *Jervis*, and withdrew again; and did not hear her ask if his Honour had any Commands with her? —She turn'd me about and about, and I shew'd her all my Dress, to my Underpetticoat; and she said, sitting down, Why I am all in Amaze! I must sit down. What can all this mean? I told her, I had no Cloaths suitable to my Condition when I return'd to my Father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my Fellow-servants might see, I knew how to suit myself to the State I was returning to.

Well, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad Preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in Earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear *Pamela*, how can I part with you!

My Master rung in the back Parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. *Jervis* went to attend him. It seems he said to her, I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to *Lincolnshire*, and may-be to my Sister *Davers's*, and be absent some Weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat Damsel was that with you? She says, she smil'd, and ask'd if his Honour did not know who it was? No, said he, I never saw her before. Farmer *Nichols*, or Farmer *Brady*, have neither of them such a tight prim Lass for a Daughter; have they? —Tho' I did not see her Face neither, said he. If your Honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your Presence; for I think, says she, she out-does our *Pamela*.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards (for it brought a great deal of Trouble upon me, as well as Crossness, as you shall hear). That can't be, he was pleased to say. But if you can find an Excuse for it, let her come in.

At that she stept to me, and told me, I must go in with her to my Master; but, said she, for Goodness sake, let

him find you out; for he don't know you. Good Sirs! Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both *in me*, and *to him*. I tell you, said she, you shall come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish as I was; tho' I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my Straw-hat in my Hand.

I dropt a low Curchee, but said never a Word. I dare say, he knew me as soon as he saw my Face; but was as cunning as *Lucifer*. He came up to me, and took me by the Hand, and said, Whose pretty Maiden are you? —I dare say you are *Pamela's* Sister, you are so like her. So neat, so clean, so pretty! Why, Child, you far surpass your Sister *Pamela!*

I was all Confusion, and would have spoken; but he took me about the Neck; Why, said he, you are very pretty, Child; I would not be so free with your *Sister*, you may believe; but I must kiss *you*.

O Sir, said I, I am *Pamela*, indeed I am: Indeed I am *Pamela, her own self!*

He kissed me for all I could do; and said, Impossible! you are a lovelier Girl by half than *Pamela*; and sure I may be innocently free with you, tho' I would not do her so much Favour.

This was a sad Bite upon me indeed, and what I could not expect; and Mrs. *Jervis* look'd like a Fool as much as I, for her Officiousness. —At last I got away, and ran out of the Parlour, most sadly vex'd, as you may well think.

He talk'd a good deal to Mrs. *Jervis*, and at last order'd me to come in to him. Come in, said he, you little Villain! for so he call'd me; good Sirs! what a Name was there! Who is it you put your Tricks upon? I was resolved never to honour your Unworthiness, said he, with so much Notice again; and so you must disguise yourself, to attract me, and yet pretend, like an Hypocrite as you are—

I was out of Patience, then; Hold, good Sir, said I; don't impute Disguise and Hypocrisy to me, above all things; for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no Disguise. —What a-plague, said he, for that was his Word, do you mean then by this Dress? —Why, and please your Honour, said I, I mean one of the honestest things in the World. I have been in Disguise indeed ever since my good Lady, your Mother, took me from my poor Parents. I came to her Ladyship so poor and mean, that these Cloaths I have on, are a princely Suit, to those I had then. And her Goodness heap'd upon me rich Cloaths, and other Bounties: And as I am now returning to my poor Parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being whooted at; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my Degree, and be a good Holiday Suit too, when I get home.

He then took me in his Arms, and presently push'd me from him. Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, take the little Witch from me; I can neither bear, nor forbear her! (Strange Words these!) —But stay, you shan't go! —Yet begone! —No, come back again.

I thought he was mad, for my Share; for he knew not what he would have. But I was going however, and he stept after me, and took hold of my Arm, and brought me in again: I am sure he made my Arm black and blue; for the Marks are upon it still. Sir, Sir, said I, pray have Mercy; I will, I will come in!

He sat down, and look'd at me, and look'd as silly as such a poor Girl as I, I thought afterwards. — At last, he said, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, as I was telling you, you may suffer her to stay a little longer, till I see if my Sister *Davers* will have her; if, mean time, she humble herself, and ask this as a Favour, and is sorry for her Pertness, and the Liberty she has taken with my Character, out of the House and in the House. Your Honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. *Jervis*; but I never found her inclinable to think herself in Fault. Pride and Perverseness, said he, with a Vengeance! Yet this is your Doating-piece! —Well, for once I'll submit myself, to tell you, Hussy, said he to me, you may stay a Fortnight longer, till I see my Sister *Davers*: Do you hear what I say to you, Statue! can you neither speak, nor be thankful? —Your Honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: But I will venture to say, that I have only to beg, as a Favour, that I may go to my Father and Mother. —Why; Fool, says he, won't you like to go to wait on my Sister *Davers*? Sir, said I, I was once fond of that Honour; but you was pleased to say, I might be in Danger from her Ladyship's Nephew, or he from me? —D—d Impertinence! said he; do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*, do you hear, how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless Assurance! —

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs. *Jervis* said, Fie, *Pamela*, fie! —And I said, My Lot is very hard indeed! I am sure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it seems, guilty of Indiscretions, which have cost me my Place, and my Master's Favour, and so have been turn'd away. And when the Time is come, that I should return to my poor Parents, I am not suffer'd to go quietly. Good your Honour, what have I done, that I must be used worse than if I

had robb'd you! ——Robb'd me! said he, why so you have, Hussy; you *have* robb'd me. Who! I! Sir, said I, have I robb'd you? Why then you are a Justice of Peace, and may send me to Gaol, if you please, and bring me to a Tryal for my Life! If you can prove that I have robb'd you, I am sure I ought to die!

Now I was quite ignorant of his Meaning; tho' I did not like it when it was afterwards explain'd, neither; and, well, thought I, what will this come to at last, if poor *Pamela* is thought a Thief! Then I thought, in an Instant, how I should shew my Face to my honest poor Parents, if I was but suspected.

But, Sir, said I, let me ask you but one Question, and pray don't let me be call'd Names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully; Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your Housekeeper, as the other Maids have been? And if *Jane*, or *Rachel*, or *Hannah*, were to offend, would your Honour stoop to take Notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take Notice of me? Pray, Sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? and why should I not be turn'd away, and there's an End of it? For indeed I am not of Consequence enough for my Master to concern himself and be angry about such a Creature as me.

Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*, cry'd he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this sawcy Slut? Why, Sauce-box, says he, did not my good Mother desire me to take care of you? and have you not been always distinguish'd by me, above a common Servant? and does your Ingratitude upbraid me for this?

I said something mutteringly, and he vow'd he would hear it. I begg'd Excuse; but he insisted upon it. Why then, said I, if your Honour must know, I said, That my good Lady did not desire your Care to extend to the Summer-house and her Dressing-room.

Well, this was a little sawcy, you'll say! ——And He flew into such a Passion, that I was forced to run for it; and Mrs. *Jervis* said, It was happy I got out of his way.

Why, what makes him provoke one so, then? —I'm almost sorry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate. For I begin to be fearful now.

Just now Mr. *Jonathan* sent me these line— (Lord bless me! what shall I do?)

"Dear Mrs. *Pamela*, Take care of yourself; for *Rachel* heard my Master say to Mrs. *Jervis*, who, she believes, was pleading for you, Say no more, Mrs. *Jervis*; for by G—— I will have her! Burn this instantly."

O pray for your poor Daughter! I am called to go to-bed by Mrs. *Jervis*, for it is past Eleven; and I am sure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, tho' she did not mean any Harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange Fluster; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full-pert.

O my dear Father and Mother, Power and Riches never want Advocates! But, poor Gentlewoman! she cannot live without him. And he has been very good to her.

So, Good-night. May-be I shall send this in the Morning; but may-be not; so won't conclude; tho' yet I must say, I am

*Your most dutiful Daughter.*

LETTER XXV.

*My dear Parents*, O Let me take up my Complaint, and say, Never was poor Creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used, as your *Pamela!* O my dear Father and Mother, my Heart's just broke! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone; for to whom but you can I vent my Grievs, and keep my poor Heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked Man! —I have no Patience left me! —But yet, don't be frighted— for,—I hope—I hope, I am honest! —But if my Head and my Heart will let me, you shall hear all. —Is there no Constable nor Headborough, tho', to take me out of his House? for I am sure I can safely swear the Peace against him: But, alas! he is greater than any Constable, and is a Justice himself; such a Justice, deliver me from! —But God Almighty, I hope, in time, will right me! —For he knows the Innocence of my Heart!—

*John* went your way in the Morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. *Jervis*, and *Rachel*, and one I hate to see: And indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happen'd since last Night, that good Mr. *Jonathan's* Letter, and my Master's Harshness put me into such a Fluster. But I will no more *preambulate*.

I went to Mrs. *Jervis's* Chamber; and Oh! my dear Father and Mother, my wicked Master had hid himself, base Gentleman as he is! in her Closet, where she has a few Books, and Chest of Drawers, and such—like. I little suspected it; tho' I used, till this sad Night, always to look into that Closet, and another in the Room, and under the Bed, ever since the Summer—house Trick, but never found any thing; and so I did not do it then, being fully resolv'd to be angry with Mrs. *Jervis* for what had happen'd in the Day, and so thought of nothing else.

I sat myself down on one side of the Bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that side next the wicked Closet, that held the worst Heart in the World. So, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you won't speak to me, *Pamela!* I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, so I am, a little; tis a Folly to deny it. You see what I have suffer'd by your forcing me in to my Master! And a Gentlewoman of your Years and Experience must needs know, that it was not fit for me to pretend to be any body else for my own sake, nor with regard to my Master.

But, said she, who would have thought it would have turn'd out so? Ay, said I, little thinking who heard me, *Lucifer* always is ready to promote his own Work and Workmen. You see, presently, what Use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me: And when he took, upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: And you too, said I; to cry, Fie, fie, *Pamela!* cut me to the Heart: For that encourag'd him.

Do you think, my Dear, said she, that I would encourage him? —I never said so to you before; but since you force it from me, I must tell you, that ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost Endeavours to divert him from his wicked Purposes; and he has promised fair; but, to say all in a Word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his Power to help it.

I luckily said nothing of the Note from Mr. *Jonathan*; for I began to suspect all the World almost: But I said, to try Mrs. *Jervis*, Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady *Davers* now.

Why, I'll tell you freely, my dear *Pamela*, said she, and I trust to your Discretion to conceal what I say: My Master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay.—

Yes, said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, let me interrupt you: I will tell you why I could not think of that: It was not the Pride of my Heart; but the Pride of my Honesty: For what must have been the Case? Here my Master has been very rude to me, once and twice; and you say he cannot help it, tho' he pretends to be sorry for it: Well, he has given me Warning to leave my Place, and uses me very harshly; may—hap, to frighten me to his Purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the House, and value him, if he would act as my Master). Well then, as I know his Designs, and that he owns he cannot help it; must I not have asked to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? for all you could assure me of, was, he would do nothing by *Force*; so I, a poor weak Girl, was to be left to my own Strength, God knows! And was not this to allow him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked Devices? — How then, Mrs. *Jervis*, could I ask or wish to stay?

You say well, my dear Child, says she; and you have a Justness of Thought above your Years; and for all these

Confederations, and for what I have heard this Day, after you run away, (and I am glad you went as you did) I cannot persuade you to stay; and I shall be glad, which is what I never thought I could have said, that you was well at your Father's; for if Lady *Davers* will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here. There's my good Mrs. *Jervis*! said I; God will bless you for your good Counsel to a poor Maiden that is hard beset. But pray what did he say, said I, when I was gone? Why, says she, he was very angry with you. But he would hear it, said I! I think it was a little bold; but then he provoked me to it. And had not my Honesty been in the Case, I would not by any means have been so sawcy. Besides, Mrs. *Jervis*, consider, it was the Truth; if he does not love to hear of the Summer-house and the Dressing-room, why should he not be asham'd to continue in the same Mind. But, said she, when you had mutter'd this to yourself, you might have told him any thing else. Well, said I, I cannot tell a wilful Lye, and so there's an End of it. But I find you now give him up, and think there's Danger in staying! — Lord bless me, I wish I was well out of the House; so it was at the Bottom of a wet Ditch, on the wildest Common in *England*!

Why, said she, it signifies nothing to tell you all he said; but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish; and upon my Word, *Pamela*, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without Flattery, you are a charming Girl! and I never saw you look more lovely in my Life, than in that same new Dress of yours. And then it was such a Surprise upon us all! —I believe truly, you owe some of your Danger to the lovely Appearance you made. Then, said I, I wish the Cloaths in the Fire. I expected no Effect from them; but if any, a quite contrary one.

Hush! said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, did you not hear something stir in the Closet? No, silly Girl, said she! your Fears are always awake! —But indeed, says I, I think I heard something rustle! —May-be, says she, the Cat may be got there: But I hear nothing.

I was hush; but she said, Pr'ythee, my good Girl, make haste to-bed. See if the Door be fast. So I did, and was thinking to look in the Closet; but hearing no more Noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the Bedside, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. *Jervis* being by this time undrest, stept into Bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I don't know what was the Matter; but my Heart sadly misgave me; but Mr. *Jonathan's* Note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. *Jervis* had said. I pulled off my Stays, and my Stockens, and my Gown, all to an Under-petticoat; and then hearing a rustling again in the Closet, I said, God protect us! but before I say my Prayers, I must look into this Closet. And so was going to it slip-shod, when, O dreadful! out rush'd my Master, in a rich silk and silver Morning Gown.

I scream'd, and run to the Bed; and Mrs. *Jervis* scream'd too; and he said, I'll do you no harm, if you forbear this Noise; but otherwise take what follows.

Instantly he came to the Bed; for I had crept into it, to Mrs. *Jervis*, with my Coat on, and my Shoes; and taking me in his Arms, said, Mrs. *Jervis*, rise, and just step up Stairs, to keep the Maids from coming down at this Noise; I'll do no harm to this Rebel.

O, for God's sake! for Pity's sake! Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, if I am not betray'd, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the House. No, said Mrs. *Jervis*, I will not stir, my dear Lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you, Sir, said she, and kindly threw herself upon my Coat, clasping me round the Waist, you shall not hurt this Innocent, said she; for I will lose my Life in her Defence. Are there not, said she, enough wicked ones in the World, for your base Purpose, but you must attempt such a Lamb as this!

He was desperate angry, and threaten'd to throw her out of the Window; and to turn her out of the House the next Morning. You need not, Sir, said she; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor *Pamela* till To-morrow, and we will both go together. —Says he, let me but expostulate a Word or two with you, *Pamela*. Pray, *Pamela*, said Mrs. *Jervis*, don't hear a Word, except he leaves the Bed, and goes to the other End of the Room. Aye, out of the Room! said I; expostulate To-morrow, if you must expostulate!

I found his Hand in my Bosom, and when my Fright let me know it, I was ready to die; and I sighed, and scream'd, and fainted away. And still he had his Arms about my Neck; and Mrs. *Jervis* was about my Feet, and upon my Coat. And all in a cold, clammy Sweat was I. *Pamela, Pamela!* said Mrs. *Jervis*, as she tells me since, O—h, and gave another Shriek, my poor *Pamela* is dead for certain! —And so, to be sure, I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the Matter, one Fit following another, till about three Hours after, as it prov'd to be, I found myself in Bed, and Mrs. *Jervis* sitting up on one side, with her Wrapper about her, and *Rachel* on the other; and no Master, for the wicked Wretch was gone. But I was so over-joy'd, that I hardly could believe myself; and I

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

said, which were my first Words, Mrs. *Jervis*, Mrs. *Rachel*, can I be sure it is you? God be prais'd! God be prais'd! —Where have I been? Hush, my Dear, said Mrs. *Jervis*, you have been in Fit after Fit. I never saw any body so frightful in my Life!

By this I judg'd Mrs. *Rachel* knew nothing of the Matter; and it seems my wicked Master had, upon Mrs. *Jervis's* second Noise on my going away, slipt out, and, as if he had come from his own Chamber, disturbed by the Screaming, went up to the Maids Room, (who hearing the Noise, lay trembling, and afraid to stir) and bid them go down and see what was the Matter with Mrs. *Jervis* and me. And he charged Mrs. *Jervis*, and promised to forgive her for what she had said and done, if she would conceal the Matter. So the Maids came down; for the Men lie in the Out-houses; and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except *Rachel*, who staid to sit up with me, and bear Mrs. *Jervis* Company. I believe they all guess the Matter to be bad enough; tho' they dare not say any thing.

When I think of my Danger, and the Freedoms he actually took, tho' I believe Mrs. *Jervis* saved me from worse, and she says she did, (tho' what can I think, who was in a Fit, and knew nothing of the Matter?) I am almost distracted.

At first I was afraid of Mrs. *Jervis*; but I am fully satisfied she is very good, and I should have been lost but for her; and she takes on grievously about it. What would have become of me, had she gone out of the Room, to still the Maids, as he bid her. He'd certainly have shut her out, and then, Mercy on me! what would have become of your poor *Pamela*!

I must leave off a little, for my Eyes and my Head are sadly bad. —O this was a dreadful Trial! This was the worst of all! God send me safe from this dreadful wicked Man! Pray for

*Your distressed Daughter.*

LETTER XXVI.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Did not rise till Ten o'Clock, and I had all the Concerns and Wishes of the Family, and Multitudes of Enquiries about me. My wicked Master went out early to hunt; but left word, he would be in to breakfast. And so he was.

He came up to our Chamber about Eleven, and had nothing to do to be sorry: for he was our *Master*, and so put on sharp Anger at first.

I had great Emotions at his entering the Room, and threw my Apron over my Head, and fell a crying, as if my Heart would break.

Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, since I know you, and you me so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future. Sir, said she, I will take the Liberty to say what I think is best for us. I have so much Grief, that you should attempt to do any Injury to this poor Girl, and especially in my Chamber, that I should think myself accessory to the Mischief, if I was not to take Notice of it. Tho' my Ruin therefore may depend upon it, I desire not to stay; but pray let poor *Pamela* and I go together. With all my Heart, said he, and the sooner the better. She fell a crying. I find, says he, this Girl has made a Party of the whole House in her Favour against me. Her Innocence deserves it of us all, said she very kindly: And I never could have thought that the Son of my dear good Lady departed, could have so forfeited his Honour, as to endeavour to dostroy what he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, I will not bear it. As for *Pamela*, she has a lucky Knack at falling into Fits, when she pleases. But the cursed Yellings of you both made me not my self. I intended no Harm to her, as I told you both, if you'd have left your Squallings; and I did no Harm neither, but to myself; for I rais'd a Hornet's Nest about my Ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to Death my Reputation. Sir, said Mrs. *Jervis*, then I beg Mr. *Longman* may take my Accounts, and I will go away, as soon as I can. As for *Pamela*, she is at Liberty, I hope, to go away next *Thursday*, as she intends.

I sat still, for I could not speak nor look up, and his Presence discompos'd me extremely; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy Occasion of Mrs. *Jervis's* losing her Place, and hope that may be made up.

Well, said he, let Mr. *Longman* make up your Accounts, as soon as you will; and Mrs. *Jewkes* (his House-keeper in *Lincolnshire*) shall come hither in your Place, and won't be less obliging, I dare say, than you have been. Said she, I have never disoblig'd you till now, and let me tell you, Sir, if you knew what belong'd to your own Reputation or Honour—No more, no more, said he, of these antiquated Topicks. I have been no bad Friend to you; and I shall always esteem you, tho' you have not been so faithful to my Secrets, as I could have wish'd, and have laid me open to this Girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had Occasion. Well, Sir, said she, after what pass'd Yesterday, and last Night, I think I went rather too far in favour of your Injunctions than otherwise; and I should have deserv'd every body's Censure for the basest of Creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless Attempts. Still, Mrs. *Jervis*, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary Faults! for what Harm have I done the Girl? —I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in respect to my Mother, I am willing to part friendly with you. Tho' you ought both of you to reflect on the Freedom of your Conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do; but that I am conscious I had no Business to demean myself so as to be in your Closet, where I might expect to hear a multitude of Impertinence between you.

Well Sir, said she, you have no Objection, I hope, to *Pamela's* going away on *Thursday* next? You are mighty sollicitous, said he, about *Pamela*: But, no, not I, let her go as soon as she will: She is a naughty Girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more Trouble than she can have had from me; but I have overcome it all; and will never concern myself about her.

I have a Proposal made me, added he, since I have been out this Morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only that a discreet Use may be made of what is past; and there's an End of every thing with me, as to *Pamela*, I'll assure you.

I clasp'd my Hands together thro' my Apron, over-joy'd at this, tho' I was so soon to go away: For, naughty as he has been to me, I wish his Prosperity with all my Heart, for my good old Lady's sake.

Well, *Pamela*, said he, you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you lifted up your Hands at? I said not a Word. Says he, If you like what I have said, give me your Hand upon it. I held my Hand thro' my

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Apron; for I could not speak to him, and he took hold of it, and press'd it, tho' less hard than he did my Arm the Day before. What does the little Fool cover her Face for, said he? Pull your Apron away; and let me see how you look, after your Freedom of Speech of me last Night! No wonder you're asham'd to see me. You know you were very free with my Character.

I could not stand this barbarous Insult, as I took it to be, considering his Behaviour to me; and I then spoke, and said, O the Difference between the Minds of thy Creatures, good God! How shall some be cast down in their Innocence, while others shall triumph in their Guilt!

And so saying, I went up Stairs to my Chamber, and wrote all this; for tho' he vex'd me, at his Taunting, yet I was pleas'd to hear he was likely to be marry'd, and that his wicked Intentions were so happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little easier. And, I hope I have pass'd the worst; or else it is very hard: And yet I shan't think my self at Ease quite, till I am with you. For methinks, after all, his Repentance and Amendment are mighty suddenly resolv'd upon. But God's Grace is not confin'd to Space; and Remorse may, and I hope has, smote him to the Heart at once, for his Injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too secure neither.

Having Opportunity, I send now what I know will grieve you to the Heart. But I hope I shall bring my next Scribble myself; and so conclude, tho' half broken-hearted,

*Your ever dutiful Daughter.*

LETTER XXVI.

*Dear Father and Mother,* I Am glad I desir'd you not to meet me, and *John* says you won't; for he says, he told you, he is sure I shall get a Passage well enough, either behind some one of my Fellow-servants on Horseback, or by Farmer *Nichols's* Means: But as for the Chariot he talk'd to you of, I can't expect that Favour, to be sure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer *Brady*, they say, has a Chaise with one Horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it rather than fail; tho' Money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid out; but I don't care to say so here, tho' I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Jonathan*, or Mr. *Longman*; but then how shall I pay it, you'll say? And besides, I don't love to be beholden.

But the chief Reason I am glad you don't set out to meet me is the Uncertainty; for it seems I must stay another Week still, and hope certainly to go *Thursday* after. For poor Mrs. *Jervis* will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

God send me with you! —Tho' he is very civil now, at present, and not so cross as he was; and yet he is as vexatious another way, as you shall hear. For Yesterday he had a rich Suit of Cloaths brought home, which they call a Birth-day Suit; for he intends to go to *London* against next Birth-day, to see the Court, and our Folks will have it he is to be made a Lord. —I wish they may make him an honest Man, as he was always thought; but I have not found it so, God help me!

And so, as I was saying, he had these Cloaths come home, and he try'd them on. And before he pull'd them off, he sent for me, when nobody else was in the Parlour with him: *Pamela*, said he, you are so neat and so nice in your own Dress, (Alas! for me, I did'n't know I was!) that you must be a Judge of ours. How are these Cloaths made? Do they fit me! —I am no Judge, said I, and please your Honour; but I think they look very fine.

His Waistcoat stood an End with Gold Lace, and he look'd very grand. But what he did last, has made me very serious, and I could make him no Compliments. Said he, Why don't you wear your usual Cloaths? Tho' I think every thing looks well upon you. For I still continue in my new Dress. I said, I have no Cloaths, Sir, I ought to call my own, but these: And it is no Matter what such a one as I wears! Says he, Why you look very serious, *Pamela*. I see you can bear Malice. —Yes, so I can, Sir, said I, according to the Occasion! Why, said he, your Eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a Fool to take my last Freedom so much to Heart? I am sure you, and that Fool Mrs. *Jervis*, frightened me, by your hideous Squalling, as much as I could frighten you. That is all we had for it, said I; and if you could be so afraid of your own Servants knowing of your Attempts upon a poor unworthy Creature, that is under your Protection while I stay, surely your Honour ought to be more afraid of God Almighty, in whose Presence we all stand, in every Action of our Lives, and to whom the greatest as well as the least, must be accountable, let them think what they list.

He took my Hand, in a kind of good-humour'd Mockery, and said, Well said, my pretty Preacher! when my *Lincolnshire* Chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a Gown and Cassock, and thou'lt make a good Figure in his Place! —I wish, said I, a little vex'd at his Jeer, your Honour's Conscience would be your Preacher, and then you would need no other Chaplain. Well, well, *Pamela*, said he, no more of this unfashionable Jargon. I did not send for you so much for your Opinion of my new Suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay, since Mrs. *Jervis* desires it, till she goes. I welcome! said I; I am sure I shall rejoice when I am out of the House!

Well, said he, you are an ungrateful Baggage; but I am thinking it would be Pity, with these fair soft Hands, and that lovely Skin (as he call'd it) that you should return again to hard Work, as you must, if you go to your Father's; and so I would advise her to take a House in *London*, and let Lodgings to us Members of Parliament, when we come to Town, and such a pretty Daughter as you may pass for, will always fill her House, and she'll get a great deal of Money.

I was sadly vex'd at this barbarous Joke; but was ready to cry before, and I gush'd out into Tears, and said, I can expect no better from such a rude Gentleman! Your Behaviour, Sir, to me has been just of a Piece with these Words; nay, I will say't tho' you was to be ever so angry. —I angry, *Pamela*, no, no, said he, I have overcome all that; and as you are to go away, I look upon you now as Mrs. *Jervis's* Guest, while you both stay, and not as my Servant, and so you may say what you will. But I'll tell you, *Pamela*, why you need not take this Matter in such high Disdain! —You have a very pretty romantic Turn for Virtue, and all that! —And I don't suppose but you'll

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hold it still; and no body will be able to prevail upon you. But, my Child, (fleeringly he spoke it) do but consider what a fine Opportunity you will then have, for a Tale every Day to good Mother *Jervis*, and what Subjects for Letter-writing to your Father and Mother, and what pretty Preachmen's you may hold forth to the young Gentlemen. Ad's my Heart, I think it would be the best Thing you and she could do.

You do well, Sir, said I, to even your Wit to such a poor Maiden as me! But, Sir, let me say, that if you was not rich and great, and I poor and little, you would not insult me so in my Misery! —Let me ask you, Sir, if you think this becomes your fine Cloaths! and a Master's Station? Why so serious, my pretty *Pamela*? said he; why so grave? and would kiss me; but my Heart was full, and I said, Let me alone! I will tell you, if you was a King, and said to me as you have done, that you are no Gentleman: And I won't stay to be used thus! I will go to the next Farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. *Jervis*, if she must go: And I'd have you know, Sir, that I can stoop to the ordinary'st Work of your Scullions, for all these nasty soft Hands, sooner than bear such ungentlemanly Imputations.

Well, said he, I sent for you in, in high good Humour; but 'tis impossible to hold it with such an Impertinent: However I'll keep my Temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave Looks: Why, Girl, you should forbear 'em, if it were but for your Pride-sake; for the Family will think you are grieving to leave the House. Then, Sir, said I, I will try to convince them of the contrary, as well as your Honour; for I will endeavour to be more chearful while I stay, for that very Reason.

Well, said he, I will set this down by itself, as the first Time that ever what I advis'd had any Weight with you. And I hope, said I, as the first Advice you have given me of late, that was fit to be follow'd! —I wish, said he, (I'm almost asham'd to write it, impudent Gentleman as he is! I wish) I had thee as quick another Way, as thou art in thy Repartees— And he laugh'd, and I tripp'd away as fast as I could. Ah! thinks I, marry'd! I'm sure 'tis time you was marry'd, or at this Rate no honest Maiden will live with you.

Why, dear Father and Mother, to be sure he grows quite a Rake! Well, you see, how easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once People give way to Vice!

How would my poor Lady, had she liv'd, have griev'd to see it! But may-be he would have been better then! —Tho', it seems, he told Mrs. *Jervis*, he had an Eye upon me in his Mother's Life-time; and he intended to let me know as much by the Bye, he told her! Here's Shamelessness for you! —Sure the World must be near an End! for all the Gentlemen about are as bad as he almost, as far as I can hear! — And see the Fruits of such bad Examples: There is 'Squire *Martin* in the Grove, has had three Lyingsin, it seems, in his House, in three Months past, one by himself; and one by his Coachman; and one by his Woodman; and yet he has turn'd none of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile Example. There is he, and two or three more such as he, within ten Mikes of us; who keep Company and hunt with our fine Master, truly; and I suppose he's never the better for their Examples. But, God bless me, say I, and send me out of this wicked House!

But, dear Father and Mother, what Sort of Creatures must the Womenkind be, do you think, to give way to such Wickedness? Why, this it is that makes every one be thought of alike. And, alack-a-day! what a World we live in! for it is grown more a Wonder that the Men are resisted, than that the Women comply. This, I suppose, makes me such a Sawce-box, and Boldface, and a Creature; and all because I won't be a Sawce-box and Boldface indeed.

But I am sorry for these Things; one don't know what Arts and Stratagems these Men may devise to gain their vile Ends; and so I will think as well as I can of these poor Creatures, and pity them. For you see by my sad Story, and narrow Escapes, what Hardships poor Maidens go thro', whose Lot is to go out to Service; especially to Houses where there is not the Fear of God, and good Rule kept by the Heads of the Family.

You see I am quite grown grave and serious; so it becomes

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

LETTER XXVII.

*Dear Father and Mother, John* says you wept when you read my last Letters, that he carry'd. I am sorry you let him see that; for they all mistrust already how Matters are; and as it is no Credit, that I have been *attempted*; tho' it is that I have *resisted*; yet I am sorry they have Cause to think so evil of my Master from any of us.

Mrs. *Jervis*, has made up her Accounts with Mr. *Longman*; and I believe will stay again. I am glad of it, for her own sake, and for my Master's; for she has a good Master of him; so indeed all have, but poor me! —and he has a good Housekeeper in her.

Mr. *Longman*, it seems, took upon him to talk to my Master, how faithful and careful of his Interests she was, and how exact in her Accounts; and he told him, there was no Comparison between her Accounts and Mrs. *Jewkes's*, at the *Lincolnshire* Estate.

He said so many fine Things, it seems, of Mrs. *Jervis*, that my Master sent for her in Mr. *Longman's* Presence, and said, I might come along with her: I suppose to mortify me, that I must go while she was to stay: But as, when I go away, I am not to go with her, nor she with me; so I did not matter it much; only it would have been creditable to such a poor Girl, that the House-keeper would bear me Company, if I went.

Said he, to her, Well Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman* says you have made up your Accounts with him, with your usual Fidelity and Exactness. I had a good mind to make you an Offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little sorry for your hasty Words, which indeed were not so respectful as I have deserv'd at your Hands. She seem'd at a sad Loss what to say, because Mr. *Longman* was there, and she could not speak of the Occasion of those Words, which was me.

Indeed, said Mr. *Longman*, I must needs say before your Face, that since I have known my Master's Family, I have never found such good Management, and so much Love and Harmony too. I wish the *Lincolnshire* Estate was as well serv'd! —No more of that, said my Master; but Mrs. *Jervis* may stay, if she will; and here, Mrs. *Jervis*, pray accept of this, which at the Close of every Year's Accounts I will present you with, besides your Salary, as long as I find your Care so useful and agreeable. And he gave her five Guineas! —She made him a low Curchee, and pray'd God to bless him; and look'd to me, as if she would have spoken of me.

He took her Meaning, I believe; for he said,— Indeed I love to encourage Merit and Obligingness, Mr. *Longman*; but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my Hands; and then he look'd full at me; Mr. *Longman*, continued he, I said that Girl might come in with Mrs. *Jervis*; because they love to be always together. For Mrs. *Jervis* is very good to her, as if she was her Daughter. But else—Mr. *Longman*, interrupting him, said, *Good* to Mrs. *Pamela*! Aye, Sir, and so she is, to be sure! But every body must be good to her,—

He was going on. But my Master said, No more, no more, Mr. *Longman*. I see old Men are taken with pretty young Girls, as well as other Folks; and fair Looks hide many a Fault, where a Person has the Art to behave obligingly. Why, and please your Honour, said Mr. *Longman*, every body—and was going on, I believe to say something more in my Praise; but he interrupted him, and said, Not a Word more of this *Pamela*. I can't let her stay, I'll assure you; not only for her own Freedom of Speech; but her Letter-writing of all the Secrets of my Family. Aye, said the good old Man! I'm sorry for that too! But Sir,—No more, I say, said my Master; for my Reputation's so well known (mighty fine, thought I!) that I care not what any body writes or says of me: But to tell you the Truth, not that it need go further, I think of changing my Condition soon; and, you know, young Ladies of Birth and Fortune will chuse their own Servants, and that's my chief Reason why *Pamela* can't stay. As for the rest, said he, the Girl is a good sort of Body, take her all together; tho' I must needs say, a little pert, since my Mother's Death, in her Answers, and gives me two Words for one; which I can't bear; nor is there Reason I should, says he, you know, Mr. *Longman*. No, to be sure, Sir, said he; but 'tis strange methinks, she should be so mild and meek to every one of us in the House, and forget herself so where she should shew most Respect! Very, Mr. *Longman*, said he, I'll assure you; and in was from her Pertness that Mrs. *Jervis* and I had the Words: And I should mind it the less; but that the Girl (there she stands, I say it to her Face)! has Wit and Sense above her Years, and knows better.

I was in great Pain to say something; but yet I knew not what, before Mr. *Longman*; and Mrs. *Jervis*, look'd at me, and walk'd to the Window to hide her Concern for me. At last, I said, It is for *You*, Sir, to say what you

please; and for *me* only to say, God bless your Honour!

Poor Mr. *Longman* falter'd in his Speech, and was ready to cry. Said my insulting Master to me; why pr'ythee, *Pamela*, now, shew thy self as thou art, before Mr. *Longman*. Canst not give him a Specimen of that Pertness which thou hast exercis'd upon me sometimes? Did not he, my dear Father and Mother, deserve all the Truth to be told; yet I overcame myself, so far, as to say, Well, your Honour may play upon a poor Girl, that you know *can* answer you, but *dare* not. Why pr'ythee now, Insinuator, said he, say the worst you can before Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis!* —I challenge the utmost of thy Impertinence; and as you are going away, and have the Love of every body, I would be a little justify'd to my Family, that you have no Reason to complain of Hardships from me, as I have of pert saucy Answers from you, besides exposing me by your Letters.

Well, Sir, said I, I am of no Consequence equal to this, sure, in your Honour's Family, that such a great Gentleman as you, my Master, should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. *Jervis* stays with your Honour; and I know I have *not deserv'd* to stay; and more than that, I don't *desire* to stay.

Ads—bobbers! said Mr. *Longman*, and ran to me; don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. *Pamela!* We all love you dearly; and pray down of your Knees, and ask his Honour Pardon, and we will all become Pleaders in a Body, and I, and Mrs. *Jervis* too, at the Head of it, to beg his Honour's Pardon, and to continue you, at least till his Honour marries. —No, Mr. *Longman*, said I, I cannot ask; nor will I stay, if I might. All I desire is to return to my poor Father and Mother, and tho' I love you all, I won't stay;— O well—a—day, well—a—day! said the good old Man, I did not expect this! —When I had got Matters thus far, and had made all up for Mrs. *Jervis*, I was in Hopes to have got a double Holiday of Joy for all the Family, in your Pardon too. Well, said my Master, this is a little Specimen of what I told you, Mr. *Longman*. You see there's a Spirit you did not expect.

Mrs. *Jervis* told me after, that she could stay no longer to hear me so hardly used, and must have spoke, had she stay'd, what would never have been for given her; so she went out. I look'd after her to go too; but my Master said, Come, *Pamela*, give another Specimen, I desire you, to Mr. *Longman*: I am sure you must, if you will but speak. Well, Sir, said I, since it seems your Greatness wants to be justified by my Lowness, and I have no Desire you should suffer in the Sight of your Family, I will say, on my bended Knees (and so I kneeled down) that I have been a very faulty, and a very ingrateful Creature to the *best* of Masters! I have been very perverse, and sawcy; and have deserv'd nothing at your Hands, but to be turn'd out of your Family with Shame and Disgrace. I, therefore, have nothing to say for myself, but that I am not worthy to stay, and so cannot wish to stay, and will not stay: And so God Almighty bless you, Sir, and you, Mr. *Longman*, and good Mrs. *Jervis*, and every living Soul of the Family! and I will pray for you all as long as I live. —And so I rose up, and was forc'd to lean upon my Master's Elbow Chair, or I should have sunk down.

The poor old Man wept more than I, and said, Ads—bobbers! was ever the like heard! 'Tis too much, too much; I can't bear it. As I hope to live, I am quite melted. Dear Sir, forgive her: The poor Thing prays for you; she prays for us all! She owns her Fault; yet won't be forgiven! I profess I know not what to make of it.

My Master himself, harden'd Wretch as he was, seem'd a little mov'd, and took his Handkerchief out of his Pocket, and walk'd to the Window: What Sort of a Day is it, said he? —And then getting a little more Hard—heartedness, he said, Well, you may be gone from my Presence, thou strange Medley of Inconsistence! but you shan't stay after your Time in the House.

Nay, pray Sir, pray Sir, said the good old Man, relent a little! Ads—heartlikins, you young Gentlemen are made of Iron and Steel, I think: I'm sure, said he, my Heart's turn'd into Butter, and is running away at my Eyes. I never felt the like before. — Said my Master, with an imperious Tone, Get out of my Presence, Hussy, I can't bear you in my Sight. Sir, said I, I'm going as fast as I can.

But indeed, my dear Father and Mother, my Head was so giddy, and my Limbs trembled so, that I was forc'd to go holding by the Wainscot all the way, with both my Hands, and thought I should not have got to the Door: But when I did, as I hop'd this would be my last Interview with this terrible hardhearted Master; I turn'd about, and made a low Curchee, and said, God bless you, Sir! God bless you, Mr. *Longman!* And I went into the Lobby leading to the great Hall, and dropt into the first Chair; for I could get no further a good while.

I leave all these Things to your Reflection, my dear Parents; but I can write no more. My poor Heart's almost broke! Indeed it is. —O when shall I get away! —Send me, good God, in Safety, once to my poor Father's peaceful Cot! —and there the worst that can happen will be Joy in Perfection to what I now bear! —O pity

*Your distressed Daughter.*

LETTER XXVIII.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Must write on, tho' I shall come so soon; for now I have hardly any thing else to do. For I have finish'd all that lay upon me to do, and only wait the good Time of setting out. Mrs. *Jervis* said, I must be low in Pocket, for what I had laid out; and so would have presented me with two Guineas of her Five; but I could not take them of her, because, poor Gentlewoman! she pays old Debts for her Children that were extravagant, and wants them herself. This, tho', was very good in her.

I am sorry, I shall have but little to bring with me; but I know you won't; you are so good!—and I will work the harder when I come home, if I can get a little Plain-work, or any thing to do. But all your Neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want Work; but may-be Dame *Mumford* can help me to something, from some good Family she is acquainted with.

Here, what a sad Thing it is! I have been brought up wrong, as Matters stand. For, you know, my Lady, now with God, lov'd Singing and Dancing; and, as she would have it I had a Voice, she made me learn both; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent Song, and a good Psalm too, and dance before her. And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine Work with my Needle; why, all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my Finger's End, as they say, and she us'd to praise me, and was a good Judge of such Matters.

Well now, what is all this to the Purpose, as Things have turn'd about?

Why, no more nor less, than that I am like the Grashopper in the Fable, which I have read of in my Lady's Books; and I will write it down, in the very Words.

"As the Ants were airing their Provisions one Winter, a hungry Grashopper (as suppose it was poor I!) begg'd a Charity of them. They told him, that he should have wrought in Summer, if he would not have wanted in Winter. Well, says the Grashopper, but I was not idle neither; for I sung out the whole Season. Nay, then, said they, you'll e'en do well to make a merry Year of it, and dance in Winter to the Tune you sung in Summer."

So I shall make a fine Figure with my Singing and my Dancing when I come home to you. Nay, even I shall be unfit for a May-day Holiday-time; for these Minuets, Rigadoons, and *French* Dances, that I have been practising, will make me but ill Company for my rural Milk-maid Companions that are to be. Besure I had better, as Things stand, have learn'd to wash and scour, and brew and bake, and such-like. But I hope, if I can't get Work, and can get a Place, to learn these soon, if any body will have the Goodness to bear with me, till I can learn. For I bless God! I have an humble, and a teachable Mind, for all what my Master says; and, next to his Grace, that is all my Comfort: For I shall think nothing too mean that is honest. It may be a little hard at first, but woe to my proud Heart, if I shall find it so, on Tryal! for I will make it bend to its Condition, or will break it.

I have read of a good Bishop that was to be burnt for his Religion; and he try'd how he could bear it, by putting his Fingers into the lighted Candle: So I, t'other Day, try'd, when *Rachel's* Back was turn'd, if I could not scour the Pewter Plate she had begun. I see I could do't by Degrees; tho' I blister'd my Hand in two Places.

All the Matter is, if I could get Needle-work enough, I would not spoil my Fingers by this rough Work. But if I can't, I hope to make my Hands as red as a Blood-pudden, and as hard as a Beechen Trencher, to accommodate them to my Condition. — But I must break off, here's some-body coming!—

'Twas only our *Hannah* with a Message from Mrs. *Jervis*! —But, good Sirs, there is some body else! —Well, it is only *Rachel*. I am as much frighted as were the City Mouse and the Country Mouse in the same Book of Fables, at every thing that stirs. Oh! I have a Power of these Things to entertain you with in Winter Evenings, when I come home. If I can but get Work, with a little Time for reading, I hope we shall be very happy, over our Peat Fires!

What made me hint to you, that I should bring but little with me, is this.

You must know, I did intend to do, as I have this Afternoon done: And that is, I took all my Cloaths, and all my Linen, and I divid'd them into three Parcels; and I said, It is now *Monday*, Mrs. *Jervis*, and I am to go away on *Thursday* Morning betimes; so, tho' I know you don't doubt my Honesty, I beg you will look over my poor Matters, and let every one have what belongs to them; for, said I, you know, I am resolv'd to take with me only what I can properly call my own.

Said she, (I did not know her Drift then; to be sure, she meant well; but I did not thank her for it, when I did

know it) Let your Things be brought down into the green Room, and I will do any thing you would have me do.

With all my Heart, said I, green Room or any where; but I think you might step up, and see'em as they lie.

However, I fetch'd 'em down, and laid them in three Parcels, as before; and, when I had done, I went down to call her up to look at them.

Now, it seems, she had prepar'd my Master for this Scene, unknown to me; and in this green Room was a Closet, with a Sash-door and a Curtain before it; for there she puts her Sweet-meats and such Things; and she did it, it seems, to turn his Heart, as knowing what I intended, I suppose that he should make me take the Things; and if he had, I should have made Money of them, to help us when we got together; for, to be sure, I could never have appear'd in them.

Well, as I was saying, he had got unknown to me in this Closet; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. *Jervis*: And she since told me, it was at his Desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it. Tho' I have Reason, I am sure, to remember the last Closet-work!

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. *Jervis*, is the first Parcel; I will spread it all abroad. These are the Things my good Lady gave me. —In the first place, said I,—and so I went on describing the Cloaths and Linen my Lady had given me, mingling Blessings, as I proceeded, for her Goodness to me; and when I had turn'd over that Parcel, I said, Well, so much for the first Parcel, Mrs. *Jervis*, that was my Lady's Presents.

Now I come to the Presents of my dear virtuous Master: Hay, you know, *Closet* for that, Mrs. *Jervis*! She laugh'd, and said, I never saw such a comical Girl in my Life. But go on. I will, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, as soon as I have open'd the Bundle; for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

Now here, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, are my ever worthy Master's Presents; and then I particulariz'd all those in the second Bundle.

After which, I turn'd to my own, and said.

Now, Mrs. *Jervis*, comes poor *Pamela's* Bundle, and a little one it is, to the others. First, here is a Calicoe Night-gown, that I used to wear o' Mornings. 'Twill be rather too good for me when I get home; but I must have something. Then there is a quilted Callimancoe Coat, and a Pair of Stockens I bought of the Pedlar, and my Straw-hat with blue Strings; and a Remnant of *Scots* Cloth, which will make two Shirts and two Shifts, the same I have on, for my poor Father and Mother. And here are four other Shifts, one the Fellow to that I have on; another pretty good one, and the other two old fine ones, that will serve me to turn and wind with at home, for they are not worth leaving behind me; and here are two Pair of Shoes; I have taken the Lace off, which I will burn, and may-be will fetch me some little Matter at a Pinch, with an old Shoebuckle or two.

What do you laugh for, Mrs. *Jervis*? said I. — Why you are like an *April*-day; you cry and laugh in a Breath.

Well, let me see; aye, here is a Cotton Handker-chief I bought of the Pedlar; there should be another somewhere. O here it is! And here too are my new-bought knit Mittens. And this is my new Flannel Coat, the Fellow to that I have on. And in this Parcel pinn'd together, are several Pieces of printed Calicoe, Remnants of Silks, and such-like, that, if good Luck should happen, and I should get Work, would serve for Robings and Facings, and such-like Uses. And here too are a Pair of Pockets; they are too fine for me; but I have no worse. Bless me! said I, I didn't think I had so many good Things!

Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, you have seen all my Store, and I will now sit down, and tell you a Piece of my Mind.

Be brief then, said she, my good Girl; for she was afraid, she said afterwards, that I should say too much.

Why then the Case is this: I am to enter upon a Point of Equity and Conscience, Mrs. *Jervis*, and I must beg, if you love me, you'd let me have my own Way. Those Things there of my Lady's, I can have no Claim to, so as to take them away; for she gave them me, supposing I was to wear them in her Service, and to do Credit to her bountiful Heart. But since I am to be turn'd away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor Father's; for I should bring all the little Village upon my Back: And so I resolve not to have them.

Then, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, I have far less Right to these of my worthy Master's. For you see what was his Intention in giving them to me. So they were to be the Price of my Shame, and if I *could* make use of them, I should think I should never prosper with them; and besides, you know, Mrs. *Jervis*, if I would not do the good Gentleman's Work, why should I take his Wages? So in Conscience, in Honour, in every thing, I have nothing to say to thee, thou second wicked Bundle!

But, said I, come to my Arms, my dear third Parcel, the Companion of my Poverty, and the Witness of my Honesty; and may I never deserve the least Rag that is contained in thee, when I forfeit a Title to that Innocence

that I hope will ever be the Pride of my Life; and then I am sure it will be my highest Comfort at my Death, when all the Riches and Poms of the World will be worse than the vilest Rags that can be worn by Beggars! And so I hugg'd my third Bundle. —

But, said I, Mrs. *Jervis*, (and she wept to hear me) one thing I have more to trouble you with, and that's all.

There are four Guineas, you know, that came out of my good Lady's Pocket, when she dy'd, that, with some Silver, my Master gave me: Now those same four Guineas I sent to my poor Father and Mother, and they have broke them; but would make them up, if I would. And if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your Mind: As to the three Years before my Lady's Death, do you think, as I had no Wages, I may be supposed to be Quits? —By Quits, I cannot mean, that my poor Services should be equal to my Lady's Goodness; for that's impossible. But as all her Learning and Education of me, as Matters have turn'd, will be of little Service to me now; for it had been better for me to have been brought up to hard Labour, to be sure; for that I must turn to at last, if I can't get a Place; (and you know, in Places too, one is subject to such Temptations as are dreadful to think of): So I say, by Quits, I only mean, as I return all the good Things she gave me, whether I may not set my little Services against my Keeping; because, as I said, my Learning is not now in the Question; and I am sure my dear good Lady would have thought so, had she liv'd: But that, too, is now out of the Question. Well then, if so, I would ask, whether in above this Year that I have liv'd with my Master; as I am resolv'd to leave all his Gifts behind me, I may not have earn'd besides my Keeping, these four Guineas; and these poor Cloaths here upon my Back, and in my third Bundle? Now tell me your Mind freely, without Favour or Affection.

Alas! my dear Maiden, said she, you make me unable to speak to you at all: To be sure, it will be the highest Affront that can be offer'd, for you to leave any of these Things behind you; and you must take all your Bundles with you, or my Master will never forgive you.

Well, well, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, I don't care; I have been too much used to be snubb'd and hardly treated by my Master: Of late I have done him no Harm; and I shall always pray for him, and wish him happy. But I don't deserve these Things, I know I don't. Then I can't wear 'em, if I should take them; so they can be of no Use to me: And I trust God will provide for me, and not let me want the poor Pittance, that is all I desire, to keep Life and Soul together. Bread and Water I can live upon, Mrs. *Jervis*, with Content. Water I shall get any-where; and if I can't get me Bread, I will live like a Bird in Winter upon Hips and Haws, and at other times upon Pig-nuts, and Potatoes or Turneps, or any thing. So what Occasion have I for these Things? —But all I ask is about these four Guineas, and if you think I need not return them, that is all I want to know? —To be sure, my Dear, you need not, said she, you have well earn'd them by that Waistcoat only. No, I think not *so*, in that only; but in the Linen, and other Things, do you think I have? Yes, yes, said she, and more. And my Keeping allow'd for, I mean, said I, and these poor Cloaths on my Back, besides? remember that Mrs. *Jervis*. Yes, my dear Odd-ones, no doubt you have! Well then, said I, I am as happy as a Princess. I am quite as rich as I wish to be! And, once more, my dear third Bundle, I will hug thee to my Bosom. And I beg you'll say nothing of all this till I am gone, that my Master mayn't be so angry, but that I may go in Peace; for my Heart, without other Matters, will be ready to break to part with you all.

Now, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, as to one Matter more: And that is my Master's last Usage of me, before Mr. *Longman*. —Said she, Pr'ythee, dear *Pamela*, step to my Chamber, and fetch me a Paper I left on my Table. I have something to shew you in it. I will, said I, and stopt down; but this was only a Fetch to take the Orders of my Master, I found; it seems he said, he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me; but he could not stand it, and wish'd I might not know he was there. But I tript up again so nimbly, for there was no Paper, that I just saw his Back, as if coming out of that green Room, and going into the next to it, the first Door, that was open. —I whipt in, and shut the Door, and bolted it. O Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, what have you done by me? —I see I can confide in nobody. I am beset on all Hands! Wretched, wretched *Pamela!* where shalt thou expect a Friend, if Mrs. *Jervis* joins to betray me thus? —She made so many Protestations, telling me all; and that he own'd I had made him wipe his Eyes two or three times, and said she hop'd it would have a good Effect, and remember'd me, that I had said nothing but would rather move Compassion than Resentment, that I forgave her. But oh! that I was safe from this House! for never poor Creature sure was so fluster'd as as I have been, for so many Months together! —I am called down from this most tedious Scribble. I wonder what will next befall

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

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Mrs. *Jervis* says, she is sure I shall have the Chariot to carry me home to you. Tho' this will look too great for me, yet it will shew as if I was not turn'd away quite in Disgrace. The travelling Chariot is come from *Lincolnshire*, and I fancy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

## LETTER XXIX.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Write again, tho', may-be, I shall bring it to you in my Pocket myself. For I shall have no Writing, nor Writing-time, I hope, when I come to you. This is *Wednesday* Morning, and I shall, I hope, set out to you To-morrow Morning; but I have had more Trials, and more Vexation; but of another Complexion too a little, tho' all from the same Quarter.

Yesterday my Master, after he came from Hunting, sent for me. I went with great Terror; for I expected he would storm, and be in a fine Passion with me for my Freedom of Speech before: So I was resolv'd to begin first, with Submission, to disarm his Anger; and I fell upon my Knees as soon as I saw him; and I said, For God's Sake, good Sir, and for the Sake of my dear good Lady your Mother, who recommended me to you with her last Words, let me beg you to forgive me all my Faults, as you hope to be forgiven yourself: And only grant me this Favour, the last I have to ask you, that you will let me depart your House with Peace and Quietness of Mind, that I may take such a Leave of my dear Fellow-servants as befits me; and that my Heart be not quite broken.

He took me up, in a kinder Manner, than ever I had known from him; and he said, Shut the Door, *Pamela*, and come to me in my Closet: I want to have a little serious Talk with you. How can I, Sir, said I, how can I? and wrung my Hands! O pray, Sir, let me go out of your Presence, I beseech you. By the God that made me, said he, I'll do you no Harm. Shut the Parlour Door, and come to me in my Library.

He then went into his Closet, which is his Library, and full of rich Pictures besides, a noble Apartment, tho' called a Closet, and next the private Garden, into which it has a Door that opens. I shut the Parlour Door, as he bid me; but stood at it irresolute. Place some Confidence in me surely, said he, you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly. So I crept towards him with trembling Feet, and my Heart throbbing thro' my Handkerchief. Come in, said he, when I bid you. I did so. Pray, Sir, said I, pity and spare me. I will, said he, as I hope to be sav'd. He sat down upon a rich Settee; and took hold of my Hand, and said, Don't doubt me, *Pamela*. From this Moment I will no more consider you as my Servant; and I desire you'll not use me with Ingratitude for the Kindness I am going to express towards you. This a little embolden'd me; and he said, holding both my Hands in his, You have too much Wit and good Sense not to discover that I, in spite of my Heart, and all the Pride of it, cannot but love you. Yes, look up to me, my sweetfac'd Girl! I must say I love you; and have put on a Behaviour to you, that was much against my Heart, in hopes to frighten you to my Purposes. You see I own it ingenuously; and don't play your Sex upon me for it.

I was unable to speak, and he saw me too much oppress'd with Confusion to go on in that Strain; and he said, Well, *Pamela*, let me know in what Situation of Life is your Father; I know he is a poor Man; but is he as low and as honest as he was when my Mother took you?

Then I could speak a little; and with a down Look, (and I felt my Face glow like Fire) I said, Yes, Sir, as poor and as honest too; and that is my Pride. Says he, I will do something for him, if it be not your Fault, and make all your Family happy. Ah! Sir, said I, he is happier already than ever he can be, if his Daughter's Innocence is to be the Price of your Favour. And I beg you will not speak to me on the only Side that can wound me. I have no Design of that sort, said he. O Sir, said I, tell me not so, tell me not so! —'Tis easy, said he, for me to be the Making of your Father, without injuring you. Well, Sir, said I, if this can be done, let me know how; and all I can do with Innocence shall be the Study and Practice of my Life. —But Oh! what can such a poor Creature as I do, and do my Duty? —Said he, I would have you stay a Week or Fortnight only, and behave yourself with Kindness to me: I stoop to beg it of you, and you shall see all shall turn out beyond your Expectation. I see, said he, you are going to answer otherwise than I would have you; and I begin to be vex'd I should thus meanly sue; and so I will say, that your Behaviour before honest *Longman*, when I used you as I did, and you could so well have vindicated yourself, has quite charm'd me. And tho' I am not pleased with all you said Yesterday while I was in the Closet, yet you have mov'd me more to admire you than before; and I am awaken'd to see more Worthiness in you than ever I saw in any Lady in the World. All the Servants, from the highest to the lowest, doat upon you, instead of envying you; and look upon you in so superior a Light, as speaks what you ought to be. I have seen more of your Letters than you imagine, (This surpriz'd me!) and am quite overcome with your charming manner of Writing, so free, so easy, and so much above your Sex; and all put together, makes me, as I tell you, love you to

Extravagance. Now, *Pamela*, when I have stoop'd so low as to acknowledge all this, oblige me only to stay another Week or Fortnight, to give me Time to bring about some certain Affairs; and you shall see how much you shall find your Account in it.

I trembled to find my poor Heart giving way! — O good Sir, said I, pray your Honour, spare a poor Maiden, that cannot look up to you, and speak. My Heart is full! And why should you wish to undo me! — Only oblige me, said he, to stay a Fortnight longer, and *John* shall carry word to your Father, that I will see him in the Time, either here or at the *Swan* in his Village. O my Heart will burst, said I! but, on my bended Knees, I beg you, Sir, to let me go to-morrow, as I design'd! And don't offer to tempt a poor Creature, whose whole Will would be to do yours, if my Virtue and my Duty would permit. — They will, they shall permit it, said he; for I intend no Injury to you, God is my Witness! — Impossible, said I; I cannot, Sir, believe you after what has pass'd! How many Ways are there to undo poor Creatures! Good God, protect me this one time, and send me but to my dear Father's Cot in Safety! — Strange, damn'd Fate! says he, that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believ'd! — What should I believe, Sir? said I; what can I believe? What have you said, but that I am to stay a Fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me! — My Pride of Birth and Fortune, (damn them both! said he, since they cannot obtain Credit with you, but must add to your Suspicions) will not let me stoop at once; and I ask you but for a Fortnight's Stay, that after this Declaration, I may pacify those proud Demands upon me.

O how my Heart throbb'd! and I begun, for I did not know what I did, to say the Lord's Prayer. None of your Beads to me, *Pamela*, said he, thou art a perfect Nun, I think.

But I said aloud, with my Eyes listed up to Heaven, *Lead me not into Temptation. But deliver me from Evil*, O my good God! — He hugg'd me in his Arms, and said, Well, my dear Girl, then you stay this Fortnight, and you shall see what I will do for you. — I'll leave you a Moment, and walk into the next Room, to give you Time to think of it, that you shall see I have no Design upon you. Well, this, I thought, did not look amiss.

He went out, and I was tortur'd with twenty different Thoughts in a Minute; sometimes I thought, that to stay a Week or Fortnight longer in this House to obey him, while Mrs. *Jervis* was with me, could do no great Harm: But then, thinks I, how do I know what I may be able to do? I have withstood his Anger; but may I not relent at his Kindness? — How shall I stand that! — Well, I hope, thought I, by the same protecting Grace in which I will always confide! — But then, what has he promised? — Why he will make my poor Father and Mother's Life comfortable. O, said I to myself, that is a rich Thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my Ruin. — What can he do for me, poor Girl as I am! — What can his Greatness stoop to! He talks, thought I, of his Pride of Heart, and Pride of Condition; O these are in his Head, and in his Heart too, or he would not confess them to me at such an Instant. Well then, thought I, this can be only to seduce me! — He has promis'd nothing. — But I am to *see* what he will do, if I stay a Fortnight; and this Fortnight, thought I again, is no such great Matter; and I shall see, in a few Days, how he carries it. — But then, when I again reflected upon the Distance between us, and his now open Declaration of Love, as he called it, and that after this he would talk with me on that Subject more plainly than ever, and I should be less arm'd, may be, to withstand him; and then I bethought myself, why, if he meant no Dishonour, he should not speak before Mrs. *Jervis*; and the odious frightful Closet came again into my Head, and my narrow Escape upon it; and how easy it might be for him to send Mrs. *Jervis* and the Maids out of the way; and so that all the Mischief he design'd me might be brought about in less than that Time; I resolv'd to go away, and trust all to Providence, and nothing to myself. And O how ought I to bless God for this Resolution! as you shall hear.

But just as I have writ to this Place, *John* sends me word, that he is going this Minute your way; and so I will send so far as I have written, and hope, by to-morrow Night, to ask your Blessings, at your own poor, but happy Abode, and tell you the rest by word of Mouth; and so I rest, till then, and for ever,

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

LETTER XXX.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Will continue my Writing still, because, may-be, I shall like to read it, when I am with you, to see what Dangers God has enabled me to escape; and tho' I bring it in my Pocket.

I told you my Resolution, my happy Resolution, which, to be sure God inspired me with. And just then he came in again, with great Kindness in his Looks, and said, I make no doubt, *Pamela*, you will stay this Fortnight to oblige me. I knew not how to frame my Words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm. But, said I, Forgive, Sir, your poor distressed Maiden. I know I cannot possibly deserve any Favour at your Hands, consistent with my Honesty; and I beg you will let me go to my poor Father. Why, said he, thou art the veriest Fool that I ever knew. I tell you I will see your Father; I'll send for him here to-morrow, in my Travelling Chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for him and you. What, Sir, may I ask you, can that be? Your Honour's noble Estate may easily make him happy, and not unuseful perhaps to you in some respect or other. But what Price am I to pay for all this? —You shall be happy as you can wish, said he, I do assure you: And here I will now give you this Purse, in which are Fifty Guineas, which I will allow your Father yearly, and find an Employ suitable to his Liking, to deserve that and more: *Pamela*, he shall never want, depend upon it. I would have given you still more for him; but that perhaps you'd suspect I intended it as a Design upon you. —O Sir, said I, take back your Guineas, I will not touch one, nor will my Father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done for them; and particularly what is to become of me. Why then, *Pamela*, said he, suppose I find a Man of Probity and genteel Calling for a Husband for you, that shall make you a Gentlewoman as long as you live? —I want no Husband, Sir, said I; for now I begun to see him in all his black Colours! —But being in his Power so, I thought I would a little dissemble. But, said he, you are so pretty, that go where you will, you will never be free from the Designs of some or other of our Sex; and I shall think I don't answer the Care of my dying Mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a Husband, to protect your Virtue and your Innocence; and a worthy one I have thought of for you.

O black, perfidious Creature, thought I! what an Implement art thou in the Hands of *Lucifer*, to ruin the innocent Heart! —But still I dissembled; for I fear'd much both him and the Place I was in. But who, pray Sir, have you thought of? —Why, said he, young Mr. *Williams*, my Chaplain in *Lincolnshire*, who will make you happy. Does he know, Sir, said I, any thing of your Honour's Intentions? — No, my Girl, said he, and kissed me (much against my Will; for his very Breath was now Poison to me!) but his Dependence on my Favour, and your Beauty and Merit, will make him rejoice at my Goodness to him. —Well, Sir, said I, then it is time enough to consider of this Matter; and this cannot hinder me from going to my Father's: For what will staying a Fortnight longer signify to this? Your Honour's Care and Goodness may extend to me *there* as well as *here*; and Mr. *Williams*, and all the World, shall know that I am not ashamed of my Father's Poverty.

He would kiss me again, and I said, If I am to think of Mr. *Williams*, or any body else, I beg *you'll* not be so free with me: That is not pretty I'm sure. Well, said he, but you stay this next Fortnight, and in that time I'll have both *Williams* and your Father here; for I will have the Match concluded in my House; and when I have brought it on; you shall settle it as you please together. Mean time take and send only these Fifty Pieces to your Father, as an Earnest of my Favour, and I'll make you all happy. — Sir, said I, I beg at least two Hours to consider of this. I shall, said he, be gone out in one Hour, and I would have you write to your Father, what I propose, and *John* shall carry it on purpose; and he shall carry the Purse with him for the good old Man, if you approve it. Sir, said I, I will let you know in one Hour then my Resolution. Do so, said he; and gave me another Kiss, and let me go.

O how I rejoiced I had got out of his Clutches! —So I write you this, that you may see how Matters stand; for I am resolv'd to come away, if possible. Base, wicked, treacherous Gentleman, as he is!

So here was a Trap laid for your poor *Pamela*! I tremble to think of it! —O what a Scene of Wickedness was here laid down for all my wretched Life. Black-hearted Wretch! How I hate him! — For at first, as you'll see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other things; and this of Mr. *Williams*, I believe, came into his Head after he walked out from his Closet, as I suppose, to give himself time to think, as well as me, how to delude me better: But the Covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I went to my Chamber, and the first thing I did, was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him

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again, if I could help it; and I put it under his Parlour-door, after I had copy'd it, as follows:

*'Honour'd Sir,* Your last Proposal to me, convinces me, that I ought not to stay; but to go to my Father, if it were but to ask his Advice about Mr. *Williams*. And I am so set upon it, that I am not to be persuaded. So, honour'd Sir, with a thousand Thanks for all Favours, I will set out to-morrow early; and the Honour you design'd me, as Mrs. *Jervis* tells me, of your Chariot, there will be no Occasion for; because I can hire, I believe, Farmer *Brady's* Chaise. So begging you will not take it amiss, I shall ever be

*Your dutiful Servant.*

'As to the Purse, Sir, my poor Father, to be sure, won't forgive me, if I take it, till he can know how to deserve it. Which is impossible.'

So he has since sent Mrs. *Jervis* to tell me, that since I am resolv'd to go, go I may, and the Travelling Chariot shall be ready; but it shall be worse for me; for that he will never trouble himself about me as long as he lives. Well, so I get out of the House, I care not; only I should have been glad I could, with Innocence, have made you, my poor Parents, happy.

I cannot imagine the Reason of it, but *John*, who I thought was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have any thing else to carry. So I break off to send you this with the former.

I am now preparing for my Journey; and about taking Leave of my good Fellow-servants. And if I have not time to write, I must tell you the rest, when I am so happy as to be with you.

One Word more, I slip in a Paper of Verses, on my going; sad poor Stuff! but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, may-be. I shew'd them to Mrs. *Jervis*, and she liked them; and took a Copy; and made me sing them to her, and in the green Room too; but I looked into the Closet first. I will only add, that I am

*Your dutiful Daughter.*

Let me just say, that he has this Moment sent me five Guineas by Mrs. *Jervis*, as a Present for my Pocket; so I shall be very rich; for as *she* brought them, I thought I might take them. He says he won't see me: And I may go when I will in the Morning. And *Lincolnshire Robin* shall drive me; but he is so angry, he orders that nobody shall go out at the Door with me, not so much as into the Court-yard. Well! I can't help it, not I! but does not this expose him more than me?

But *John* waits, and I would have brought this and the other myself; but he says, he has put it up among other things, and so can take both as well as one.

*John* is very good, and very honest, God reward him! I'd give him a Guinea, now I'm so rich, if I thought he'd take it. I hear nothing of my Lady's Cloaths, and those my Master gave me: For I told Mrs. *Jervis*, I would not take them; but I fancy, by a Word or two that was dropt, they will be sent after me. Dear Sirs! what a rich *Pamela* you'll have, if they should! But as I can't wear them, if they do, I don't desire them; and will turn them into Money, as I can have Opportunity. Well, no more—I'm in a fearful Hurry!

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**Verses on my going away.**

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I.

*My Fellow servants, dear, attend To these few Lines, which I have penn'd:  
I'm sure they're from your honest Friend,  
And Wisher—well, poor Pamela.*

II.

*I from a State of low Degree  
Was taken by our good Lady.  
Some say it better had been for me,  
I'd still been rustick Pamela.*

III.

*But yet, my Friends, I hope not so:  
For, tho' I to my Station low  
Again return, I joyful go,  
And think no Shame to Pamela.*

**IV.**

*For what makes out Happiness,  
But Innocence, and inward Peace?  
And that, thank God, I do possess:  
O happy, happy Pamela!*

**V.**

*My future Lot I cannot know:  
But this, I'm sure, where-e'er I go,  
What-e'er I am, what-e'er I do,  
I'll be the grateful Pamela!*

**VI.**

*No sad Regrets my Heart annoy.  
I'll pray for all your Peace and Joy  
From Master high, to Scullion Boy,  
For all your Loves to Pamela.*

**VII.**

*One thing or two I've more to say;  
God's holy Will, be sure obey;  
And for our Master always pray;  
As ever shall poor Pamela.*

**VIII.**

*For, Oh! we pity should the Great,  
Instead of envying their Estate;  
Temptations always on 'em wait,  
Exempt from which are such as we.*

**IX.**

*Their Riches often are a Snare;  
At best, a pamper'd weighty Care:  
Their Servants far more happy are:  
At least, so thinketh Pamela.*

**X.**

*Your Parents and Relations love:  
Let them your Duty ever prove;  
And you'll be blessed from above,  
As will, I hope, poor Pamela.*

**XI.**

*For if ashamed I could be  
Of my poor Parents low Degree,  
I'm sure it would been worse for me,  
God had not blessed Pamela.*

**XII.**

*Thrice happy may you ever be,  
Each one in his and her Degree;  
And, Sirs, whene'er you think of me,  
Pray for Content to Pamela.*

**XIII.**

*Yes, pray for my Content and Peace;  
For, rest assur'd, I'll never cease  
To pray for all your Joys Increase,  
While Life is lent to Pamela.*

XIV.

*On God all future Good depends:  
Him let us serve. My Sonnet ends;  
With Thank—ye, Thank—ye, honest Friends,  
For all your Loves to Pamela.*

Here it is necessary to observe, that the fair *Pamela's* Tryals were not yet over; but the worst of all were to come, at a Time when she thought them all at an End, and that she was returning to her Father: For when her Master found her Virtue was not to be subdu'd, and that he had in vain try'd to conquer his Passion for her, being a Gentleman of Pleasure and Intrigue, he had order'd his *Lincolnshire* Coachman to bring his Travelling Chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Body Coachman, who, with the rest of the Servants, so greatly loved and honour'd the fair Damsel; and having given him Instructions accordingly, and prohibited his other Servants, on Pretence of resenting *Pamela's* Behaviour, from accompanying her any Part of the Way, he drove her five Miles on the Way to her Father's; and then turning off, cross'd the Country, and carried her onward towards his *Lincolnshire* Estate.

It is also to be observ'd, that the Messenger of her Letters to her Father, who so often pretended Business that way, was an Implement in his Master's Hands, and employ'd by him for that Purpose; and who always gave her Letters first to him, and his Master used to open and read them, and then send them on; by which means, as he hints to her (as she observes in one of her Letters, *p.* 104.) he was no Stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor Virgin beset: And the Whole will shew the base Arts of designing Men to gain their wicked Ends; and how much it behoves the Fair Sex to stand upon their Guard against their artful Contrivances, especially when Riches and Power conspire against Innocence and a low Estate.

A few Words more will be necessary to make the Sequel better understood. The intriguing Gentleman thought fit, however, to keep back from her Father her three last Letters; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her cloaths, his last Effort to induce her to stay a Fortnight, his pretended Proposal of the Chaplain, and her Hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her Verses; and to send himself a Letter to her Father, which is as follows.

'*Goodman* Andrews, You will wonder to receive a Letter from me. But I think I am obliged to let you know, that I have discover'd the strange Correspondence carry'd on between you and your Daughter, so injurious to my Honour and Reputation, and which I think you should not have encourag'd till you knew the Truth of it. Something, possibly, there might be in what she has wrote from time to time; but, believe me, with all her pretended Simplicity and Innocence, I never knew so much romantick Invention as she is Mistress of. In short, the Girl's Head's turn'd by Romances, and such idle Stuff, which she has given herself up to, ever since her kind Lady's Death. And she assumes such Airs, as if she was a Mirror of Perfection, and believ'd every body had a Design upon her. Nay, she has not, I understand, spared me, who used to joke and divert myself with her Innocence, as I thought it.

'Don't mistake me however; I believe her very honest, and very virtuous; but I have found out also, that she is carrying on a sort of Correspondence, or Love Affair, with a young Clergyman, that I hope in time to provide for; but who, at present, is destitute of any Subsistence but my Favour: And what would be the Consequence, can you think of two young Folks, who have nothing in the World to trust to of their own, to come together, with a Family multiplying upon them, before they have Bread to eat?

'For my Part, I have too much Kindness to them both, not to endeavour to prevent it, if I can: And for this Reason I have sent her out of his Way for a little while, till I can bring them to better Consideration; and I would not therefore have you surpriz'd you don't see your Daughter so soon as you might possibly expect.

'Yet, I do assure you, upon my Honour, that she shall be safe and inviolate; and I hope you don't doubt me, notwithstanding any Airs she may have given herself, upon my jocular Pleasantry to her, and perhaps a little innocent Romping with her, so usual with young Folks of the two Sexes, when they have been long acquainted, and grown up together; for Pride is not my Talent.

'As she is a mighty Letter—writer, I hope she has had the Duty to apprise you of her Intrigue with the young

Clergyman; and I know not whether it meets with your Countenance: But now she is absent for a little while, (for I know he would have follow'd her to your Village, if she had gone home; and there perhaps they would have ruin'd one another, by marrying) I doubt not I shall bring him to see his Interest, and that he engages not before he knows how to provide for a Wife: And when that can be done, let them come together in God's Name, for me.

I expect not to be answer'd on this Head, but by your good Opinion, and the Confidence you may repose in my Honour; being

*Your hearty Friend to serve you.*

'P. S. I find my Man *John* has been the Manager of the Correspondence, in which such Liberties have been taken with me. I shall soon let the sawcy Fellow know how much I resent his Part of the Affair, in a manner that becomes me. It is a hard thing, that a Man of my Character in the world, should be used thus freely by his own Servants.'

It is easy to guess at the poor old Man's Concern upon reading this Letter, from a Gentleman of so much Consideration. He knew not what Course to take, and had no manner of Doubt of his poor Daughter's Innocence, and that foul Play was design'd her. Yet he sometimes hoped the best, and was ready to believe the surmised Correspondence between the Clergyman and her, having not receiv'd the Letters she wrote, which would have clear'd up that Affair.

But after all, he resolv'd, as well to quiet his own as his Wife's Uneasiness, to undertake a Journey to the 'Squire's; and leaving his poor Wife to excuse him to the Farmer who employ'd him, he sat out that very Night, late as it was; and travelling all Night, he found himself soon after Day-light, at the Gate of the Gentleman, before the Family was up: And there he sat down to rest himself, till he should see somebody stirring.

The Grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their Horses; and he ask'd, in so distressful a manner, what was become of *Pamela*, that they thought him crasy; and said, Why, what have you to do with *Pamela*, old Fellow? Get out of the Horse's Way. —Where is your Master? said the poor Man; pray, Gentlemen, don't be angry: My Heart's almost broke. —He never gives any thing at the Door, I assure you, says one of the Grooms; so you'll lose your Labour. —I am not a Beggar yet, said the poor old Man; I want nothing of him, but my *Pamela!* — O my Child! my Child!

I'll be hang'd, says one of them, if this is not Mrs. *Pamela's* Father! —Indeed, indeed, said he, wringing his Hands, I am; and weeping, Where is my Child? Where is my *Pamela*? —Why, Father, said one of them, we beg your Pardon; but she is gone home to you! How long have you been come from home? —O but last Night, said he; I have travelled all Night! Is the 'Squire at home, or is he not? — Yes, but he is not stirring tho', said the Grooms, as yet. Thank God for that, said he! thank God for that! then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him anon. They asked him to go in, and he stept into the Stable, and sat down on the Stairs there, wiping his Eyes, and sighing so sadly, that it grieved the Servants to hear him.

The Family was soon raised, with the Report of *Pamela's* Father coming to inquire after his Daughter; and the Maids would fain have had him go into the Kitchen. But Mrs. *Jervis* having been told of his coming, got up, and hasten'd down to her Parlour, and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad Story, and read the Letter. She wept bitterly; but yet endeavoured to hide her Concern; and said, Well, Goodman *Andrews*, I cannot help weeping at your Grief; but I hope there is no Occasion; let nobody see this Letter, whatever you do. I dare say your Daughter's safe.

Well, but said he, I see you, Madam, know nothing about her! —If all was right, so good a Gentlewoman as you are, would not have been a Stranger to this. To be sure you thought she was with me!

Said she, My Master does not always inform his Servants of his Proceedings; but you need not doubt his Honour. You have his Hand for it. And you may see he can have no Design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk of going hence. O that is all I have to hope for, said he! that is all, indeed! —But, said he, and was going on, when the Report of his coming had reach'd the 'Squire, who came down in his Morning-gown and Slippers, into the Parlour, where he and Mrs. *Jervis* was.

What's the Matter, Goodman *Andrews*? said he; what's the Matter? O my Child, said the good old Man, give me my Child, I beseech you, Sir. — Why, I thought, says the 'Squire, that I had satisfy'd you about her; sure you have not a Letter I sent you, written with my own Hand. Yes, yes, but I have, Sir, said he, and that brought me hither; and I have walked all Night. Poor Man! return'd he, with great seeming Compassion, I am sorry for it

truly! Why your Daughter has made a strange Racket in my Family; and if I thought it would have disturb'd you so much, I would have e'en let her gone home; but what I did was to serve her and you too. She is very safe, I do assure you, Goodman *Andrews*; and you may take my Honour for it, I would not injure her for the World. Do you think I would; Mrs. *Jervis*? No, I hope not, Sir, said she! —*Hope not!* said the poor Man, so do I; but pray, Sir, give me my Child; that is all I desire; and I'll take care no Clergyman shall come near her.

Why, *London* is a great way off, said the 'Squire, and I can't send for her back presently. What then, said he, have you sent my poor *Pamela* to *London*? I would not have it said so, says the 'Squire; but I assure you, upon my Honour, she is quite safe and satisfied, and will quickly inform you of as much by Letter. I am sure she is in a reputable Family, no less than a Bishop's, and will wait on his Lady till I get this Matter over, that I mentioned to you!

O how shall I know this! reply'd he. —What, said the 'Squire, pretending Anger, am I to be doubted? —Do you believe I can have any View upon your Daughter! And if I had, do you think I would take such Methods as these to effect it? Why, Man, you know not who you talk to! —O Sir, said he, I beg your Pardon; but consider my dear Child is in the Case: Let me know what Bishop, and where, and I will travel to *London* barefoot, to see my Daughter, and then shall be satisfied.

Why, Goodman *Andrews*, I think thou hast read Romances as well as thy Daughter, and thy Head's turn'd with them. May I not have my Word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer any thing to your Daughter! Is there any thing looks like it? —Pr'ythee, Man, consider a little who I am; and if I am not to be believ'd, what signifies talking? Why, Sir, said he, pray forgive me; but there is no Harm to say, What Bishop's, or whereabouts? What, and so you'd go troubling his Lordship with your impertinent Fears and Stories! Will you be satisfied if you have a Letter from her within a Week, it may be less, if she be not negligent, to assure you all is well with her? Why that, said the poor Man, will be a Comfort. Well then, said the 'Squire, I can't answer for her Negligence, if she don't; but she will send a Letter to you, Mrs. *Jervis*, for I desire not to see it; I have had Trouble enough about her already; and be sure you send it by a Man and Horse the Moment you receive it. To be sure I will, said she. Thank your Honour, said the good Man. And then I must wait with as much Patience as I can for a Week, which will be a Year to me.

I tell you, said the 'Squire, it must be her own Fault if she don't; for 'tis what I insisted upon for my own Reputation; and I shan't stir from this House, I assure you, till she is heard from, and that to Satisfaction. God bless your Honour, said the poor Man, as you say and mean Truth. *Amen, Amen*, Goodman *Andrews*, said he; you see I am not afraid to say *Amen*. So, Mrs. *Jervis*, make the good Man as welcome as you can; and let me have no Uproar about the Matter.

He then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of Guineas to bear his Charges home; telling him, he should be welcome to stay there till the Letter came, if he would; and he should be a Witness, that he intended honourably, and not to stir from his House for one while.

The poor old Man staid and din'd with Mrs. *Jervis*, with some tolerable Ease, in hopes to hear from his beloved Daughter in a few Days, and then accepting the Present, return'd for his own House; and resolv'd to be as patient as possible for a few Days.

Mean time Mrs. *Jervis*, and all the Family, were in the utmost Grief for the Trick put upon the poor *Pamela*, and she and the Steward represented it to the 'Squire in as moving Terms as they durst: But were forced to rest satisfy'd with his general Assurances of intending her no Harm; which however Mrs. *Jervis* little believ'd from the Pretence he had made in his Letter, of the Correspondence between *Pamela* and the young Parson; which she knew to be all Invention; tho' she durst not say any thing of it.

But the Week after she went away, they were made a little more easy, by the following Letter, brought by an unknown Hand, and left for Mrs. *Jervis*; which how procur'd, will be shewn in the Sequel.

*'Dear Mrs. Jervis, I Have been vilely trick'd, and, instead of being driven by Robin to my dear Father's, I am carry'd off, to where I have no Liberty to tell. However, I am at present not used hardly in the main; and I write to beg of you to let my dear Father and Mother (whose Hearts must be wellnigh broken) know, That I am well, and that I am, and, by the Grace of God, ever will be, their dutiful and honest Daughter, as well as*

*Your obliged Friend, Pamela Andrews.*

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

'I must neither send Date nor Place. But have most solemn Assurances of honourable Usage. *This is the only Time my low Estate has been troublesome to me, since it has subjected me to the Frights I have undergone. Love to your good self, and all my dear Fellow-servants. Adieu! Adieu! But pray for poor Pamela.*'

This, tho' it quieted not intirely their Apprehensions, was shewn to the whole Family, and to the 'Squire himself, who pretended to know not how it came; and Mrs. *Jervis* sent it away to the good old Folks; who at first suspected it was forged, and not their Daughter's Hand; but finding the contrary, they were a little easier to hear she was alive and well. And having inquir'd of all their Acquaintance, what could be done, and no one being able to put them in a way how to proceed, with Effect, on so extraordinary an Occasion, against so rich and daring a Gentleman; and being afraid to make Matters worse, (tho' they saw plainly enough, that by this Letter she was in no Bishop's Family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his Story) they apply'd themselves to Prayers for their poor Daughter, and for a happy Issue to an Affair that almost distracted them.

We shall now leave the honest old Pair, praying for their dear *Pamela*; and return to the Account she herself gives of all this; having written it Journal-wife, to amuse and employ her Time, in hopes some Opportunity might offer to send it to her Friends, and, as was her constant View, that she might afterwards thankfully look back upon the Dangers she had escaped, when they should be happily over-blown, as in time she hoped they would be; and that then she might examine, and either approve of, or repent for, her own Conduct in them.

LETTER XXXI.

*O my dearest Father and Mother*, Let me write and bewail my miserable hard Fate, tho' I have no Hope that what I write will be convey'd to your Hands! —I have now nothing to do but write, and weep, and fear, and pray; and yet, What can I pray for, when God Almighty, for my Sins, to be sure, vouchsafes not to hear my Prayers; but suffers me to be a Prey to a wicked Violator of all the Laws of God and Man! —But, gracious Heaven, forgive me my Rashness! O let me not sin against thee; for thou best knowest what is fittest for thy poor Handmaid! —And as thou sufferest not thy poor Creatures to be tempted above what they can bear; I will resign, thro' thy Grace assisting me, to thy good Pleasure. But since these Temptations are not of my own seeking, the Effects of my Presumption and Vanity, O enable me to withstand them all, and deliver me from the Dangers that hang over my poor Head, and make me perfect thro' Sufferings, and, in thy own good Time, deliver me from them!

Thus do I pray, imperfectly as I am forced by my distracting Fears and Apprehensions; and O join with me, my dear Parents! —But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful Situation of your poor Daughter! The unhappy *Pamela* may be undone, (which God forbid, and sooner deprive me of Life!) before you can know my hard Lot!

O the unparallel'd Wickedness, and Stratagems, and Devices of those who call themselves Gentlemen, and pervert the Design of Providence, in giving them ample Means to do good, to their own Perdition, and to the Ruin of poor oppressed Innocence!

But let me tell you what has befallen me; and yet, How shall you receive it? For I have now no honest *John* to carry my Letters to you; but am likely to be watch'd in all my Steps, till my hard Fate ripens his wicked Projects for my Ruin. I will every Day now write my sad State; and some way, perhaps, may be open'd to send the melancholy Scribble to you. But if you know it, what will it do but aggravate your Troubles: For, Oh! what can the abject Poor do against the mighty Rich, when they are determin'd to oppress?

Well, but I will proceed to write what I had hoped to tell you in a few Hours, that I believed I should be blessed by you on my Return to you, from so many Hardships.

I will begin here with my Account from the last Letter I wrote you, in which I in closed my poor Stuff of Verses, and continue it at times, as I have Opportunity; tho' as I said, I know not how it can reach you now.

The long hop'd—for *Thursday* Morning came, that I was to set out. I had taken my Leave of my Fellow-servants over-night; and a mournful Leave it was to us all: For Men, as well as Women-servants, wept much to part with me; and, for my Part, I was overwhelm'd with Tears, and the Instances of their Esteem. They all would have made me little Presents, as Tokens of their Love; but I would not take any thing from the lower Servants, to be sure. But Mr. *Longman* made me a Present of several Yards of *Holland*, and a silver Snuff-box, and a gold Ring, which he desir'd me to keep for his sake; and he wept over me; but said, I am sure, so good a Maiden God will bless; and tho' you return to your poor Father again, and his low Estate; yet Providence will find you out, and one Day, tho' I mayn't live to see it, you will be rewarded.

I said, O dear Mr. *Longman*, you make me too rich, and too mody; and yet I must be a Beggar before my Time: For I shall want often to be scribbling, (little thinking it would be my only Employment so soon) and I will beg you, Sir, to favour me with some Paper; and as soon as I get home, I will write you a Letter, to thank you for all your Kindness to me; and a Letter to good Mrs. *Jervis* too.

This was lucky; for I should have had none else, but at pleasure of my rough-natur'd Governess, as I may call her; but now I can write to ease my Mind, tho' I can't send it to you; and write what I please, for she knows not how well I am provided. For good Mr. *Longman* gave me above forty Sheets of Paper, and a dozen Pens, and a little Phial of Ink; which last I wrapt in Paper, and put in my Pocket; and some Wax and Wafers.

O dear Sir, said I, you have set me up. How shall I requite you? He said, By a Kiss, my fair Mistress; and I gave it very willingly; for he is a good old Man.

*Rachel* and *Hannah* cry'd sadly when I took my Leave, and *Jane*, who sometimes used to be a little crossish, and *Cicely* too, wept sadly, and said they would pray for me; but poor *Jane*, I doubt, seldom says her Prayers for herself: More's the pity!

Then *Arthur* the Gardener, our *Robin* the Coachman, and *Lincolnshire Robin* too, who was to carry me, were

very civil; and both had Tears in their Eyes; which I thought then very good—natur'd in *Lincolnshire Robin*, because he knew but little of me. —But since, I find he might well be concern'd, for he had then his Instructions, it seems, and knew how he was to be a Means to intrap me.

Then our other three Footmen, *Harry, Isaac, and Benjamin*, and Grooms, and Helpers too, were very much affected likewise; and the poor little Scullion—boy, *Tommy*, was ready to run over for Grief.

They had got all together over night, expecting to be differently employ'd in the Morning; and they all begg'd to shake Hands with me, and I kiss'd the Maidens; and pray'd to God to bless them all; and thanked them for all their Love and Kindnesses to me: And indeed I was forced to leave them sooner than I would, because I could not stand it: indeed I could not! *Harry* (I could not have thought it, for he is a little wildish, they say) cry'd till he sobb'd again. *John*, poor honest *John*, was not then come back from you. But as for the Butler, Mr. *Jonathan*, he could not stay in Company.

I thought to have told you a deal about this; but I have worse things to employ my Thoughts.

Mrs. *Jervis*, good Mrs. *Jervis*, cry'd all Night long; and I comforted her all I could: and she made me promise, that if my Master went to *London* to attend Parliament, or to *Lincolnshire*, I would come and stay a Week with her. And she would have given me Money; but I would not take it.

Well, next Morning came, and I wonder'd I saw nothing of poor honest *John*; for I waited to take Leave of him, and thank him for all his Civilities to me and to you: But I suppose he was sent further by my Master, and so could not return; and I desired to be remember'd to him.

And when Mrs. *Jervis* told me, with a sad Heart, the Chariot was ready, with four Horses to it, I was just upon sinking into the Ground, tho' I wanted to be with you.

My Master was above Stairs, and never asked to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but he knew, false Heart as he is! that I was not to be out of his Reach! —O preserve me, Heaven, from his Power, and from his Wickedness!

Well, they were not suffer'd to go with me one Step, as I writ you before; for he stood at the Window to see me go. And in the Passage to the Gate, out of his Sight, there they stood all of them, in two Rows; and we could say nothing on both sides, but God bless you! and God bless you! But *Harry* carried my own Bundle, my third Bundle, as I was used to call it, to the Coach, and some Plum—cakes, and Diet—bread, made for me over—night, and some Sweat—meats, and fix Bottles of Canary Wine, which Mrs. *Jervis* would make me take in a Basket, to chear our Hearts now—and—then when we got together, as she said. And I kiss'd all the Maids again, and shook Hands with the Men again; but Mr. *Jonathan* and Mr. *Longman* were not there; and tript down Steps to the Chariot, Mrs. *Jervis* crying most sadly.

I look'd up when I got to the Chariot, and I saw my Master at the Window, in his Gown; and I curchee'd three times to him very low, and pray'd for him with my Hands listed up, for I could not speak; and he bow'd his Head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such Notice of me; and in I stept, and was ready to burst with Grief; and could only, till *Robin* begun to drive, wave my white Handkerchief to them, wet with my Tears: And at last away he drove, Jehu—like as they say, out of the Court—yard; and I too soon found I had Cause for greater and deeper Grief.

Well, says I to myself, at this rate I shall soon be with my dear Father and Mother; and till I had got, as I supposed, half way, I thought of the good Friends I had left. And when, on stopping for a little Bait to the Horses, *Robin* told me, I was near half—way, I thought it was high time to wipe my Eyes, and think to whom I was going; as then, alack for me! I thought. So I began to ponder what a Meeting I should have with you; how glad you'd both be to see me come safe and innocent to you, after all my Dangers; and so I began to comfort myself, and to banish the other gloomy Side from my Mind; tho' too it return'd now—and—then; for I should be ingrateful not to love them for their Love.

Well, I believe, I sat out about Eight o'Clock in the Morning; and I wonder'd, and wonder'd, when it was about Two, as I saw by a Church—dial in a little Place we pass'd thro', that I was still more and more out of my Knowledge. Hey day! thinks I, to drive this strange Pace, and to be so long a—going little more than twenty Miles, is very odd! But, to be sure, thought I, *Robin* knows the Way.

At last he stopt, and look'd about him, as if he was at a Loss for the Way; and I said, Mr. *Robert*, sure you are out of the Way! —I'm afraid I am, said he. But it can't be much; I'll ask the first Person I see. Pray do, said I; and he gave his Horses a Mouthful of Hay; and I gave him some Cake, and two Glasses of Canary Wine; and stopt

about half an Hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I had so much to think of, of the Dangers I now doubted not I had escaped, of the loving Friends I had left, and my best Friends I was going to, and the many things I had to relate to you, that I the less thought of the Way, till I was startled out of my Meditations by the Sun beginning to set, and still the Man driving on, and his Horses sweating and foaming; and then I begun to be alarm'd all at once, and called to him; and he said, he had horrid ill Luck; for he had come several Miles out of the Way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My Heart began then to misgive me a little; and I was very much fatigued; for I had no Sleep for several Nights before to signify; and at last, I said, Pray, Mr. *Robert*, there is a Town before us, What do you call it? —If we are so much out of the Way, we had better put up there, for the Night comes on apace; and, Lord protect me! thought I, I shall have new Dangers, may-hap, to encounter with the Man, who have escaped the Master? —Little thinking of the base Contrivance of the latter. Says he, I am just there; 'tis but a Mile on one side of the Town before us. —Nay, said I, I may be mistaken, for it is a good while since I was this way; but I am sure the Face of the Country here is nothing like what I remember it.

He pretended to be much out of Humour with himself for mistaking the Way, and at last stopt at a Farm-house, about two Miles beyond the Village I had seen and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said, We must make shift here; for I am quite out.

Lord, thought I, be good to the poor *Pamela!* More Tryals still! —What will befall me next?

The Farmer's Wife, and Maid, and Daughters, came out, and said, What brings you this way at this time of Night, Mr. *Robert?* And with a Lady too? — Then I began to be frighten'd out of my Wits; and laying Middle and both Ends together, I sell a-crying, and said, God give me Patience! I am undone for certain! —Pray, Mistress, said I, do you know Esquire *B.* of *Bedfordshire?*

The wicked Coachman would have prevented the answering me; but the simple Daughter said, Know his Worship! yes, surely! why he is my Father's Landlord! —Well, said I, then I am undone, undone for ever! —O wicked Wretch! what have I done to you, said I to the Coachman, to serve me thus? — Vile Tool of a wicked Master! Faith, said the Fellow, I'm sorry this Task was put upon me: But I could not help it. But make the best of it now; Here are very civil, reputable Folks; and you'll be safe here, I'll assure you. —Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the Town we came thro', late as it is! —For I will not enter here.

Said the Farmer's Wife, You'll be very well used here, I'll assure you, young Gentlewoman, and have better Conveniencies than any where in the Village. I matter not Conveniencies, said I, I am betray'd and undone! As you have a Daughter of your own, pity me, and let me know, if your Landlord, as you call him, be here! —No, I'll assure you, he is not, said she.

And then came the Farmer, a good-like sort of Man, grave, and well-behav'd; and he spoke to me in such sort, as made me a little more pacisy'd; and seeing no Help for it, I went in; and the Wife immediately carry'd me up Stairs to the best Apartment, and told me that was mine as long as I staid; and nobody should come near me but when I called! I threw myself on the Bed in the Room, tir'd, and frighten'd to Death almost, and gave way to the most excessive Fit of Grief that I ever had!

The Daughter came up, and said, Mr. *Robert* had given her a Letter to give me; and there it was. I raised myself, and saw it was the Hand and Seal of the wicked Wretch my Master, directed To Mrs. *Pamela Andrews.* —This was a little better than to have him here; tho' if he had, he must have been brought thro' the Air; for I thought I was.

The good Woman (for I begun to see things about a little reputable, and no Guile appearing in them, but rather a Face of Grief for my Grief) offered me a Glass of some cordial Water, which I accepted, for I was ready to sink; and then I sat up in a Chair a little, tho' very faintish: And they brought me two Candles, and lighted a Brush-wood Fire; and said, if I call'd, I should be waited upon instantly, and so left me to ruminate on my sad Condition, and to read my Letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I had a little come to myself, I found it to contain these Words:

'Dear Pamela, The Passion I have for you, and your Obstinacy, have constrained me to act by you in a manner that I know will occasion you great Trouble and Fatigue, both of Mind and Body. Yet, forgive me, my dear Girl; for tho' I have taken this Step, I will, by all that's good and holy, use you honourably. Suffer not your Fears to transport you to a Behaviour that will be disreputable to us both. For the Place where you'll receive this, is a Farm that belongs to me; and the People civil, honest and obliging.

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'You will be by this time far on your way to the Place I have allotted for your Abode for a few Weeks, 'till I have manag'd some Affairs, that will make me shew myself to you in a much different Light than you may possibly apprehend from this rash Action. And to convince you that I mean you no Harm, I do assure you, that the House you are going to, shall be so much at your Command, that even I myself will not approach it without Leave from you. So make yourself easy; be discreet and prudent; and a happier Turn shall reward these your Troubles, than you may at present apprehend.

'Mean time I pity the Fatigue you will have, if this comes to your hand in the Place I have directed. And will write to your Father, to satisfy him, that nothing but what is honourable shall be offer'd to you, by

*'Your passionate Admirer, (so I must style myself)—*

'Don't think hardly of poor *Robin*: You have so possess'd all my Servants in your Favour, that I find they had rather serve you than me; and 'tis reluctantly the Fellow undertook this Task; and I was forced to submit to assure him of my honourable Intentions to you, which I am fully resolved to make good, if you compel me not to a Conduct abhorrent to me at present.'

I but too well apprehended, that this Letter was only to pacify me for the present; but as my Danger was not so immediate as I had reason to dread, and he had promised to forbear coming to me, and to write to you, my dear Parents, to quiet your Concern, I was a little more easy than I was before: And I made shift to eat a little Bit of boil'd Chicken they had got for me, and drank a Glass of my Sack, and made them do so too.

But after I had so done, I was again a little fluster'd; for in came the Coachman with the Look of a Hangman, I thought, and Madam'd me up strangely; telling me, he would beg me to get ready to pursue my Journey by Five in the Morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite griev'd at this; for I began not to dislike my Company, considering how Things stood, and was in hopes to get a Party among them, and so to put myself into any worthy Protection in the Neighbourhood, rather than go forward.

When he withdrew, I began to tamper with the Farmer and his Wife. But, alas! they had had a Letter deliver'd them at the same time I had; so securely had *Lucifer* put it into his Head to do his Work; and they only shook their Heads, and seem'd to pity me; and so I was forced to give over that Hope.

However, the good Farmer shew'd me his Letter; which I copy'd as follows: For it shews the deep Arts of this wicked Master; and how resolv'd he seem'd on my Ruin, by the Pains he took to deprive me of all Hopes of freeing myself from his Power.

*Farmer Norton*, I Send to your House, *for one Night only*, a young Gentlewoman, much against her Will, who has deeply imbarc'd in a Love Affair, which will be her Ruin, as well as the Person's to whom she wants to betroth herself. I have, *to oblige her Father*, order'd her to be carry'd to one of my Houses, where she will be well us'd, to try if by Absence, and Expostulation with both, they can be brought to know their own Interest. And I am sure you will use her kindly for my sake. For excepting this Matter, *which she will not own*, she does not want Prudence and Discretion. I will acknowledge any Trouble you shall be at in this Matter, the first Opportunity, and am

*'Your Friend and Servant.'*

He had said, too cunningly for me, that I would not own this pretended Love Affair; so that he had provided them not to believe me, say what I would; and as they were his Tenants, who all love him, (for he has some good Qualities, and so he had need!) I saw all my Plot cut out; and so was forc'd to say the less.

I wept bitterly, however; for I saw he was too hard for me, as well in his Contrivances as Riches; and so had Recourse again to my only Refuge, that God who takes the innocent Heart into his Almighty Protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the Devices of the Mighty. Nay, the Farmer was so prepossess'd with the Contents of his Letter to him, that he began to praise his Care and Concern for me, and to advise me against entertaining Addresses without my Friends Advice and Consent, and made me the Subject of a Lesson for his Daughter's Improvement. So I was glad to shut up this Discourse; for I saw I was not likely to be believ'd.

I sent, however, to tell my Driver, that I was so fatigued, I could not set out so soon the next Morning. But he insisted upon it, and said it would make my Day's Journey the lighter; and I found he was a more faithful Servant to his Master, notwithstanding what he wrote of his Reluctance, than I could have wish'd: So I saw still more and more, that all was deep Dissimulation, and Contrivance worse and worse.

Indeed I might have shewn them his Letter to me as a full Confutation of his to them; but I saw no Probability

of engaging them in my Behalf; and so thought it signify'd little, as I was to go away so soon, to enter more particularly into the Matter with them; and besides, I saw they were not inclinable to let me stay longer for fear of disobliging him; so I went to Bed, but had very little Rest; and they would make their Servant—maid bear me Company in the Chariot five Miles, early in the Morning, and she was to walk back.

I had contriv'd in my Thoughts, when I was on my Way in the Chariot, on *Friday* Morning, that when we came into some Town, to bait, as he must do for the Horses sake, that I would at the Inn apply myself, if I saw I any way could, to the Mistress of the Inn, and tell her the Case, and refuse to go further, having nobody but this wicked Coachman to contend with.

Well, I was very full of this Project, and was in great Hopes, some how or other, to extricate myself this way. But Oh! the artful Wretch had provided for even this last Resource of mine; for when we came to put up at a large Town on the Way, to eat a Morsel for Dinner, and I was fully resolv'd to execute my Project, who should be at the Inn that he put up at, but the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* expecting me, and her Sister—in-law was the Mistress of it; and she had provided a little Entertainment for me.

And this I found, when I desir'd, as soon as I came in, to speak with the Mistress of the House. She came to me, and I said, I am a poor unhappy young Body that wants your Advice and Assistance, and you seem to be a good sort of Gentlewoman, that would assist an oppressed innocent Person. Yes, Madam, said she, I hope you guess right, and I have the Happiness to know something of the Matter before you speak. Pray call my Sister *Jewkes*.—*Jewkes! Jewkes!* thought I, I have heard of that Name; I don't like it.

Then the wicked Creature appear'd, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was terrify'd out of my Wits. No Stratagem, thought I, not one! for a poor innocent Girl; but every thing to turn out against me; that is hard indeed!

So I began to pull in my Horns, as they say; for I saw I was now worse off than at the Farmer's.

The naughty Woman came up to me with an Air of Confidence, and kiss'd me, See, Sister, said she, here's a charming Creature! would not she tempt the best Lord in the Land to run away with her! O frightful, thought I! here's an Avowal of the Matter at once! (for she would not part with me out of her Sight) I am now gone, that's certain! And so was quite silent and confounded; and seeing no Help for it, I was forc'd to set out with her in the Chariot; for she came thither on Horseback with a Man—servant, who rode by us the rest of the Way, with her Horse; and now I gave over all Thoughts of Redemption, and was in a desponding Condition indeed.

Well, thought I, here are strange Pains taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and even worthless young Body. This Plot is laid too deep, and has been too long a hatching to be baffled, I fear. But then I put my Trust in God, who I knew was able to do every thing for me, when all other possible Means should fail: And in Him I was resolv'd to confide.

You may see! —Yet, oh! that kills me, for I know not whether ever you may see what I now write, or no! —Else you may see, what sort of Woman this Mrs. *Jewkes* is, compar'd to good Mrs. *Jervis*, by this—

Every now—and—then she would be staring in my Face, in the Chariot, and squeezing my Hand, and saying, Why, you are very pretty, my silent Dear! and once she offer'd to kiss me. But I said, I don't like this Sort of Carriage, Mrs. *Jewkes*; it is not like two Persons of one Sex.

She fell a laughing very confidently, and said, That's prettily said, I vow; then thou hadst rather be kiss'd by the other Sex? If'ackins, I commend thee for that! I was sadly teaz'd with her Impertinence, and bold Way; but no wonder, she was an Inn—keeper's House—keeper before she came to my Master; and those Sort of Creatures don't want Confidence, you know. And indeed she made nothing to talk confidently on twenty Occasions, and said two or three times, when she saw the Tears every now—and—then, as we rid, trickle down my Cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young Gentleman in five Counties in Love with me!

So I find I am got into the Hands of a wicked Procuress, and if I was not safe with good Mrs. *Jervis*, and where every body lov'd me, what a dreadful Prospect have I now before me, in the Hands of a Woman that seems to delight in Filthiness!

O dear Sirs! what shall I do! What shall I do! — Surely, I shall never be equal to all these Things!

About Eight at Night, we enter'd the Courtyard of this handsome, large, old, and lonely Mansion, that looks made for Solitude and Mischief, as I thought, by its Appearance, with all its brown nodding Horrors of lofty Elms and Pines about it; And here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the Scene of my Ruin, unless God protect me, who is all—sufficient!

I was very sick at entering it, partly from Fatigue, and partly from Dejection of Spirits: And Mrs. *Jewkes* got me some mull'd Wine, and seem'd mighty officious to welcome me thither. And while she was absent, ordering the Wine, the wicked *Robin* came in to me, and said, I beg a thousand Pardons for my Part in this Affair, since I see your Grief, and your Distress, and I do assure you, that I am sorry it fell to my Task.

Mighty well, Mr. *Robert!* said I; I never saw an Execution but once, and then the Hangman ask'd the poor Creature's Pardon, and wip'd his Mouth, as you do, and pleaded his Duty, and then calmly tuck'd up the Criminal: But I am no Criminal, as you all know: And if I could have thought it my Duty to obey a wicked Master, in his unlawful Commands, I had sav'd you all the Merit of this vile Service.

I am sorry, said he, you take it so. But every body don't think alike. Well, said I, you have done your Part, Mr. *Robert*, towards my Ruin, very faithfully; and will have Cause to be sorry, may-be, at the Long-run, when you shall see the Mischief that comes of it. —Your Eyes were open, and you knew I was to be carry'd to my Father's, and that I was barbarously trick'd and betray'd, and I can only once more, thank you for your Part of it. God forgive you!

So he went away a little sad. What have you said to *Robin*, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, who came in as he went out? The poor Fellow's ready to cry. I need not be afraid of your following his Example, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I: I have been telling him, that he has done his Part to my Ruin: And he now can't help it! So his Repentance does me no good; I wish it may him.

I'll assure you, Madam, said she, I should be as ready to cry as he, if I should do you any Harm. It is not in his Power to help it now, said I; but your Part is to come, and you may chuse whether you'll contribute to my Ruin or not. —Why, look ye, look ye, Madam, said she, I have a great Notion of doing my Duty to my Master,, and therefore you may depend upon it, if I can do that, and serve you, I will: But you must think, if your Desire and his Will come to clash once, I shall do as he bids me, let it be what it will.

Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, don't Madam me so; I am but a silly poor Girl, set up by the Gambol of Fortune, for a May-game; and now am to be something, and now nothing, just as that thinks fit to sport with me: And let you and I talk upon a Foot together; for I am a Servant inferior to you, and so much the more as I am turn'd out of Place.

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the Matter; you have so great Power over my Master, that you may be soon Mistress of us all; and so I would oblige you, if I could. And I must and will call you Madam; for I am instructed to shew you all Respect, I'll assure you.

Who instructed you to do so, said I? Who! my Master, to be sure, said she. Why, said I, how can that be, you have not seen him lately. No, that's , said she; but I have been expecting you here some time (O! the deep-laid Wickedness thought I!) and besides, I have a Letter of Instructions by *Robin*; but may-be, I should not have said so much. If you would shew them to me, said I, I should be able to judge how far I could, or could not, expect Favour from you, consistent with your Duty to our Master. I beg your Pardon, fair Mistress, for that, said she; I am sufficiently instructed, and you may depend upon it, I will observe my Orders; and so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and there's an End of it.

Well, said I, you will not, I hope, do an unlawful or wicked Thing, for any Master in the World! Look-ye, said she, he is my Master, and if he bids me do a Thing that I can do, I think I ought to do it, and let him, who has Power, to command me, look to the Lawfulness of it. Why, said I, suppose he should bid you cut my Throat, would you do it? There's no Danger of that, said she; but to be sure I would not; for then I should be hang'd; for that would be Murder. Well, said I, and suppose he should resolve to insnare a poor young Creature, and ruin her, would you assist him in that? For to rob a Person of her Virtue, is worse than cutting her Throat.

Why now, says she, how strangely you talk! Are not the two Sexes made for one another? And is it not natural for a Gentleman to love a pretty Woman? And suppose he can obtain his Desires, is that so bad as cutting her Throat? And then the Wretch fell a laughing, and talk'd most impertinently, and shew'd me, that I had nothing to expect from her Virtue or Conscience. And this gave me great Mortification; for I was in hopes of working upon her by degrees.

So we ended our Discourse here, and I bid her shew me where I must lie? —Why, said she, lie where you list, Madam; but I can tell you, I must lie with you for the present. *For the present*, said I, and Torture then wrung my Heart! —But is it in your Instructions that you must lie with me? Yes, indeed, said she. I am sorry for it, said I. Why, said she, I am wholesome and cleanly too, I'll assure you. Yes, said I, I don't doubt that; but I love to lie by

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myself. Why, said she, Mrs. *Jervis* was your Bed-fellow at t'other House.

Well, said I, quite sick of her, and my Condition, you must do as you are instructed, I think. I can't help myself; and am a most miserable Creature. She repeated her insufferable Nonsense, Mighty miserable indeed, to be so well belov'd by one of the finest Gentlemen in *England!*

## Saturday

*I am now come down in my Writing to this present SATURDAY, and a deal I have written.*

My wicked Bed-fellow has very punctual Orders it seems; for she locks me and herself in, and ties the two Keys (for there is a double Door to the Room) about her Wrist, when she goes to Bed. She talks of the House having been attempted to be broke open two or three times; whether to fright me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; but not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater Fears.

I slept but little the preceding Night, and got up, and pretended to sit by the Window, which looks into the spacious Gardens; but I was writing all the time, from Break of Day to her getting up, and after, when she was absent.

At Breakfast she presented the two Maids to me, the Cook and House-maid, poor awkward Souls, that I can see no Hopes of, they seem so devoted to her and Ignorance. Yet I am resolv'd, if possible, to find some way to escape, before this wicked Master comes.

There are besides, of Servants, the Coachman *Robert*, a Groom, a Helper, a Footman; all but *Robert* (and he is accessary to my Ruin) strange Creatures, that promise nothing; and all likewise devoted to this Woman. The Gardener looks like a good honest Man; but he is kept at a Distance; and seems reserv'd.

I wonder'd I saw not Mr. *Williams* the Clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give her some Jealousy; but when I had beheld the rest, he was the only one I had Hopes of; for I thought his Cloth would set him above assisting in my Ruin. —But, in the Afternoon he came; for it seems he has a little *Latin* School in the neighbouring Village, which he attends, and this brings him in a little Matter, additional to my Master's Favour, till something better falls, of which he has Hopes.

He is a sensible, sober young Gentleman, and when I saw him, I confirm'd myself in my Hopes of him; for he seem'd to take great Notice of my Distress and Grief; for I could not hide it; tho' he appear'd fearful of Mrs. *Jewkes*, who watch'd all our Motions and Words.

He has an Apartment in the House; but is mostly at a Lodging in the Town, for Conveniency of his little School; only on *Saturday* Afternoons and *Sundays*; and he preaches sometimes for the Parson of the Village, which is about three Miles off.

I hope to go to Church with him to-morrow: Sure it is not in her Instructions to deny me. He can't have thought of every thing. And something may strike out for me there.

I have ask'd her, for a Feint, (because she shan't think I am so well provided) to indulge me with Pen and Ink, tho' I have been using my own so freely when her Absence would let me; for I begg'd to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will let me have it, but then I must promise not to send any Writing out of the House, without her seeing it. I said, It was only to divert my Grief, when I was by myself, as I desired to be; for I lov'd Writing; but I had nobody to send to, she knew well enough.

No, not at present, may-be, said she; but I am told you are a great Writer, and it is in my Instructions to see all you write; so, look you here, said she, I will let you have a Pen and Ink, and two Sheets of Paper; for this Employment will keep you out of worse Thoughts: but I must see them always when I ask, written or not written. That's very hard, said I; but may I not have the Closet in the Room where we lie, to myself, with the Key to lock up my Things? I believe I may consent to that, said she, and I will set it in Order for you, and leave the Key in the Door. And there is a Spinnet too, said she; if it be in Tune, you may play to divert you now-and-then; for I know my old Lady learnt you.

So I resolv'd to hide a Pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be deny'd, and a little of my Ink in a broken China Cup, and a little in another Cup; and a Sheet of Paper here-and-there among my Linen, with a little Wax and a few Wafers in several Places, lest I should be search'd; and something I thought might happen to open a Way for my Deliverance, by these or some other Means. O the Pride, thought I, I shall have, if I can secure my Innocence, and escape the artful Wiles of this wicked Master! For, if he comes hither, I am undone to be sure! For this naughty Woman will assist him, rather than fail, in the worst of his Attempts, and he'll have no Occasion to send her out of the Way, as he would have done Mrs. *Jervis* once. So I must set all my little Wits at Work!

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It is a Grief to me to write, and not to be able to send to you what I write; but now it is all the Diversion I have, and if God will favour my Escape with my Innocence, as I trust he graciously will, for all these black Prospects, with what Pleasure shall I read them afterwards!

I was going to say, Pray for your dutiful Daughter, as I used; but, alas! you cannot know my Distress! tho' I am sure I have your Prayers. And I will write on as Things happen, that if a Way should open, my Scribble may be ready to send. For what I do, must be at a Jirk to be sure.

O how I want such an obliging honest-hearted Man as *John!*

## Sunday

*I am now come to SUNDAY.*

Well, here is a sad Thing! I am deny'd by this barbarous Woman, to go to Church, as I had built upon I might. And she has huffed poor Mr. *Williams* all to pieces, for pleading for me. I find he is to be forbid the House, if she pleases. Poor Gentleman! all his Dependence is upon my Master, who has a very good Living for him, if the Incumbent die, and he has kept his Bed these four Months, of old Age and Dropsy.

He pays me great Respect; and I see pities me; and would perhaps assist my Escape from these Dangers, but I have nobody to plead for me; and why should I wish to ruin a poor Gentleman, by engaging him against his Interest? Yet one would do any thing to preserve one's Innocence; and God Almighty would, may-be, make it up to him!

O judge (but how shall you see what I write!) my distracted Condition, to be reduc'd to such a Pass as to desire to lay Traps for Mankind! —But he wants sadly to say something to me, as he whisperingly hinted.

The Wretch (I think I will always call her the *Wretch* henceforth) abuses me more and more. I was but talking to one of the Maids just now, indeed a little to tamper with her by degrees; and she popt upon us, and said—Nay, don't offer, Madam, to tempt poor innocent Country Maidens from doing their Duty. You wanted, I hear, she should take a Walk with you. But I charge you, *Nan*, never stir with her, nor obey her, without letting me know it, in the smallest Trifles. —I say, walk with you! why, where would you go, I trow? Why, barbarous Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, only to look a little up the Elm-walk, as you would not let me go to Church.

*Nan*, said she, to shew me how much they were all in her Power, pull off Madam's Shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others— Indeed she shan't, said I—Nay, said *Nan*, but I must, if my Mistress bids me; so pray, Madam, don't hinder me: And so indeed, (would you believe it?) She took my Shoes off, and left me barefoot: And, for my Share, I have been so frighten'd at this, that I have not Power even to relieve my Mind by my Tears. I am quite stupify'd, to be sure! Here I was forc'd to leave off.

Now I will give you a Picture of this Wretch! She is a broad, squat, pursy, fat Thing, quite ugly, if any thing God made can be ugly; about forty Years old. She has a huge Hand, and an Arm as thick as my Waist, I believe. Her Nose is flat and crooked, and her Brows grow over her Eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling Eye, to be sure, she has. And her Face is flat and broad; and as to Colour, looks like as if it had been pickled a Month in Salt-petre: I dare say she drinks! —She has a hoarse man-like Voice, and is as thick as she's long; and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her Foot in an Instant, if I was to vex her. —So that with a Heart more ugly than her Face, she frightens me sadly; and I am undone, to besure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked— indeed she is.

This is but poor helpless Spight to me! —But the Picture is too near the Truth notwithstanding. She sends me a Message just now, that I shall have my Shoes again, if I will accept of her Company to walk with me in the Garden—To *waddle* with me, rather, thought I.

Well, 'tis not my Business to quarrel with her downright. I shall be watch'd the narrower, if I do; and so I will go with the hated Wretch. —O for my dear Mrs. *Jervis*! or rather, to be safe with my dear Father and Mother!

Oh I'm out of my Wits, for Joy! Just as I have got my Shces on, I am told, *John*, honest *John*, is come, on Horseback! —God bless him! What Joy is this! But I'll tell you more by-and-by. I must not let her know, I am so glad to see this dear blessed *John*, to be sure! —O but he looks sad, as I see him out of the Window! What can be the Matter! —I hope my dear Parents are well, and Mis. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and every body, my naughty Master not excepted—for I wish him to live and repent of all his Wickedness to poor me.

O dear Heart! what a World do we live in! — I am now to take up my Pen again! But I am in a sad Taking truly! Another puzzling Tryal, to be sure!

Here is *John*, as I said; and the poor Man came to me, with Mrs. *Jewkes*, who whisper'd, that I would say nothing about the Shoes, for my own sake, as she said. The poor Man saw my Distress, and my red Eyes, and my haggard Looks, I suppose; for I had had a sad Time of it, you must needs think; and he would have hid it, but his Eyes run over. Oh Mrs. *Pamela*! said he; Oh Mrs. *Pamela*! —Well, honest Fellow-servant, said I, I cannot help it at present! I am oblig'd to your Honesty and Kindness, to be sure; and then he wept more. Said I, (for my Heart

was ready to break to see his Grief; for it is a touching thing to see a Man cry) Tell me the worst! Is my Master coming? No, no, said he, and sobb'd. —Well, said I, is there any News of my poor Father and Mother? how do they do? — I hope, well, said he; I know nothing to the contrary: There is no Mishap, I hope, to Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Longman*, or my Fellow servants! No— said he, poor Man! with a long N—o, as if his Heart would burst. Well, thank God then! said I.

The Man's a Fool, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I think; what ado is here! why sure thou'rt in Love, *John*. Dost thou not see young Madam is well? what ails thee, Man? Nothing at all, said he, but I am such a Fool, as to cry for Joy to see good Mrs. *Pamela*: But I have a Letter for you.

I took it, and saw it was from my Master; so I put it in my Pocket. Mis. *Jewkes*, said I, you need not, I hope, see this. No, no, said she, I see who it comes from, well enough; or else, may-be, I must desire to see it.

And here is one for you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he; but yours, said he to me, requires an Answer, which I must carry back early in the Morning, or to night, if I can.

You have no more, *John*, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, for Mrs. *Pamela*, have you? No, said he, I have not. But every body's kind Love and Service. Ay, to us both, to be sure, said she. *John*, said I, I will read the Letter, and pray take care of yourself; for you are a good Man. God bless you; and I rejoice to see you, and hear from you all. But I long'd to say more, only that nasty Mrs. *Jewkes* —

So I came up hither, and lock'd myself in my Closet, and open'd the Letter; and this is a Copy of it.

*My dearest Pamela*, I Send purposely to you on an Affair that concerns you very much, and me something, but chiefly for your sake. I am conscious that I have proceeded by you in such a manner as may justly alarm your Fears, and give Concern to your honest Friends: And all my Pleasure is, that I can and will make you Amends for all the Disturbance I have given you. As I promis'd, I sent to your Father the Day after your Departure, that he might not be too much concern'd for you, and assured him of my Honour to you; and made an Excuse, such a one as ought to have satisfy'd him, for your not coming to him. But this was not sufficient, it seems; for he, poor Man! came to me next Morning, and set my Family almost in an Uproar about you.

'O my dear Girl, what Trouble has not your Obstinacy given me, and yourself too! I had no way to pacify him, but to promise, that he should see a Letter wrote from you to Mrs. *Jervis*, to satisfy him you were well.

'Now all my Care in this Case, is for your aged Parents, lest they should be fatally touched with Grief; and for you, whose Duty and Affection for them I know to be so strong and laudable: For this Reason I beg you will write a few Lines to them, and let me prescribe the Form for it; which I have done, putting myself as near as I can in your Place, and expressing your Sense, with a Warmth that I doubt will have too much possess'd you.

'After what is done, and which cannot now be help'd, but which, I assure you, shall turn out honourably for you, I expect not to be refus'd; because I cannot possibly have any View in it, but to satisfy your Parents; which is more your Concern than mine; and so I must beg you will not alter one Tittle of the underneath. If you do, it will be impossible for me to send it, or that it should answer the good End I propose by it.

'I have promis'd to you, that I will not approach you without your Leave: If I find you easy, and not attempting to dispute or avoid your present Lot, I will keep to my Word, tho' 'tis a Difficulty upon me. Nor shall the present Restraint upon you last long: For I will assure you, that I am resolv'd very soon to convince you, how ardently I am.

*Yours, &c.'*

The Letter he prescribed for me was this:

*Dear Mrs. Jervis*, I Have, instead of being driven, by *Robin*, to my dear Father's, been carry'd off, to where I have no Liberty to tell. However, at present, I am not us'd hardly; and I write to beg you to let my dear Father and Mother, whose Hearts must be well-nigh broken, know, that I am well; and that I am, and, by the Grace of God, ever will be, their dutiful and honest Daughter, as well as

*Your obliged Friend.*

'I must neither send Date nor Place; but have most solemn Assurances of honourable Usage.'

I knew not what to do on this most strange Request and Occasion. But my Heart bled so much for you, my dear Father, who had taken the Pains to go yourself and inquire after your poor Daughter, as well as for my dear Mother, that I resolv'd to write, and pretty much in the above Form, that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, some how or other, know the State of the Matter. And I wrote this to this strange wicked Master himself:

Sir, If you knew but the Anguish of my Mind, and how much I suffer by your dreadfully strange Usage of me,

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you would surely pity me, and consent to my Deliverance. What have I done, that I should be the only Mark of your Cruelty! I can possibly have no Hope, no Desire of living lest me, because I cannot have the least Dependence, after what has pass'd, upon your solemn Assurances — It is impossible, surely, they should be consistent with the honourable Designs you profess.

'Nothing but your Promise of not seeing me here in my deplorable Bondage, can give me the least Ray of Hope.

'Don't drive the poor distressed *Pamela* upon a Rock, I beseech you, that may be the Destruction both of her Body and Soul! You don't know, Sir, how dreadfully I *dare*, weak as I am of Mind and Intellect, when my Virtue is in Danger. And, oh! hasten my Deliverance, that a poor unworthy Creature, below the Notice of so great a Man, may not be made the Sport of a high Condition, for no Reason in the World, but because she is not able to defend herself, nor has a Friend that can right her.

'I have, Sir, in part to shew my Obedience to you, but indeed, I own, more to give Ease to the Minds of my poor distressed Parents, whose Poverty, one would think, should screen them from Violences of this sort, as well as their poor Daughter, follow'd pretty much the Form you have prescrib'd for me, to Mrs. *Jervis*; and the Alterations I have made, (for I could not help a few) are of such a Nature, as, tho' they shew my Concern a little, yet must answer the End you are pleas'd to say you propose by this Letter.

'For God's sake, good Sir, pity my lowly Condition, and my present great Misery; and let me join with all the rest of your Servants to bless that Goodness, which you have extended to every one, but the poor afflicted, heart-broken

'Pamela.'

I thought, when I had written this Letter, and that which he had prescrib'd, it would look like placing a Confidence in Mrs. *Jewkes*, to shew them to her; and I shew'd her at the same time my Master's Letter to me; for I believ'd, the Value he express'd for me, would give me Credit with one who profess'd in every thing to serve him right or wrong; tho' I had so little Reason, I fear, to pride myself in it: And I was not mistaken; for it has seem'd to influence her not a little, and she is at present mighty obliging, and runs over in my Praises; but is the less to be minded, because she praises as much the Author of all my Miseries, and his honourable Intentions, as she calls them; when I see, that she is capable of thinking, as I fear *he* does, that every thing that makes for his wicked Will, is honourable, tho' to the Ruin of the Innocent. Pray God I may find it otherwise. I hope, whatever the naughty Gentleman may intend, that I shall be at least rid of her impertinent bold Way of Talk, when she seems to think, by his Letter, that he means honourably.

## Monday

*I am now come to MONDAY, the 5th Day of my Bondage and Misery.*

I was in Hope to have an Opportunity to see *John*, and have a little private Talk with him before he went away; but it could not be. The poor Man's excessive Sorrow made Mrs. *Jewkes* take it into her Head, to think he lov'd me, and so she brought up a Message to me from him this Morning, that he was going. I desir'd he might come up to my Closet, as I call'd it; and she came with him: And the honest Man, as I thought him, was as full of Concern as before, at taking Leave. And I gave him my two Letters, the one for Mrs. *Jervis*, inclos'd in that for my Master: But Mrs. *Jewkes* would see me seal them up, for fear of any other— I was surpriz'd, at the Man's going away, to see him drop a Bit of Paper, just at the Head of the Stairs, which I took up without Mrs. *Jewkes's* seeing me; but I was a thousand times more surpriz'd, when I return'd to my Closet, and opening it, read as follows:

*Good Mrs.* Pamela, I am griev'd to tell you how much you have been deceiv'd and betray'd, and that by such a vile Dog as I. Little did I think it would come to this. But I must say, if ever there was a Rogue in the World, it is me. I have all along shew'd your Letters to my Master: He employ'd me for that Purpose; and he saw every one before your Father and Mother, and then seal'd them up, and sent me with them. I had some Business that way; but not half so often as I pretended. And as soon as I heard how it was with you, I was ready to hang myself. You may well think I could not stand in your Presence. O vile, vile Wretch, to bring you to this! If you are ruin'd, I am the Rogue that caus'd it. All the Justice I can do you, is, to tell you, you are in vile Hands; and I am afraid will be undone in spite of all your sweet Innocence; and I believe I shall never live after I know it. If you can forgive me, you are exceeding good; but I shall never forgive myself, that's certain. Howsomever, it will do you no good to make this known; and may-hap I may live to do you Service. If I can, I will. I am sure I ought— Master kept your last two or three Letters, and did not send them at all. I am the most abandon'd Wretch of Wretches.

'J. Arnold.

'You see your Undoing has been long hatching. Pray take care of your sweet Self. Mrs. *Jewkes* is a Devil. But in my Master's t'other House you have not one false Heart, but myself. Out upon me for a Villain!'

My dear Father and Mother, when you come to this Place, I make no doubt your Hair will stand an End, as mine does! —O the Deceitfulness of the Heart of Man! —This *John*, that I took to be the honestest of Men; that you took for the same; that was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our honest Hearts; this very Fellow was all the while a vile Hypocrite, and a perfidious Wretch, and helping to carry on my Ruin!

But he says enough of himself; and I can only sit down with this sad Reflection, That Power and Riches never want Tools to promote their vilest Ends, and that there is nothing so hard to be known as the Heart of Man! —Yet I can but pity the poor Wretch, since he seems to have some Remorse, and I believe it best to keep his Wickedness secret; and, if it lies in my way, to encourage his Penitence; for I may possibly make some Discoveries by it.

One thing I should mention in this Place; he brought down, in a Portmanteau, all the Cloaths and Things my Lady and Master had presented me, and moreover two Velvet Hoods, and a Velvet Scarf, that used to be worn by my Lady; but I have no Comfort in them!

Mrs. *Jewkes* had the Portmanteau brought into my Closet, and she shew'd me what was in it; but then locked it up, and said, she would let me have what I would out of it, when I asked; but if I had the Key, it might set me a wanting to go abroad, maybe; and so the insolent Woman put it in her Pocket.

I gave myself over to sad Reflections upon this strange and surprizing Discovery of *John's*, and wept much for him, and for myself too; for now I see, as he says, my Ruin has been so long a hatching, that I can make no Doubt what my Master's honourable Professions will end in. What a Heap of Names does the poor Fellow call himself! But what must they deserve, who set him to work? O what has this wicked Master to answer for, to be so corrupt himself, and to corrupt others, who would have been innocent; and all to carry on further a more corrupt Scene, and to ruin a poor Creature, who never did him Harm, nor wish'd him any; and who can still pray for his Happiness, and his Repentance?

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I can but wonder what these Gentlemen, as they are called, can think of themselves for these vile Doings? *John* had some Inducement; for he hoped to please his Master, who rewarded him, and was bountiful to him; and the same may be said, bad as she is, for this same odious Mrs. *Jewkes*. But what Inducement has my Master for taking so much Pains to do the Devil's Work? —If he loves me, as 'tis falsely called, must he therefore ruin me, and lay Traps for me, and endeavour to make me as bad as himself? I cannot imagine what good the Undoing of such a poor Creature as I can procure him! —To be sure, I am a very worthless Body. People indeed say I am handsome; but if I was so, should not a Gentleman prefer an honest Servant to a guilty Harlot? — And must he be *more* earnest to seduce me, because I dread of all things to be seduced, and would rather lose my Life than my Honesty!

Well, these are strange things to me! I cannot account for them, for my Share; but sure nobody will say, that these fine Gentlemen have any Tempter but their own wicked Wills! —This naughty Master could run away from me, when he thought none but his Servants should know his base Attempts, in that sad Closet Affair; but is it not strange, that he should not be afraid of the All-seeing Eye, from which even that black poisonous Heart of his, and its most secret Motions, could not be hid? —But what avail me these sorrowful Reflections? He is and will be wicked; and I am, I fear, to be a Victim to his lawless Attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and to whom I hourly pray, prevent it not!

**TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.**

I Have been hinder'd, by this wicked Woman's watching me too close, from writing on *Tuesday*; and so I will put both these Days together. I have been a little Turn with her, for an Airing, in the Chariot, and walked several times in the Garden; but have always her at my Heels.

Mr. *Williams* came to see us, and took a Walk with us once; and while her Back was just turn'd, (encourag'd by the Hint he had before given me) I said, Sir, I see two Tiles upon that Parsley bed; cannot one cover them with Mould, with a Note between them, on Occasion? —A good Hint, said he; let that Sun-flower by the Back-door of the Garden be the Place; I have a Key to that; for it is my nearest way to the Town.

So I was forced to begin. O what Inventions will Necessity be the Parent of! I hugg'd myself with the Thought; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing the Discourse we were in; No, not extraordinary pleasant. What's that? what's that? said Mrs. *Jewkes* —Only, said he, the Town, I'm saying, is not very pleasant. No, indeed, said she, 'tis not; 'tis a poor Town, to my thinking. Are there any Gentry in it? said I. And so we chatted on about the Town, to deceive her. But my Deceit intended no Hurt to any body.

We then talked of the Garden, how large and pleasant, and the like; and sat down on the tursted Slope of the fine Fish-pond, to see the Fishes play upon the Surface of the Water; and she said, I should angle if I would.

I wish, said I, you'd be so kind to fetch me a Rod and Baits. Pretty Mistress! said she—I know better than that, I'll assure you! at this time! —I mean no Harm, said I, indeed. Let me tell you, said she, I know nobody has their Thoughts more about them than you. A body ought to look to it, where you are. But we'll angle a little to-morrow. Mr. *Williams*, who is much afraid of her, turn'd the Discourse to a general Subject. I saunter'd in, and left them to talk by themselves; but he went away to Town, and she was soon after me.

I had got to my Pen and Ink; and I said, I want some Paper (putting what I was about in my Bosom): You know I have wrote two Letters, and sent them by *John* (O how his Name, poor guilty Fellow! grieves me). Well, said she, you have some left; one Sheet did for those two Letters. Yes, said I, but I used half another for a Wrapper, you know; and see how I scribbled the other Half; and so I shewed her a Parcel of broken Scraps of Verses, which I had try'd to recollect, and which I had wrote purposely that she might see, and think me usually employ'd to such idle Purposes. Ay, said she, so you have; well, I'll give you two Sheeos more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank. Well, thinks I, I hope still, *Argus*, to be too hard for thee. Now *Argus*, the Poets say, had an hundred Eyes, and was made to watch with them all, as she is.

She brought me the Paper, and said, Now, Madam, let me see you write something. I will, said I; and took the Pen, and wrote, "I wish Mrs. *Jewkes* would be as good to me, as I would be to her, if I had it in my Power!" —That's pretty now! said she; well, I hope I am; but what then? "Why then (*wrote I*) she would do me the Favour to let me know, what I have done to be made her Prisoner; and what she thinks is to become of me." Well, and what then, said she? Why then, of Consequence, (*scribbled I*) she would let me see her Instructions, that I may know how far to blame her, or acquit her."

Thus I fooled on, to shew her my Fondness for scribbling; for I had no Expectation of any Good from her; that so she might suppose I employ'd myself, as I said, to no better Purpose at other times: For she will have it, that I am upon some Plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself. — She would have had me go on a little further. No, said I, you have not answer'd me. Why, said she, what can you doubt, when my Master himself assures you of his Honour? Ay, says I; but lay your Hand to your Heart, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and tell me, if you yourself believe him. Yes, said she, to be sure I do. But, said I, what do you call Honour? —Why, said she, what does he call Honour, think you? —Ruin! Shame! Disgrace! said I, I fear! —Pho, pho, said she; if you have any Doubt about it, he can best explain his own Meaning! —I'll send him word to come to satisfy you, if you will! —Horrid Creature! said I, all in a Fright! —Can'st thou not stab me to the Heart? I'd rather thou wouldst, than say such another Word! —But I hope there is no Thought of his coming.

She had the Wickedness to say, No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of—But if I was he, I would not be long away! —What means the Woman, said I? —Mears! said she (turning it off); why I mean, I would come, if I was he, and put an End to all your Fears—by making you as happy as you wish. 'Tis out of his Power, said I, to make me happy, great and rich as he is, but by leaving me innocent, and giving me Liberty to go to my dear

Father and Mother.

She went away soon after, and I ended my Letter, in Hopes to have an Opportunity to lay it in the appointed Place. So I went to her, and said; I suppose, as it is not dark, I may take another Turn in the Garden. 'Tis too late, said she; but if you will go, don't stay, and, *Nan*, see and attend Madam, as she called me.

So I went towards the Pond, the Wench following me, and dropt purposely my Hussy: And when I came near the Tiles, I said, Mrs. *Ann*, I have dropt my Hussy; be so kind to look for it. I had it by the Pond-side. The Wench went to look, and I slipt the Note between the Tiles, and cover'd them as quick as I could with the light Mould, quite unperceiv'd; and the Maid finding the Hussy, I took it, and saunter'd in again, and met Mrs. *Jewkes* coming to see after me. What I wrote was this:

*Reverend Sir*, The want of Opportunity to speak my Mind to you, I am sure will excuse this Boldness in a poor Creature that is betray'd hither, I have Reason to think, for the worst Purposes. You know something, to be sure, of my Story, my native Poverty, which I am not ashamed of, my late Lady's Goodness, and my Master's Designs upon me. 'Tis , he promises Honour, and all that; but the Honour of the Wicked is Disgrace and Shame to the Virtuous. And he may think he may keep his Promises according to the Notions he may allow himself to hold; and yet, according to mine, and every good Body's beside, quite ruin me.

I am so wretched, and ill treated by this Mrs. *Jewkes*, and she is so ill-principled a Woman, that as I may soon want the Opportunity which the happy Hint of this Day affords to my Hopes; so I throw myself at once upon your Goodness, without the least Reserve; for I cannot be worse than I am, should *that* fail me; which, I dare say, to your Power, it will not: For I see it, Sir, in your Looks, I hope it from your Cloth, and I doubt it not from your Inclination, in a Case circumstanced as my unhappy one is. For, Sir, in helping me out of my present Distress, you perform all the Acts of Religion in one; and the highest Mercy and Charity, both to a Body and a Soul of a poor Wretch, that, believe me, Sir, has, at present, not so much as in Thought, swerv'd from her Innocence.

Is there not some way to be found out for my Escape, without Danger to yourself? Is there no Gentleman or Lady of Virtue in this Neighbourhood, to whom I may fly, only till I can find a way to get to my poor Father and Mother? Cannot Lady *Davers* be made acquainted with my sad Story, by your conveying a Letter to her? My poor Parents are so low in the World, they can do nothing but break their Hearts for me; and that, I fear, will be the End of it.

My Master promises, if I will be easy, as he calls it, in my present Lot, he will not come down without my Consent. Alas! Sir, this is nothing. For what's the Promise of a Person, who thinks himself at Liberty to act as he has done by me? If he comes, it must be to ruin me; and come, to be sure, he will, when he thinks he has silenc'd the Clamours of my Friends, and lulled me, as no doubt he hopes, into a fatal Security.

Now, therefore, Sir, is all the Time I have to work and struggle for the Preservation of my Honesty. If I stay till he comes, I am undone. You have a Key to the back Garden-door; I have great Hopes from that. Study, good Sir, and contrive for me. I will faithfully keep your Secret. —Yet I should be loth to have you injur'd for me!

I say no more, but commit this to the happy Tiles, and to the Bosom of that Earth from which I hope my Deliverance will take Root, and bring forth such Fruit, as may turn to my inexpressible Joy, and your eternal Reward, both here and hereafter. As shall ever pray,

*Your most oppressed humble Servant.'*

**THURSDAY.**

This completes a fatal Week since my setting out, as I hoped, to see you, my dear Father and Mother. O how different my Hopes then, from what they are now! Yet who knows what these happy Tiles may produce!

But I must tell you, first, how I have been beaten by Mrs. *Jewkes*! 'Tis very !

My Impatience was great to walk in the Garden, to see if any thing had offer'd, answerable to my Hopes. But this wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* would not let me go without her; and she said she was not at Leisure. We had a great many Words about it; for I said, it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the Garden for a little Air; but must be dogg'd and watch'd worse than a Thief.

She still pleaded her Instructions, and said she was not to trust me out of her Sight: And you had better, said she, be easy and contented, I assure you. For I have worse Orders than you have yet found; and if you remember, said she, what you said when Mr. *Williams* was with us, asking if there were any Gentry in the Neighbourhood, it makes me suspect you want to get away to them, to tell your sad dismal Story, as you call it.

My Heart was at my Mouth; for I fear'd by that Hint, she had seen my Letter under the Tiles: O how uneasy I was! At last she said, Well, since you take on so, you may take a Turn, and I will be with you in a Minute.

I went out; and when I was out of the Sight of her Window, I speeded towards the hopeful Place; but was soon forced to slacken my Pace, by her odious Voice; Hey-day, why so nimble, and so fast? said she: What! are you upon a Wager? I stopt for her, till her pury Sides were waddled up to me; and she held by my Arm, half out of Breath: So I was forced to pass by the dear Place, without daring to look at it.

The Gardener was at work a little further, and so we looked upon him; and I began to talk about his Art; but she said softly, My Instructions are, not to let you be so familiar with the Servants. Why, said I, are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a Robbery upon my Master? May-be I am, said the odious Wretch; for to rob him of yourself, would be the worst that could happen to him, in his Opinion.

And pray, said I, walking on, how came I to be his Property? What Right has he in me, but such as a Thief may plead to stolen Goods? —Why, was ever the like heard, says she! —This is downright Rebellion, I protest! Well, well, Lambkin, (which the Foolish often calls me) if I was in his Place, he should not have his Property in you long questionable. Why, what would you do, said I, if you was he? — Not stand shill—I, shall—I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your Pain. —Why, *Jezebel*, said I, (I could not help it); would you ruin me by Force? —Upon this she gave me a deadly Slap upon my Shoulder: Take that, said she; who do you call *Jezebel*?

I was so scar'd, (for you never beat me, my dear Father and Mother, in your Lives) that I was as one thunder-struck; and looked round, as if I wanted somebody to help me; but, alas! I had nobody; and said, at last, rubbing my Shoulder, Is this too in your Instructions? —Alas! for me! am I to be beaten too? and so I fell a crying, and threw myself upon the Grass—walk we were upon. —Said she, in a great Pet, I won't be call'd such Names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a Spirit! You must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking Things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come, we'll go in Doors, and I'll lock you up, and you shall have no Shoes, nor any thing else, if this is to be the Case!

I didn't know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me, and I blam'd myself for my free Speech; for now I had given her some Pretence; and Oh! thinks I, here I have, by my Malapertness, ruin'd the only Project I had left.

The Gardener saw this Scene; but she called to him, Well, *Jacob*, what do you stare at! Pray mind, what you're upon. And away he walk'd, to another Quarter, out-of Sight.

Well, thinks I, I must put on the Dissembler a little, I see. She took my Hand roughly; Come, get up, said she, and come in Doors. —I'll *Jezebel* you, I warrant ye! —Why, dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I— None of your Dears and your Coaxing, said she; why not *Jezebel* again! —She was in a fearful Passion, I saw, and I was half out of my Wits. Thinks I, I have often heard Women blam'd for their Tongues; I wish mine had been shorter. But I can't go in, said I, indeed I can't! —Why, said she, can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin Body as you are under my Arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my Strength— Yes, but I do, said I, too well; and will you not use me worse when I come in? —So I arose, and she mutter'd to herself all the way, She to be a *Jezebel* with me, that had used me so well! and suchlike.

When I came near the House, I said, sitting down upon a Settle-bench, Well, I will not go in, till you say, you

will forgive me, Mrs. *Jewkes*—If you will forgive my calling you that Name, I will forgive your beating me—She sat down by me, and seem'd in a great Pucker, and said, Well, come, I will forgive you for this time; and so kissed me, as a Mark of Reconciliation—But pray, said I, tell me where I am to walk, and go, and give me what Liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favour me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can; and not ask you for more.

Why, said she, that's something like: I wish I could give you all the Liberty you desire; for you must think it is no Pleasure to me to tie you to my Petticoat, as it were, and not to let you stir without me—But People that will do their Duties, must have some Trouble; and what I do, is to serve as good a Master, to be sure, as lives—Ay, says I, to every body but me! —He loves you too well, to be sure, said she, and that's the Reason; so you ought to bear it. I say, *love*, said I! Come, said she, don't let the Wench see you have been crying, nor tell her any Tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I am sure; and I'll send her, and you shall take another Walk in the Garden, if you will. May-be, said she, it will get you a Stomach to your Dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep Life and Soul together. You are Beauty to the Bone, said the strange Wretch, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little Stomach, so little Rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all. Well, thought I, say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad Tongue and Company: And I hop'd to find some Opportunity now, to come at my Sun-flower. But I walked the other way, to take that in my Return, to avoid Suspicion.

I forced my Discourse to the Wench; but it was all upon general things; for I find she is asked after every thing I say and do. When I came near the Place, as I had been devising, I said, Pray, step to the Gardener, and ask him to gather a Sallad for me to Dinner. She called out, *Jacob!* —Said I, he can't hear you so far off; and pray tell him, I should like a Cucumber too, if he has one. When she had stept about a Bow-shot from me, I popt down, and whipt my Fingers under the upper Tile, and pulled out a little Letter, without Direction, and thrust it in my Bosom, trembling for Joy. She was with me before I could well secure it; and I was in such a taking, that I feared I should discover myself. You seem frighted, Madam, said she: Why, said I, with a lucky Thought, (alas! your poor Daughter will make an Intriguer by-and-by; but I hope an innocent one!) I stoopt to smell at the Sun-flower, and a great nasty Worm run into the Ground, that startled me; for I don't love Worms. Said she, Sun-flowers don't smell. So I find, said I. And so we walked in; and Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Well, you have made haste in— You shall go another time.

I went up to my Closet, lock'd myself in, and opening my Letter, found in it these Words:

'I am infinitely concern'd for your Distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my Power to serve and save so much Innocence, Beauty and Merit. My whole Dependence is upon the 'Squire; and I have a near View of being provided for by his Goodness to me. But yet, I would sooner forfeit all my Hopes upon him, and trust in God for the rest, than not assist you, if possible. I never look'd upon Mr. *B.* in the Light he now appears to me in, in your Case. To be sure, he is no profess'd Debooshee. But I am intirely of Opinion, you should, if possible, get out of his Hands, and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. *Jewkes's*.

'We have here the Widow Lady *Jones*, Mistress of a good Fortune, and a Woman of Virtue, I believe. We have also old Sir *Simon Darnford*, and his Lady, who is a good Woman; and they have two Daughters. All the rest are but middling People, and Traders, at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady *Jones*, or Lady *Darnford*, if they will permit you to take Refuge with them. I see no Probability of keeping myself conceal'd in this Matter; but will, as I said, risque all things to serve you; for I never saw a Sweetness and Innocence like yours; and your hard Case has attached me intirely to you; for I know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in this Case, I shall thereby perform all the Acts of Religion in one.

'As to Lady *Davers*, I will convey a Letter, if you please, to her; but it must not be from our Post-house, I give you Caution; for the Man owes all his Bread to the 'Squire, and his Place too; and I believe, by something that dropt from him, over a Can of Ale, has his Instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded; all which confirms me in your Opinion, that no Honour is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no Caution on that Head.

'Give me Leave to say, that I had heard much in your Praise, both as to Person and Mind; but I think greatly short of what you deserve: My Eyes convince me of the one, your Letter of the other. For sear of losing the present lucky Opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge, only to assure you, that I am, to the best of my Power,

*Your faithful Friend and Servant, Arthur Williams.*

'I will come once every Morning, and once every Evening, after School-time, to look for your Letters. I'll come in, and return without going into the House, if I see the Coast clear: Otherwise, to avoid Suspicion, I'll come in.'

I instantly, to this pleasing Letter, wrote as follows:

'*Reverend Sir*, O How answerable to your Function, and your Character, is your kind Letter! God bless you for it. I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be sorry you should suffer on my Account; but I hope it will be made up to you an hundred-fold, by that God whom you so faithfully serve. I should be too happy, could I ever have it in my Power to contribute in the least to it. But, alas! to serve me, must be for God's sake only; for I am poor and lowly in Fortune; though in Mind, I hope, too high to do a mean or unworthy Deed, to gain a Kingdom. But I lose Time.

'Any way you think best, I shall be pleased with; for I know not the Persons, nor in what manner it is best to apply to them. I am glad of the Hint you so kindly give me of the Man at the Post-house. I was thinking of opening a way for myself by Letter, when I could have Opportunity; but I see more and more, that I am indeed strangely surrounded with Dangers; and that there is no Dependence to be made on my Master's Honour.

'I should think, Sir, if either of those Ladies would give Leave, I might some way get out by Favour of your Key; and as it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be suppose, Sir, you could get one made by it, and put it, by the next Opportunity, under the Sun-flower? —I am sure no Time is to be lost; because it is rather my Wonder, that she is not thoughtful about this Key, than otherwise; for she forgets not the minutest thing. But, Sir, if I had this Key, I could, if these Ladies would *not* shelter me, run away any-where. And if I was once out of the House, they could have no Pretence to force me in again; for I have done no Harm, and hope to make my Story good to any compassionate Body; and by this way *you* need not be known. Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

'One thing more, good Sir. Have you no Correspondence with my Master's Family? By that means, may-be, I could be informed of his Intentions of coming hither, and when. I inclose you a Letter of a deceitful Wretch; for I can trust you with any thing, poor *John Arnold*. Its Contents will tell why I inclose it. Perhaps, by his means something may be discover'd; for he seems willing to atone for his Treachery to me, by the Intimation of future Service. I leave the Hint for you to improve upon, and am, Reverend Sir,

*Your for ever obliged and thankful Servant*

'I hope, Sir, by your Favour, I could send a little Packet, now-and-then, some how, to my poor Father and Mother. I have a little Stock of Money, about five or six Guineas: Shall I put half in your Hands, to defray a Man and Horse, or any other Incidents?'

I had time but just to transcribe this, before I was called to Dinner; and I put that for Mr. *Williams*, with a Wafer in it, in my Bosom, to get an Opportunity to lay it in the dear Place.

O good Sirs! Of all the Flowers in the Garden, the Sun-flower, sure, is the loveliest! —It is a propitious one to me! How nobly my Plot succeeds! But I begin to be afraid my Writings may be discover'd; for they grow large! I stitch them hitherto in my Under-coat, next my Linen. But if this Brute should search me! —I must try to please her, and then she won't.

Well, I am but just come off from a Walk in the Garden; and have deposited my Letter by a simple Wile. I got some Horse-beans; and we took a Turn in the Garden, to angle, as Mrs. *Jewkes* had promis'd me. She baited the Hook, and I held it, and soon hooked a lovely Carp. Play it, play it, said she; I did, and brought it to the Bank. A sad Thought just then came into my Head; and I took it, and threw it in again; and O the Pleasure it seem'd to have, to flounce in, when at Liberty! —Why this? says she. O Mrs. *Jewkes!* said I, I was thinking this poor Carp was the unhappy *Pamela*. I was likening you and myself to my naughty Master. As we hooked and deceived the poor Carp, so was I betrayed by false Baits; and when you said, Play it, play it, it went to my Heart, to think I should sport with the Destruction of the poor Fish I had betray'd; and I could not but fling it in again: And did you not see the Joy with which the happy Carp flounced from us! O! said I, may some good merciful Body procure me my Liberty in the same manner; for, to be sure, I think my Danger equal!

Lord bless thee! said she, what a Thought is there! —Well, said I, I can angle no more. I'll try *my* Fortune, said she, and took the Rod. Well, said I, I will plant Life then, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some Horse-beans here, and I'll go and stick them into one of the Borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my Garden.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

So you see, dear Father and Mother (I hope now you will soon see; for, may-be, if I can't get away so soon myself, I may send my Papers, some how) I say, you will see, that this furnishes me a good Excuse to look after my Garden another time; and if the Mould should look a little freshish, it won't be so much suspected. She mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my Beans, for about the Length of five Ells, of each side of the Sun-flower; and easily repositied my Letter. And not a little proud am I of this Contrivance. Sure something will do at last. God grant it!

**FRIDAY, SATURDAY.**

I have just now told you a Trick of mine; now I'll tell you a Trick of this wicked Woman's. She comes up to me; says she, I have a Bill I cannot change till to-morrow; and a Tradesman wants his Money most sadly; and I don't love to turn poor Tradesfolks away without their Money: Have you any about you? How much will do, said I? I have a little! Oh! said she, I want eight Pounds. Alack, said I, I have but between five and six. Lend me that, said she, till to-morrow. I did so; and she went down Stairs: And when she came up, she laugh'd, and said, Well, I have paid the Tradesman: Said I, I hope you'll give it me again to-morrow. At that, the Assurance, laughing loud, said, Why, what Occasion have you for Money? To tell you the Truth, Lambkin, I didn't want it. I only fear'd you might make a bad Use of it; and now I can trust *Nan* with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the Key of your Portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with Money or fine things. Never did any body look more silly than I! —O how I fretted to be so foolishly outwitted! —And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. *Williams*, to have some to defray the Charges of my sending to you. I cry'd for Vexation! —And now I have not five Shillings left to support me, if I *can* get away! —Was ever such a Fool as I! I must be priding myself in my Contrivances indeed! Said I, was this in your Instructions, *Wolfkin*? for she called me *Lambkin*. *Jezebel*, you mean, Child, said she! —Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's buss, and be Friends! — Out upon you, said I! I cannot bear you. But I durst not call her Names again; for I dread her huge Paw most sadly. The more I think of this thing, the more do I regret it!

This Night the Man from the Post-house brought a Letter for Mrs. *Jewkes*, in which was one inclosed to me: She brought it me up. Said she, Well, my good Master don't forget us. He has sent you a Letter; and see what he writes to me. So she read, That he hoped her fair Charge was well, happy, and contented: Ay to be sure, said I, I can't chuse! —That he did not doubt her Care and Kindness to me; that I was very dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. There is a Master for you, said she! Sure you will love and pray for him. I desir'd her to read the rest. No, no, said she, but I won't. Said I, Are there are any Orders for taking my Shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about *Jezebel* neither. Well, said I, I cry Truce; for I have no mind to be beat again. I thought, said she, we had forgiven one another.

My Letter is as follows:

*My dearest Pamela*, I Begin to repent already, that I have bound myself, by Promise, not to see you till you give me Leave; for I think the Time very tedious. Can you place so much Confidence in me, as to invite me down? Assure yourself that your Generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I the rather would press this, as I am uneasy for your Uneasiness; for Mrs. *Jewkes* acquaints me that you take your Restraint very heavily; and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; and I have too great an Interest in your Health, not to wish to shorten the Time of this Trial to you; which will be the Consequence of my coming down to you. *John* too, has intimated to me your Concern, with a Grief that hardly gave him Leave for Utterance; a Grief that a little alarm'd my Tenderness for you. Not that I fear any thing, but that your Disregard to me, which yet my proud Heart will hardly permit me to own, may throw you upon some Rashness, that might encourage a daring Hope: But how poorly do I descend, to be anxious about such a Menial as he? —I will only say one thing, that if you will give me Leave to attend you at the Hall, (consider who it is that requests this from you as a Favour) I solemnly declare, that you shall have Cause to be pleased with this obliging Mark of your Confidence in me, and Consideration for me; and if I find Mrs. *Jewkes* has not behaved to you with the Respect due to one I so dearly love, I will put it intirely into your Power to discharge her the House, if you think proper; and Mrs. *Jervis*, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I fay on a Hint *John* gave me, as if you resented something from that Quarter. Dearest *Pamela*, answer favourably this earnest Request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose Honour to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as you place a Confidence in it. I am, and assuredly ever will be,  
'Your faithful and affectionate, &c.

'You will be glad, I know, to hear your Father and Mother are well, and easy upon your last Letter. That gave me a Pleasure that I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. *Jewkes* will convey to me your Answer.'

I but slightly read this Letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time, from Mr.

*Williams*. I took, in Mrs. *Jewkes's* Company, an Evening Turn, as I call'd it, and walking by the Place, I said, Do you think Mrs. *Jewkes*, any of my Beans can have struck since Yesterday? She laugh'd, and said, You are a poor Gardener; but I love to see you divert yourself. She passing on, I found my good Friend had provided for me, and slipping it in my Bosom, for her Back was towards me, Here, said I, having a Bean in my Hand, is one of them; but it has not stirr'd. No, to be sure, said she; and turn'd upon me a most wicked Jest, unbecoming the Mouth of a Woman, about Planting, &c. —When I came in, I hy'd to my Closet, and read as follows.

I am sorry to tell you, that I have a Repulse from Lady *Jones*. She is concerned at your Case, she says, but don't care to make herself Enemies. I apply'd to Lady *Darnford*, and told her in the most pathetick manner I could, your sad Story, and shew'd her your more pathetick Letter. I found her well dispos'd; but she would advise with Sir *Simon*, who, by—the—bye, is not a Man of extraordinary Character for Virtue; but he said to his Lady, in my Presence, Why, what is all this, my Dear, but that the 'Squire our Neighbour has a mind to his Mother's Waiting—maid? And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don't see any great Injury will be done her. He hurts no Family by this.' '(So, my dear Father and Mother, it seems that poor Peoples Honesty is to go for nothing)'. 'And I think, Mr. *Williams*, you, of all Men, should not engage in this Affair, against your Friend and Patron. He spoke this in so determin'd a manner, that the Lady had done; and I had only to beg no Notice should be taken of the Matter as from me.

I have hinted your Case to Mr. *Peters*, the Minister of this Parish, but I am concern'd to say, that he imputed selfish Views to me, as if I would make an Interest in your Affections, by my Zeal. And when I represented the Duties of our Function, &c. and protested my Disinterestedness, he coldly said, I was very good; but was a young Man, and knew little of the World. And tho' 'twas a Thing to be lamented, yet when he and I set about to reform the World in this respect, we should have enough upon our Hands; for, he said, it was too common and fashionable a Case to be withstood by a private Clergyman or two: And then he utter'd some Reflections upon the Conduct of the Fathers of the Church, in regard to the first Personages of the Realm, as a Justification of his Coldness on this score.

I represented the different Circumstances of your Affair; that other Women liv'd evilly by their own Consent, but to serve you, was to save an Innocence that had but few Examples; and then I shew'd him your Letter.

He said, It was prettily written; and he was sorry for you; and that your good Intentions ought to be encourag'd; but what, said he, would you have me do, Mr. *Williams*? Why, suppose Sir, said I, you give her Shelter in your House, with your Spouse and Niece, till she can get to her Friends? —What, and imbroil myself with a Man of the 'Squire's Power and Fortune! No, not I, I'll assure you! —And he would have me consider what I was about. Besides, she owns, said he, that he promises to do honourably by her; and her Shyness will procure her good Terms enough; for he is no covetous nor wicked Gentleman; except in this Case; and 'tis what all young Gentlemen will do.

I am greatly concern'd for him, I assure you; but am not discourag'd by this ill Success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

I don't hear, as yet, that the 'Squire is coming; I am glad of your Hint as to that unhappy Fellow *John Arnold*; something, perhaps, will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your Pacquets, if you seal them up, and lay them in the usual Place, if you find it not mistrusted, I will watch an Opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil Woman, I find, mistrusts me much.

I just hear that the Gentleman is dying, whose Living the 'Squire has promis'd me. I have almost a Scruple of taking it, as I am acting so contrary to his Desires; but I hope he'll one Day thank me for it. As to Money, don't think of it at present. Be assured you may command all in my Power to do for you, without Reserve.

I believe, when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the Key, which I shall soon procure you; and I can borrow a Horse for you, I believe, to wait within half a Mile of the Back—Door, over the Pasture; and will contrive by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some Miles distant, to some one of the Villages there—abouts; so don't be discomfited, I beseech you. I am, excellent Mrs. *Pamela*,

*Your faithful Friend, &c.'*

I made a thousand sad Reflections upon the former Part of this honest Gentleman's kind Letter; and but for the Hope he gave me at last, should have given up my Case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind Endeavour; to lament the little Concern the Gentry had for my deplorable Case; the Wickedness of the World to first give way to such iniquitous Fashions, and then plead the Frequency of them

against the Offer to amend them; and how unaffected People were to the Distresses of others. I recall'd my former Hint as to whiting to Lady *Davers*, which I fear'd, I said, would only serve to apprise her Brother, that she knew his wicked Scheme, and more harden him in it, and make him come down the sooner, and to be the more determin'd on my Ruin; besides, that it might make Mr. *Williams* guess'd at, as a means of conveying my Letter; and being very fearful, that if that good Lady would interest herself in my Behalf, (which was a Doubt, because she both lov'd and fear'd her Brother) it would have no Effect upon him; and that, therefore, I would wait the happy Event I might hope for from his kind Assistance in the Key and the Horse, &c. I intimated my Master's Letter, begging to be permitted to come down; was fearful it might be sudden; and that I was of Opinion no Time was to be lost; for we might lose all our Opportunities, &c. telling him the Money-trick of this vile Woman, &c.

I had not time to take a Copy of this Letter, I was so watch'd. But when I had it ready in my Bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. *Jewkes*, and told her I would have her Advice upon the Letter I had receiv'd from my Master, which Point of Confidence in her, pleas'd her not a little. Ay, said she, now this is something like. Why, we'll take a Turn in the Garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walk'd into the Garden. I began to talk to her of the Letter; but was far from acquainting her with all the Contents; only that he wanted my Consent to come down, and hop'd she us'd me kindly, &c. And I said, Now, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me have your Advice as to this. Why then, said she, I will give it you freely. E'en send to him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare say you'll fare the better for it. How the better? said I—I dare say, you think yourself that he intends my Ruin. I hate, said she, that foolish Word; *your Ruin!* —Why ne'er a Lady in the Land may live happier than you, if you will, or be more honourably used.

Well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, I shall not at this time dispute with you about the Words *Ruin* or *honourable*. I thank God, we have quite different Notions of both; but now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make Proposals to me, as to a kept Mistress, or kept Slave rather; or do you not? —Why, Lambkin, said she, what dost thou think thyself? —I fear, said I, he does. Well, said she, but if he does, for I know nothing of the Matter, I assure you; you may have your own Terms—I see that; for you may do any thing with him.

I could not bear this to be spoken, tho' it was all I fear'd of a long time; and began to exclaim most sadly. Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know. —No, no, said I, that cannot be—I neither desire nor expect it. His Condition don't permit me to have such a Thought, and that, and the whole Series of his Conduct to me, convinces me of the contrary; and you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my Ruin?

'Tis what I would do, said she, in your Place; and if it was to be as you *think*, I should rather be out of my Pain, than live in continual Frights and Apprehensions, as you do. No, said I, an Hour of Innocence is worth an Age of Guilt; and were my Life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest Minute my happy Time of Honesty. Who knows what God may do for me!

Why, may-be, said she, as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your Prayers and Tears; and for that Reason, I should think you'd better let him come down. Well, said I, I will write him a Letter, because he expects an Answer, or may-be he will make that a Pretence to come down. You'll send it for me. How can it go?

I'll take care of that, said she; it is in my Instructions —Ay, thought I, so I doubt, by the Hint Mr. *Williams* gave me, about the Post-house.

The Gardener coming by, I said, Mr. *Jacob* I have planted a few Beans, and I call it my Garden. It is just by the Door out-yonder, I'll shew it you; pray don't dig them up. So I went on with him; and when we had turn'd the Alley out of her Sight, and were near the Place, said I, Pray step to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and ask her if she has any more Beans for me to plant? He smil'd, I suppose at my Foolishness, and I popt the Letter under the Mould, and stept back, as if waiting for his Return; which being near, was immediate, and she follow'd him. What should I do with Beans? said she—and sadly scar'd me; for she whisper'd me, I am afraid of some Fetch! you don't use to send of such simple Errands— What Fetch? said I; it is hard I can neither stir, nor speak, but I must be suspected—Why, said she, my Master writes me, that I must have all my Eyes about me; for, tho' you are as innocent as a Dove, yet you're as cunning as a Serpent. But I'll forgive you if you cheat me!

Then I thought of my Money, and could have call'd her Names, had I dar'd: And I said, Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, now you talk of forgiving me if I cheat you; be so kind as to pay me my Money; for tho' I have no Occasion for it, yet I know you was but in Jest, and intended to give it me again. You shall have it in a proper time, said she; but, indeed, I was in earnest to get it out of your Hands, for fear you should make an ill Use of it. And so we cavilled upon this Subject as we walk'd in, and I went up to write my Letter to my Master; and, as I intended to shew it

her, I resolv'd to write accordingly as to her Part of it; for I made little Account of the Offer of Mrs. *Jervis* to me, instead of this wicked Woman, (tho' the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my Escape from hence) nor indeed of any thing he said: For to be honourable, in the just Sense of the Word, he need not have caus'd me to be run away with, and confin'd as I am. I wrote as follows:

*Honoured Sir*, When I consider how easily it is for you to make me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor Father and Mother: When I reflect upon your former Proposal to me, in relation to a certain Person, not one Word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable Prisoner; do you think, Sir, (pardon your poor Servant's Freedom; my Fears make me bold; do you think, I say) that your general Assurances of Honour to me, can have the Effect upon me, that, were it not for these Things, all your Words ought to have? —O good Sir! I too much apprehend, that *your* Notions of Honour and *mine* are very different from one another: And I have no other Hope but in your continued Absence. If you have any Proposals to make me, that are consistent with your honourable Professions, in my humble Sense of the Word, a few Lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an Answer as befits me. But, Oh! what Proposals can one in your high Station have to make to one in my low one! I know what belongs to your Degree too well, to imagine, that any thing can be expected but sad Temptations, and utter Distress, if you come down; and you know not, Sir, when I am made desperate, what the wretched *Pamela dares to do!*

'Whatever Rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it, but I wish I may not be forced upon any, that otherwise would never enter into my Thoughts. Forgive me, Sir, my Plainness; I should be loth to behave to my Master unbecomingly; but I must needs say, Sir, my Innocence is so dear to me, that all other Considerations are, and, I hope, shall ever be, treated by me as Niceties, that ought, for that, to be dispensed with. If you mean honourably, why, Sir, should you not let me know it plainly? Why is it necessary to imprison me, to convince me of it? And why must I be close watch'd and attended, hinder'd from stirring out, from speaking to any body, from going so much as to Church to pray for you, who have been till of late so generous a Benefactor to me? Why, Sir, I humbly ask, why all this, if you mean honourably? —It is not for me to expostulate so freely, but in a Case so near to me, with you, Sir, so infinitely my Superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to any the least Desire of seeing you, I cannot so much as bear the dreadful Apprehension. Whatever you have to propose, whatever you intend by me, let my Assent be that of a free Person, mean as I am, and not of a sordid Slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a Compliance, that your Conduct to her seems to imply would be otherwise abhor'd by her. — My Restraint is indeed hard upon me. I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or—But I will not dare to say more, than that I am

*Your greatly oppressed unhappy Servant.'*

After I had taken a Copy of this, I folded it up, and Mrs. *Jewkes* coming up, just as I had done, sat down by me, and said, when she saw me direct it, I wish you would tell me if you have taken my Advice, and consented to my Master's coming down. If it will oblige you, said I, I will read it to you. That's good, said she, then I'll love you dearly. —Says I, then you must not offer to alter one Word. I won't, said she; so I read it to her, and she prais'd me much for my Wording it; but said, she thought I push'd the Matter very close; and it would better bear talking of, than writing about. She wanted an Explanation or two, as about the Proposal to a *certain Person*; but I said she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more. I seal'd up the Letter, and she undertook to convey it.

**SUNDAY.**

For my part, I knew it in vain, to expect to have Leave to go to Church now, and so I did not ask; and I was the more indifferent, because, if I might have had Permission, the Sight of the neighbouring Gentry, who had despis'd my Sufferings, would have given me great Regret and Sorrow, and it was impossible I should have edify'd under any Doctrine preached by Mr. *Peters*: So I apply'd myself to my private Devotions.

Mr. *Williams* came Yesterday, and this Day, as usual, and took my Letter; but having no good Opportunity, we avoided one another's Conversation, and kept at a Distance: But I was concern'd I had not the Key; for I would not have lost a Moment in that Case, had it been me. When I was at my Devotions, Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, and wanted me sadly to sing her a Psalm, as she had often on common Days importun'd me for a Song upon the Spinnet; but I declin'd it, because my Spirits were so low, I could hardly speak, nor car'd to be spoke to; but when she was gone, I remembering the 137th Psalm to be a little touching, turn'd to it, and took the Liberty to alter it to my Case more; I hope I did not sin in it: But thus I turn'd it.

I.

*When sad I sat in B—n—hall,  
All watched round about,  
And thought of ev'ry absent Friend,  
The Tears for Grief burst out.*

II.

*My Joys and Hopes all overthrown,  
My Heart strings almost broke,  
Unfit my Mind for Melody,  
Much more to bear a Joke;*

III.

*Then she to whom I Prisoner was,  
Said to me tauntingly,  
Now cheer your Heart, and sing a Song,  
And tune your Mind to Joy.*

**IV.**

*Alas! said I, how can I frame  
My heavy Heart to sing;  
Or tune my Mind, while thus inthrall'd  
By such a wicked Thing!*

**V.**

*But yet, if from my Innocence  
I, ev'n in Thought, should slide,  
Then let my Fingers quite forget  
The sweet Spinnet to guide.*

**VI.**

*And let my Tongue within my Mouth  
Be lock'd for ever fast,  
If I rejoice, before I see  
My full Deliv'r ance past.*

**VII.**

*And thou, Almighty, recompence  
The Evils I endure,  
From those who seek my sad Disgrace,  
So causeless, to procure.*

**VIII.**

*Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,  
When with a mighty Sound,  
She cries, Down with her Chastity,  
Down to the very Ground!*

**IX.**

*Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked One,  
At length to Shame be brought;  
And happy shall all those be call'd  
That my Deliv'r ance wrought.*

**X.**

*Yea, blessed shall the Man be call'd  
That shames thee of thy Evil,  
And saves me from thy vile Attempts,  
And thee, too, from the D—l.*

**MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.**

I Write now with a little more Liking, tho' less Opportunity, because Mr. *Williams* has got a large Parcel of my Papers safe, in his Hands, to send them to you, as he has Opportunity; so I am not quite uselessly employ'd; and I am deliver'd, besides, from the Fear of their being found, if I should be search'd, or discover'd. I have been permitted to take an Airing five or six Miles, with Mrs. *Jewkes*: But, tho' I know not the Reason, she watches me more closely than ever; so that we have discontinued, by Consent, for these three Days, the Sun-flower Correspondence.

The poor Cook-maid has had a bad Mischance; for she has been hurt much by a Bull in the Pasture, by the Side of the Garden, not far from the Back-door. Now this Pasture I am to cross, which is about half a Mile, and then comes to a Common, and near that a private Horse-road, where I hope to find an Opportunity for escaping, as soon as Mr. *Williams* can get me a Horse, and has made all ready for me: For he has got me the Key, which he put under the Mould, just by the Door, as he found an Opportunity to hint to me.

He just now has signify'd, that the Gentleman is dead, whose Living he has had Hope of, and he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. *Jewkes* of it, and so could speak this to her, before me. She wish'd him Joy; see what the World is! one Man's Death is another Man's Joy: Thus we thrust out one another! —My hard Case makes me serious. He found means to slide a Letter into my Hands, and is gone away: He look'd at me with such Respect and Solemnness at Parting, that Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Why, Madam, I believe our young Parson is half in Love with you—Ah! Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, he knows better. Said she, (I believe to sound me) Why I can't see you can either of you do better; and I have lately been so touch'd for you, seeing how heavily you apprehend Dishonour from my Master, that I think it is Pity you should not have Mr. *Williams*.

I knew this must be a Fetch of hers, because, instead of being troubled for me, she had watched me closer, and him too; and so I said, There is not the Man living, that I desire to marry; if I can but keep myself honest, it is all my Desire; and to be a Comfort and Assistance to my poor Parents, if it should be my happy Lot to be so, is the very Top of my Ambition. Well, but, said she, I have been thinking very seriously, that Mr. *Williams* would make you a good Husband, and as he will owe all his Fortune to my Master, he will be very glad, to be sure, to be oblig'd to him for a Wife of his chusing: Especially, said she, such a pretty one, and one so ingenious and genteelly educated.

This gave me a Doubt, whether she knew of my Master's Intimation of that sort formerly; and I asked her, if she had Reason to surmize, that that was in View? No, she said; it was only her own Thought; but it was very likely that my Master had either that in View, or something better for me. But, if I approv'd of it, she would propose such a thing to her Master directly; and gave a detestable Hint, that I might take Resolutions upon it, of bringing such an Affair to Effect. I told her, I abhor'd her Insinuation; and as to Mr. *Williams*, I thought him a civil good sort of Man; but as on one side, he was above me; so on the other, of all Things, I did not love a Parson. So finding she could make nothing of me, she quitted the Subject.

I will open his Letter by—and-by, and give you the Contents of it; for she is up and down, so much, that I am afraid of her catching me.

Well, I see Providence has not abandon'd me. I shall be under no Necessity to make Advances to Mr. *Williams*, if I was, as I am sure I am not, dispos'd to it. This is his Letter.

I Know not how to express myself, lest I should appear to you to have a selfish View in the Service I would do you. But I really know but one effectual and honourable Way to disengage yourself, from the dangerous Situation you are in. It is that of Marriage with some Person that you could make happy in your Approbation. As for my own part, it would be, as Things stand, my apparent Ruin; and, worse still, I should involve you in Misery too. But yet, so great is my Veneration for you, and so intire my Reliance in Providence, on so just an Occasion, that I should think myself but too happy, if I might be accepted. I would, in this Case, forego all my Expectations, and be your Conductor to some safe Distance. But why do I say, *in this Case*? That I will do, whether you think fit to reward me so eminently or not. And I will, the Moment I hear of the 'Squire's setting out, (and I think now I have settled a very good Method of Intelligence of all his Motions) get the Horse ready, and myself to conduct you. I refer myself wholly to your Goodness and Direction, and am, with the highest Respect,

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

*'Your most faithful humble Servant.'*

'Don't think this a sudden Resolution. I always admir'd your hear-say Character; and the Moment I saw you, wish'd to serve so much Excellence.'

What shall I say, my dear Father and Mother, to this unexpected Declaration? I want now more than ever your Blessing and Direction. But after all, I have no Mind to marry. I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a Man who begs from Door to Door, and has no Home nor Being, rather than indanger my Honesty. Yet, I cannot, methinks, hear of being a Wife. —After a thousand different Thoughts, I wrote as follows.

*Reverend Sir,* I am much confused at the Contents of your last. You are much too generous, and I can't bear you should risque all your future Prospects for so unworthy a Creature. I cannot think of your Offer without equal Concern and Gratitude; for nothing but to avoid my utter Ruin can make me think of a Change of Condition; and so, Sir, you ought not to accept of such an involuntary Compliance, as mine would be, were I, upon the last Necessity, to yield to your very generous Proposal. I will rely wholly upon your Goodness to me, in assisting my Escape; but shall not, on your account principally, think of the Honour you propose for me, at present; and never, but at the Pleasure of my Parents, who, poor as they are, in such a weighty Point, are as much intitled to my Obedience and Duty, as if they were ever so rich. I beg you therefore, Sir, not to think of any thing from me, but everlasting Gratitude, which will always bind me to be

*'Your most obliged Servant.'*

**THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,**

*the 14th, 15th and 16th of my Bondage.*

Mrs. *Jewkes* has received a Letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. *Williams* too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not one in Answer to mine to my Master. I suppose I press'd the Matter too home to him; and he is angry. I am not the more pleas'd for her Civility; for she is horrid cunning, and is not a bit less watchful. I laid a Trap to get at her Instructions, which she carries in the Bosom of her Stays, but it has not succeeded.

My last Letter is come safe to Mr. *Williams*, by the old Conveyance, so that is not suspected. He has intimated, that tho' I have not come so readily as he hop'd into his Scheme, yet his Diligence shall not be slacken'd, and he will leave it to Providence and myself, to dispose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has signify'd to me, that he shall soon send a special Messenger with the Pacquet to you, and I have added to it what has occur'd since.

**SUNDAY.**

I am just now quite astonish'd! —I hope all is right! —But I have a strange Turn to acquaint you with. Mr. *Williams* and Mrs. *Jewkes* came to me both together; he in Ecstacies, she with a strange fluttering sort of Air. Well, said she, Mrs. *Pamela*, I give you Joy! I give you Joy! —Let nobody speak but me! Then she sat down, as out of Breath, puffing and blowing. Why every thing turns as I said it would, said she! Why there is to be a Match between you and Mr. *Williams*! Well, I always thought it. Never was so good a Master! Go to, go to, naughty mistrustful Mrs. *Pamela*, nay, Mrs. *Williams*, said the forward Creature, I may as good as call you, you ought on your Knees to beg his Pardon a thousand times for mistrusting him.

She was going on; but I said, Don't torture me thus, I beseech you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Let me know all!—Ah! Mr. *Williams*, said I, take care, take care! —Mistrustful again, said she! why, Mr. *Williams*, shew her your Letter; and I will shew her mine: They were brought by the same Hand.

I trembled at the Thoughts of what this might mean; and said, You have so surpriz'd me, that I cannot stand, nor hear, nor read! Why did you come up in such a manner to attack such weak Spirits? Said he, to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Shall we leave our Letters with Mrs. *Pamela*, and let her recover from her Surprise? Ay, said she, with all my Heart; here is nothing but flaming Honour and Good-will! And so saying, they left me their Letters, and withdrew.

My Heart was quite sick with the Surprise; so that I could not presently read them, notwithstanding my Impatience; but after a while, recovering, I found the Contents thus strange and wonderful.

Mr. *Williams*, The Death of Mr. *Fownes* has now given me the Opportunity I have long wanted to make you happy, and that in a double respect. For I shall soon put you in Possession of his Living, and, if you have the Art of making yourself well receiv'd, of one of the loveliest Wives in *England*. She has not been used (as she has reason to think) according to her Merit; but when she finds herself under the Protection of a Man of Virtue and Probity, and a happy Competency to support Life in the manner to which she has been of late Years accusom'd, I am persuaded she will forgive those seeming Hardships which have pav'd the Way to so happy a Lot, as I hope it will be to you both. I have only to account for and excuse the odd Conduct I have been guilty of, which I shall do, when I see you: But as I shall soon set out for *London*, I believe it will not be yet this Month. Mean time, if you can prevail with *Pamela*, you need not suspend for that your mutual Happiness; only, let me have Notice of it first, and that she approves of it; which ought to be, in so material a Point, intirely at her Option, as I assure you, on the other hand, I would have it on yours, that nothing may be wanting to complete your Happiness. I am  
*Your humble Servant.*

Was ever the like heard! —Lie still, my throbbing Heart, divided, as thou art, between thy Hopes and thy Fears! —But this is the Letter Mrs. *Jewkes* left with me.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, You have been very careful and diligent in the Task, which, for Reasons I shall hereafter explain, I had impos'd upon you. Your Trouble is now almost at an End; for I have wrote my Intentions to Mr. *Williams* so particularly, that I need say the less here, because he will not scruple, I believe, to let you know the Contents of my Letter. I have only one Thing to mention, that if you find what I have hinted to him in the least measure disagreeable to either, that you assure them both that they are at intire Liberty to pursue their own Inclinations. I hope you continue your Civilities to the mistrustful, uneasy *Pamela*, who now will begin to think better of hers and

*Your Friend, &c.'*

I had hardly time to transcribe these Letters, tho' writing so much, I write pretty fast, before they both came up again, in high Spirits; and Mr. *Williams* said, I am glad at my Heart, Madam, that I was *before-hand* in my Declarations to you: This generous Letter has made me the happiest Man on Earth; and, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you may be sure, that I can procure this Fair-one's Consent, I shall think myself —I interrupted the good Man, and said, Ah! Mr. *Williams*, take care, take care; don't let— There I stopt, and Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Still mistrustful! —I never saw the like in my Life! —But I see, said she, I was not wrong while my old Orders lasted, to be wary of you both. —I should have had a hard Task to prevent you, I find; for, as the Saying is, *Nought can restrain Consent of Twain*.

I doubted not her taking hold of his joyful Indiscretion. —I took her Letter, and said, Here, Mrs. *Jewkes*, is

yours; I thank you for it; but I have been so long in a Maze, that I can say nothing of this for the present. Time will bring all to Light. — Sir, said I, here is yours: May every thing turn to your Happiness! I give you Joy of my Master's Goodness in the Living—It will be *dying*, said he, not a *Living*, without you. —Forbear, Sir, said I: While I've a Father and Mother, I am not my own Mistress, poor as they are: And I'll see myself quite at Liberty before I shall think myself fit to make a Choice.

Mrs. *Jewkes* held up her Eyes and Hands, and said, Such Art, such Caution, such Cunning for thy Years! —Well! —Why, said I, (that he might be more on his Guard, tho' I hope there cannot be Deceit in this; 'twould be strange Villainy, and that is a hard Word, if there should!) I have been so used to be made a Fool of by Fortune, that I hardly can tell how to govern myself; and am almost an Infidel as to Mankind. —But I hope, I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you shall regulate my Opinions as you please, and I will consult you in every thing—(that I think proper, said I to myself)—for to be sure, tho' I may forgive her, I can never love her.

She left Mr. *Williams* and me, a few Minutes, together; and I said, Consider, Sir, consider what you have done. 'Tis impossible, said he, there can be Deceit. I hope so, said I; but what Necessity was there for you to talk of your *former* Declaration? Let this be as it will, that could do no Good, especially before this Woman. Forgive me, Sir; they talk of Womens Promptness of Speech; but indeed I see an honest Heart is not always to be trusted with itself in bad Company.

He was going to reply; but, tho' her Task is said to be ALMOST (I took Notice of that Word) at an End, she came up to us again; and said, Well, I had a good mind to shew you the way to Church tomorrow. I was glad of this, because, tho', in my present doubtful Situation, I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encourag'd her Proposal, to be able to judge by her being in Earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. *Williams* again indiscreetly help'd her to an Excuse; by saying, that it was now best to defer it one *Sunday*, and till Matters were riper for my Appearance; and she readily took hold of it.

After all, I hope the best; but if this should turn out to be a Plot, I fear nothing but a Miracle can save me. But, sure the Heart of Man is not capable of such black Deceit. Besides, Mr. *Williams* has it under his own Hand, and he dare not but be in Earnest; and then again, tho' to be sure he has been very wrong to me, yet his Education, and Parents Example, have neither of them taught him such very black Contrivances. So I will hope for the best!—

Mr. *Williams*, Mrs. *Jewkes* and I, have been all three walking together in the Garden; and she pull'd out her Key, and we walk'd a little in the Pasture to look at the Bull, an ugly, grim, surly Creature, that hurt the poor Cook-maid, who is got pretty well again. Mr. *Williams* pointed at the Sun-flower, but I was forc'd to be very reserved to him; for the poor Gentleman has no Guard, no Caution at all.

We have just supp'd together, all three; and I cannot yet think but all must be right. —Only I am resolv'd not to marry, if I can help it; and I will give no Encouragement, I am resolv'd, at least, till I am with you.

Mr. *Williams* said, before Mrs. *Jewkes*, he would send a Messenger with a Letter to my Father and Mother! —I think the Man has no Discretion in the World: But I desire you will give no Answer till I have the Pleasure and Happiness, which now I hope for soon, of seeing you. He will, in sending my Pacquet, send a most tedious Parcel of Stuff, of my *Oppressions*, my *Distresses*, my *Fears*; and so I will send this with it (for Mrs. *Jewkes* gives me Leave to send a Letter to my Father, which looks well); and I am glad I can conclude, after all my Sufferings, with my *Hopes*, to be soon with you, which I know will give you Comfort; and so I rest, begging the Continuance of your Prayers, and Blessings,

*Your ever dutiful Daughter.*

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Have so much Time upon my Hands, that I must write on to employ myself. The *Sunday Evening*, where I left off, Mrs. *Jewkes* asked me, If I chose to lie by myself? I said, Yes, with all my Heart, if she pleased. Well, said she, after tonight you shall. I ask'd her for more Paper, and she gave me a little Bottle of Ink, eight Sheets of Paper, which she said was all her Store, (for now she would get me to write for her to our Master, if she had Occasion) and six Pens, with a Piece of Sealingwax. This looks mighty well!

She press'd me, when she came to Bed, very much, to give Encouragement to Mr. *Williams*, and said many Things in his Behalf; and blam'd my Shyness to him, &c. I told her, I was resolv'd to give no Encouragement till I had talk'd to my Father and Mother. She said, she fancy'd I thought of somebody else, or I could never be so insensible. I assur'd her, as I could do very safely, that there was not a Man on Earth I wish'd to have; and, as to Mr. *Williams*, he might do better by far, and I had proposed so much Happiness in living with my poor Father and Mother, that I could not think of any Scheme of Life, with Pleasure, till I had try'd that. I ask'd her for my Money; and she said it was above in her strong Box, but that I shall have it to-morrow. All these Things look well, as I said.

Mr. *Williams* would go home this Night, tho' late, because he would dispatch a Messenger to you with a Letter he had propos'd from himself, and my Pacquet. But pray don't encourage him, as I said; for he is much too heady and precipitate as to this Matter, in my way of thinking; tho', to be sure, he is a very good Man, and I am much oblig'd to him.

## MONDAY Morning.

Alas—a—day! we have bad News from poor Mr. *Williams*. He has had a sad Mischance; fallen among Rogues in his Way home last Night; but by good Chance has sav'd my Papers. This is the Account he gives of it to Mrs. *Jewkes*.

'Good Mrs. *Jewkes*, I Have had a sore Misfortune in going from you; when I had got as near the Town as the Dam, and was going to cross the Wooden—bridge, two Fellows got hold of me, and swore bitterly they would kill me, if I did not give them what I had. They romag'd my Pockets, and took from me my Snuff—Box, my Seal—ring, and Half a Guinea, and some Silver, and Half—pence; also my Handkerchief, and two or three Letters I had in my Pocket. By good Fortune the Letter Mrs. *Pamela* gave me was in my Bosom, and so that escap'd; but they bruis'd my Head, and Face, and cursing me for having no more Money, tipt me into the Dam, Crying, Lie there, Parson, till to—morrow! My Shins and Knees were bruis'd much in the Fall against one of the Stumps; and I had like to have been suffocated in Water and Mud. To be sure, I shan't be able to stir out this Day or two. For I am a fearful Spectacle! My Hat and Wig I was forc'd to leave behind me, and go home a Mile and a Half without; but they were found next Morning, and brought me, with my Snuffbox, which the Rogues must have dropt. My Cassock is sadly torn, as is my Band. To be sure, I was much frighted; for a Robbery in these Parts has not been known many Years. Diligent Search is making after the Rogues. My humblest Respects to good Mrs. *Pamela*. If she pities my Misfortunes, I shall be the sooner well, and fit to wait on her and you. This did not hinder me in writing a Letter, tho' with great Pain, as I do this;' *To be sure this good Man can keep no Secret!* and sending it away by a Man and Horse, this Morning. I am, good Mrs. *Jewkes*,

*Your most obliged humble Servant.*

'God be prais'd it is no worse! and I find I have got no Cold, tho' miserably wet from Top to Toe. My Fright, I believe, prevented me catching Cold; for I was not rightly myself for some Hours, and know not how I got home. I will write a Letter of Thanks this Night, if I am able, to my kind Patron for his inestimable Goodness to me. I wish I was enabled to say all I hope, with regard to the *better Part* of his Bounty to me, incomparable Mrs. *Pamela*.'

The wicked Brute fell a laughing when she had read this Letter, till her sat Sides shook; said she, I can but think how the poor Parson look'd, after parting with his pretty Mistress in such high Spirits, when he found himself at the Bottom of the Dam! And what a Figure he must cut in his tatter'd Band and Cassock, and without Hat and Wig, when he got home. I warrant, said she, he was in a sweet Pickle! —I said, I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a Misfortune: But she said, As he was safe, she laughed; otherwise she should have been sorry: And she was glad to see me so concern'd for him — It look'd *promising*, she said.

I heeded not her Reflection; but as I have been used to Causes for Mistrusts, I cannot help saying, that I don't like this thing: And their taking his Letters most alarms me. —How happy it was, they miss'd my Pacquet! I know not what to think of it! —But why should I let every Accident break my Peace? But yet it will do so while I stay here.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is mightily at me, to go with her in the Chariot, to visit Mr. *Williams*. She is so officious to bring on the Affair between us, that being a cunning, artful Woman, I know not what to make of it: I have refused her absolutely; urging, that except I intended to encourage his Suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

I have strange Temptations to get away in her Absence, for all these fine Appearances. 'Tis sad to have no body to advise with! —I know not what to do. But, alas for me! I have no Money, if I should, to buy any body's Civilities, or to pay for Necessaries or Lodging. But I'll go into the Garden, and resolve afterwards.—

I have been in the Garden, and to the Back—door; and there I stood, my Heart up at my Mouth. I could not see I was watch'd; so this looks well. But if any thing should go bad after wards, I should never forgive myself, for not taking this Opportunity. Well, I will go down again, and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the Back—door in the Pasture.

To be sure, there is Witchcraft in this House; and I believe *Lucifer* is bribed, as well as all about me, and is got into the Shape of that nasty grim Bull, to watch me! —For I have been down again; and ventur'd to open the

Door, and went out about a Bow—shoot into the Pasture; but there stood that horrid Bull, staring me full in the Face, with fiery Saucer Eyes, as I thought. So, I got in again; for fear he should come at me. Nobody saw me, however. —Do you think there are such things as Witches and Spirits? if there be, I believe in my Heart, Mrs. *Jewkes* has got this Bull of her Side. But yet, what could I do without Money or a Friend? —O this wicked Woman! to trick me so! Every thing, Man, Woman and Beast, is in a Plot against your poor *Pamela*, I think! —Then I know not one Step of the Way, nor how far to any House or Cottage; and whether I could gain Protection, if I got to a House: And now the Robbers are abroad too, I may run into as great Danger, as I want to escape from; nay, greater much, if these promising Appearances hold: And sure my Master cannot be so black as that they should not! —What can I do? —I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken; and it will be worse for me; and this wicked Woman, will beat me, and take my Shoes away, and lock me up.

But after all, if my Master should mean *well*, he can't be angry at my Fears, if I should escape; and nobody can blame me; and I can more easily be induced with you, when all my Apprehensions are over, to consider his Proposal of Mr. *Williams*, than I could here; and he pretends he will leave me at my Choice: Why then should I be afraid? I will go down again, I think! But yet my Heart misgives me, because of the Difficulties before me, in escapeing; and being so poor and so friendless! —O good God! the Preserver of the Innocent! direct me what to do! —Well, I have just now a sort of strange Persuasion upon me, that I ought to try to get away, and leave the Issue to Providence. So, once more! —I'll see, at least, if this Bull be still there!

Alack—a—day! what a Fate is this! I have not the Courage to go, neither can I think to stay. But I must resolve. The Gardener was in Sight last time! so made me come up again. But I'll contrive to send him out of the way, if I can! —For if I never should have such another Opportunity, I could not forgive myself. Once more I'll venture. God direct my Footsteps, and make smooth my Path and my Way to Safety!

Well, here I am, come back again! frightened like a Fool, out of all my Purposes! O how terrible every thing appears to me! I had got twice as far again, as I was before, out of the Back—door; and I looked, and saw the Bull, as I thought, between me and the Door; and another Bull coming towards me the other way: Well, thought I, here is double Witchcraft, to be sure! Here is the Spirit of my Master in one Bull; and Mrs. *Jewkes's* in the other; and now I am gone, to be sure! O help! cry'd I, like a Fool, and run back to the Door, as swift as if I flew. When I had got the Door in my Hand, I ventur'd to look back, to see if these supposed Bulls were coming; and I saw they were only two poor Cows, a grazing in distant Places, that my Fears had made all this Rout about. But as every thing is so frightful to me, I find I am not fit to think of my Escape: For I shall be as much frightened at the first strange Man that I meet with. And I am persuaded, that Fear brings one into more Dangers, than the Caution, that goes along with it, delivers one from.

I then locked the Door, and put the Key in my Pocket, and was in a sad Quandary; but I was soon determin'd; for the Maid *Nan* came in Sight, and asked, If any thing was the matter, that I was so often up and down Stairs? God forgive me; but I had a sad Lye at my Tongue's End; said I, Tho' Mrs. *Jewkes* is sometimes a little hard upon me, yet I know not where I am without her: I go up, and I come down to walk about in the Garden; and not having her, know scarcely what to do with myself. Ay, said the Idiot, she is main good Company, Madam; no wonder you miss her.

So here I am again; and here likely to be; for I have no Courage to help myself any—where else. O why are poor foolish Maidens try'd with such Dangers, when they have such weak Minds to grapple with them! —I will, since it is so, hope the best: But yet I cannot but observe how grievously every thing makes against me: For here are the Robbers; tho' I fell not into their Hands myself, yet they gave me as much Terror, and had as great an Effect upon my Fears, as if I had: And here is the Bull; it has as effectually frighten'd me, as if I had been hurt by it instead of the Cook—maid; and so they join'd together, as I may say, to make a very Dastard of me. But my Folly was the worst of all; for that depriv'd me of my Money; for had I had that, I believe I should have ventur'd the other Two.

**MONDAY Afternoon.**

So, Mrs. *Jewkes* is returned from her Visit: Well, said she, I would have you set your Heart at Rest; for Mr. *Williams* will do very well again. He is not half so badly off as he fancy'd. O these Scholars, said she, they have not the Hearts of Mice! He has only a few Scratches on his Face; which, said she, I suppose he got by grabbling among the Gravel, at the Bottom of the Dam, to try to find a Hole in the Ground, to hide himself from the Robbers. His Shin and his Knee are hardly to be seen to ail any thing. He says in his Letter, he was a frightful Spectacle: He might be so indeed, when he first came in a-doors; but he looks well enough now; and, only for a few Groans now—and—then, when he thinks of his Danger, I see nothing is the matter with him. So, Mrs. *Pamela*; said she, I would have you be very easy about it. I am glad of it, said I, for all your Jokes, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

Well, said she, he talks of nothing but you; and when I told him, I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the Man was out of his Wits with his Gratitude to me; and so has laid open all his Heart to me, and told me all that has passed, and was contriving between you two. This alarm'd me prodigiously; and the rather, as I saw, by two or three Instances, that his honest Heart could keep nothing, believing every one as undesigning as himself. I said, but yet with a heavy Heart, Ah, Mrs. *Jewkes*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, this might have done with me, had he had any thing that he could have told you of! But you know well enough, that had we been disposed, we had no Opportunity for it, from your watchful Care and Circumspection. No, said she, that's very , Mrs. *Pamela*; not so much as for that Declaration that he own'd before me, he had found Opportunity, for all my Watchfulness, to make you. Come, come, said she, no more of these Shams with me! You have an excellent Headpiece for your Years; but may—be I am as cunning as you—However, said she, all is well now; because my *Watchments* are now over, by my Master's Direction. How have you employ'd yourself in my Absence?

I was so troubled at what might have passed between Mr. *Williams* and her, that I could not hide it. And she said, Well, Mrs. *Pamela*, since all Matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concern'd at his Discoveries; and make me your Confident, as *he* has done, and I shall think you have some Favour for me, and Reliance upon me; and perhaps you might not repent it.

She was so earnest, that I mistrusted she did this to pump me; and I knew how, now, to account for her Kindness to Mr. *Williams*, in her Visit to him; which was only to get out of him what she could. Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, is all this fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there be an End of your *Watchments*, as you call them? Nothing, said she, but Womanish Curiosity, I'll assure you; for one is naturally led to find out Matters, where there is such Privacy intended. Well, said I, pray let me know what he has said; and then I'll give you an Answer to your Curiosity. I don't care, said she, whether you do or not; for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you any thing you han't a mind I should know, my little cunning Dear. —Well, said I, let him have said what he would, I care not; for I am sure he can say no Harm of me; and so let us change the Talk.

I was the easier indeed; because, for all her Pumps, she gave no Hints of the Key and the Door, &c. which had he communicated to her, she would not have forborn giving me a Touch of. —And so we gave up one another, as despairing to gain our Ends of each other. But I am sure he must have said more than he should. —And I am the more apprehensive all is not right, because she has now been actually, these two Hours, shut up a-writing; tho' she pretended she had given me up all her Stores of Paper, &c. and that I should write for her. I begin to wish I had ventur'd every thing, and gone off, when I might. O when will this State of Doubt and Uneasiness end!

She has just been with me, and says she shall send a Messenger to *Bedfordshire*; and he shall carry a Letter of Thanks for me, if I will write it, for my Master's Favour to me. Indeed, said I, I have no Thanks to give, till I am with my Father and Mother: And besides, I sent a Letter, as you know; but have had no Answer to it. She said, she thought that his Letter was sufficient to Mr. *Williams*; and the least I could do, was to thank him, if but in two Lines. No need of it, said I; for I don't intend to have Mr. *Williams*: What then is that Letter to me? — Well, said she, I see thou art quite unfathomable!

I don't like all this. O my foolish Fears of Bulls and Robbers! —For now all my Uneasiness begins to double upon me. O what has this uncautions Man said? That, no doubt, is the Subject of her long Letter.

I will close this Day's writing, with just saying, that she is mighty silent and reserved, to what she was, and

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says nothing but No, or Yes, to what I ask. Something must be hatching, I doubt! —I the rather think so, because I find she does not keep her word with me, about lying by myself, and my Money; to both which Points, she return'd suspicious Answers, saying, as to the one, Why you are mighty earnest for your Money: I shan't run away with it: And to the other, Good lack! you need not be so willing, as I know of, to part with me for a Bedfellow, till you are sure of one you *like better*. This cut me to the Heart! —And at the same time stopt my Mouth.

**TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.**

Mr. *Williams* has been here; but we have had no Opportunity to talk together: He seem'd confounded at Mrs. *Jewkes's* Change of Temper, and Reservedness, after her kind Visit, and their Freedom with one another, and much more at what I am going to tell you. He asked, if I would take a Turn in the Garden with Mrs. *Jewkes* and him. No, said she, I can't go. Said he, May not Mrs. *Pamela* take a Walk? —No, said she; I desire she, won't. Why, said he, Mrs. *Jewkes*? I am afraid I have some—how disobliged you. Not at all, said she; but I suppose you will soon be at Liberty to walk together as much as you please: And I have sent a Messenger for my last Instructions, about *this* and *more* weighty Matters; and when they come, I shall leave you to do as you both will; but till then, it is no matter how little you are together. This alarm'd us both; and he seem'd quite struck of a Heap, and put on, as I thought, a self-accusing Countenance. So I went behind her Back, and held my two Hands together, flat, with a Bit of Paper, I had, between them, and looked at him; and he seemed to take me, as I intended, intimating the renewing of the Correspondence by the Tiles.

So I left them both together, and retired to my Closet, to write a Letter for the Tiles; but having no Time for a Copy, I will give you the Substance only.

I expostulated with him on his too great Openness and Easiness to fall into Mrs. *Jewkes's* Snares; told him my Apprehensions of foul Play; and gave briefly the Reasons which moved me: Begg'd to know what he had said; and intimated; that I thought there was the highest Reason to resume our Project of the Escape by the Back-door. I put this in the usual Place, in the Evening, and now wait with Impatience for an Answer.

**THURSDAY.**

I Have the following Answer:

*'Dearest Madam,* I am utterly confounded, and must plead guilty to all your just Reproaches. O that I was Master of half your Caution and Discretion! I hope, after all, this is only a Touch of this ill Woman's Temper, to shew her Power and Importance: For I think Mr. *B.* neither can nor dare deceive me in so black a manner. I would expose him all the World over, if he did. But it is not, cannot be in him. I have received a Letter from *John Arnold;* in which he tells me, that the 'Squire is preparing for his *London* Journey; and *believes, afterwards, he will come into these* Parts. But he says, *Lady Davers* is at their House, and is to accompany her Brother to *London,* or meet him there, he knows not which. He professes great Zeal and Affection to your Service. But I find he refers to a Letter he sent me before, but which is not come to my Hand. I think there can be no Treachery; for it is a particular Friend at *Gainsborough,* that I have order'd him to direct to; and this is come safe to my Hands by this means; for well I know, I durst trust nothing to *Brett,* at the Post-house here. This gives me a little Pain; but I hope all will end well, and we shall soon hear, if it be necessary to pursue our former Intentions. If it be, I will lose no Time to provide a Horse for you, and another for myself; for I can never do either God or myself better Service, tho' I were to forego all my Expectations for it here. I am

*Your most faithful humble Servant.*

I was too free indeed with Mrs. *Jewkes,* led' to it by her Dissimulation, and by her Concern to make me happy with you. I hinted, that I would not have scrupled to have procured your Deliverance by any means; and that I had proposed to you, as the only honourable one, Marriage with me. But I assured her, tho' she would hardly believe me, that you discouraged my Application. Which is too ! But not a Word of the Back-door, Key, &c.'

Mrs. *Jewkes* continues still sullen and ill-natur'd; and I am afraid, almost, to speak to her. She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her Company as I do.

I have just put under the Tiles these Lines; inspired by my Fears, which are indeed very strong; and, I doubt, not without Reason.

*'Sir,* Every thing gives me additional. Disturbance. The miss'd Letter of *John Arnold's* makes me suspect a Plot. Yet am I loth to think myself of so much Importance, as to suppose every one in a Plot against me. Are you sure, however, the *London* Journey is not to be a *Lincolnshire* one? May not *John,* who has been once a Traitor, be so again? —Why need I be thus in doubt? —If I could have this Horse, I would turn the Reins on his Neck, and trust to Providence to guide him for my Safeguard! For I would not indanger you, now just upon the Edge of your Preferment. Yet, Sir, I fear your fatal Openness will make you suspected as accessory, let us be ever so cautious.

'Were my Life in question, instead of my Honesty, I would not wish to involve you, or any body, in the least Difficulty for so worthless a poor Creature. But, O Sir! my Soul is of equal Importance with the Soul of a Princess; though my Quality is inferior to that of the meanest Slave.

'Save then, my Innocence, good God, and preserve my Mind spotless; and happy shall I be to lay down my worthless Life, and see an End to all my Troubles and Anxieties!

'Forgive my Impatience: But my presaging Mind bodes horrid Mischiefs! —Every thing looks dark around me; and this Woman's impenetrable Sullenness and Silence, without any apparent Reason, from a Conduct so very contrary, bids me fear the worst. —Blame me, Sir, if you think me wrong; and let me have your Advice what to do; which will oblige

*'Your most afflicted Servant.'*

**FRIDAY.**

I have this half-angry Answer; but, what is more to me than all the Letters in the World could be, yours, my dear Father, inclosed.

'*Madam*, I Think you are too apprehensive by much. I am sorry for your Uneasiness. You may depend upon me, and all I can do. But I make no doubt of the *London* Journey, nor of *John's* Contrition and Fidelity. I have just received, from my *Gainsborough* Friend, this Letter, as I suppose, from your good Father, in a Cover, as directed for me, as I had desired. I hope it contains nothing to add to your Uneasiness. Pray, dearest *Madam*, lay aside your Fears, and wait a few Days for the Issue of *Mrs. Jewkes's* Letter, and mine of Thanks to the 'Squire. Things, I hope, must be better than you expect. God Almighty will not desert such Piety and Innocence; and be this your Comfort and Reliance. Which is the best Advice that can at present be given, by

*'Your most faithful humble Servant.'*

*N.B.* The Father's Letter was as follows:

*'My dearest Daughter*, God has at length heard our Prayers, and we are overwhelmed with his Goodness. O what Sufferings, what Trials hast thou gone thro'! and, blessed be God, who enabled thee, what Temptations hast thou withstood! We have not yet had Leisure to read thro' your long Accounts of all your Hardships. I say *long*, because I wonder how you could find Time and Opportunity for them; but otherwise, they are the Delight of our spare Hours; and we shall read them over and over, as long as we live, with Thankfulness to God, who has given us so virtuous and so discreet a Daughter. How happy is our Lot, in the midst of our Poverty! O let none ever think Children a Burden to them; when the poorest Circumstances can produce so much Riches in a *Pamela!* Persist, my dear Daughter, in the same excellent Courfe; and we shall not envy the highest Estate, but defy them to produce such a Daughter as ours.

I said, we had not read thro' all yours in Course. We were too impatient, and so turn'd to the End; where we find your Virtue within View of its Reward; and your Master's Heart turn'd to see the Folly of his Ways, and the Injury he had intended to our dear Child. For, to be sure, my Dear, he would have ruin'd you, if he could. But seeing your Virtue, God has touched his Heart; and he has, no doubt, been edisied by your good Example.

'We don't see that you can do any way so well, as to come into the present Proposal, and make Mr. *Williams*, the worthy Mr. *Williams*, God bless him! —happy. And tho' we are poor, and can add no Merit, no Reputation, no Fortune to our dear Child, but rather must be a Disgrace to her, as the World will think; yet I hope I do not sin in my Pride, to say, that there is no good Man, of a common Degree (especially as your late Lady's Kindness gave you such good Opportunities, which, by God's Grace, you have so well improv'd) but may think himself happy in you. But, as you say, you had rather *not* marry at present, far be it from us to offer Violence to your Inclinations: So much Prudence as you have shewn in all your Conduct, would make it very wrong in us to mistrust it in this, or to offer to direct you in your Choice. But, alas! my Child, what can we do for you? —To partake our hard Lot, and involve yourself into as hard a Life, would not help us; but add to our Afflictions. But it is time enough to talk of these things, when we have the Pleasure you now put us in Hope of, of seeing you with us; which God grant.

*Amen, Amen*, say

*'Your most indulgent Parexts, Amen!*

'Our humblest Service and Thanks to the worthy Mr. *Williams*. Again, we say, God bless him for ever!

'O what a deal have we to say to you! God give us a happy Meeting! We understand the 'Squire is setting out for *London*. He is a fine Gentleman, and has Wit at Will: I wish he was as good. But I hope he will now reform.'

O what inexpressible Comfort, my dear Father, has your Letter given me. You ask, What can you do for me! —What is it you cannot do for your Child! —You can give her the Advice she has so much wanted, and still wants, and will always want; you can confirm her in the Paths of Virtue, into which you first initiated her; and you can pray for her, with Hearts so sincere and pure, that are not to be met with in Palaces! —Oh! how I long to throw myself at your Feet, and receive, from your own Lips, the Blessings of such good Parents! —But, alas! how are my Prospects again over-clouded to what they were when I closed my last Parcel! —More Trials, more Dangers, I fear, must your poor *Pamela* be engaged in: But thro' God's Goodness, and your Prayers, I hope, at

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last, to get well out of all my Difficulties; and the rather, as they are not the Effect of my own Vanity or Presumption!

But I will proceed with my hopeless Story. I saw Mr. *Williams* was a little nettled at my Impatience; and so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and directed by him; especially as my Father, whose Respects I mentioned, had assured me, my Master was setting out for *London*; which he must have some-how from his own Family, or he would not have written me word of it.

**SATURDAY, SUNDAY.**

Mr. *Williams* has been here both these Days, as usual; but is very indifferently received still by Mrs. *Jewkes*; and, to avoid Suspicion, I left them together, and went up to my Closet, most of the Time he was here. He and she, I found by her, had a Quarrel; and she seems quite out of Humour with him; but I thought it best not to say any thing. And he said, he would very little trouble the House, till he had an Answer to his Letter from the 'Squire. And she return'd, The less, the better. Poor Man! he has got but little by his Openness, and making Mrs. *Jewkes* his Confident, as she bragged, and would have had me to do likewise. I am more and more satisfied there is Mischief brewing, and shall begin to hide my Papers, and be circumspect. She seems mighty impatient for an Answer to her Letter to my Master.

**MONDAY, TUESDAY,**

*the 25th and 26th Days of my heavy Restraint.*

Still more and more strange things to write. A Messenger is return'd, and now all is out! O wretched, wretched *Pamela!* What, at last, will become of me! —Such strange Turns and Trials sure never poor Creature of my Years, experienced. He brought two Letters, one to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and one to me: But as the greatest Wits may be sometimes mistaken, they being folded and sealed alike, that for me, was directed to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and that for her, was directed to me. But both are stark naught, abominably bad! She brought me up that directed for me, and said, Here's a Letter for you: Long look'd—for is come at last. I will ask the Messenger a few Questions, and then I will read mine. So she went down, and I broke it open in my Closet, and found it directed, *To Mrs. Pamela Andrews*. But when I open'd it, it began, Mrs. *Jewkes*. I was quite confounded; but, thinks I, this may be a lucky Mistake; I may discover something And so I read on these horrid Contents:

'Mrs. *Jewkes*, What you write me, has given me no small Disturbance. This wretched *Fool's Plaything*, no doubt, is ready to leap at any thing that offers, rather than express the least Sense of Gratitude for all the Benefits she has received from my Family, and which I was determin'd more and more to heap upon her. I reserve her for my future Resentment; and I charge you double your Diligence in watching her, to prevent her Escape. I send this by an honest *Swiss*, who attended me in my Travels; a Man I can trust; and so let him be your Assistant: For the *artful Creature* is enough to corrupt a Nation by her seeming Innocence and Simplicity; and she may have got a Party, perhaps, among my Servants with you, as she has here. Even *John Arnold*, whom I confided in, and favour'd more than any, has proved an execrable Villain; and shall meet his Reward for it.

'As to that *College Novice Williams*, I need not bid you take care he sees not this *painted Bauble*; for I have order'd Mr. *Shorter*, my Attorney, to throw him instantly into Gaol, on an Action of Debt, for Money he has had of me, which I had intended never to carry to account against him; for I know all his rascally Practices; besides what you write me of his perfidious Intrigue with that Girl, and his acknowledged Contrivances for her Escape; when he knew not, for certain, that I design'd her any Mischief; and when, if he had been guided by a Sense of Piety, or Compassion for injured Innocence, as he pretends, he would have expostulated with me, as his Function, and my Friendship for him, might have allow'd him. But to enter into a vile Intrigue! charm'd, like a godly Sensualist, with the *amiable Gewgaw!* to favour her Escape in so base a manner, (to say nothing of his disgraceful Practices against me, in Sir *Simon Darnford's* Family; of which Sir *Simon* himself has inform'd me) is a Conduct that, instead of preferring the ingratesul Wretch, as I had intended, shall pull down upon him utter Ruin.

'Monsieur *Colbrand*, my trusty *Swiss*, will obey you without Reserve, if my other Servants refuse.

'As for her denying that she encouraged his Declaration, I believe it not. 'Tis certain the *speaking Picture*, with all that pretended Innocence and Softness of Heart, would have run away with him. Yes, she would have run away with a Fellow that she had been acquainted with (and that not intimately, if you was as careful as you ought to be) but few Days; at a time, when she had the strongest Assurances of my Honour to her.

'Well, I think I now *hate her* perfectly; and tho' I will do nothing to her *myself*, yet I can bear, for the sake of my Revenge, and my *injur'd Honour*, and *slighted Love*, to see any thing, even what *she most fears*, be *done to her*; and then she may be turned loose to her evil Destiny, and echo to the Woods and Groves her piteous Lamentations for the Loss of her fantastical Innocence, which the romantick Idiot makes such a work about. I shall go to *London*, with my Sister *Davers*; and the Moment I can disengage myself, which perhaps may be in three Weeks from this time, I will be with you, and decide *her Fate*, and put an End to your Trouble. Mean time, be doubly careful; for this Innocent, as I have warn'd you, is full of Contrivances. I am

'Your Friend.'

I had but just read this dreadful Letter thro', when Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, in a great Fright, guessing at the Mistake, and that I had her Letter; and she found me with it open in my Hand, just sinking away. What Business, said she, had you to read my Letter? and snatch'd it from me. You see, said she, looking upon it, it says, Mrs. *Jewkes*, at top: You ought, in Manners, to have read no further. O add not, said I, to my Afflictions! I shall be soon out of all your ways! This is too much! too much! I never can support this!— and threw myself upon the Couch, in my Closet, and wept most bitterly. She read it in the next Room, and came in again afterwards; Why

this, said she, is a sad Letter indeed! I am sorry for it: But I fear'd you would carry your Niceties too far! —Leave me, dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, for a—while: I cannot speak nor talk! —Poor Heart! said she; well, I'll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here, take your own Letter; I wish you well; but this is a sad Mistake! And so she laid down by me, that that was intended for me. But I had no Spirit to read it presently. O Man! Man! hard—hearted, cruel Man! what Mischiefs art thou not capable of, unrelenting Persecutor as thou art!

I sat ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the Terms of this wicked Letter; and had no Inclination to look into my own. The bad Names, *Fool's Plaything, artful Creature, painted Bauble, Gewgaw, speaking Picture*, are hard things for your poor *Pamela*; and I began to think, whether I was not indeed a very naughty Body, and had not done vile Things: But when I thought of his having discover'd poor *John*, and of Sir *Simon's* base Officiousness, in telling him of poor Mr. *Williams*, with what he had resolved against him, in Revenge for his Goodness to me, I was quite mortified; and yet still more, about that fearful *Colbrand*, and what he could *see done to me*; for then I was ready to gasp for Breath, and my Spirits quite failed me. Then how dreadful are the Words, that he will *decide my Fate* in three Weeks! Gracious Heaven, said I, strike me dead before that time, with a Thunderbolt, or provide some way for my escaping these threaten'd Mischiefs! God forgive me if I sinned.

At last, I took up the Letter directed for Mrs. *Jewkes*, but designed for me; and I find *that* little better than the other. These are the hard Terms it contains:

'Well have you done, perverse, forward, artful, yet foolish *Pamela*, to convince me, before it was too late, how ill I had done to place my Affections on so unworthy an Object. I had vow'd Honour and Love to your Unworthiness, believing you a Mirror of bashful Modesty, and unspotted Innocence; and that no perfidious Designs lurked in so fair a Bosom. But now I have found you out, you specious Hypocrite! and see, that tho' you could not repose the least Confidence in one you had known for Years, and who, under my good Mother's misplaced Favour for you, had grown up, in a manner, with you; when my Passion, in spite of my Pride, and the Difference of our Condition, made me stoop to a Meanness that now I despise myself for; yet you could enter into an Intrigue with a Man you never knew, till within these few Days past, and resolve to run away with a Stranger, whom your fair Face, and insinuating Arts, had bewitched to break thro' all the Ties of Honour and Gratitude to me, even at a Time when the Happiness of his future Life depended upon my Favour.

'Henceforth, for *Pamela's* sake, whenever I see a lovely Face, will I mistrust a deceitful Heart: And whenever I hear of the greatest Pretences to Innocence, will I suspect some deep—laid Mischief. You were determin'd to place no Confidence in me, tho' I have solemnly, over and over, engaged my Honour to you. What, tho' I had alarm'd your Fears, in sending you one way, when you hoped to go another; yet, had I not, to convince you of my Resolution to do justly by you, (altho' with infinite Reluctance, such then was my Love for you) engaged not to come near you without your own Consent? Was not this a voluntary Demonstration of the Generosity of my Intentions to you? Yet how have you requited me? The very first Fellow that your charming Face, and insinuating Address, could influence, you have practis'd upon, corrupted too, I may say, (and even ruin'd, as the ingrateful Wretch shall find) and thrown your *forward* Self upon him. As therefore you would place no Confidence in me, my Honour owes you nothing; and in a little time you shall find how much you have err'd in treating, as you have done, a Man, who was once

*Your affectionate and kind Friend.*

'Mrs. *Jewkes* has Directions concerning you; and if your Lot is now harder than you might wish, you will bear it the easier, because your own rash Folly has brought it upon you.'

Alas! for me, what a Fate is mine, to be thus thought artful and forward, and ingrateful! when all I intended, was to preserve my Innocence; and when all the poor little Shifts, which his superior wicked Wit and Cunning have render'd ineffectual, were forced upon me in my own necessary Defence!

Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to me again, and found me bathed in Tears. She seemed, as I thought, to be moved to some Compassion; and finding myself now intirely in her Power, and that it is not for me to provoke her, I said, it is now, I see, in vain for me to contend against my evil Destiny, and the superior Arts of my barbarous Master. I will resign myself to God's Will, and prepare to expect the worst. But you see how this poor Mr. *Williams* is drawn in and undone; I am sorry I am made the Cause of *his* Ruin: —Poor, poor Man! — to be taken in thus, and for my sake too! —But, if you'll believe me, said I, I gave no Encouragement to what he proposed, as to Marriage;

nor would he have proposed it, I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought was left to save me: And his principal Motive to it all, was Virtue and Compassion to one in Distress. What other View could he have? You know I am poor and friendless. All I beg of you, is to let the poor Gentleman have Notice of my Master's Resentment; and let him flee the Country, and not be thrown into Gaol: This will answer my Master's End as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from assisting me, as if he was in a Prison.

Ask me, said she, to do any thing that is in my Power, consistent with my Duty and Trust, and I will do it; for I am sorry for you both. But, to be sure, I shall keep no Correspondence with him, nor let you. I offer'd to talk of a Duty superior to that she talked of, which would oblige her to help distressed Innocence, and not permit her to go the Lengths injoin'd by lawless Tyranny; but she plainly did me be silent on that Head; for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her Trust. — All I have to advise you, said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your Contrivances and Arts to get away; and make me your Friend, by giving me no Reason to suspect you; for, said she, I glory in my Fidelity to my Master: And you have both practised some strange sly Arts, to make such a Progress as he has own'd there was between you, so seldom as, I thought, you saw one another; that I must be more circumspect than I have been.

This doubled my Concern; for I now apprehended I should be much closer watch'd than before.

Well, said I, since I have, by this strange Accident, discover'd my hard Destiny, let me read over again that fearsul Letter of yours, that I may get it by heart, and feed my Distress upon it; for now I have nothing else to think of, and must familiarize myself to Calamity. Then, said she, let me read yours again. I gave her mine, and she lent me hers; and so I took a Copy of it, with her Leave; because, as I said, I would, by it, prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinn'd it on the Head of the Couch: This, said I, is the Use I shall make of this wretched Copy of your Letter; and here you shall always find it wet with my Tears.

She said, She would go down to order Supper, and insisted upon my Company to it: I would have excused myself; but she begun to put on a commanding Air, that I durst not oppose. And when I went down, she took me by the Hand, and presented me to the most hideous Monster I ever saw in my Life. Here, Monsieur *Colbrand*, said she, here is your pretty Ward and mine; let us try to make her Time with us easy. He bow'd, and put on his foreign Grimaces, and seem'd to bless himself! and, in broken *English*, told me, I was happy in de Affections of de vinest Gentleman in de Varld! — I was quite frighten'd, and ready to drop down; and I will describe him to you, my dear Father and Mother, if now you will ever see this; and you shall iudge if I had not Reason, especially not knowing he was to be there, and being appriz'd, as I was, of his hated Employment, to watch me closer.

He is a Giant of a Man, for Stature; taller by a good deal, than *Harry Mawldige*, in your Neighbourhood, and large-bon'd, and scraggy; and a Hand! — I never saw such an one in my Life. He has great staring Eyes, like the Bull's that frighten'd me so. Vast Jaw-bones sticking out; Eyebrows hanging over his Eyes; two great Scars upon his Forehead, and one on his left Cheek; and two huge Whiskers, and a monstrous wide Mouth; blubber Lips; long yellow Teeth, and a hideous Grin. He wears his own frightful long Hair, ty'd up in a great black Bag; a black Crape Neckcloth, about a long ugly Neck; and his Throat sticking out like a Wen. As to the rest, he was drest well enough, and had a Sword on, with a nasty red Knot to it; Leather Garters, buckled below his Knees; and a Foot—near as long as my Arm, I verily think.

He said, He fright de Lady, and offer'd to withdraw; but she bid him not; and I told Mrs. *Jewkes*, That as she knew I had been crying, she should not have called me to the Gentleman without letting me know he was there. I soon went up to my Closet; for my Heart aked all the time I was at Table; not being able to look upon him without Horror, and this Brute of a Woman, tho' she saw my Distress, before this Addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike me more into Terror. And indeed it had its Effect; for when I went tobéd, I could think of nothing but his hideous Person, and my Master's more hideous Actions; and thought them too well pair'd; and when I dropt asleep, I dream'd they were both coming to my Bed-side, with the worst Designs; and I jump'd out of Bed in my Sleep, and frighted Mrs. *Jewkes*; till, waking with the Terror, I told her my Dream: And the wicked Creature only laughed, and said, All I fear'd was but a Dream, as well as that; and when it was over, and I was well awake, I should laugh at it as such!

## Wednesday

*And now I am come to the Close of WEDNESDAY, the 27th Day of my Distress.*

Poor Mr. *Williams* is actually arrested, and carried away to *Stamford*. So there is an End of all my Hopes in him. Poor Gentleman! his Over-security and Openness, have ruin'd us both! I was but too well convinced, that we ought not to have lost a Moment's time; but he was half angry, and thought me too impatient; and then his fatal Confession, and the detestable Artifice of my Master! —But one might well think, that he who had so cunningly, and so wickedly, contrived all his Stratagems hitherto, that it was impossible to avoid them, would stick at nothing to complete them. I fear I shall soon find it so!

But one Stratagem I have just invented, tho' a very discouraging one to think of; because I have neither Friends nor Money, nor know one Step of the Way, if I was out of the House. But let Bulls, and Bears, and Lions, and Tygers, and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful Men, stand in my Way, I cannot be in more Danger than I am; and I depend nothing upon his three Weeks: For how do I know, now he is in such a Passion, and has already begun his Vengeance on poor Mr. *Williams*, that he will not change his Mind, and come down to *Lincolnshire* before he goes to *London*?

My Stratagem is this; I will endeavour to get Mrs. *Jewkes* to-bed without me, as she often does, while I sit lock'd up in my Closet; and as she sleeps very sound in her first Sleep, of which she never fails to give Notice by snoring, if I can then but get out between the two Bars of the Window, (for you know, I am very slender, and I find I can get my Head thro') then I can drop upon the Leads underneath, which are little more than my Height, and which Leads are over a little Summer-parlour, that juts out towards the Garden, and which, as I am light, I can easily drop from; for they are not high from the Ground: Then I shall get into the Garden; and then, as I have the Key of the Back-door, I will get out. But I have another Piece of Cunning still; good Heaven, succeed to me my dangerous, but innocent Devices! —I have read of a great Captain, who being in Danger, leaped over-board, into the Sea; and his Enemies shooting at him with Bows and Arrows, he got off his upper Garment, and swam away, while they stuck that full of their Darts and Arrows; and he escaped, and triumphed over them all. So what will I do, but strip off my upper Petticoat, and throw it into the Pond, with my Neck-handkerchief; for, to be sure, when they miss me, they will go to the Pond first, thinking I have drowned myself; and so, when they see some of my Cloaths floating there, they will be all employ'd in dragging the Pond, which is a very large one; and as I shall not, perhaps, be miss'd till the Morning, this will give me Opportunity to get a great way off; and I am sure I will run for it when I am out. And so, I trust, that God will direct my Steps to some good Place of Safety, and make some worthy Body my Friend; for sure, if I suffer ever so, I cannot be in more Danger, nor in worse Hands, than where I am; and with such avow'd bad Designs.

O my dear Parents! don't be frighted when you come to read this! —But all will be over before you can see it; and so God direct me for the best. My Writings, for fear I should not escape, I will bury in the Garden; for, to be sure, I shall be search'd, and used dreadfully, if I can't get off. And so I will close here, for the present, to prepare for my Plot. Prosper thou, O gracious Protector of oppressed Innocence! this last Effort of thy poor Handmaid! that I may escape the crafty Devices and Snares that have already begun to entangle my Virtue! and from which, but by this one Trial, I see no way of escaping! And Oh! whatever becomes of me, bless my dear Parents, and protect poor Mr. *Williams* from Ruin! for he was happy before he knew me!

Just now, just now! I heard Mrs. *Jewkes*, who is in her Cups, own, to the horrid *Colbrand*, that the robbing of poor Mr. *Williams*, was a Contrivance of hers, and executed by the Groom and a Helper, in order to seize my Letters upon him, which they miss'd. They are now both laughing at the dismal Story, which they little think I heard — O how my Heart akes! for what are not such Wretches capable of! Can you blame me for endeavouring, thro' any Danger, to get out of such Clutches?

***Past Eleven o'Clock.***

Mrs. *Jewkes* is come up, and gone to-bed; and bids me not stay long in my Closet, but come to-bed. O for a dead Sleep for the treacherous Brute! I never saw her so tipsy, and that gives me Hopes. I have try'd again, and find I can get my Head thro' the Iron Bars. I am now all prepared, as soon as I hear her fast; and now I'll seal up these and my other Papers, my last Work: And to thy Providence, O my gracious God, commit the rest! —Once more, God bless you both! and send us a happy Meeting; if not here, in his heavenly Kingdom. *Amen.*

**THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY,**

*the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Days of my Distress.*

And Distress indeed! For here I am still! And every thing has been worse and worse! Oh! the poor unhappy *Pamela!* —Without any Resource left, and ruin'd in all my Contrivances. But, Oh! my dear Parents, rejoice with me, even in this low Plunge of my Distress; for your poor *Pamela* has escap'd from an Enemy worse than any she ever met with; an Enemy she never thought of before; and was hardly able to stand against. I mean, the Weakness and Presumption, both in one, of her own Mind! which had well nigh, had not divine Grace interposed, sunk her into the lowest last Abyss of Misery and Perdition! I will proceed, as I have Opportunity, with my sad Relation: For my Pen and Ink (in my now doubly secur'd Closet) is all that I have, besides my own Weakness of Body, to employ myself with: And, till yesterday Evening, I have not been able to hold a Pen.

I took with me but one Shift, besides what I had on, and two Handkerchiefs, and two Caps, which my Pocket held, (for it was not for me to incumber myself) and all my Stock of Money, which was but five or six Shillings, to set out for I knew not where; and got out of the Window, not without some Difficulty, sticking a little at my Shoulders and Hips; but I was resolv'd to get out, if possible. And it was further from the Leads than I thought, and I was afraid I had sprain'd my Ankle; and when I had dropt from the Leads to the Ground, it was still further off; but I did pretty well there; at least, I got no Hurt to hinder me from pursuing my Intentions: So being now on the Ground, I hid my Papers under a Rose-bush, and cover'd them over with Mould, and there they still lie, as I hope. Then I hy'd away to the Pond: The Clock struck Twelve, just as I got out; and it was a dark misty Night, and coldish; but I felt none then.

When I came to the Pond-side, I flung in my Upper-coat, as I had design'd, and my Neck-handkerchief, and a round-ear'd Cap, with a Knot; and then with great Speed ran to the Door, and took the Key out of my Pocket, my poor Heart beating all the Time against my Bosom, as if it would have forc'd its way out: And beat it well might! For I then, too late, found, that I was most miserably disappointed; for the wicked Woman had taken off that Lock, and put another on; so that my Key would not open it. I try'd and try'd, and feeling about, I found a Padlock besides, on another Part of the Door. O then how my Heart sunk! —I dropt down with Grief and Confusion, unable to stir or support myself for a while. But my Fears awakening my Resolution, and knowing that my Attempt would be as terrible for me, as any other Danger I could then encounter, I clamber'd up upon the Ledges of the Door, and the Lock, which was a great wooden one, reaching the Top of the Door with my Hands; and little thinking I could climb so well, made shift to lay hold on the Top of the Wall with my Hands; but, alas for me! nothing but ill Luck! —no Escape for poor *Pamela!* The Wall being old, the Bricks I held by, gave way, just as I was taking a Spring to get up, and down came I, and received such a Blow upon my Head, with one of the Bricks, that it quite stunn'd me; and I broke my Shins and my Ankle besides, and beat off the Heel of one of my Shoes.

In this dreadful way, flat upon the Ground, lay poor I, for I believe five or six Minutes; and when I would have got up, I could hardly stand; for I found I had bruise'd my left Hip and Shoulder, and was full of Pain with it; and besides my Head bled, and ak'd with the Blow I had with the Brick. —Yet this I valued not! but crawl'd a good way, upon my Feet and Hands, in Search of a Ladder, I just recollected to have seen against the Wall two Days before, on which the Gardener was nailing a Nectarine Branch, that was blown off from the Wall: But no Ladder could I find, and the Wall was very high. What now, thinks I, must become of the poor miserable *Pamela!* —Then I began to wish myself most heartily again in my Closet, and to repent of my Attempt, which I now censur'd as rash, because it did not succeed.

God forgive me! but a sad Thought came just then into my Head! —I tremble to think of it! Indeed my Apprehensions of the Usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever! O my dear, dear Parents, forgive your poor Child; but being then quite desperate, I crept along till I could get up on my Feet, tho' I could hardly stand; and away limp'd I! —What to do, but to throw myself into the Pond, and so put a Period to all my Grievs in this World! —But, Oh! to find them infinitely aggravated (had I not, by God's Grace, been with-held) in a miserable *Eternity!* As I have escap'd this Temptation, (blessed be God for it!) I will tell you my Conflicts on this dreadful Occasion, that God's Mercies may be magnify'd in my Deliverance, that I am yet on this Side the dreadful Gulph, from which there can be no Redemption.

It was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so maim'd, as made me the longer before I got to the Water; for this gave me some Reflection, and abated that Liveliness of my Passions, which possibly might otherwise have hurry'd me, in my first Transport of Grief, (on my seeing no way to escape, and the hard Usage I had Reason to expect from my dreadful Keepers) to throw myself in without Consideration; but my Weakness of Body made me move so slowly, that it gave Time for a little Reflection, a Ray of Grace, to dart in upon my benighted Mind; and so, when I came to the Pond-side, I sat myself down on the sloping Bank, and began to ponder my wretched Condition: And thus I reason'd with myself.

Pause here a little, *Pamela*, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful Leap; and consider whether there be no Way yet left, no Hope, if not to escape from this wicked House, yet from the Mischiefs threatened thee in it.

I then consider'd, and after I had cast about in my Mind, every thing that could make me hope, and saw no Probability; a wicked Woman devoid of all Compassion! a horrid Helper just arriv'd in this dreadful *Colbrand!* an angry and resenting Master, who now hated me, and threaten'd the most afflicting Evils! and, that I should, in all Probability, be depriv'd even of the Opportunity I now had before me, to free myself from all their Persecutions—What hast thou to do, distressed Creature, said I to myself, but throw thyself upon a merciful God, (who knows how innocently I suffer) to avoid the merciless Wickedness of those who are determin'd on my Ruin?

And then thought I, (and Oh! that Thought was surely of the Devil's Instigation; for it was very soothing and powerful with me) these wicked Wretches, who now have no Remorse, no Pity on me, will then be mov'd to lament their Misdoings; and when they see the dead Corpse of the unhappy *Pamela* dragg'd out to these slopy Banks, and lying breathless at their Feet, they will find that Remorse to wring their obdurate Hearts, which now has no Place there! — And my Master, my angry Master, will then forget his Resentments, and say, O this is the unhappy *Pamela!* that I have so causelessly persecuted and destroy'd! Now do I see she preferr'd her Honesty to her Life, will he say, and is no Hypocrite, nor Deceiver; but really was the innocent Creature she pretended to be! Then, thinks I, will he, perhaps, shed a few Tears over the poor Corse of his persecuted Servant; and, tho' he may give out, it was Love and Disappointment, and that too, (in order to hide his own Guilt) for the unfortunate Mr. *Williams*, perhaps, yet will he be inwardly griev'd, and order me a decent Funeral, and save me, or rather this Part of me, from the dreadful Stake, and the Highway Interrment; and the young Men and Maidens all around my dear Father's, will pity poor *Pamela*; but O! I hope I shall not be the Subject of their Ballads and Elegies; but that my Memory, for the sake of my dear Father and Mother, may quickly slide into Oblivion!

I was oncerising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of thinking, to throw myself in: But again, my Bruises made me slow; and I thought, What art thou about to do, wretched *Pamela*? how knowest thou, tho' the Prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted Eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human Means fail? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore Afflictions, if he had not given me Strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought: And who knows, but that the very Presence I so much dread, of my angry and designing Master, (for he has had me in his Power before, and yet I have escap'd) may be better for me, than these persecuting Emissaries of his, who, for his Money, are to their wicked Trust, and are harden'd by that, and a long Habit of Wickedness, against Compunction of Heart? God can touch his Heart in an Instant; and if this should not be done, I can then but put an End to my Life, by some other Means, if I am so resolved.

But how do I know, thought I, that even these Bruises and Maims that I have gotten, while I pursu'd only the laudable Escape I had meditated, may not kindly furnish me with the Opportunity I now am tempted to precipitate myself upon, and of surrendering up my Life, spotless and unguilty, to that merciful Being who gave it!

Then, thought I, who gave thee, presumptuous as thou art, a Power over thy Life? Who authoriz'd thee to put an End to it, when the Weakness of thy Mind suggests not to thee a Way to preserve it with Honour? How knowest thou what Purposes God may have to serve, by the Trials with which thou art now tempted? Art *thou* to put a Bound to God's Will, and to say, Thus much will I bear, and no more? And, wilt thou *dare* to say, that if the Trial be augmented, and continued, thou wilt sooner die than bear it?

This Act of Despondency, thought I, is a Sin, that, if I pursue it, admits of no Repentance, and can therefore claim no Forgiveness. —And wilt thou, for shortening thy transitory Grievs, *heavy* as they are, and *weak* as thou fanciest thyself, plunge both Body and Soul into everlasting Misery? Hitherto, *Pamela*, thought I, thou art the innocent, the suffering *Pamela*; and wilt thou be the guilty Aggressor? and, because wicked Men persecute thee, wilt thou fly—in the Face of the Almighty, and bid Defiance to his Grace and Goodness, who can still turn all

these Sufferings to thy Benefits? And how do I know, but that God, who sees all the lurking Vileness of my Heart, may not have permitted these Sufferings on that very Score, and to make me rely solely on his Grace and Assistance, who perhaps have too much prided myself in a vain Dependence on my own foolish Contrivances? Then again, thought I, wilt thou suffer in *one* Moment all the good Lessons of thy poor honest Parents, and the Benefit of their Example, (who have persisted in doing their Duty with Resignation to the Divine Will, amidst the extremest Degrees of Disappointment, Poverty and Distress, and the Persecutions of an ingrateful World, and merciless Creditors) to be thrown away upon thee; and bring down, as in all Probability this thy Rashness will, their grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, when they shall understand that their beloved Daughter, slighting the Tenders of Divine Grace, desponding in the Mercies of a gracious God, has blemish'd, in this *last Act*, a *whole* Life, which they had hitherto approv'd and delighted in?

What then, presumptuous *Pamela*, dost thou here, thought I? Quit with Speed these guilty Banks, and flee from these dashing Waters, that even in their sounding Murmurs, this still Night, reproach thy Rashness! Tempt not God's Goodness on the mossy Banks, that have been Witnesses of thy guilty Intentions; and while thou hast Power left thee, avoid the tempting Evil, lest thy grand Enemy, now repuls'd by Divine Grace, and due Reflection, return to the Charge with a Force that thy Weakness may not be able to resist! And lest one rash Moment destroy all the convictions, which now have aw'd thy rebellious Mind into Duty and Resignation to the Divine Will!

And so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my Hurts, so cold with the moist Dew of the Night, and the wet Banks on which I had sat, as also the Damps arising from so large a Piece of Water, that with great Pain I got from the Banks of this Pond, which now I think of with Terror; and bending my limping Steps towards the House, refug'd myself in the Corner of an Out-house, where Wood and Coals are laid up for Family Use, till I should be found by my cruel Keepers, and consign'd to a wretched Confinement, and worse Usage than I had hitherto experienc'd; and there behind a Pile of Fire-wood I crept, and lay down, as you may imagine, with a Mind just broken, and a Heart sensible to nothing but the extremest Woe and Dejection.

This, my dear Father and Mother, is the Issue of your poor *Pamela's* fruitless Enterprize; and God knows, if I had got out at the Back-door, whether I had been at all in better Case, moneyless, friendless, as I am, and in a strange Place! —But blame not your poor Daughter too much: Nay, if ever you see this miserable Scribble, all bathed and blotted with my Tears, let your Pity get the better of your Blame! But I know it will. —And I must leave off for the present—For, Oh! my Strength and my Will are at present very far unequal to one another. —But yet, I will add, that tho' I should have prais'd God for my Deliverance, had I been freed from my wicked Keepers, and my designing Master; yet I have more abundant Reason to praise God, that I have been deliver'd from a worse Enemy, *myself!*

I will continue my sad Relation.

It seems Mrs. *Jewkes* awaked not till Day-break, and not finding me in Bed, she call'd me; and no Answer being return'd, she relates, that she got out of Bed, and run to my Closet; and not finding me, searched under the Bed, and in another Closet, finding the Chamber-door as she had left it, quite fast, and the Key, as usual, about her Wrist. For if I could have got out at the Chamber-door, there were two or three Passages, and Doors to them all, double lock'd and barr'd, to go thro', into the great Garden; so that if I would escape, there was no Way but that of the Window; and that very Window, because of the Summer-parlour under it; for the other Windows were a great way from the Ground.

She says, she was excessively frightened, and instantly rais'd the *Swiss*, and the two Maids, who lay not far off; and finding every Door fast, she said, I must be carry'd away, as St. *Peter* was out of Prison, by some Angel. It is a Wonder she had not a worse Thought!

She says, she wept and wrung her Hands, and took on sadly, running about like a mad Woman, little thinking I could have got out of the Closet Window, between the Iron Bars; and indeed I don't know if I could do so again. But at last finding that Casement open, they concluded it must be so; and so they ran out into the Garden, and found, it seems, my Footsteps in the Mould of the Bed which I dropt down upon from the Leads: And so speeded away, all of them, that is to say, Mrs. *Jewkes*, *Colbrand* and *Nan*, towards the Back-door, to see if that was fast, while the Cook was sent to the Out-offices to raise the Men, and make them get Horses ready, to take each a several way to pursue me.

But it seems, that finding that Door double-lock'd and padlock'd, and the Heel of my Shoe, and the broken Bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some Means, over the Wall; and then, they say, Mrs. *Jewkes*

seem'd like a distracted Woman: Till at last, *Nan* had the Thought to go towards the Pond, and there seeing my Coat, and Cap and Handkerchief in the Water, cast almost to the Banks by the dashing of the Waves, she thought it was me, and screaming out, run to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and said, O Madam, Madam! here's a piteous Thing! — Mrs. *Pamela* lies drown'd in the Pond! —Thither they all ran! and finding my Cloaths, doubted not I was at the Bottom; and they all, *Swiss* among the rest, beat their Breasts, and made most dismal Lamentations; and Mrs. *Jewkes* sent *Nan* to the Men, to bid them get the Drag-net ready, and leave the Horses, and come to try to find the poor Innocent! as she, it seems, *then* call'd me, beating her Breast, and lamenting my hard Hap; but most what would become of them, and what Account they should give to my Master.

While every one was thus differently employ'd, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, *Nan* came into the Wood-house; and there lay poor I; so weak, so low, and dejected, and withal so stiff with my Bruises, that I could not stir nor help myself to get upon my Feet. And I said, with a low Voice, (for I could hardly speak) Mrs. *Ann*, Mrs. *Ann*! —The Creature was sadly frightened, but was taking up a Billet to knock me on the Head, believing I was some Thief, as she said; but I cry'd, out, O Mrs. *Ann*, Mrs. *Ann*, help me, for Pity's sake, to Mrs. *Jewkes*! for I cannot get up! —Bless me, said she, what! you, Madam! —Why our Hearts are almost broke, and we were going to drag the Pond for you, believing you had drown'd yourself. Now, said she, you'll make us all alive again!

And, without helping me, she run away to the Pond, and brought all the Crew to the Wood-house. —The wicked Woman, as she entered, said, Where is she? —Plague of her Spells, and her Witchcrafts! She shall dearly repent of this Trick, if my Name be *Jewkes*; and coming to me, took hold of my Arm so roughly, and gave me such a Pull, as made me squeal out, (my Shoulder being bruise'd on that Side) and drew me on my Face. O cruel Creature! said I, if you knew what I had suffer'd, it would move you to pity me!

Even *Colbrand* seem'd to be concern'd, and said, Fie, Madam, fie! you see she is almost dead! You must not be so rough with her. The Coachman *Robin* seem'd to be sorry for me too, and said, with Sobs, What a Scene is here! Don't you see she is all bloody in her Head, and cannot stir? — Curse of her Contrivances! said the horrid Creature; she has frighted me out of my Wits, I'm sure. How the D—I came you here? —O! said I, ask me now no Questions, but let the Maids carry me up to my Prison; and there let me die decently, and in Peace! For indeed I thought I could not live two Hours.

The still more inhuman Tygress said, I suppose you want Mr. *Williams* to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll send for my Master this Minute; let him come and watch you himself, for me; for there's no such thing as holding you, I'm sure!

So the Maids took me up between them, and carry'd me to my Chamber; and when the Wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent—while every one wonder'd (at what I had neither Strength nor Inclination to tell them) how all this came to pass; which they imputed to Sorcery and Witchcraft.

I was so weak, when I had got up Stairs, that I fainted away, with Dejection, Pain and Fatigue; and they undress'd me, and got me to Bed, and Mrs. *Jewkes* order'd *Nan* to bathe my Shoulder, and Arm, and Ankle, with some old Rum warm'd; and they cut the Hair a little from the back Part of my Head, and wash'd that; for it was clotted with Blood, from a pretty long, but not deep Gash; and put a Family Plaister upon it; for if this Woman has any good Quality, it is, it seems, in a Readiness and Skill to manage in Cases, where sudden Misfortunes happen in a Family.

After this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing Sleep, and lay till Twelve o' Clock, tolerably easy, considering I was very feverish and aguishly inclin'd; and she took a good deal of Care to fit me to undergo more Trials, which I had hop'd would have been more happily ended: But Providence did not see fit.

She would make me rise about Twelve; but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the Bed was made, and went into it again; and was, as they said, delirious some Part of the Afternoon. But having a tolerable Night on *Thursday*, I was a good deal better on *Friday*, and on *Saturday* got up, and eat a little Spoon-meat, and my Feverishness seem'd to be gone, and I was so pick'd up by Evening, that I begg'd her Indulgence in my Closet, to be left to myself; which she consented to, it being double-barr'd the Day before, and I assuring her that all my Contrivances, as she call'd them, were at an End. But first she made me tell her the whole Story of my Enterprize; which I did, very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my Safety and Escape: And she seem'd full of Wonder at my Resolution and Venturesomeness; but told me frankly, that I should have found a hard Matter to get quite off; for, that she was provided with a Warrant from my Master, (who

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is a Justice of Peace in this County, as well as the other) to get me apprehended, if I *had* got away, on Suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

O how deep-laid are the Mischiefs designed to fall on my devoted Head! —Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy all this Contrivance! —This too well shews me the Truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other House, that my Master swore he would *have* me! O preserve me, Heaven! from being his, in his own wicked Sense of the Adjuration!

I must add, that now this Woman sees me pick up so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridg'd me of Paper all but one Sheet, which I am to shew her written or unwritten on Demand, and has reduc'd me to one Pen; yet my hidden Stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. *Williams*, and any thing that she thinks will vex me.

**SUNDAY Afternoon.**

Mrs. *Jewkes* has thought fit to give me an Airing, for three or four Hours this Afternoon, and I am much better; and should be much more so, if I knew for what I am reserv'd. But Health is a Blessing hardly to be coveted in my Circumstances, since that fits me for the Calamity I am in continual Apprehensions of; whereas a weak and sickly State might possibly move Compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed Master; tho' I am sure I have done him no Harm!

Just now we heard, that he had like to have been drown'd in crossing a Stream, a few Days ago, in pursuing his Game. What is the Matter, with all his ill Usage of me, that I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other People! I am sure he has done enough to make me hate him; but yet when I heard his Danger, which was very great, I could not in my Heart forbear rejoicing for his Safety; tho' his Death would have ended my Afflictions. Ungenerous Master! if you knew this, you surely would not be so much my Persecutor! But for my late good Lady's sake, I must wish him well; and O what an Angel would he be in my Eyes yet, if he would cease his Attempts, and reform.

Well, I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, that *Jobn Arnold* is turn'd away, being detected in writing to Mr. *Williams*; and that Mr. *Longman*, and Mr. *Jonathan* the Butler, have incurr'd his Displeasure, for offering to speak in my Behalf. Mrs. *Jervis* too is in Danger; for all these three, belike, went together to beg in my Favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. *Jewkes* has, with the News about my Master, receiv'd a Letter; but she says the Contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already known.

Just now the horrid Creature tells me, as a Secret, that she has reason to think he has found out a Way to satisfy my Scruples: It is, by marrying me to this dreadful *Colbrand*, and buying me of him on the Wedding-day, for a Sum of Money! —Was ever the like heard? —She says that it will be my Duty to obey my Husband; and that Mr. *Williams* will be forc'd, as a Punishment, to marry us; and that when my Master has paid for me, and I am surrender'd up, the *Swiss* is to go home again, with the Money, to his former Wife and Children, for she says, it is the Custom of those People to have a Wife in every Nation.

But this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! but abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some Plot now hatching! —With what strange Perplexities is my poor Mind agitated! Perchance, some Sham-marriage may be design'd, on purpose to ruin me: But can a Husband sell his Wife, against her own Consent? —And will such a Bargain stand good in Law?

**MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,**

*the 32d, 33d, and 34th Days of my Imprisonment.*

Nothing offers these Days but Squabbings between Mrs. *Jewkes* and me. She grows worse and worse to me. I vexed her yesterday, because she talked nastily, and told her she talk'd more like a vile *London* Prostitute, than a Gentleman's Housekeeper; and she cannot use me bad enough for it. Bless me! she curses and storms at me like a Trooper, and can hardly keep her Hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly to make me say such harsh Words: Indeed it cannot be repeated; and she is a Disgrace to her Sex. And then she ridicules me, and laughs at my Notions of Honesty; and tells me, impudent Creature that she is! what a fine Bedfellow I shall make for my Master, and such-like, with such whimsical Notions about me! — Do you think this is to borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible! —Quite filthily! O what vile Hands am I put into!

**THURSDAY.**

I Have now all the Reason that can be, to apprehend my Master will be here soon; for the Servants are all busy in setting the House to rights; and a Stable and Coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been us'd some time. I ask Mrs. *Jewkes*; but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly answer me when I ask her a Question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked *Airs* to me, purposely to make me wish for what I dread most of all Things, my Master's coming down. *He* talk of Love! —If he had any the least Notion of Regard for me, to be sure he would not give this naughty Body such Power over me: —And if he does come, where is his Promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But it seems *His Honour owes me nothing!* So he tells me in his Letter; and why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, *he hates me perfectly*; and it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the Mercy of this Woman; and, what is worse, to my woful Apprehensions.

**FRIDAY,**

*the 36th Day of my Imprisonment.*

I Took the Liberty yesterday Afternoon, finding the Gates open, to walk out before the House; and before I was aware, had got to the Bottom of the long Row of Elms; and there I sat myself down upon the Steps of a sort of broad Stile, which leads into the Road, that goes towards the Town. And as I sat musing about what always busies my Mind, I saw a whole Body of Folks, running towards me from the House, Men and Women, as in a Fright. At first I wonder'd what was the Matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarm'd, thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible *Colbrand*, running with his long Legs, well nigh two Yards at a Stride; then there was one of the Grooms, poor Mr. *Williams's* Robber; then I spy'd *Nan*, half out of Breath; and the Cook—maid after her; and lastly, came waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. *Jewkes*, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. *Colbrand* said, O how have you frighted us all! —And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I sat still, to let them see I had no View to get away; for, besides the Improbability of succeeding, my last sad Attempt had cur'd me of enterprizing again. And when Mrs. *Jewkes* came within hearing, I found her terribly incens'd, and raving about my Contrivances. Why, said I, should you be so concerned? Here I have sat a few Minutes, and had not the least Thought of getting away, or going further; but to return as soon as it was duskish. She would not believe me; and the barbarous Creature struck at me with her horrid Fist, and, I believe, would have felled me, had not *Colbrand* interposed, and said, He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least Inclination to stir. But this would not serve: She order'd the two Maids to take me each by an Arm, and lead me back into the House, and up Stairs; and there have I been locked up ever since, without Shoes. In vain have I pleaded that I had no Design, as, indeed I had not the least; and; last Night I was forced to lie between her and *Nan*; and I find she is resolved to make a Handle of this against me, and in her own Behalf—Indeed, what with her Usage, and my own Apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my Life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my Shoes, and has laid her imperious Commands upon me, to dress myself in a Suit of Cloaths out of the Portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against three or four o'Clock; for, she says, she is to have a Visit from Lady *Darnford's* two Daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the Key of the Portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told her I would not be made a Shew of, nor see the Ladies. She left me, saying, It should be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

***Five o'Clock is come,***

And no young Ladies! —So that, I fancy— But, hold, I hear their Coach, I believe. I'll step to the Window. —I won't go down to them, I am resolv'd.—

Good Sirs! good Sirs! What will become of me! Here is my Master come in his fine Chariot! —Indeed he is! —What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself! —Oh! what shall I do! —Pray for me! But Oh! you'll not see this! —Now, good Heaven preserve me! if it be thy blessed Will!

***Seven o'Clock.***

Tho' I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I have not. To be sure something is resolved against me, and he stays to hear all her Stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do nothing else, I know not how to forbear! —Yet I cannot hold my Pen! — How crooked and trembling the Lines! —I must leave off, till I can get quieter Fingers! —Why should the Guiltless tremble so, when the Guilty can possess their Minds in Peace!

**SATURDAY Morning.**

Now let me give you an Account of what passed last Night; for I had no Power to write, nor yet Opportunity, till now.

This naughty Woman held my Master till half an Hour after seven; and he came hither about five in the Afternoon. And then I heard his Voice on the Stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his Supper; for he said, I shall chuse a boil'd Chicken, with Butter and Parsley. —And up he came!

He put on a stern and majestick Air; and he can look very majestick when he pleafes. Well, perverse *Pamela*, ungrateful Runaway, said he, for my first Salutation! —You do well, don't you, to give me all this Trouble and Vexation? I could not speak; but throwing myself on the Floor, hid my Face, and was ready to die with Grief and Apprehension. — He said, Well may you hide your Face! well may you be ashamed to see me, vile forward one, as you are! —I sobb'd, and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the Door, and called Mrs. *Jewkes*. —There, said he, take up that fallen Angel! —Once I thought her as innocent as one! —But I have now no Patience with her. The little Hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my Weakness in her Favour, and that I'll raise her from the Floor myself. But I shall not touch her: No, said he, cruel Gentleman as he was! let such Fellows as *Williams* be taken in by her artful Wiles; I know her now, and see that she is for any Fool's Turn, that will be caught by her.

I sighed, as if my Heart would break! —And Mrs. *Jewkes* lifted me up upon my Knees; for I trembled so, I could not stand. Come, said she, Mrs. *Pamela*, learn to know your best Friend; confess your unworthy Behaviour, and beg his Honour's Forgiveness of all your Faults. I was ready to faint; and he said, She is Mistress of Arts, I'll assure you; and will mimick a Fit, ten to one, in a Minute.

I was struck to the Heart at this; but could not speak presently; only lifted up my Eyes to Heaven! —And at last made shift to say— God forgive you, Sir! —He seem'd in a great Passion, and walked up and down the Room, casting sometimes an Eye to me, and seeming as if he would have spoken, but check'd himself. —And at last he said, When she has acted this her first Part over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall soon know what she has to trust to.

And so he went out of the Room: And I was quite sick at Heart! —Surely, said I, I am the wickedest Creature that ever breath'd! Well, said the Impertinent, not so wicked as that neither; but I am glad you begin to see your Faults. Nothing like being humble! —Come, I'll stand your Friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future: Come, come, added the Wretch, this may be all made up by to-morrow Morning, if you are not a Fool. —Begone, hideous Woman! said I; and let not my Afflictions be added to by thy inexorable Cruelty, and unwomanly Wickedness!

She gave me a Push, and went away in a violent Passion. And it seems, she made a Story of this; and said, I had such a Spirit, there was no bearing it.

I laid me down on the Floor, and had no Power to stir, till the Clock struck Nine; and then the wicked Woman came up again. You must come down Stairs, said she, to my Master; that is, if you please, Spirit! —Said I, I believe I cannot stand. Then, said she, I'll send Monsieur *Colbrand* to carry you down.

I got up, as well as I could, and trembled all the way down Stairs. And she went before me into the Parlour; and a new Servant, that he had waiting on him instead of *John*, wichdrew as soon as I came in.

I thought, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at Table with me, when I had not Company; but when I find you cannot forget your Original, but must prefer my Menials to me, I call you down to wait on me, while I sup, that I may have a little Talk with you, and throw away as little Time as possible upon you.

Sir, said I, you do me Honour to wait upon you —And I never shall, I hope, forget my Original. But I was forced to stand behind his Chair, that I might hold by it. Fill me, said he, a Glafs of that *Burgundy*. I went to do it; but my Hand shook so, that I could not hold the Plate with the Glafs in it, and spilt some of the Wine. So Mrs. *Jewkes*. pour'd it for me, and I carry'd it as well as I could; and made a low Curchee. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my Sight!

Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you tell me, she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing. No, said she, not so much as will keep Life and Soul together. —And is always crying, you fay, too? said he. Yes, Sir, said she, I think

she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young Wenches will feed upon their Tears; and their Obstnacy will serve them for Meat and Drink. I think I never saw her look better, tho', in my Life! —But I suppose she lives upon Love. This sweet Mr. *Williams*, and her little villainous Plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure. For Mischief, Love, and Contradiction, are the natural Aliments of a Woman.

Poor I was forced to hear all this, and be silent; and indeed my Heart was too full to speak.

And so you say, said he, that she had another Project, but Yesterday, to get away? She denies it herself, said she; but it had all the Appearance of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful Pucker about it. And I am glad your Honour is come, with all my Heart; and I hope, whatever be your Honour's Intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an Eel, I'll assure you!

Sir, said I, and clasped his Knees with my Arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on my Knees, Have Mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked Woman's Usage of me.—

He cruelly interrupted me, and said, I am satisfy'd she has done her Duty: It signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. *Jewkes*. That you are here, little Hypocrite as you are, pleading your Cause before me, is owing to her Care of you; else you had been with the Parson. —Wicked Girl! said he, to tempt a Man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a Time when I was on the Point of making him happy for his Life!

I arose, but said, with a deep Sigh, I have done, Sir, I have done! I have a strange Tribunal to plead before. The poor Sheep, in the Fable, had such an one; when it was try'd before the Vultur, on the Accusation of the Wolf!

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you are the Wolf, I the Vultur, and this the poor innocent Lamb, on her Trial before us. —Oh! you don't know how well this Innocent is read in Reflection. She has Wit at Will, when she has a mind to display her own romantick Innocence, at the Price of other People's Characters.

Well, said the aggravating Creature, this is nothing to what she has called me; I have been a *Jezebel*, a *London* Prostitute, and what not? —But I am contented with her ill Names, now I see it is her Fashion, and she can call your Honour a Vultur.

Said I, I had no Thought of comparing my Master— And was going to say on: But he said, Don't prate, Girl! —No, said she, it don't become you, I'll assure you.

Well, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my Peace: But there is a righteous Judge, who knows the Secrets of all Hearts! and to him I appeal.

See there! said he: Now this meek, good Creature is praying for Fire from Heaven upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the Spirit of Christian Meeknefs, I'll assure you! —Come, Sawcy-face, give me another Glafs of Wine!

So I did, as well as I could; but wept so, that he said, I suppose I shall have some of your Tears in my Wine!

When he had supp'd, he stood up, and said, O how happy for you it is, that you can, at Will, thus make your speaking Eyes overflow in this manner, without lofing any of their Brilliancy! you have been told, I suppose, that you are most beautiful in your Tears! —Did you ever, said he to her, (who all this while was standing in one Corner of the Parlour) see a more charming Creature than this? Is it to be wonder'd at, that I demean myself thus to take Notice of her! —See, said he, and took the Glass with one Hand, and turn'd me round with the other, What a Shape! what a Neck! what a Hand! and what a Bloom in that lovely Face! —But who can describe the Tricks and Artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful Heart! 'Tis no Wonder the poor Parson was infatuated with her! — I blame him lefs than her; for who could expect such Artifice in so young a Sorceress!

I went to the further Part of the Room, and held my Face against the Wainscot; and, in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobb'd, as if my Heart would break. He said, I am surpriz'd, Mrs. *Jewkes*, at the Mistake of the Letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not afraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private Correspondencies, and reveal every Secret that comes to my Knowledge, and then corrupt People to carry my Letters, against their Duty, and all good Conscience.

Come hither, Hussy, said he; you and I have a dreadful Reckoning to make. —Why don't you come, when I bid you? —Fie upon it! Mrs. *Pamela*, said she, what! not stir, when his Honour commands you to come to him! —Who knows but his Goodness will forgive you?

He came to me, (for I had no Power to stir) and put his Arms about my Neck, and would kiss me; and said, Well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if it were not for the Thought of this cursed Parson, I believe in my Heart, so great is my Weakness, that I could yet forgive this intriguing little Slut, and take her to my Bosom.

O, said the Sycophant, you are very good, Sir, very forgiving, indeed! —But come, added the profligate

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Wretch, I hope you will be so good, as to take her to your Bosom; and that, by to-morrow Morning, you'll bring her to a better Sense of her Duty!

Could any thing, in Womanhood, be so vile! I had no Patience: But yet Grief and Indignation choaked up the Passage of my Words; and I could only stammer out a passionate Exclamation to Heaven, to protect my Innocence. But the Word was the Subject of their Ridicule. Was ever poor Creature worse befet!

He said, as if he had been considering whether he could forgive me or not, No, I cannot yet forgive her neither—She has given me great Disturbance; has brought great Discredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my Servants at the other House; has despised my honourable Views and Intentions to her, and fought to run away with this ingrateful Parson—And surely I ought not to forgive her all this! —Yet, with all this wretched Grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his Hand in my Bosom; but I struggled, and said, I would die before I would be used thus. — Consider, *Pamela*, said he, in a threatening Tone, consider where you are! and don't play the Fool: If you do, a more dreadful Fate awaits you than you expect. But, take her up Stairs, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I'll send a few Lines to her to consider of; and let me have your Answer, *Pamela*, in the Morning. Till then you have to resolve upon: And after that, your Doom is fix'd. —So I went up Stairs, and gave myself up to Grief and Expectation of what he would send: But yet I was glad of this Night's Reprieve!

He sent me, however, nothing at all: And about Twelve o'Clock, Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Nan* came up, as the Night before, to be my Bedfellows; and I would go to-bed with two of my Petticoats on; which they mutter'd at sadly; and Mrs. *Jewkes* railed at me particularly: Indeed I would have sat up all Night, for Fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little Rest that Night, apprehending this Woman would let my Mafter in. She did nothing but praise him, and blame me; but I answer'd her as little as I could.

He has Sir *Simon Tell-tale*, alias *Darnford*, to dine with him to-day, whose Family sent to welcome him into the Country; and it seems, the old Knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as *Samson* was, to make Sport for him—Here I am, and must bear it all!

## **Twelve o'Clock Saturday Noon.**

Just now he has sent me up, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, the following Proposals. So here are the honourable Intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear Parents, to make me a vile kept Mistress: Which God, I hope, will always enable me to detest the Thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most lov'd, could I have honestly promoted it, your Welfare and Happiness. I have answer'd them, as you'll, I'm sure, approve; and I am prepared for the worst: For tho' I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and tho' my poor Strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of Crime in my Intention, and in the Sight of God; and to him leave the avenging of all my Wrongs, in his own good Time and Manner. I shall write to you my Answer against his Articles; and hope the best, tho' I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruin'd and undone, and may not be able to look you in the Face; yet pity and inspirit the poor *Pamela*, to make her little Remnant of Life easy; for long I shall not survive my Disgrace. And you may be assured it shall not be my Fault, if it be my Misfortune.

'To Mrs. Pamela Andrews.

This is my ANSWER.

*'The following ARTICLES are proposed to your serious Consideration; and let me have an Answer, in Writing, to them; that I may take my Resolutions accordingly. Only remember, that I will not be trifled with; and what you give for Answer, will absolutely decide your Fate, without Expostulation or further Trouble.*

*Forgive, good Sir, the Spirit your poor Servant is about to shew in her Answer to your Articles. Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an Occasion as the present, would shew a Degree of Guilt, that, I hope, my Soul abhors. I will not trifle with you, nor act like a Person doubtful of her own Mind; for it wants not one Moment's Consideration with me; and I therefore return the Answer following, let what will be the Consequence.'*I. If you can convince me, that the hated Parson has had no Encouragement from you in his Addresses; and that you have no Inclination for him, in Preference to me; then I will offer the following Proposals to you, which I will punctually make good.

I. As to the first Article, Sir, it may behove me, that I may not deserve, in your Opinion, the opprobrious Terms of *forward* and *artful*, and the like, to declare solemnly, that Mr. *Williams* never had the least Encouragement from me, as to what you hint; and I believe his principal Motive was the apprehended Duty of his Function, quite contrary to his apparent Interest, to assist a Person he thought in Distress. You may, Sir, the rather believe me, when I declare, that I know not the Man breathing I would with to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the Gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting Dishonour.'II. I will directly make you a Present of 500 *Guineas*, for your

II. As to your second Proposal, let the Consequence be what it will, I own Use, which you may dispose of to any Purpose you please: And will give it absolutely into the Hands of any Person you shall appoint to receive it; and expect no Favour in Return, till you are satisfy'd in the Possession of it.

reject it with all my Soul. Money, Sir, is not my chief Good: May God Almighty desert me, whenever it is; and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my Title to that blessed Hope which will stand me in stead, at a Time when Millions of Gold will not purchase one happy Moment of Reflection on a past mis-spent Life!'III. I will likewise directly make over to you a Purchase I lately made in *Kent*, which brings in 250*l. per Annum*, clear of all Deductions. This shall be made over to you in full Property for your Life, and for the Lives of any Children, to Perpetuity, that you may happen to have: And your Father shall be immediately put into Possession of it, in Trust for these Purposes. And the Management of it will yield a comfortable Subsistence to him and your Mother, for Life; and I will make up any Deficiencies,

III. Your third Proposal, Sir, I reject, for the same Reason; and am sorry you could think my poor honest Parents would enter into their Part of it, and be concerned for the Management of an Estate, which would be

owing to the Prostitution of their poor Daughter. Forgive, Sir, my Warmth on this Occasion; but you know not the poor Man, and the poor Woman, my ever dear Father and Mother, if you think that they would not much rather chuse to starve in a Ditch, or rot in a noisome Dunghil, than acceptif such should happen, to that clear Sum, and allow him 50*l. per Annum* besides, for his Life, and that of your Mother, for his Care and Management of this your Estate.

of the Fortune of a Monarch, upon such wicked Terms. I dare not say all that my full Mind suggests to me on this grievous Occasion. — But indeed, Sir, you know them not; nor shall the Terrors of Death, in its most frightful Forms, I hope, thro' God's assisting Grace, ever make me act unworthy of such poor honest Parents.'IV. I will, moreover, extend my Favour to any other of your Relations, that you may think worthy of it, or that are valued by you.

IV. Your fourth Proposal, I take upon me, Sir, to answer as the third. If I have any Friends that want the Favour of the Great, may they ever want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy Terms!'V. I will, besides, order Patterns to be sent you for chusing four complete Suits of rich Cloaths, that you may appear with Reputation, as if you was my Wife. And I will give you the two Diamond Rings, and two Pair of Earrings, and Diamond Necklace, that were

V. Fine Cloaths, Sir, become not me; nor have I any Ambition to wear them. I have greater Pride in my Poverty and Meanness, than I should have in Dress and Finery. Believe me, Sir, I think such things less become the humble-born *Pamela*, than the Rags your good Mother raised me from. bought by my Mother, to present to Miss *Tomlins*, if the Match had been brought to Effect, that was proposed between her and me: And I will confer upon you still other Gratuities, as I shall find myself obliged, by your good Behaviour and Affection.

Your Rings, Sir, your Necklace, and your Earrings, will better befit Ladies of Degree, than me: And to lose the best Jewel, my Virtue, would be poorly recompensed by those you propose to give me. What should I think, when I looked upon my Finger, or saw, in the Glass, those Diamonds on my Neck, and in my Ears, but that they were the Price of my Honesty; and that I wore those Jewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly?'VI. Now, *Pamela*, will you see by this, what a Value I set upon the Free-will of a Person already in my Power; and who, if these Proposals are not accepted, shall find that I have not taken all these Pains, and risked my Reputation, as I have done, without resolving to gratify my Passion for you, at all Adventures, and if you refuse, without making any Terms at all.

VI. I know, Sir, by woful Experience, that I am in your Power: I know all the Resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and perhaps stand me in little stead: I dread your Will to ruin me is as great as your Power: Yet, Sir, will I dare to tell you, that I will make no Free-will Offering of my Virtue. All that I can do, poor as it is, I will do, to convince you, that your Offers shall have no Part in my Choice; and if I cannot escape the Violence of Man, I hope, by God's Grace, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, for not doing all in my Power to avoid my Disgrace; and then I can safely appeal to the great God, my only Refuge and Protector, with this Consolation, That my Will bore no Part in my Violation.'VII. You shall be Mistress of my Person and Fortune, as much as if the foolish Ceremony had passed. All my Servants shall be yours; and you shall chuse any two Persons to attend yourself, either Male or Female, without any Controul of mine; and if your Conduct be such, that I have Reason to be satisfied with it, I know not (but will not engage for this) that I may, after a Twelvemonth's Cohabitation, marry you; for if my Love increases for you, as it has done for many Months past, it will be

VII. I have not once dared to look so high, as to such a Proposal as your seventh Article contains. Hence have proceeded all my little, abortive Artifices to escape from the Confinement you have put me in; altho' you promised to be honourable to me. Your Honour, well I knew, would not let you stoop to so mean and so unworthy a Slave, as the poor *Pamela*: All I desire is, to be permitted to return to my native Meanness unviolated. What have I done, Sir, to deserve it should be otherwise? For the obtaining of this, tho' I would not have impossible for me to deny you any thing. And now, *Pamela*, consider well, it is in your Power to oblige me on such Terms, as will make yourself, and all your Friends, happy: But this will be over this very Day, irrevocably over; and you shall find all you would be thought to fear, without the least Benefit arising from it to yourself. —And I beg you'll well weigh the Matter, and comply with my Proposals; and I will instantly set about securing to you the full Effect of them: And let me, if you value yourself, experience a grateful Return on this Occasion; and I'll forgive all that's past.'

*marry'd* your Chaplain, yet would I have *run away* with your meanest Servant, if I had thought I could have

got safe to my beloved Poverty. I heard you once say, Sir, That a certain great Commander, who could live upon Lentils, might well refuse the Bribes of the greatest Monarch; and, I hope, as I can contentedly live at the meanest Rate, and think not myself above the lowest Condition, that I am also above making an Exchange of my Honesty for all the Riches of the *Indies*. When I come to be proud and vain of gaudy Apparel, and outside Finery; then, (which, I hope, will never be) may I rest my principal Good in such vain Trinkets, and despise for them the more solid Ornaments of a good Fame, and a Chastity inviolate! Give me Leave to say, Sir, in Answer to what

you hint, That you may, in a Twelvemonth's Time, marry me, on the Continuance of my good Behaviour; that this weighs less with me, if possible, than any thing else you have said. For, in the first Place, there is an End of all Merit, and all good Behaviour, on my Side, if I have now any, the Moment I consent to your Proposals. And I should be so far from expecting such an Honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most unworthy of it. What, Sir, would the World say, were you to marry your Harlot? —That a Gentleman of your Rank in Life, should stoop, not only to the base-born *Pamela*, but to a base-born Prostitute? —Little, Sir, as I know of the World, I am not to be caught by a Bait so poorly cover'd at this!

Yet, after all, dreadful is the Thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy Creature, am too fully in your Power! But permit me, Sir, to pray, as I now write, on my bended Knees, That before you resolve upon my Ruin, you will weigh well the Matter. Hitherto, Sir, tho' you have taken large Strides to this crying Sin, yet are you on this Side the Commission of it—When once it is done, nothing can recal it! And where will be your Triumph? —What Glory will the Spoils of such a weak Enemy yield you? Let me but enjoy my Poverty with Honesty, is all my Prayer; and I will blefs you, and pray for you every Moment of my Life! Think, O think! before it is yet too late! what Stings, what Remorse will attend your dying Hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruin'd, perhaps Soul and Body, a wretched Creature, whose only Pride was her Virtue! And how pleas'd you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous Moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul Crime, and to plead in your own Behalf, that you suffer'd the earnest Supplications of an unhappy Wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so! —May God Almighty, whose Mercy so lately sav'd you from the Peril of perishing in deep Waters, (on which, I hope, you will give me Cause to congratulate you!) touch your Heart in my Favour, and save you from this Sin, and me from this Ruin! —And to Him do I commit my Cause; and to Him will I give the Glory, and Night and Day pray for you, if I may be permitted to escape this great Evil! —From

*Your poor, oppressed, broken-spirited Servant.*

I took a Copy of this for your Perusal, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again, my dear Parents (for I hope my Conduct shall be approved of by you); and at Night, when Sir *Simon* was gone, he sent for me down. Well, said he, have you considered my Proposals? Yes, Sir, said I, I have: And there is my Answer. But pray let me not see you read it. Is it your Bashfulness, said he, or your Obstinacy, that makes you not chuse I should read it before you?

I offer'd to go away; and he said, Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But, said he, tell me, *Pamela*, whether you comply with my Proposals, or not? Sir, said I, you will see presently; pray don't hold me; for he took my Hand. Said he, Did you well consider before you answer'd? —I did, Sir, said I. If it be not what you think will please me, said he, dear Girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute Answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not sue meanly, where I can command. I fear, said he, it is not what I like, by your Manner. And, let me tell you, That I cannot bear Denial. If the Terms I have offer'd are not sufficient, I will augment them to two Thirds of my Estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful Oath, I cannot live without you: And since the thing is gone so far, I *will not!* —And so he clasped me in his Arms, in such a manner as quite frighted me; and kissed me two or three times.

I got from him, and run up Stairs, and went to the Closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

In an Hour's time, he called Mrs. *Jewkes* down to him; and I heard him very high in Passion: And all about poor me! And I heard her say, It was his own Fault; there would be an End of all my Complaining and Perverseness, if he was once resolved; and other most impudent Aggravations. I am resolved not to go to-bed this Night, if I can help it— Lie still, lie still, my poor fluttering Heart!— what will become of me!

***Almost Twelve o'Clock SATURDAY Night.***

He sent Mrs. *Jewkes*, about Ten o'Clock, to tell me to come to him. Where? said I. I'll shew you, said she. I went down three or four Steps, and saw her making to his Chamber, the Door of which was open: So I said, I cannot go there! — Don't be foolish, said she; but come; no Harm will be done to you! —Well, said I, if I die, I cannot go there. I heard him say, Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear, said he, to speak to her myself! —Well, said I, I cannot come, indeed I cannot; and so I went up again into my Closet, expecting to be fetch'd by Force.

But she came up soon after, and bid me make haste to—bed: Said I, I will not go to—bed this Night, that's certain! —Then, said she, you shall be made to come to—bed; and *Nan* and I will undress you. I knew neither Prayers nor Tears would move this wicked Woman: So, I said, I am sure you will let my Master in, and I shall be undone! Mighty Piece of Undone, she said! But he was too exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would assure me— Ay, said she, you'll be disposed of another way soon, I can tell you for your Comfort; And I hope your *Husband* will have your Obedience, tho' nobody else can. No Husband in the World, said I, shall make me do an unjust or base thing — She said, That would be soon try'd; and *Nan* coming in, What, said I, am I to have two Bedfellows again, these warm Nights? Yes, said she, Slippery—ones, you are, till you can have one good one instead of us. Said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't talk nastily to me. I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may—be; for next to bad Actions, are bad Words; for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the Heart. —Come to—bed, Purity! said she. You are a Nonsuch, I suppose. Indeed, said I, I can't come to—bed; and it will do you no harm to let me sit all Night in the great Chair. *Nan*, said she, undress my young Lady. If she won't let you, I'll help you: And if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my Master to do it for us; tho', said she, I think it an Office worthier of Monsieur *Colbrand*! —You are very wicked, said I. I know it, said she: I am a *Jezebel*, and a *London* Prostitute, you know. You did great Feats, said I, to tell my Master all this poor Stuff! But you did not tell him how you beat me: No, Lambkin, said she, (a Word I had not heard a good while) that I left for you to tell; and you was going to do it, if the Vultur had not taken the Wolf's Part, and bid the poor innocent Lamb be silent! —Ay, said I, no matter for your Fleers, Mrs. *Jewkes*; tho' I can have neither Justice nor Mercy here, and cannot be heard in my Defence, yet a Time will—come, may—be, when I shall be heard, and when your own Guilt will strike you dumb— Ay, Spirit! said she; and the Vultur too! Must we both be dumb? Why that, Lambkin, will be pretty! —Then, said the wicked one, you'll have all the Talk to yourself!— Then how will the Tongue of the pretty Lambkin bleat out Innocence, and Virtue, and Honesty, till the whole Trial be at an End! —You're a wicked Woman, that's certain, said I; and if you thought any thing of another World, could not talk thus. But no Wonder! —It shews what Hands I am got into! —Ay, so it does, said she; but I beg you'll undress, and come to—bed, or I believe your Innocence won't keep you from still worse Hands. I will come to—bed, said I, if you will let me have the Keys in my own Hand; not else, if I can help it. Yes, said she, and then, hey! for another Contrivance, another Escape! —No, no, said I, all my Contrivances are over, I'll assure you! Pray let me have the Keys, and I will come to—bed. She came to me, and took me in her huge Arms, as if I was a Feather; said she, I do this to shew you, what a poor Resistance you can make against me, if I pleased to exert myself; and so, Lambkin, don't say to your Wolf, I *won't* come to—bed! —And set me down, and tapped me on the Neck: Ah! said she, thou art a pretty Creature, it's ; but so obstinate! so full of Spirit! If thy Strength was but answerable to that, thou wouldst run away with us all, and this great House too on thy Back! but undress, undress, I tell you.

Well, said I, I see my Misfortunes make you very merry, and very witty too: But I will love you, if you will humour me with the Keys of the Chamber—doors. —Are you sure you will love me, said she? —Now speak your Conscience! —Why, said I, you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given Reason to doubt it! —But I will love you as well as I can! —I would not tell a wilful Lye: And if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard Usage of me. Well, said she, that's all fair, I own! —But *Nan*, pray pull off my young Lady's Shoes and Stockens. —No, pray don't, said I; I will come to—bed presently, since I must.

And so I went to the Closet, and scribbled a little about this idle Chit—chat. And she being importunate, I was forced to go to—bed; but with two of my Coats on, as the former Night; and she let me hold the two Keys; for there are two Locks, there being a double Door; and so I got a little Sleep that Night, having had none for two or

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three Nights before.

I can't imagine what she means; but *Nan* offer'd to talk a little once or twice; and she snubbed her, and said, I charge you, Wench, don't open your Lips before me! And if you are asked any Questions by Mrs. *Pamela*, don't answer her one Word, while I am here! —But she is a lordly Woman to the Maid-servants, and that has always been her Character. O how unlike good Mrs. *Jervis* in every thing!

**SUNDAY Morning.**

A Thought came into my Head; I meant no Harm; but it was a little bold. For seeing my Master dressing to go to Church, and his Chariot getting ready, I went to my Closet, and I writ,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desired for a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, who labours under a Temptation to exert his great Power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless Maiden.

And also,

The Prayers of this Congregation are earnestly desired, by a poor distressed Creature, for the Preservation of her Virtue and Innocence.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came up; Always writing, said she! and would see it. And strait, all that ever I could say, carry'd it down to my Master. —He look'd upon it, and said, Tell her, she shall soon see how her Prayers are answer'd. She is very bold. But as she has rejected all my Favours, her Reckoning for all is not far off. I look'd after him, out of the Window, and he was charmingly dress'd: To be sure, he is a handsome fine Gentleman! —What pity his Heart is not as good as his Appearance! Why can't I hate him? —But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his Vices all *ugly him over*, as I may say.

My Master sends Word, that he shall not come home to Dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir *Simon Darnford*. I am much concerned for poor Mr. *Williams*. Mrs. *Jewkes* says, he is confined still, and takes on much. All his Trouble is brought upon him for my sake: This grieves me much. My Master, it seems, will have his Money from him. This is very hard; for it is three fifty Pounds, he gave him, as he thought, as a Salary for three Years that he has been with him. But there was no Agreement between them; and he absolutely depended on my Master's Favour. To be sure, it was the more generous of him to run these Risques for the sake of oppressed Innocence; and I hope he will meet with his Reward in due Time. Alas! for me! I dare not plead for him; that would raise my Oppressor's Jealousy more. And I have not Interest to save myself!

**SUNDAY Evening.**

Mrs. *Jewkes* has received a Line from my Master. I wonder what it is; but his Chariot is come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of Plots and Tricks, I know not what to do! — Every thing I suspect; for now my Disgrace is avow'd, what can I think! —To be sure the worst will be attempted! I can only pour out my Soul in Prayer to God, for his blessed Protection. But if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful Survivor! —Only let me not shorten my own Time sinfully!—

This Woman left upon the Table, in the Chamber, this Letter of my Master's to her; and I bolted myself in, till I had transcrib'd it. You'll see how tremblingly by the Lines. I wish poor Mr. *Williams's* Release at any Rate; but this Letter makes my Heart ache. Yet I have another Day's Reprieve, thank God!

'Mrs. *Jewkes*, I Have been so press'd on *Williams's* Affair, that I shall set out this Afternoon, in Sir *Simon's* Chariot, and with Parson *Peters*, who is his Intercessor, for *Stamford*; and shall not be back till tomorrow Evening, if then. As to your Ward, I am thoroughly incensed against her. She has withstood her Time; and now, would she sign and seal to my Articles, it is too late. I shall discover something, perhaps, by him, and will, on my Return, let her know, that all her insnaring Loveliness shall not save her from the Fate that awaits her. But let her know nothing of this, lest it put her fruitful Mind upon Plots and Artifices. Besure trust her not without another with you at Night, lest she venture the Window in her foolish Rashness: For I shall require her at your Hands.

'Yours, &c.'

I had but just finished taking a Copy of this, and laid the Letter where I had it, and unbolted the Door, when she came up in a great Fright, for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my Closet, and that lying as she left it, she did not mistrust. O, said she, I was afraid you had seen my Master's Letter here, which I carelesly left on the Table. I wish, said I, I had known that. Why sure, said she, if you had, you would not have offer'd to read my Letters. Indeed, said I, I should, at this Time, if it had been in my way— Do, let me see it— Well, said she, I wish poor Mr. *Williams* well off: I understand my Master is gone to make up Matters with him; which is very good. To be sure, added she, he is a very good Gentleman, and very forgiving! —Why, said I, as if I had known nothing of the Matter, how can he make up Matters with him? Is not Mr. *Williams* at *Stamford*? Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson *Peters* pleads for him, and he is gone with him to *Stamford*, and will not be back to Night: So, we have nothing to do, but to eat our Suppers betimes, and go to-bed. Ay, that's pure, said I; and I shall have good Rest, this Night, I hope. So, said she, you might every Night, but for your own idle Fears. You are afraid of your Friends, when none are near you. Ay, that's , said I; for I have not one near me.

So have I one more good honest Night before me! What the next may be, I know not; and so I'll try to take in a good deal of Sleep, while I can be easy. And so here I say Good-night, my dear Parents; for I have no more to write about this Night: And tho' his Letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn't suspect I have seen it.

## TUESDAY Night.

For the future, I will always mistrust most when Appearances look fairest. O your poor Daughter, what has she not suffer'd since what I wrote of *Sunday* Night! —My worst Trial, and my fearfullest Danger! O how I shudder to write you an Account of this wicked Interval of Time! For, my dear Parents, will you not be too much frighten'd and affected with my Distress, when I tell you, that his Journey to *Stamford* was all abominable Pretence? for he came home privately, and had well nigh effected all his vile Purposes, and the Ruin of your poor Daughter; and that by such a Plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of: And Oh! you'll hear what a vile and unwomanly Part that wicked Wretch, Mrs. *Jewkes*, acted in it!

I left off with letting you know how much I was pleased, that I had one Night's Reprieve added to my Honesty. But I had less Occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge by what I have said already. Take then the dreadful Story as well as I can relate it.

The Maid *Nan* is a little apt to drink, if she can get at Liquor; and Mrs. *Jewkes* happen'd, or design'd, as is too probable, to leave a Bottle of Cherrybrandy in her way, and the Wench drank some of it more than she should; and when she came in to lay the Cloth, Mrs. *Jewkes* perceived it, and fell a rating at her most sadly; for she has too many Faults of her own, to suffer any of the like Sort in any body else, if she can help it; and she bid her get out of her Sight, when we had supp'd, and go to—bed, to sleep off her Liquor, before we came to—bed. And so the poor Maid went muttering up Stairs.

About two Hours after, which was near Eleven o'Clock, Mrs. *Jewkes* and I went up to go to—bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming Night I should have. We lock'd both Doors, and saw poor *Nan*, as I thought, (for Oh! it was my abominable Master, as you shall hear by—and—by) sitting fast asleep, in an Elbow—chair, in a dark Corner of the Room, with her Apron thrown over her Head and Neck. And Mrs. *Jewkes* said, There is that Beast of a Wench fast asleep, instead of being a—bed! I knew, said she, she had taken a fine Dose. I'll wake her, said I. No, don't, said she, let her sleep on; we shall lie better without her. Ay, said I, so we shall, if she don't get Cold.

Said she, I hope you have no Writing to Night. No, reply'd I, I will go to—bed with you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Said she, I wonder what you can find to write about so much; and am sure you have better Conveniencies of that kind, and more Paper, than I am aware of; and I had intended to romage you, if my Master had not come down; for I 'spy'd a broken Tea—cup with Ink, which gave me a Suspicion; but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own Fault.

All this time we were undressing ourselves. And I fetch'd a deep Sigh! What do you sigh so for? said she. I am thinking, Mrs. *Jewkes*, answer'd I, what a sad Life I live, and how hard is my Lot. I am sure the Thief that has robb'd, is much better off than I, 'bating the Guilt; and I should, I think, take it for a Mercy, to be hang'd out of the way, rather than live in these cruel Apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling Vein, I began to give a little History of myself, as I did once before to Mrs. *Jervis*, in this manner.

Here, said I, were my poor honest Parents; they took care to instil good Principles into my Mind, till I was almost twelve Years of Age; and taught me to prefer Goodness and Poverty to the highest Condition of Life; and they confirm'd their Lessons by their own Practice; for they were, of late Years, remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a Proverb; for, *as honest as Goodman Andrews*, was a Bye—word.

Well then, said I, comes my late dear good Lady, and takes a Fancy to me, and said, she would be the making of me, if I was a good Girl; and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the Spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy Hours; and also learnt me all manner of fine Needle—work; but still this was her Lesson, *My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the Men at a Distance*: Well, so I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, tho' I say it, they all loved me, and respected me; and would do any thing for me, as if I was a Gentlewoman.

But then, what comes next? —Why, it pleased God to take my good Lady; and then comes my Master. And what says he? —Why, in Effect, it is, *Be not virtuous*, Pamela.

So here have I lived above sixteen Years in Virtue and Reputation, and, all at once, when I come to know what is Good and what is Evil, I must renounce all the Good, all the whole sixteen Years Innocence, which, next to God's Grace, I owed chiefly to my Parents and my Lady's good Lessons and Examples, and chuse the Evil; and so, in a Moment's Time, become the vilest of Creatures! And all this, for what I pray? Why truly, for a Pair of

Diamond Ear-rings, a Necklace, and a Diamond Ring for my Finger; which would not become me: For a few paltry fine Cloaths; which when I wore, it would make but my former Poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me; especially when they knew the base Terms I wore them upon. But indeed, I was to have a great Parcel of Guineas beside; I forget how many; for had there been ten times more, they would have been not so much to me, as the honest Six Guineas you trick'd me out of, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

Well, forsooth, but then I was to have I know not how many Pounds a Year for my Life; and my poor Father (there was the Jest of it) was to be the Manager for the abandon'd Prostitute his Daughter: And then (there was the Jest again) my kind, forgiving, virtuous Master, would pardon me all my Misdeeds!

Yes, thank him for nothing, truly. And what, pray, are all these violent Misdeeds? —Why, they are for daring to adhere to the good Lessons that were taught me; and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former: For not being contented when I was run away with, in order to ruin me; but contriving, if my poor Wits had been able, to get out of my Danger, and preserve myself honest.

Then was he once jealous of poor *John*, tho' he knew *John* was his own Creature, and helped to deceive me.

Then was he outrageous against poor Parson *Williams*; and him has this good, merciful Master thrown into Gaol; and for what? Why truly, for that, being a Divine, and a good Man, he had the Fear of God before his Eyes, and was willing to forego all his Expectations of Interest, and assist an oppressed poor Creature.

But, to be sure, I must be forward, bold, sawcy, and what not? to dare to run away from certain Ruin, and to try to escape from an unjust Confinement; and I must be married to the Parson, nothing so sure!

He would have had but a poor Catch of me, had I consented; but he and you too know I did not want to marry any body. I only wanted to go to my poor Parents, and to have my own Liberty, and not to be confined to such an unlawful Restraint; and which would not be inflicted upon me, but only that I am a poor, destitute, young Body, and have no Friend that is able to right me.

So, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, here is my History in brief. And I am a very unhappy young Creature, to be sure! —And why am I so? —Why, because my Master sees something in my Person that takes his present Fancy; and because I would not be undone. —Why therefore, to chuse, I must, and I shall be undone! —And this is all the Reason that can be given!

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any Interruption; and I said, Well, I must go to the two Closets, ever since an Affair of the Closet at the other House, tho' he is so far off. And I had a good mind to wake this poor Maid. No, don't, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her; and she'll get no Harm there; but if she wakes, she may come to-bed well enough, as long as there is a Candle in the Chimney.

So I looked into the Closets, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my Prayers; and this with my under Cloaths in my Hand, all undrest, and passed by the poor sleeping Wench, as I thought, in my Return. But Oh! little did I think, it was my wicked, wicked Master in a Gown and Petticoat of hers, and her Apron over his Face and Shoulders. What Meannesses will not *Lucifer* make his Votaries stoop to, to gain their abominable Ends!

Mrs. *Jewkes*, by this time, was got to-bed, on the further Side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the Maid, when she should awake I got into Bed, and lay close to her. And I said, Where are the Keys? tho' said I, I am not so much afraid to-night. Here, said the wicked Woman, put your Arm under mine, and you shall find them about my Wrist, as they used to be. So I did; and the abominable Designer held my Hand with her Right-hand, as my Right-arm was under her Left.

In less than a Quarter of an Hour, I said, There's poor *Nan* awake; I hear her stir. Let us go to sleep, said she, and not mind her: She'll come to-bed, when she's quite awake. Poor Soul! said I, I'll warrant she will have the Head-ach finely tomorrow for it. Be silent, said she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake; and I never found you in so talkative a Humour in my Life. Don't chide me, said, I; I will say but one thing more: Do you think *Nan* could hear me talk of my Master's Offers? No, no, said she; she was dead asleep. I'm glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my Master to his common Servants; and I knew *you* was no Stranger to his *fine* Articles. Said she, I think they were fine Articles, and you was bewitch'd you did not close in with them: But let us go to sleep. So I was silent; and the pretended *Nan* (O wicked, base, villainous Designer! what a Plot, what an unexpected Plot was this!) seem'd to be awaking; and Mrs. *Jewkes*, abhorred Creature! said, Come, *Nan!* —what are you awake at last? Pr'ythee come to-bed; for Mrs. *Pamela* is in a talking Fit, and won't go to sleep one while.

At that the pretended She came to the Bed-side; and sitting down in a Chair, where the Curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I, Poor Mrs. *Ann*, I warrant your Head achs most sadly! How do you do? —She answer'd not one

Word. Said the superlatively wicked Woman, You know I have order'd her not to answer you. And this Plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these Orders, the Night before.

I heard her, as I thought, breathe all quick and short: Indeed, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, the poor Maid is not well. What ails you, Mrs. *Ann*? And still no Answer was made.

But, I tremble to relate it, the pretended She came into Bed; but quiver'd like an Aspin-leaf; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much. —But well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Dissimulation, and base Designs.

What Words shall I find, my dear Mother, (for my Father should not see this shocking Part) to describe the rest, and my Confusion, when the guilty Wretch took my Left-arm, and laid it under his Neck, as the vile Procuress held my Right; and then he clasp'd me round my Waist!

Said I, Is the Wench mad! Why, how now, Confidence? thinking still it had been *Nan*. But he kissed me with frightful Vehemence; and then his Voice broke upon me like a Clap of Thunder. Now, *Pamela*, said he, is the dreadful Time of Reckoning come, that I have threaten'd. —I scream'd out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me: And both my Hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor Soul was in such Agonies as I. Wicked Man! said I; wicked, abominable Woman! O God! my God! this *Time*, this *one* Time! deliver me from this Distress! or strike me dead this Moment; and then I scream'd again and again.

Says he, One Word with you, *Pamela*; one Word hear me but; and hitherto you see I offer nothing to you. Is this nothing, said I, to be in Bed here? To hold my Hands between you? I will hear, if you will instantly leave the Bed, and take this villainous Woman from me!

Said she, (O Disgrace of Womankind!) What you do, Sir, do; don't stand dilly-dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done. And she'll be quieter when she knows the worst.

Silence, said he to her; I must say one Word to you, *Pamela*; it is this: You see, now you are in my Power! —You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: Yet have I not offer'd any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my Proposals, I will not lose this Opportunity: If you do, I will yet leave you.

O Sir, said I, leave me, leave me but, and I will do any thing I ought to do. —Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my Proposals! —And then, (for this was all detestable Grimace he) put his Hand in my Bosom. With Struggling, Fright, Terror, I fainted away quite, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both, from the cold Sweats that I was in, thought me dying. —And I remember no more than that, when, with great Difficulty, they brought me to myself, she was setting on one side of the Bed, with her Cloaths on; and he on the other with his, and in his Gown and Slippers.

Your poor *Pamela* cannot answer for the Liberties taken with her in her deplorable State of Death. And when I saw them there, I sat up in my Bed, without any Regard to what Appearance I made, and nothing about my Neck; and he soothing me, with an Aspect of Pity and Concern, I put my Hand to his Mouth, and said, O tell me, yet tell me not, what I have suffer'd in this Distress! And I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be sure, I was on the Point of Distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter Imprecation, vow'd, that he had not offer'd the least Indecency; that he was frighten'd at the terrible manner I was taken with the Fit: That he would desist from his Attempt; and begg'd but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly, and go to his own Bed O then, said I, take from me this most wicked Woman, this vile Mrs. *Jewkes*, as an Earnest that I may believe you!

And will you, Sir, said the wicked Wretch, for a Fit or two, give up such an Opportunity as this? —I thought you had known the Sex better. —She is now, you see, quite well again!

This I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, at these Words, and at his clasping his Arms about me again. And when I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there, and the Maid *Nan*, holding a Smelling-bottle to my Nose, and no Mrs. *Jewkes*.

He said, taking my Hand, Now will I vow to you, my dear *Pamela*, that I will leave you the Moment I see you better, and pacify'd. Here's *Nan* knows, and will tell you my Concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offer'd any Indecency to you. And since I found Mrs. *Jewkes* so offensive to you, I have sent her to the Maid's Bed, and the Maid shall lie with you to-night. And but promise me that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you. But said I, will not *Nan* also hold my Hand! And will *she* not let you come in again to me? — He said, By Heaven! I will not come in again to-night. *Nan*, undress yourself, go to-bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear Creature: And now, *Pamela*, said he, give me but your Hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your

Repose. I held out my trembling Hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss; and I said, God forgive you, Sir, as you *have been* just in my Distress; and as you *will be* just to what you promise! And he withdrew, with a Countenance of Remorse, as I hoped; and she shut the Doors, and, at my Request, brought the Keys to-bed.

This, O my dear Parents! was a most dreadful Trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recall all the horrid Circumstances of it. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of Indecency; but have Reason to bless God, who, by disabling me in my Faculties, enabled me to preserve my Innocence; and when all my Strength would have signified nothing, magnify'd himself in my Weakness!

I was so weak all Day on *Monday*, that I lay a-bed. My Master shew'd great Tenderness for me; and, I hope, he is really sorry, and that this will be his last Attempt; but he does not say so neither.

He came in the Morning, as soon as he heard the Door open: And I begun to be fearful. He stopt short of the Bed, and said, Rather than give you Apprehensions, I will come no further. I said, Your Honour, Sir, and your Mercy, is all I have to beg. He sat himself on the side of the Bed, and asked kindly how I did? —Begg'd me to be compos'd; said I still look'd a little wildly. And I said, Pray, good Sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. *Jewkes*; I doubt I cannot bear her Sight. She shan't, said he, come near you all this Day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, Sir, said I, I will try. He pressed my Hand very tenderly, and went out. What a Change does this shew! —O may it be lasting! But, alas! he seems only to have alter'd his Method of Proceeding, but retains, I doubt, his wicked Purpose!

On *Tuesday* about ten o'Clock, when my Master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the Parlour. When I came, he said, Come nearer to me, *Pamela*. I did so, and he took my Hand, and said, You begin to look well again. I am glad of it. You little Slut, how did you frighten me on *Sunday Night*! —Sir, said I, pray name not that Night; and my Eyes overflow'd at the Remembrance, and I turn'd my Head aside.

Said he, Place some little Confidence in me: I know what those charming Eyes mean, and you shall not need to explain yourself: For I do assure you, that as soon as I saw you change, and a cold Sweat bedew your pretty Face, and you fainted away, I quitted the Bed, and Mrs. *Jewkes* did so too. And I put on my Gown, and she fetch'd her Smelling-bottle, and did all we could to restore you; and my Passion for you was all swallow'd up in the Concern I had for your Recovery; for I thought I never saw a Fit so strong and violent in my Life; and fear'd we should not bring you to Life again; for what I saw you in once before was nothing to it. This, said he, might be my Folly, and my Unacquaintedness with what your Sex can shew when they are in Earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your Mind may be intirely comforted. —All I offer'd to you, (and that, I am sure, was innocent) was before you fainted away.

Sir, said I, that was very bad. And it was too plain you had the worst Designs. When, said he, I tell you the Truth in one Instance, you may believe me in the other. I know not, I declare beyond this lovely Bosom, your Sex; but that I did intend what you call the worst, is most certain: And tho' I would not too much alarm you now, I could curse my Weakness and my Folly, which makes me own, that I love you beyond all your Sex, and cannot live without you. But, if I am Master of myself, and my own Resolution, I will not attempt to force you to any thing again. Sir, said I, you may easily keep your Resolution, if you will send me out of your way, to my poor Parents; that is all I beg.

'Tis a Folly to talk of it, said he. You must not, shall not go! And if I could be assur'd you would not attempt it, you should have better Usage, and your Confinement should be made easier to you. But to what End, Sir, am I to stay, said I? You yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good Resolutions; and do you think, if I was to stay, when I *could* get away, and be safe, it would not look, as if either I confided too much in my own Strength, or would tempt my Ruin? And as if I was not in earnest to wish myself safe and out of Danger? —And then, how long am I to stay? And to what Purpose? And in what Light must I appear to the World? Would not that censure me, altho' I might be innocent? And you will allow, Sir, that if there be any thing valuable or exemplary in a good Name, or fair Reputation, one must not despise the World's Censure, if one can avoid it.

Well, said he, I sent not for you on this Account, just now. But for two Reasons. The first is, that you promise me, that for a Fortnight to come you will not offer to go away without my express Consent; and this I expect for your own sake, that I may give you a little more Liberty. And the second is, That you will see and forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*; she takes on much, and thinks, that, as all her Fault was her Obedience to me, it would be very hard to sacrifice her, as she calls it, to your Resentment.

As to the first, Sir, said I, it is a hard Injunction, for the Reasons I have mention'd. And as to the second,

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considering her vile unwomanly Wickedness, and her Endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning Goodness seem'd to have some Compassion on me, it is still harder. But to shew my Obedience to your Commands, (for you know, my dear Parents, I might as well make a Merit of my Compliance, when my Refusal would stand me in no stead) I will consent to both; and to every thing else, that you shall be pleas'd to injoin, which I can do with Innocence.

That's my good Girl, said he, and kiss'd me. This is quite prudent, and shews me, that you don't take insolent Advantage of my Favour for you, and will, perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.

So he rung the Bell, and said, Call down Mrs. *Jewkes*. She came down, and he took my Hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am oblig'd to you for all your Diligence and Fidelity to me; but *Pamela*, I must own, is not; because the Service I employ'd you in was not so very obliging to her, as I could have wish'd she would have thought it; and you was not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first Word, she has *once* oblig'd me, by consenting to be Friends with you; and, if she gives me no great Cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on such disagreeable Service again. —Now, therefore, be you once more Bed-fellows and Board-fellows, as I may say, for some Days longer; and see that *Pamela* sends no Letters nor Messages out of the House, nor keeps a Correspondence unknown to me, especially with that *Williams*; and, as for the rest, shew the dear Girl all the Respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh Restraints. But your watchful Care is not, however, to cease: And remember that you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good Turn, if it lay in her Power.

I took Courage then to drop a Word or two for poor Mr. *Williams*; but he was angry with me for it, and said, he could not endure to hear his Name in *my* Mouth; so I was forc'd to have done for that time.

All this time my Papers that I had bury'd under the Rose-bush, lay there still; and I begg'd for Leave to send a Letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my Design; and yet I would have sent you such a Letter as he might see, if I had been sure my Danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another Method, and what I am more afraid of, because, may-be, he may watch an Opportunity, and join Force with it, on Occasion, when I am least prepar'd: For now, he seems to abound with Kindness, and talks of Love, without Reserve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the Liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent; but which I do not like, and especially in the manner he does it; but for a Master to do it at all to a Servant, has Meaning too much in it, not to alarm an honest Body.

**WEDNESDAY Morning.**

I Find I am watched and suspected still very close; and I wish I was with you; but that must not be, it seems, this Fortnight. I don't like this Fortnight, and it will be a tedious and a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My Master just now sent for me down to take a Walk with him in the Garden. But I like him not at all, nor his Ways. For he would have all the way his Arm about my Waist, and said abundance of fond Things to me, enough to make me proud, if his Design had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little Alcove, on the further Part of the Garden; and really made me afraid of myself. For he began to be very teasing, and made me sit on his Knee, and was so often kissing me, that I said, Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I assure you. Indeed you make me afraid! —And what made me the more so, was what he once said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, and did not think I heard him, and which, tho' always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my Writing.

She, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his Wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful Trial; and I only heard what he answer'd.

Said he, I will try once more; but I have begun wrong. For I see Terror does but add to her Frost; but, she is a charming Girl, and may be thaw'd by Kindness; and I should have melted her by Love, instead of freezing her by Fear.

Is he not a wicked sad Man for this? —To sure, I blush while I write it. But I trust, that that God, who has deliver'd me from the Paw of the Lion and the Bear; that is, his and Mrs. *Jewkes's* Violences; will also deliver me from this *Philistine*, myself, and my own Infirmities, that I may not defy the Commands of the Living God!—

But, as I was saying, this Expression coming into my Thoughts, I was of Opinion, I could not be too much on my Guard, at all times; more especially when he took such Liberties: For he professed Honour all the Time with his Mouth, while his Actions did not correspond. I begg'd and pray'd he would let me go: And had I not appear'd quite regardless of all he said, and resolv'd not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded: For I was forc'd to fall down upon my Knees.

At last he walk'd out with me, still bragging of his Honour, and his Love. Yes, yes, Sir, said I, your Honour is to destroy mine; and your Love is to ruin me, I see it too plainly. But, indeed, I will not walk with you, Sir, said I, any more. Do you know, said he, who you talk to, and where you are?

You may believe I had Reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, As to where I am, Sir, I know it too well, and that I have no Creature to befriend me: And, as to who you are, Sir, let me ask you, what you would have me answer?

Why tell me, said he, what Answer you would make? It will only make you angry, said I; and so I shall fare worse, if possible. I won't be angry, said he. Why then, Sir, said I, you cannot be my late good Lady's Son; for she lov'd me, and taught me Virtue. You cannot then be my Master; for no Master demeans himself so to his poor Servant.

He put his Arm round me, and his other Hand on my Neck; which made me more angry and bold, and he said, What then am I? Why, said I, (struggling from him, and in a great Passion) to be sure you are *Lucifer* himself in the Shape of my Master, or you could not use me thus. These are too great Liberties, said he, in Anger, and I desire that you will not repeat them, for your own sake: For if you have no Decency towards me, I'll have none to you.

I was running from him; and he said, Come back, when I bid you? —So, knowing every Place was alike dangerous to me, and I had nobody to run to; I came back, at his Call, and I held my Hands together, and wept, and said, Pray, Sir, forgive me! No, said he, rather say, Pray, *Lucifer*, forgive me; and now, since you take me for the Devil, how can you expect any Good from me? —How, rather, can you expect any thing but the worst Treatment from me? —You have given me a Character, *Pamela*, and blame me not that I act up to it.

Sir, said I, let me beg you to forgive me. I am really sorry for my Boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a Gentleman; and how can I express my Resentment, if I mince the Matter, while you are so indecent?

Precise Fool, said he, what Indecencies have I offer'd you? —I was bewitch'd I had not gone thro' my Purpose last *Sunday* Night; and then your licentious Tongue had not given the worst Names to little puny Freedoms, that

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shew my Love and my Folly at the same time. But begone, and learn another Conduct and more Wit, and I will lay aside my foolish Regard for you, and assert myself. Begone, said he, again, with a haughty Air.

Indeed, Sir, said I, I cannot go, till you pardon me, which I beg on my bended Knees. I am truly sorry for my Boldness. —But I see how you go on: You creep by little and little upon me; and now sooth me, and now threaten me; and if I should for-bear to shew my Resentment, when you offer Incivilities to me, would not that be to be lost by degrees? Would it not shew that I could bear any thing from you, if I did not express all the Indignation I *could* express, at the first Approaches you make to what I dread? And, have you not as good as avow'd my Ruin? —And have you once made me hope, you will quit your Purposes against me? How then, Sir, can I act, but by shewing my Abhorrence of every Step that makes towards my Undoing? And what is left me but Words? And can these Words be other than such strong ones, as shall shew the Detestation, which, from the Bottom of my Heart, I have for every Attempt upon my Virtue? Judge for me, Sir, and pardon me.

Pardon you, said he, what, when you don't repent? —When you have the Boldness to justify yourself in your Fault? Why don't you say, you never will again offend me? I will endeavour, Sir, said I, always to preserve that Decency towards you which becomes me. But really, Sir, I must beg your Excuse for saying, That when you forget what belongs to Decency in your Actions, and when Words are all that are left me, to shew my Resentment of such Actions, I will not promise to for-bear the strongest Expressions that my distressed Mind shall suggest to me; nor shall your angriest Frowns deter me; when my Honesty is in Question.

What then, said he, do you beg Pardon for? Where is the Promise of Amendment for which I should forgive you? Indeed, Sir, said I, I own that must absolutely depend on your Usage of me: For I will bear any thing you can inflict upon me with Patience, even to the laying down of my Life, to shew my Obedience to you in other Cases; but I cannot be patient, I cannot be passive, when my Virtue is at Stake! —It would be criminal in me, if I was.

He said he never saw such a Fool in his Life! And he walk'd by the Side of me some Yards, without saying a Word, and seem'd vex'd; and, at last walked in, bidding me attend him in the Garden after Dinner. So, having a little Time, I went up, and wrote thus far.

**WEDNESDAY Night.**

If, my dear Parents, I am not destin'd more surely than ever for Ruin, I have now more Comfort before me, than ever I yet knew. And am either nearer my Happiness or my Misery than ever I was. God protect me from the latter, if it be his blessed Will! I have now such a Scene to open to you, that I know will alarm both your Hopes and your Fears, as it does mine. And this it is.

After my Master had din'd, he took a Turn into the Stables, to look at his Stud of Horses; and, when he came in, he open'd the Parlour-door, where Mrs. *Jewkes* and I sat at Dinner; and, at his Entrance, we both rose up; but he said, Sit still, sit still; and let me see how you eat your Victuals, *Pamela*. O, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, very poorly, Sir, I'll assure you. No, said I, pretty well, Sir, considering. None of your *Considerings!* said he, Pretty-face, and tapp'd me on the Cheek. I blush'd, but was glad he was so good-humour'd; but I could not tell how to sit before him, nor to behave myself. So he said, I know, *Pamela*, you are a nice Carver. My Mother us'd to say so. My Lady, Sir, said I, was very good to me, in every thing, and would always make me do the Honours of her Table for her, when she was with her few select Friends that she lov'd. Cut up, said he, that Chicken. I did so. Now, said he, and took a Knife and Fork, and put a Wing upon my Plate, let me see you eat that. O Sir, said I, I have eat a whole Breast of a Chicken already, and cannot eat so much. But he said, I must eat it for his sake, and he would learn me to eat heartily: So I did eat it; but was much confused at his so kind and unusual Freedom and Condescension. And, good Sirs! you can't imagine how Mrs. *Jewkes* look'd, and star'd, and how respectful she seem'd to me, and call'd me *good Madam!* I'll assure you! urging me to take a little Bit of Tart.

My Master took two or three Turns about the Room, musing and thoughtful, as I had never before seen him; and at last he went out, saying, I am going into the Garden: You know, *Pamela*, what I said to you before Dinner. I rose and curcheed, saying, I would attend his Honour; and he said, Do, good Girl!

Well, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I see how things will go. O *Madam*, as she call'd me again, I am sure you are to be our Mistress! And then I know what will become of me. Ah! Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the utmost of my Ambition; and, I hope, no Temptation shall make me otherwise.

Notwithstanding I had no Reason to be pleas'd with his Treatment of me before Dinner, yet I made haste to attend him; and I found him walking by the Side of that Pond, which, for Want of Grace, and thro' a sinful Despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me, and the Sight of which, ever since, has been a Trouble and Reproach to me. And it was by the Side of this Pond, and not far from the Place where I had that dreadful Conflict, that my present Hopes, if I am not to be deceiv'd again, began to dawn, which I presume to flatter myself with being an happy Omen for me, as if God Almighty would shew your poor sinful Daughter, how well I did, to put my Affiance in his Goodness, and not to throw away myself, because my Ruin seem'd inevitable to my short-sighted Apprehension.

So he was pleas'd to say, Well, *Pamela*, I am glad you are come of your own Accord, as I may say: Give me your Hand. I did so; and he look'd at me very steadily, and pressing my Hand all the time, at last said, I will now talk to you in a serious manner.

You have a great deal of Wit, a great deal of Penetration, much beyond your Years; and, as I thought, your Opportunities. You are possess'd of an open, frank and generous Mind; and a Person so lovely, that you excel all your Sex in my Eyes. All these Accomplishments have engag'd my Affections so deeply, that, as I have often said, I cannot live without you; and I would divide with all my Soul, my Estate with you, to make you mine upon my own Terms. These you have absolutely rejected; and that, tho' in sawcy Terms enough, yet, in such a manner, as makes me admire you more. Your pretty Chit-chat to Mrs. *Jewkes*, the last *Sunday* Night, so innocent, and so full of beautiful Simplicity, half disarm'd my Resolutions before I approach'd your Bed. And I see you so watchful over your Virtue, that tho' I hop'd to find it otherwise, I cannot but say, my Passion for you is increas'd by it. But now what shall I say further, *Pamela*? —I will make you, tho' a Party, my Adviser in this Matter; tho' not perhaps my definitive Judge.

You know I am not a very abandon'd Profligate: I have hitherto been guilty of no very enormous or vile Actions. This of seizing you, and confining you thus, may, perhaps, be one of the worst, at least to Persons of real Innocence. Had I been utterly given up to my Passions, I should before now have gratify'd them, and not have

shewn that Remorse and Compassion for you, which have repriev'd you more than once, when absolutely in my Power; and you are as inviolate a Virgin as you was when you came into my House.

But, what can I do? Consider the Pride of my Condition. I cannot endure the Thought of Marriage, even with a Person of equal or superior Degree to myself; and have declin'd several Proposals of that kind: How then, with the Distance between us, and in the World's Judgment, can I think of making you my Wife? —Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the Thoughts of any other Man supplanting me in your Affections. And the very Apprehension of that, has made me hate the Name of *Williams*, and use him in a manner unworthy of my Temper.

Now, *Pamela*, judge for me; and, since I have told you thus candidly my Mind, and I see yours is big with some important Meaning, by your Eyes, your Blushes, and that sweet Confusion which I behold struggling in—your Bosom, tell me with like Openness and Candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you would have me do. —

It is impossible for me to express the Agitations of my Mind on this unexpected Declaration, so contrary to his former Behaviour. His Manner too had something so noble, and so sincere, as I thought; that, alas for me! I found I had Need of all my poor Discretion, to ward off the Blow which this Treatment gave to my most guarded Thoughts. I threw myself at his Feet, for I trembled and could hardly stand; O Sir, said I, spare your poor Servant's Confusion; O spare the poor *Pamela!* —I cannot say what you *ought* to do: But I only beg you will not ruin me; and, if you think me virtuous, if you think me sincerely honest, let me go to my poor Parents. I will vow to you, that I will never suffer myself to be engag'd without your Approbation. As to *my* poor Thoughts, of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that, indeed, I think you ought to regard the World's Opinion, and avoid doing any thing disgraceful to your own Birth and Fortune; and therefore, if you really honour the poor *Pamela* with your Respect, a little Time, Absence, and the Conversation of worthier Persons of my Sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a Regard so unworthy of your, Condition: And this, good Sir, is the best Advice I can offer.

Charming Creature, lovely *Pamela*, said he, (with an Ardor, that was never before so agreeable to me) this generous Manner is of a Piece with all the rest of your Conduct. But tell me more explicitly, what you would advise me in the Case.

O Sir, said I, take not Advantage of my Credulity, and these my weak Moments; but, were I the first Lady in the Land, instead of the poor abject *Pamela*, I would, I *could* tell you. But I can say no more.

O my dear Father and Mother! now I know you will indeed be concern'd for me! —For now I am for myself! —And now I begin to be afraid, I know too well the Reason, why all his hard Trials of me, and my black Apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

But be assur'd still, by God's Grace, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your *Pamela*; and if I find that he is still capable of deceiving me, and that this Conduct is only put on to delude me more, I shall think nothing in this World so vile and so odious; and nothing, if he be not the worst of his Kind (as he says, and, I hope, he is not) so desperately guileful as the Heart of Man!

He generously said, I will spare your Confusion, *Pamela*. But I hope, I may promise myself, that you can love me preferably to any other Man; and that no one in the World has had any Share in your Affections; for I am very jealous of what I love and if I thought you had a secret Whispering in your Soul, that had not yet come up to a Wish, for any other Man breathing, I should not forgive *myself* to persist in my Affection for you; nor *you*, if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my Knees, on the Grass Slope by the Pond-side, he sat himself down on the Grass by me, and took me in his Arms, Why hesitates my *Pamela*, said—he? —Can you not answer me with Truth, as I wish? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.

O, good Sir, said I, it is not *that*; indeed it is not: But a frightful Word or two that you said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes cross my Mind; and makes me dread, that I am in more Danger than ever I was in my Life.

You have never found me a common Liar, said he, (too fearful and foolish *Pamela!*) nor will I answer how long I may hold in my present Mind; for my Pride struggles hard within me, I'll assure you; and if you doubt me, I have no Obligation to your Confidence or Opinion. But at present, I am really sincere in what I say: And I expect you will be so too; and answer directly my Question.

I find Sir, said I, I know not myself; and your Question is of such a Nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and to have your kind Answer to it; or else, what I have to say to your Question, may pave the Way to my

Ruin, and shew a Weakness that I did not believe was in me.

Well, said he, you may say what you have overheard; for, in not answering me directly, you put my Soul upon the Rack; and half the Trouble I have had with *you*, would have brought to my Arms the finest Lady in *England*.

O Sir, said I, my Virtue is as dear to me, as if I was of the highest Quality; and my Doubts (for which you know I have had too much Reason) have made me troublesome. But now, Sir, I will tell you what I heard, which has given me great Uneasiness.

You talked to Mrs. *Jewkes* of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with Terror, and of Frost, and such—like;—you remember it well:—and that you would, for the future, change your Conduct, and try to *melt* me, that was your Word, by Kindness.

I fear not, Sir, the Grace of God supporting me, that any Acts of Kindness would make me forget what I owe to my Virtue; but, Sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such Acts, than by Terror; because my Nature is too frank and open to make me wish to be ingrateful; and if I should be taught a Lesson I never yet learnt, with what Regret should I descend to the Grave, to think, that I could not hate my Undoer? And, that, at the last great Day, I must stand up as an Accuser of the poor unhappy Soul, that I could wish it in my Power to save!

Exalted Girl, said he, what a Thought is that! —Why now, *Pamela*, you excel your self! You have given me a Hint that will hold me long. But, sweet Creature, said he, tell me what is this Lesson, which you never yet learnt, and which you are so afraid of learning?

If, Sir, said I, you will again generously spare my Confusion, I need not say it: But *this* I will say, in Answer to the Question you seem most solicitous about, That I know not the Man breathing that I would wish to be marry'd to, or that ever I thought of with such a Hope. I had brought my Mind so to love Poverty, that I hop'd for nothing but to return to the best, tho' the poorest, of Parents; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them; and you know not, Sir, how you disappointed my Hopes, and my proposed honest Pleasures, when you sent me hither.

Well then, said he, I may promise myself, that neither the Parson, nor any other Man, is any the least secret Motive to your stedfast Refusal of my Offers? Indeed, Sir, said I, you may; and, as you was pleased to ask, I answer, that I have not the least Shadow of a Wish, or Thought, for any Man living.

But, said he; for I am foolishly jealous, and yet it shews my Fondness for you; have you not encourag'd *Williams* to think you will have him? Indeed, Sir, said I, I have not; but the very contrary. And would you not have had him, said he, if you had got away by his Means? I had resolv'd, Sir, said I, in my Mind otherwise; and he knew it, and the poor Man — I charge you, said he, say not a Word in his Favour! You will excite a Whirlwind in my Soul, if you name him with Kindness, and then you'll be borne away with the Tempest.

Sir, said I, I have done! —Nay, said he, but do not have done; let me know the whole. If you have any Regard for him, speak out; for, it would end fearfully for *you*, for *me*, and for *him*, if I found, that you disguis'd any Secret of your Soul from me, in this nice Particular.

Sir, said I, if I have ever given you Cause to think me sincere—Say then, said he, interrupting me; with great Vehemence; and taking both my Hands between his, Say, That you now, in the Presence of God, declare, that you have not any the most hidden Regard for *Williams*, or any other Man.

Sir, said I, I do. As God shall bless me, and preserve my Innocence, I have not. Well, said he, I will believe you, *Pamela*; and in time, perhaps, I may better bear that Man's Name. And, if I am convinc'd that you are not prepossess'd, my Vanity makes me assur'd, that I need not to fear a Place in your Esteem, equal, if not preferable to any Man in *England*. But yet it stings my Pride to the quick, that you was so easily brought, and at such a short Acquaintance, to run away with that College Novice!

O good Sir, said I, may I be heard one Thing, and tho' I bring upon me your highest Indignation, I will tell you, perhaps the unnecessary and imprudent, but yet, the whole Truth.

My Honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not intitled to call it *Honour*) was in Danger. I saw no Means of securing myself from your avow'd Attempts. You had shew'd you would not stick at little Matters; and what, Sir, could any body have thought of my Sincerity, in preferring that to all other Considerations, if I had not escap'd from these Dangers, if I could have found any way for it? —I am not going to say any thing for him; but indeed, indeed, Sir, I was the Cause of putting him upon assisting me in my Escape. I got him to acquaint me, what Gentry there were in the Neighbourhood, that I might fly to; and prevail'd upon him;—Don't frown at me, good Sir, for I must tell you the whole Truth!—to apply to one Lady *Jones*; to Lady *Darnford*; and he was so good to

apply to Mr. *Peters* the Minister: but they all refus'd me; and then it was he let me know, that there was no honourable Way but Marriage. That I declin'd; and he agreed to assist me for God's sake.

Now, said he, you are going—I boldly put my Hand before his Mouth, hardly knowing the Liberty I took; Pray, Sir, said I, don't be angry; I have just done—I would only say, That rather than have staid to be ruin'd, I would have thrown myself upon the poorest Beggar that ever the World saw, if I thought him honest. —And I hope, when you duly weigh all Matters, you will forgive me, and not think me so bold and so forward as you have been pleas'd to call me.

Well, said he, even in this your last Speech, which, let me tell you, shews more your Honesty of Heart, than your Prudence, you have not overmuch pleas'd me. But I *must* love you; and that vexes me not a little. But tell me, *Pamela*; for now the former Question recurs; Since you so much prize your Honour and your Virtue; since all Attempts against that are so odious to you; and, since I have avowedly made several of these Attempts, do you think it is possible for you to love me *preferably* to any other of my Sex?

Ah! Sir, said I, and here my Doubt recurs, that you may thus graciously use me, to take Advantage of my Credulity.

*Still* perverse and doubting, said he! Cannot you take me as I am at present; and that, I have told you, is sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter?—

Ah! Sir, reply'd I, what can I say? —I have already said too much, if this dreadful *Hereafter* should take place. Don't bid me say how well I can—And then, my Face, glowing as the Fire, I, all abash'd, lean'd upon his Shoulder, to hide my Confusion.

He clasp'd me to him with great Ardour, and said, Hide your dear Face in my Bosom, my beloved *Pamela*; your innocent Freedoms charm me! —But then say, How well—what?

If you will be good, said I, to your poor Servant, and spare her, I cannot say too much! But if not, I am doubly undone! —Undone indeed!

Said he, I hope my present Temper will hold; for I tell you frankly, that I have known in this agreeable Hour more sincere Pleasure, than I have experienc'd in all the guilty Tumults that my desiring. Soul put me into, in the Hopes of possessing you on my own Terms. And, *Pamela*, you must pray for the Continuance of this Temper; and I hope your Prayers will get the better of my Temptations.

This sweet Goodness overpower'd all my Reserves. I threw myself at his Feet, and embrac'd his Knees: What Pleasure, Sir, you give me, at these gracious Words, is not lent your poor Servant to express! —I shall be too much rewarded for all my Sufferings, if this Goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own Soul's sake, as well as mine. And Oh! how happy should I be, if—

He stopt me, and said, But, my dear Girl, what must we do about the World, and the World's Censure? —Indeed, I cannot marry!

Now was I again struck all of a Heap. However, soon recollecting myself, Sir, said I, I have not the Presumption to hope such an Honour. If I may be permitted to return in Peace and Safety to my poor Parents, to pray for you there; it is all I at present request! This, Sir, after all my Apprehensions and Dangers, will be a great Pleasure to me. And, if I know my own poor Heart, I shall wish you happy in a Lady of suitable Degree: And rejoice most sincerely in every Circumstance that shall make for the Happiness of my late good Lady's most beloved Son!

Well, said he, this Conversation, *Pamela*, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid, at this rate, of trusting yourself with *me*: But it is I, that ought to be doubtful of myself, when I am with *you*! —But, before I say any thing further on this Subject, I will take my proud Heart to Task; and, till then, let every thing be, as if this Conversation had never pass'd. Only, let me tell you, that the more Confidence you place in me, the more you'll oblige me: But your Doubts will only beget *Cause* of Doubts. And with this ambiguous Saying, he saluted me in a more formal manner, if I may so say, than before, and lent me his Hand, and so we walk'd towards the House, Side-by-side, he seeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented him of his Goodness.

What shall I do, what Steps take, if all this be designing! —O the Perplexities of these cruel Doubtings! —To be sure, if he be false, as I may call it, I have gone too far, much too far! —I am ready, on the Apprehension of this, to bite my forward Tongue, (or rather to beat my more forward Heart, that dictated to that poor Machine) for what I have said. But sure, at least, he must be sincere for the *Time*! —He could not be such a practised Dissembler! —If he could, O how desperately wicked is the Heart of Man! —And where could he learn all these

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barbarous Arts? —If so, it must be native surely to the Sex! —But, silent be my rash Censurings; be hush'd, ye stormy Tumults of my disturbed Mind; for have I not a Father who is a Man! —A Man who knows no Guile! who would do no Wrong!—who would not deceive or oppress to gain a Kingdom! —How then can I think it is native to the Sex? And I must also hope my good Lady's Son cannot be the *worst* of Men! —If he is, hard the Lot of the excellent Woman that bore him! —But much harder the Hap of your poor *Pamela*, who has fallen into such Hands! —But yet I will trust in God, and hope the best; and so lay down any tired Pen for this Time. *The END of Vol. I.*

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**Vol. 2**

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***PAMELA; or, Virtue Rewarded. VOL. II. The Journal continued.***

**THURSDAY Morning.**

Somebody rapp'd at our Chamber-door this Morning soon after it was light: Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd who it was; my Master said, Open the Door, Mrs. *Jewkes*! —O, said I, for God's sake, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't. Indeed, said she, but I must; I clung about her. Then, said I, let me slip on my Cloaths first. But he rapp'd again, and she broke from me; and I was frighted out of my Wits, and folded myself in the Bed-cloaths. He enter'd, and said, What, *Pamela*, so fearful, after what pass'd yesterday between us! O Sir, Sir, said I, I fear my Prayers have wanted their wish'd Effect. Pray, good Sir, consider —He sat down on the Bed-side, and interrupted me, No need of your foolish Fears; I shall say but a Word or two, and go away.

After you went to Bed, said he, I had an Invitation to a Ball, which is to be this Night at *Stamford*, on Occasion of a Wedding; and I am going to call on Sir *Simon* and his Lady, and Daughters; for it is a Relation of theirs: So I shall not be at home till *Saturday*. I come therefore to caution *you*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, before *Pamela*, (that she may not wonder at being closer confin'd, than for these three or four Days past) that no body sees her, nor delivers any Letter to her in this Space; for a Person has been seen lurking about, and inquiring after her; and I have been well inform'd, that either Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Longman*, has wrote a Letter, with a Design of having it convey'd to her: And, said he, you must know, *Pamela*, that I have order'd Mr. *Longman* to give up his Accounts, and have dismiss'd *Jonathan*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, since I have been here; for their Behaviour has been intolerable: and they have made such a Breach between my Sister *Davers* and me that we shall never, perhaps, make up. Now, *Pamela*, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your Chamber pretty much for the Time I am absent, and not give Mrs. *Jewkes* Cause of Trouble or Uneasiness; and the rather, as you know she acts by my Orders.

Alas! Sir, said I, I fear all these good Bodies have suffer'd for my sake! —Why, said he, I believe so too; and there never was a Girl of your Innocence, that set a large Family in such Uproar, surely. —But let that pass. You know both of you my Mind, and in part, the Reason of it. I shall only say, that I have had such a Letter from my Sister, that I could not have expected; and, *Pamela*, said he, neither you nor I have Reason to thank her, as you shall know, perhaps, at my Return. —I go in my Coach, Mrs. *Jewkes*, because I take Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* Niece, and one of Lady *Darnford's* Daughters; and Sir *Simon* and his other Daughter go in his Chariot; so let all the Gates be fasten'd, and don't take any Airing in either of the two Chariots, nor let any body go to the Gate, without you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. I'll be sure, said she, to obey your Honour.

I will give Mrs. *Jewkes* no Trouble, Sir, said I, and will keep pretty much in my Chamber, and not stir so much as into the Garden, without her; to shew you I will obey in every thing I can. But I begin to fear — Ay, said he, more Plots and Contrivances, don't you? —But I'll assure you, you never had less Reason; and I tell you the Truth; for I am really going to *Stamford*, *this Time*; and upon the Occasion I tell you. And so, *Pamela*, give me your Hand, and one Kiss, and I am gone.

I durst not refuse, and said, God bless you, Sir, where-ever you go! —But I am sorry for what you tell me about your Servants!

He and Mrs. *Jewkes* had a little Talk without the Door; and I heard her say, You may depend, Sir, upon my Care and Vigilance.

He went in his Coach, as he said he should, and very richly dress'd; which looks *like* what he said: But, really, I have had so many Tricks, and Plots, and Surprizes, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. *Jervis*. —So here is Parson *Williams*; here is poor naughty *John*; here is good Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, turn'd away for me! —Mr. *Longman* is rich indeed, and so need the less matter it; but I know it will grieve him: And for poor Mr. *Jonathan*, I am sure it will cut that good old Servant to the Heart. Alas for me! What Mischiefs am I the Occasion of? —Or, rather, my Master, whose Actions by me, have made so many of my good kind Friends forfeit his Favour, for my sake!

I am very sad about these things: If he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry that his Servants loved me too. —I know not what to think!

**FRIDAY Night.**

I have removed my Papers from under the Rosebush; for I saw the Gardener begin to dig near that Spot; and I was afraid he would find them. Mrs. *Jewkes* and I were looking yesterday through the Iron Gate that fronted the Elms, and a Gypsy-like Body made up to us, and said; If, Madam, you will give me some broken Victuals, I will tell you both your Fortunes. I said, Let us hear our Fortunes, Mrs. *Jewkes*; but she said, I don't like these fort of People; but we will hear what she'll say to us. I than't fetch you any Victuals; but I will give you some Pence, said she. But *Nan* coming out, she said, Fetch some Bread, and some of the cold Meat, and you shall have your Fortune told, *Nan*.

This, you'll think, like some of my other Matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But mark the Discovery of a dreadful Plot, which I have made by it. O bless me! what can I think of this naughty, this very naughty Gentleman! —Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was:

Mrs. *Jewkes* had no Suspicion of the Woman, the Iron Gate being lock'd, and she of the Outside, and we on the Inside; and so put her Hand thro'. She said, muttering over a Parcel of cramp Words: Why, Madam, you will marry soon, I can tell you. At that she seem'd pleas'd, and said, I am glad to hear that, and shook her fat Sides with laughing. The Woman look'd most earnestly at me all the Time, and as if she had Meaning. Then it came into my Head, from my Master's Caution, that possibly this Woman might be employ'd to try to get a Letter into my Hands; and I was resolved to watch all her Motions. So Mrs. *Jewkes* said, What sort of a Man shall I have, pray? —Why, said she, a Man younger than yourself; and a very good Husband he'll prove. —I am glad of that, said she, and laugh'd again. Come, Madam, let us hear *your* Fortune.

The Woman came to me, and took my Hand, O! said she, I cannot tell your Fortune; your Hand is so white and fine, that I cannot see the Lines: But, said she, and stoop'd, and pulled up a little Tuft of Grass, I have a Way for that; and so rubb'd my Hand with the Mould—part of the Tuft: Now, said she, I can see the Lines.

Mrs. *Jewkes* was very watchful of all her Ways, and took the Tuft, and look'd upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the Woman said, Here is the Line of *Jupiter* crossing the Line of Life; and *Mars*—Odd, my pretty Mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself: For you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be marry'd, I can see; and will die of your first Child. Out upon thee, Woman! said I, better thou hadst never come here.

Said Mrs. *Jewkes*, whispering, I don't like this. It looks like a Cheat: Pray, Mrs. *Pamela*, go in this Moment. So I will, said I; for I have enough of Fortune-telling. And in I went.

The Woman wanted sadly to tell me more; which made Mrs. *Jewkes* threaten her, suspecting still the more: And away the Woman went, having told *Nan* her Fortune, that she would be drown'd.

This thing ran strongly in my Head; and we went an Hour after, to see if the was lurking about, and Mr. *Colbrand* for our Guard; and looking thro' the Iron Gate, he spy'd a Man sauntering about the middle of the Walk; which filled Mrs. *Jewkes* with still more Suspicions. But she said, Mr. *Colbrand*, you and I will walk towards this Fellow, and see what he saunters there for: And, *Nan*, do you and Madam stay at the Gate.

So they open'd the Iron Gate, and walked down towards the Man; and, guessing the Woman, if employ'd, must mean something by the Tuft of Grass, I cast my Eye that way, whence she pull'd it, and saw more Grass seemingly pull'd up: then I doubted not something was there for me; so I walked to it, and standing over it, said to *Nan*, That's a pretty Sort of a wild Flower that grows yonder, near that Elm, the fifth from us on the Left; pray pull it for me. Said she, It is a common Weed. Well, said I, but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful Colours in a Weed.

While she went on, I stoop'd, and pull'd up a good Handful of the Grass, and in it a Bit of Paper, which I put instantly in my Bosom, and dropt the Grass; and my Heart went pit—a—pat at the odd Adventure. Said I, Let us go in, Mrs. *Ann*. No, said she, we must stay till Mrs. *Jewkes* comes.

I was all Impatience to read this Paper. And when *Colbrand* and she return'd, I went in. Said she, Certainly there is some Reason for my Master's Caution; I can make nothing of this sauntering Fellow; but, to be sure, there was some Roguery in the Gypsy. Well, said I, if there was, she lost her Aim, you see! Ay, very, said she; but that was owing to my Watchfulness; and you was very good to go away when I spoke to you.

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I went up Stairs, and, hasting to my Closet, found the Billet to contain, in a Hand that seem'd disguised, and bad Spelling, the following Words:

'Twenty Contrivances have been thought of to let you know your Danger; but all have prov'd in vain. Your Friends hope it is not yet too late to give you this Caution, if it reaches your Hands. The 'Squire is absolutely determin'd to ruin you. And because he despairs of any other way, he will pretend great Love and Kindness to you, and that he will marry you. You may expect a Parson for this Purpose, in a few Days; but it is a sly artful Fellow of a broken Attorney, that he has hir'd to personate a Minister. The Man has a broad Face, pitted much with the Small-pox, and is a very good Companion. So take care of yourself. Doubt not this Advice. Perhaps you'll have but too much Reason already to confirm you in the Truth of it. From your zealous Well-wisher,  
'Somebody.'

Now, my dear Father and Mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical Master! O how shall I find Words to paint my Grievs, and his Deceit! I have as good as confessed I love him; but indeed it was on supposing him good. —This, however, has given him too much Advantage. But now I will break this wicked forward Heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O what a black, dismal Heart must he have! So here is a Plot to ruin me, and by my own Consent too! — No wonder he did not improve his wicked Opportunities, (which I thought owing to Remorse for his Sin, and Compassion for me) when he had such a Project as this in Reserve! —Here should I have been deluded with the Hopes of a Happiness that my highest Ambition could not have aspired to! — But how dreadful must have been my Lot, when I had found myself an undone Creature, and a guilty Harlot, instead of a lawful Wife? Oh! this is indeed too much, too much for your poor *Pamela* to support! This is the worse, as I hop'd all the Worst was over; and that I had the Pleasure of beholding a reclaimed Gentleman, and not an abandon'd Libertine. What now must your poor Daughter do! Now all her Hopes are dash'd! And if this fails him, then comes, to be sure, my forcible Disgrace! for this shews he will never leave till he has ruin'd me! — O the wretched, wretched *Pamela*!

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**SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock.**

My Master is come home, and, to be sure, has been where he said. So *once* he has told Truth; and this Matter seems to be gone off without a Plot: No doubt he depends upon his sham, wicked Marriage! He has brought a Gentleman with him to Dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

*Two o'Clock.*

I am very sorrowful; and still have greater Reason; for just now, as I was in my Closet, opening the Parcel I had hid under the Rose-bush, to see if it was damag'd by lying so long, Mrs. *Jewkes* came upon me by Surprise, and laid her Hands upon it; for she had been looking thro' the Key-hole, it seems.

I know not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private Thoughts of him, and all my Secrets, as I may say. What a careless Creature I am! — To be sure I deserve to be punish'd.

You know I had the good Luck, by Mr. *Williams's* means, to send you all my Papers down to *Sunday Night*, the 17th Day of my Imprisonment. But now these Papers contain all my Matters, from that Time, to *Wednesday* the 27th Day of my Distress. And which, as you may now, perhaps, never see, I will briefly mention the Contents to you.

In these Papers, then, are included, An Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Arts, to draw me in to approve of Mr. *Williams's* Proposal for Marriage; and my refusing to do so; and desiring you not to encourage his Suit to me. Mr. *Williams's* being wickedly robbed, and a Visit of hers to him; whereby she discover'd all his Secrets. How I was inclined to get off, while she was gone; but was ridiculously prevented by my foolish Fears, &c. My having the Key of the Back-door. Mrs. *Jewkes's* writing to my Master all the Secrets she had discover'd of Mr. *Williams*; and her Behaviour to me and him upon it. Continuance of my Correspondence with Mr. *Williams* by the Tiles; begun in the Parcel you had. My Reproaches to him for his revealing himself to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and his Letter to me in Answer, threatening to expose my Master, if he deceiv'd him; mentioning in it *John Arnold's* Correspondence with him; and a Letter which *John* sent, and was intercepted, as it seems. Of the Correspondence being carried on by a Friend of his at *Gainsborough*: Of the Horse he was to provide for me, and one for himself. Of what Mr. *Williams* had own'd to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and of my discouraging his Proposals. Then it contained a pressing Letter of mine to him, urging my Escape before my Master came; with his half-angry Answer to me. Your good Letter to me, my dear Father, sent to me by Mr. *Williams's* Conveyance; in which you would have me encourage Mr. *Williams*, but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately enough, you take Notice of my being unclin'd to marry. — My earnest Desire to be with you. The Substance of my Answer to Mr. *Williams*, expressing more Patience, &c. A dreadful Letter of my Master to Mrs. *Jewkes*; which, by Mistake, was directed to me; and one to me, directed by like Mistake, to her; and very free Reflections of mine upon both. The Concern I expressed for Mr. *Williams's* being taken in, deceived and ruin'd. An Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* glorying in her wicked Fidelity. A sad Description I gave of Monsieur *Colbrand*, a Person he sent down to assist Mrs. *Jewkes* in watching me. My Concern for Mr. *Williams's* being arrested, and free Reflections on my Master for it. A projected Contrivance of mine, to get away out of the Window, and by the Back-door; and throwing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond to amuse them, while I got off. An Attempt that had like to have ended very dreadfully for me! My further Concern for Mr. *Williams's* Ruin on my Account: And lastly, my over-hearing Mrs. *Jewkes* brag of her Contrivance to rob Mr. *Williams*, in order to get at my Papers; which, however, he preserved, and sent safe to you.

These, down to the Execution of my unfortunate Plot, to escape, are, to the best of my Remembrance, the Contents of the Papers, which this merciless Woman seiz'd: For, how badly I came off, and what follow'd, I still have safe, as I hope, sew'd in my Under-coat, about my Hips. In vain were all my Prayers and Tears to her, to get her not to shew them to my Master. For she said, It had now come out, why I affected to be so much alone; and why I was always writing. And she thought herself happy, she said, she had found these; for often and often had she searched every Place she could think of, for Writings, to no Purpose before. And she hoped, she said, there was nothing in them but what any body might see; for, said she, you know, you are all Innocence! — Insolent Creature, said I; I am sure you are all Guilt! — And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself; and I see there is no Mercy to be expected from you.

Just now, my Master being coming up, she went to him upon the Stairs, and gave him my Papers. There, Sir, said she; you always said Mrs. *Pamela* was a great Writer; but I never could get at any thing of hers before. He took them, and went down to the Parlour again. And what with the Gypsy Affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to Dinner; and she told him that too; and so I suppose I shall have him up Stairs, as soon as his Company is gone.

**SATURDAY, Six o'Clock,**

My Master came up, and, in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said, So, *Pamela*, we have seized, it seems, your treasonable Papers? Treasonable? said I, very sullenly. Ay, said he, I suppose so; for you are a great Plotter; but I have not read them yet.

Then, Sir, said I, very gravely, it will be truly honourable in you not to read them; but give them to me again. Whom, says he, are they written to? — To my Father, Sir, said I; but I suppose you see to whom. —Indeed, return'd he, I have not read three Lines as yet. Then pray, Sir, said I, don't read them; but give them to me again. No, that I won't, said he, till I have read them. Sir, said I, you serv'd me not well in the Letters I used to write formerly; I think it was not worthy your Character to contrive to get them into your Hands, by that false *John Arnold*; for should such a Gentleman as you, mind what your poor Servant writes? — Yes, said he, by all means, mind what such a Servant as *my Pamela* writes.

*Your Pamela!* thought I. Then the sham Marriage came into my Head; and indeed it has not been out of it, since the Gypsy's Affair. — But, said he, have you any thing in these Papers you would not have me see? To be sure, Sir, said I, there is; for what one writes to one's Father and Mother is not for every body. Nor, said he, am I every body.

Those Letters, added he, that I did see by *John's* Means, were not to your Disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high Opinion of your Wit and Innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myself about your Letters?

Alas! Sir, said I, great Pride to me *that!* For they gave you such an Opinion of my Innocence, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what Advantage have they brought me? —Who have been made a Prisoner, and used as I have been between you and your House-keeper?

Why, *Pamela*, said he, a little serious, why this Behaviour, for my Goodness to you in the Garden? —This is not of a Piece with your Conduct and Softness there, that quite charm'd me in your Favour: And you must not give me Cause to think, that you will be the more insolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! Sir, said I, you know best your own Heart and Designs! But I fear I was too openhearted then; and that you still keep your Resolution to undo me, and have only changed the Form of your Proceedings.

When I tell you once again, said he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more, than by placing some Confidence in me, I will let you know, that these foolish and perverse Doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But, said he, I shall possibly account for the *Cause* of them, in these Papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your *Father* and *Mother*, tho' you begin to make *me* suspect you: For I tell you, perverse Girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what last passed in the Garden, if you were not prepossessed in some other Person's Favour. And let me add, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such Effects, as will make every Vein in your Heart bleed.

He was going away in Wrath; and I said, One Word, good Sir, one Word, before you read them, since you *will* read them: Pray make Allowances for all the harsh Reflections that you will find in them, on your own Conduct to me: And remember only, that they were not written for your Sight; and were penn'd by a poor Creature hardly used, and who was in constant Apprehension of receiving from you the worst Treatment that you could inflict upon her.

If that be all, said he, and there be nothing of another Nature, that I cannot forgive, you have no Cause for Uneasiness; for I had as many Instances of your sawcy Reflections upon me in your former Letters, as there were Lines; and yet, you see, I have never upbraided you on that Score; tho', perhaps, I wished you had been more sparing of your Epithets, and your Freedoms of that Sort.

Well, Sir, said I, since you *will*, you *must* read them; and I think I have no Reason to be afraid of being found insincere, or having, in any respect, told you a Falsehood; because, tho' I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my Heart; and that is not deceitful. And remember, Sir, another thing, that I always declared I thought myself right to endeavour to make my Escape from this forced and illegal Restraint; and so you must not be angry that I would have done so, if I could.

I'll judge you, never fear, said he, as favourably as you deserve; for you have too powerful a Pleader for you

within me. And so went down Stairs.

About nine o'Clock he sent for me down in the Parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the Papers in his Hand, and said, Now, *Pamela*, you come upon your Trial. Said I, I hope I have a *just* Judge to hear my Cause. Ay, said he, and you may hope for a *merciful* one too, or else I know not what will become of you.

I expect, continu'd he, that you will answer me directly, and plainly, to every Question I shall ask you. —In the first Place, Here are several Love-letters between you and *Williams*. Love-letters! Sir, said I. —Well, call them what you will, said he, I don't intirely like them, I'll assure you, with all the Allowances you desired me to make for you. Do you find, Sir, said I, that I encouraged his Proposal, or do you not? Why, said he, you discourage his Address in Appearance; but no otherwise than all your cunning Sex do to ours, to make us more eager in pursuing you.

Well, Sir, said I, that is your Comment; but it does not appear so in the Text. Smartly said! says he; where a D—I, gottest thou, at these Years, all this Knowledge; and then thou hast a Memory, as I see by your Papers, that nothing escapes it. Alas! Sir, said I, what poor Abilities I have, serve only to make me more miserable! — I have no Pleasure in my Memory, which impresses things upon me, that I could be glad never *were*, or everlastingly to *forget*.

Well, said he, so much for that; but where are the Accounts, (since you have kept so exact a Journal of all that has befallen you) previous to these here in my Hand? My Father has them, Sir, said I. — By whose Means, said he? —By Mr. *Williams's*, said I. Well answered, said he. But cannot you contrive to get me a Sight of them? That would be pretty, said I. I wish I could have contrived to have kept those you have from your Sight. Said he, I must see them, *Pamela*, or I shall never be easy: For I must know how this Correspondence, between you and *Williams*, begun: And if I can see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these give me Hope they will.

I can tell you, Sir, very faithfully, said I, what the Beginning was; for I was bold enough to be the *Beginner*. That won't do, said he; for tho' this may appear a Punctilio to *you*; to *me* it is of high Importance. Sir, said I, if you please to let me go to my Father, I will send them to you by any Messenger you shall send for them. Will you so? said he. But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you, without the Trouble of such a Journey to yourself. And I beg you will.

I think, Sir, said I, as you have seen all my *former* Letters, thro' *John's* Baseness, and now *these*, thro' your faithful Housekeeper's officious Watchfulness, you *might* see *all the rest*. But I hope you will not desire it, till I can see how much my pleasing you in this Particular, will be of Use to myself.

You must trust to my Honour for that. But tell me, *Pamela*, said the sly Gentleman, since I have seen *these*, Would you have voluntarily shewn me *those*, had they been in your Possession?

I was not aware of his Inference, and said, Yes, truly, Sir, I think I should, if you commanded it. Well, then, *Pamela*, said he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your Journal, I desire, while the *former Part* can come, that you will shew me the *succeeding*? —O, Sir, Sir, said I, have you caught me so! —But indeed you must excuse me there.

Why, said he, tell me truly, Have you not continued your Account till now? Don't ask me, Sir, said I. But I insist upon your Answer, reply'd he. Why then, Sir, said I, I will not tell an Untruth; I have. —That's my good Girl! said he. I love Sincerity at my Heart. —In *another*, Sir, said I, I presume, you mean! — Well, said he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is *in you*, and you cannot help it. But you will greatly oblige me, to shew me, voluntarily, what you have written. I long to see the Particulars of your Plot, and your Disappointment, where your Papers leave off. For you have so beautiful a manner, that it is partly that, and partly my Love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; tho' a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little. And as I have furnished you with the Subject, I have a Title to see the Fruits of your Pen. — Besides, said he, there is such a pretty Air of Romance, as you relate them, in your Plots, and my Plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the Catastrophe of the pretty Novel.

If I was your Equal, Sir, said I, I should say this is a very provoking way of jeering at the Misfortunes you have brought upon me.

O, said he, the Liberties you have taken with my Character, in your Letters, set us upon a Par, at least, in that respect. Sir, reply'd I, I could not have taken these Liberties, if you had not given me the Cause: And the *Cause*, Sir, you know, is before the *Effect*.

, *Pamela*, said he; you chop Logick very prettily. What the Duce do we Men go to School for? If our Wits

were equal to Womens, we might spare much Time and Pains in our Education. For Nature learns your Sex, what, in a long Course of Labour and Study, ours can hardly attain to. —But indeed, every Lady is not a *Pamela*.

You delight to banter your poor Servant, said I.

Nay, continued he, I believe I must assume to myself half the Merit of your Wit, too; for the innocent Exercises you have had for it from me, have certainly sharpen'd your Invention.

Sir, said I, could I have been without those *innocent* Exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a Beetle. But then, *Pamela*, said he, I should not have lov'd you so well. But then, Sir, reply'd I, I should have been safe, easy, and happy—Ay, may—be so, and may—be not; and the Wife too of some clouterly Plough—boy.

But then, Sir, I should have been content and innocent; and that's better than being a Princess, and not so. And may—be not, said he; for if you had had that pretty Face, some of us keen Foxhunters should have found you out; and, spite of your romantick Notions, (which then too, perhaps, would not have had such strong Place in your Mind) would have been more happy with the Ploughman's Wife, than I have been with my Mother's *Pamela*. I hope, Sir, said I, God would have given me more Grace.

Well, but, resum'd he, as to these Writings of yours, that follow your fine Plot, I *must* see them. Indeed, Sir, you *must not*, if I can help it. Nothing, said he, pleases me better, than that, in all your Arts, Shifts and Stratagems, you have had a great Regard to Truth; and have, in all your little Pieces of Deceit, told very few wilful *Fibs*. Now I expect you'll continue this laudable Rule in your Conversation with me. —Let me know then, where you have found Supplies of Pen, Ink, and Paper; when Mrs. *Jewkes* was so vigilant, and gave you but two Sheets at a Time? —Tell me Truth.

Why, Sir, little did I think I should have such Occasion for them; but, when I went away from your House, I begg'd some of each of good Mr. *Longman*, who gave me Plenty. Yes, yes, said he, It must be *good Mr. Longman*! All your Confederates are good, every one of them: But such of my Servants as have done their Duty, and obey'd my Orders, are painted out, by you, as black as Devils; nay, so am I too, for that matter.

Sir, said I, I hope you won't be angry; but, saving yourself, do you think they are painted worse than they deserve? or worse than the Parts they acted require?

You say, saving myself, *Pamela*; but is not that Saving a mere Compliment to me, because I am present, and you are in my Hands? Tell me truly. —Good Sir, excuse me; but I fancy I may ask you, Why you should think so, if there was not a little bit of Conscience that told you, there was but too much Reason for it?

He kissed me, and said, I must either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very sawcy, *Pamela*. —But, with your bewitching Chit—chat, and pretty Impertinence, I will not lose my Question. Where did you hide your Paper, Pens and Ink?

Some, Sir, in one Place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found. — That's a good Girl! said he. I love you for your sweet Veracity. Now tell me where it is you hide your Written—papers, your sawcy Journal? —I must beg your Excuse for that, Sir, said I. But indeed, answer'd he, you will not have it; for I *will* know, and I *will* see them! —This is very hard, Sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

We were standing most of this Time; but he then sat down, and took me by both my Hands, and said, Well said, my pretty *Pamela*, if you can help it: But I will not let you help it. Tell me, Are they in your Pocket? No, Sir, said I, my Heart up at my Mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright *Fib* for the World; but for *Equivocation*! no Jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me then, Are they in *neither* of your Pockets? No, Sir, said I. Are they not, said he, about your Stays? No, Sir, reply'd I; but pray, no more Questions: For ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.

O, said he, I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad, when the Criminals won't confess; torture them till they do. —But pray, Sir, said I, Is this fair, just or honest? I am no Criminal; and I won't confess.

O, my Girl. said he, many an innocent Person has been put to the Torture, I'll assure you. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the *Question*, as they call it abroad.

Sir, said I, the Torture is not used in *England*; and I hope you won't bring it up. Admirably said! said the naughty Gentleman. —But I can tell you of as good a Punishment. If a Criminal won't plead with us here in *England*, we *press him* to Death, or till he does plead. And so now, *Pamela*, that is a Punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

Tears stood in my Eyes, and I said, This, Sir, is very cruel and barbarous. —No matter, said he, it is but like

your *Lucifer*, you know, in my Shape! And after I have done so many heinous things by you, as *you* think, you have no great Reason to judge so hardly of this; or, at least, it is but of a Piece with the rest.

But, Sir, said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some Notion they were about me) if you *will* be obey'd in this unreasonable Matter; tho' it is sad Tyranny to be sure!—let me go up to them, and read them over again; and you shall see so far as to the End of the sad Story that follows those you have.

I'll see them all, said he, down to this Time, if you have written so far! —Or at least, till within this Week. — Then let me go up to them, said I, and see what I have written, and to what Day to shew them to you; for you won't desire to see every thing. But I will, reply'd he. — But say, *Pamela*, tell me Truth; Are they *above*? I was more affrighted. He saw my Confusion. Tell me Truth, said he. Why, Sir, answer'd I, I have sometimes hid them under the dry Mould in the Garden; sometimes in one Place, sometimes in another; and those you have in your Hand, were several Days under a Rose-bush, in the Garden. Artful Slut! said he; What's this to my Question? Are they not about you? — If, said I, I must pluck them out of my Hiding-place, behind the Wainscot, won't you see me? Still more and more artful! said he. — Is this an Answer to my Question? — I have searched every Place above, and in your Closet, for them, and cannot find them; so I will know where they are. Now, said he, it is my Opinion they are about you; and I never undrest a Girl in my Life; but I will now begin to strip my pretty *Pamela*; and hope I shall not go far, before I find them.

I fell a crying, and said, I will not be used in this manner. Pray, Sir, said I, (for he began to unpin my Handkerchief) consider! Pray, Sir, do! — And pray, said he, do *you* consider. For I will see these Papers. But may-be, said he, they are ty'd about your Knees with your Garters, and stooped. Was ever any thing so vile, and so wicked! — I fell on my Knees, and said, What *can* I do? what *can* I do? If you'll let me go up, I'll fetch them you. Will you, said he, on your Honour, let me see them uncurtail'd, and not offer to make them away; no, not a single Paper? — I will, Sir.—On your Honour? Yes, Sir. And so he let me go up—stairs, crying sadly for Vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so serv'd as I am!

I went to my Closet, and there I sat me down, and could not bear the Thoughts of giving up my Papers. Besides, I must all undress me in a manner to untack them. So I writ thus:

'*SIR*, To expostulate with such an arbitrary Gentleman, I know will signify nothing. And most hardly do you use the Power you so wickedly have got over me. I have Heart enough, Sir, to do a Deed that would make you regret using me thus; and I can hardly bear it, and what I am further to undergo. But a superior Consideration with-holds me; thank God, it does! —I will, however, keep my Word, if you insist upon it when you have read this; but, Sir, let me beg you to give me time till to-morrow Morning, that I may just run them over, and see what I put into your Hands against me. And I will then give my Papers to you, without the least Alteration, or adding or diminishing. But I should beg still to be excused, if you please. But if not, spare them to me, but till to-morrow Morning. And this, so hardly am I used, shall be thought a Favour, which I shall be very thankful for.'

I guessed it would not be long before I heard from him. And he accordingly sent up Mrs. *Jewkes* for what I had promised. So I gave her this Note to carry to him. And he sent word, that I must keep my Promise, and he would give me till Morning; but that I must bring them to him without his asking again.

So I took off my Under-coat, and, with great Trouble of Mind, unsew'd them from it. And there is a vast Quantity of it. I will just slightly touch upon the Subject; because I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

They begin with an Account of my attempting to get away, out of the Window, first, and then throwing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond. How sadly I was disappointed; the Lock of the Back-door being changed. How, in trying to climb over the Door, I tumbled down, and was piteously bruised; the Bricks giving way, and tumbling upon me. How, finding I could not get off, and dreading the hard Usage I should receive, I was so wicked to be tempted to throw myself into the Water. My sad Reflections upon this Matter. How Mrs. *Jewkes* used me on this Occasion, when she found me. How my Master had like to have been drown'd in Hunting; and my Concern for his Danger, notwithstanding his Usage of me. Mrs. *Jewkes's* wicked Reports to frighten me, that I was to be marry'd to an ugly *Swiss*; who was to sell me on the Wedding-day to my Master. Her vile way of talking to me, like a *London* Prostitute. My Apprehensions on seeing Preparations made for my Master's coming. Their causless Fears, that I was trying to get away again, when I had no Thought of it; and my bad Usage upon it. My Master's dreadful Arrival; and his hard, very hard Treatment of me; and Mrs. *Jewkes's* insulting of me. His Jealousy of Mr. *Williams* and me. How Mrs. *Jewkes* vilely instigated him to Wickedness. And down to here, I put

into one Parcel, hoping that would content him. But for fear it should not, I put into another Parcel the following, viz.

A Copy of his Proposals to me, of a great Parcel of Gold, and fine Cloaths and Rings, and an Estate of I can't tell what a Year; and 50 *l.* a Year for the Life of both of you, my dear Parents, to be his Mistress; with an Insinuation, that, may-be, he would marry me at a Year's End. All sadly vile; with Threatnings, if I did not comply, that he would ruin me, without allowing me any thing. A Copy of my Answer, refusing all with just Abhorrence. But begging at last his Goodness to me, and Mercy on me, in the most moving manner I could think of. An Account of his angry Behaviour, and Mrs. *Jewkes's* wicked Advice hereupon. His trying to get me to his Chamber; and my Refusal to go. A deal of Stuff and Chit-chat between me and the odious Mrs. *Jewkes*; in which she was very wicked, and very insulting. Two Notes I wrote, as if to be carry'd to Church, to pray for his reclaiming, and my Safety; which Mrs. *Jewkes* seiz'd, and officiously shew'd him. A Confession of mine, that notwithstanding his bad Usage, I could not hate him. My Concern for Mr. *Williams*. A horrid Contrivance of my Master's to ruin me; being in my Room, disguised in Cloaths of the Maid's, who lay with me and Mrs. *Jewkes*. How narrowly I escaped, (it makes my Heart ake to think of it still!) by falling into Fits. Mrs. *Jewkes's* detestable Part in this sad Affair. How he seem'd mov'd at my Danger, and forbore his abominable Designs; and assur'd me he had offer'd no Indecency. How ill I was for a Day or two after; and how kind he seem'd. How he made me forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*. How, after this, and great Kindness pretended, he made rude Offers to me in the Garden, which I escaped. How I resented them. Then I had written how kind and how good he behav'd himself to me; and how he pralsed me, and gave me great Hopes of his being good at last. Of the too tender Impression this made upon me; and how I began to be afraid of my own Weakness and Consideration for him, tho' he had used me so ill. How sadly jealous he was of Mr. *Williams*; and how I, as I justly could, clear'd myself as to his Doubts on that Score. How, just when he had raised me up to the highest Hope of his Goodness, he dash'd me sadly again, and went off more coldly. My free Reflections upon this trying Occasion.

This brought Matters down from *Thursday* the 20th Day of my Imprisonment, to *Wednesday* the 41st.

And there I was resolv'd to end, let what would come; for there is only *Thursday*, *Friday* and *Saturday*, to give an Account of; and *Thursday* he set out to a Ball at *Stamford*; and *Friday* was the Gypsey Story, and this is *Saturday*, his Return from *Stamford*. And, truly, I shall have but little Heart to write, if he is to see all.

So these two Parcels of Papers I have got ready for him against to-morrow Morning. To be sure I have always used him very freely in my Writings, and shew'd him no Mercy; but yet he must thank himself for it; for I have only writ Truth; and I wish he had deserv'd a better Character at my hands, as well for his own sake as mine. —So, tho' I don't know whether ever you'll see what I write, I must say, that I will go to-bed, with remembering you in my Prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: And so God bless you. Good Night.

**SUNDAY Morning.**

I Remember what he said, of not being obliged to ask again for my Papers; and what I was forced to do, and could not help it, I thought I might as well do, in such a manner as might shew I would not disoblige on purpose. Tho' I stomach'd this matter very heavily too. I had therefore got in Readiness my two Parcels; and he not going to Church in the Morning, bid Mrs. *Jewkes* tell me, he was gone into the Garden.

I knew that was for me to go to him; and so I went. For how can I help being at his Beck? which grieves me not a little, tho' he is my Master, as I may say; for I am so wholly in his Power, that it would do me no good to incense him; and if I refused to obey him in little Matters, my Refusal in greater would have the less Weight. So I went down to the Garden; but as he walked in one Walk, I took another; that I might not seem too forward neither.

He soon 'spy'd me, and said, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, said I, and cross'd the Walk to attend him, I did not know but I should interrupt you in your Meditations this good Day.

Was that the Case, said he, truly, and from your Heart? Why, Sir, said I, I don't doubt but you have very good Thoughts sometimes: Tho' not towards me! —I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you, as I do. But where are the Papers? —I dare say, you had them about you yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your Writings in the Garden, for fear you should be *search'd*, if you did not escape. This, added he, gave me a glorious Pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all Night, that I did not strip you, Garment by Garment, till I had found them. O fie, Sir, said I; let me not be scar'd, with hearing that you had such a Thought in earnest.

Well, said he, I hope you have not now the Papers to give me; for I had rather find them myself, I'll assure you.

I did not like this way of Talk at all; and, thinking it best, not to dwell upon it, I said, Well, but, Sir, you will excuse me, I hope, giving up my Papers.

Don't trifle with me, said he; Where are they? — I think I was very good to you last Night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminish'd, and have not strictly kept your Promise, woe be to you! Indeed, Sir, said I, I have neither added nor diminish'd. But here is the Parcel, that goes on with my sad Attempt to escape, and the terrible Consequences it had like to have been follow'd with. And it goes down to the naughty Articles you sent me. And, as you know all that has happen'd since, I hope these will satisfy you.

He was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more; And I must beg you, Sir, to read the Matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any Liberties of my Pen.

I think, said he, half-smiling, you may wonder at my Patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abus'd as I am by such a saucy Slut. —Sir, said I, I have wonder'd you should be so desirous to see my bold Stuff; and for that very Reason, I have thought it a very *good* or a very bad *Sign*. What, said he, is your *good* Sign? —That it may not have an unkind Effect upon your Temper, at last, in my Favour, when you see me so sincere. Your *bad* Sign? Why, that if you can read my Reflections and Observations upon your Treatment of me, with Tranquillity, and not be mov'd, it is a Sign of a very cruel and determin'd Heart. Now, pray Sir, don't be angry at my Boldness, in telling you so freely my Thoughts. You may, perhaps, said he, be least mistaken when you think of your bad Sign: God forbid! said I.

So I took out my Papers; and said, Here, Sir, they are. But, if you please to return them, without breaking the Seal, it will be very generous: And I will take it for a great Favour, and a good Omen.

He broke the Seal instantly, and open'd them. So much for your Omen, said he. I am sorry for it, said I; and was walking away. Whither now, said he? Sir, I was going in, that you might have Time to read them, if you thought fit. He put them into his Pocket, and said, You have more than these. Yes, Sir; but all that they contain you know, as well as I. —But I don't know, said he, the Light you put Things in; and so give them me, if you have not a Mind to be search'd.

Sir, said I, I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly Word. —Give me then no Reason for it. Where are the other Papers? Why then, unkind Sir, if it must be so, here they are. And so I gave him out of my Pocket the second Parcel, seal'd up, as the former, with this Superscription; *From the naughty Articles, down, thro' sad Attempts, to Thursday the 42d Day of my Imprisonment.* This is last *Thursday*, is it? —Yes, Sir; but now you will

see what I write, I will find some other way to employ my Time: For I can neither write so free, nor with any Face, what must be for your Perusal, and not for those I intended to divert with my melancholy Stories.

Yes, said he, I would have you continue your Penmanship by all means; and I assure you, in the Mind I am in, I will not ask you for any after these; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. And I have, added he, another thing to tell you, That if you send for those from your Father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. And so I desire you will do it.

This a little encourages me to continue my Scribbling; but for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any Bulk, contrive some way to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which before I could not say of a Truth; and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffer'd frightful Indecencies.

He led me then to the Side of the Pond; and sitting down on the Slope, made me sit by him. Come, said he, this being the Scene of Part of your Project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your Cloaths, I will just look upon that Part of your Relation. Sir, said I, let me then walk about, at a little Distance, for I cannot bear the Thought of it. Don't go far, said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the Place where I mention'd the Bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the Door, and look'd upon the broken Part of the Wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himself, towards me; and took my Hand, and put it under his Arm.

Why this, said he, my Girl, is a very moving Tale. It was a very desperate Attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great Danger; for you had a very bad and lonely Way; and I had taken such Measures, that let you have been where you would, I would have had you.

You may see, Sir, said I, what I ventur'd rather than be ruin'd; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the Sincerity of my Professions, that my Honesty is dearer to me than my Life. Romantick Girl! said he, and read on.

He was very serious at my Reflections, on what God enabled me to escape. And when he came to my Reasonings, about throwing myself into the Water, he said, Walk gently before; and seem'd so mov'd, that he turn'd away his Face from me; and I bless'd this good Sign, and began not so much to repent at his seeing this mournful Part of my Story.

He put the Papers in his Pocket, when he had read my Reflections, and Thanks for escaping from *myself*; and he said, taking me about the Waist, O my dear Girl! you have touch'd me sensibly with your mournful Relation, and your sweet Reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable, had it taken Effect. I see you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a Mercy you stood Proof in that fatal Moment.

Then he most kindly folded me in his Arms; Let us, say I too, my *Pamela*, walk from this accursed Piece of Water; for I shall not, with Pleasure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my Fair-one. I thought, said he, of terrifying you to my Will, since I could not move you by Love; and Mrs. *Jewkes* too well obey'd me, when the Terrors of your Return, after your Disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly Courage to stand them; but had like to have made so fatal a Choice, to escape the Treatment you apprehended.

O Sir, said I, I have Reason, I am sure, to bless my dear Parents, and my good Lady, your Mother, for giving me something of a religious Education; for, but for that, and God's Grace, I should more than upon one Occasion, have attempted, at least, a desperate Act: And I the less wonder how poor Creatures, who have not the Fear of God before their Eyes, and give way to Despondency, cast themselves into Perdition.

Come, kiss me, said he, and tell me you forgive me for rushing you into so much Danger and Distress. If my Mind hold, and I can see those former Papers of yours, and that these in my Pocket give me no Cause to alter my Opinion, I will endeavour to defy the World, and the World's Censures, and make my *Pamela* Amends, if it be in the Power of my whole Life, for all the Hardships I have inflicted upon her.

All this look'd well; but you shall see how strangely it was all turn'd. For this Sham-marriage then came into my Mind again; and I said, Your poor Servant is far unworthy of this great Honour; for what will it be, but to create Envy to herself, and Discredit to you? Therefore, Sir, permit me to return to my poor Parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He was in a fearful Passion then. And is it thus, said he, in my fond conceding Moments, that I am to be despis'd, and thus answer'd? —Precise, perverse, unseasonable *Pamela*, begone from my Sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful Prospect, as in a distressful State; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Shadow of my Notice.

I was startled, and going to speak: But he stamp'd with his Foot, and said, Begone, I tell you. I cannot bear this stupid romantick Folly.

One Word, said I; but one Word, I beseech you, Sir.

He turn'd from me in great Wrath, and took down another Alley, and so I went in with a very heavy Heart; and fear I was too unseasonable, just at a Time, when he was so condescending: But if it was a Piece of Art of his Side, as I apprehended, to introduce the Sham-wedding, (and to be sure he is very full of Stratagem and Art) I think I was not so much to blame.

So I went up to my Closet; and wrote thus far, while he walk'd about till Dinner was ready; and he is now sat down to it, as I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of Humour; and she asks what I have done to him? —Now again, I dread to see him! —When will my Fears be over?—

**Three o' Clock.**

Well, he continues exceeding wroth. He has order'd his travelling Chariot to be got ready, with all Speed. What is to come next, I wonder!—

Sure I did not say *so much*! But see the Lordliness of a high Condition! —A poor Body must not put in a Word when they take it into their Heads to be angry! What a fine Time a Person of unequal Condition would have of it, if even they were to marry such an one! —His poor dear Mother spoil'd him at first. Nobody must speak to him or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a Child, and so he has not been us'd to be controul'd, and cannot bear the least Thing that crosses his violent Will. This is one of the Blessings of a high Condition! Much good may do them with their Pride of Birth, and Pride of Fortune, say I! —All that it serves for, as far as I can see, is to multiply their Disquiets, and every body's else that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end! —Mrs. *Jewkes* has been with me from him, and she says, I must get me out of the House this Moment! Well, said I, but where am I to be carry'd next? Why, home, said she, to your Father and Mother. And, can it be, said I! —No, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that! —To be sure, some bad Design is on foot again! To be sure it is! —Sure, sure, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, he has not found out some other Housekeeper worse than you! She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

She came up again. Are you ready? said she. Bless me, said I, you are very hasty: I have heard of this not a Quarter of an Hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me and no kind Friends in this House to take Leave of to delay me. Yet, like a Fool, I can't help crying Pray, said I, just step down, and ask, if I may not have my Papers?

So, I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an Answer; and so I will put up these few Writings in my Bosom, that I have left.

I don't know what to think—nor how to judge; but I shall ne'er believe I am with you till I am on my Knees before you, begging both your Blessings. Yet I am sorry he is so angry with me! I thought I did not say so much.

There is, I see, the Chariot drawn out, the Horses to, the grim *Colbrand* going to get a Horse-back. What will be the End of all this!

**MONDAY.**

Well, where this will end I cannot say. But here I am, at a little poor Village, almost such an one as yours; I shall learn the Name of it by—and—by. And *Robin* assures me he has Orders to carry me to you, my dear Father and Mother. God send he may say Truth, and not deceive me again. But having nothing else to do, and I am sure I shall not sleep a Wink to—night, if I was to go to bed, I will write my Time away, and take up my Story where I left off, on *Sunday* Afternoon.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, came up to me, with this Answer about my Papers. My Master says, he will not read them yet, lest he should be mov'd by any thing in them to alter his Resolution. But, if he shall think it worth while to read them, he will send them to you afterwards to your Father's. But, said she, here are your Guineas that I borrow'd: For all is over now, I find, with you.

She saw me cry; and said, Do you repent? —Of what, said I? —Nay, I can't tell, said she; but to be sure he has had a Taste of your satirical Flings, or he would not be so angry. Oh! said she, and held up her Hand, Thou hast a Spirit!—but I hope it will now be brought down. —I hope so too, said I.—

Well, added I, I am ready. She lifted up the Window, and said, I'll call *Robin* to take your Portmanteau: Bag and Baggage, said she, I'm glad you're going! I have no Words, said I, to throw away upon *you*, Mrs. *Jewkes*; but, making her a very low Curchee, I most heartily thank you for all your *virtuous* Civilities to me. And so, adieu; for I'll have no Portmanteau, I'll assure you, nor any thing but these few Things that I brought with me in my Handkerchief, besides what I have on. For I had all this Time worn my own bought Cloaths, tho' my Master would have had it otherwise often; but I had put up Paper, Ink and Pens, however.

So down I went, and as I went by the Parlour, she stept in, and said, Sir, you have nothing to say to the Girl before she goes? I heard him say, tho' I did not see him, Who bid you say *the Girl*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, in that Manner? She has offended only me!

I beg your Honour's Pardon, said the Wretch; but if I was your Honour, she should not, for all the Trouble she has cost you, go away scot—free. No more of this, as *I told you before*, said he: What! when I have such Proof, that her Virtue is all her Pride, shall I rob her of that? —No, said he, let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she *deserves* to go honest, and she shall go so!

I was so transported with this unexpected Goodness, that I open'd the Door before I knew what I did; and I said, falling on my Knees at the Door, with my Hands folded and lifted up. O thank you, thank your Honour a Million of Times! —May God bless you for this Instance of your Goodness to me! I will pray for you as long as I live, and so shall my dear Father and Mother. And, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, I will pray for *you* too, poor wicked Wretch that you are!

He turn'd from me, and went into hi; Closet, and shut the Door. He need not have done so; for I would not have gone nearer to him!

Surely I did not say so much to incur all this Displeasure!

I think I was loth to leave the House. Can you believe it? —What could be the Matter with me, I wonder! —I felt something so strange, and my Heart was so lumpish! —I wonder what ail'd me! —But this was so *unexpected*! —I believe that was all! —Yet I am very strange still. Surely, surely, I cannot be like the old murmuring *Israelites*, to long after the Onions and Garlick of *Egypt*, when they had suffer'd there such heavy Bondage? —I'll take thee, O lumpish, contradictory, ungovernable Heart, to severe Task for this thy strange Impulse, when I get to my dear Father's and Mother's; and if I find any thing in thee that should not be, depend upon it, thou shalt be humbled, if strict Abstinence, Prayer and Mortification will do it!

But yet, after all, this last Goodness of his has touched me too sensibly. I wish I had not heard it, almost; and yet methinks I am glad I did; for I should rejoice to think the best of him, for his own sake.

Well, and so I went to the Chariot, the same that brought me down. So, Mr. *Robert*, said I, here I am again! a pure Sporting—piece for the Great! a mere Tennis—ball of Fortune! You have your Orders, I hope! Yes, Madam, said he. Pray now, said I, don't Madam me, nor stand with your Hat off to such a one as I. Had not my Master, said he, order'd me not to be wanting in Respects to you, I would have shewn you all I could. Well, said I, with my Heart full, That's very kind, Mr. *Robert*.

Mr. *Colbrand*, mounted on Horseback, with Pistols before him, came up to me, as soon as I got in, with his Hat off too. What, Monsieur, said I, are *you* to go with me? —Part of the Way, he said, to see you safe! *I hope* that's kind too in you, Mr. *Colbrand*, said I.

I had nobody to wave my Handkerchief to now, nor to take Leave of; and so I resign'd myself to my Contemplations, with this strange wayward Heart of mine, that I never found so ungovernable and awkward before.

So away drove the Chariot! And when I had got out of the Elm-walk, and into the great Road, I could hardly think but I was in a Dream all the Time. A few Hours before in my Master's Arms almost, with twenty kind Things said to me, and a generous Concern for the Misfortunes he had brought upon me; and only by one rash half Word exasperated against me, and turn'd out of Doors, at an Hour's Warning; and all his Kindness changed to Hate! And I now, from Three o'Clock to Five, several Miles off. —But if I am going to you, all will be well again, *I hope!*

Lack-a-day, what strange Creatures are Men! Gentlemen, I should say rather! For, my dear deserving good Mother, tho' Poverty be both your Lots, has had a better Hap; and you are, and have always been, blest in one another! —Yet this pleases me too, he was so good, he would not let Mrs. *Jewkes* speak ill of me; and scorn'd to take her odious unwomanly Advice. O what a black Heart has this poor Wretch! So I need not rail against Men so much; for my Master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this Woman! —To be sure she must be an Atheist! Do you think she is not?—

We could not reach further than this little poor Place, and sad Alehouse, rather than Inn; for it began to be dark, and *Robin* did not make so much Haste as he might have done: And he was forc'd to make hard Shift for his Horses. Mr. *Colbrand* and *Robert* too are very civil. I see he has got my Portmanteau lash'd behind the Coach. I did not desire it; but I shall not come quite empty. A thorough Riddance of me, I see! —Bag and Bag-gage! as Mrs. *Jewkes* says. Well, my Story surely would furnish out a surprizing kind of Novel, if it was to be well told.

Mr. *Robert* came up to me, just now, and begg'd me to eat something. I thank'd him; but said I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. *Colbrand* to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would sit, nor put their Hats on. What Mockado is this to such a poor Soul as I! I ask'd them, if they were at Liberty to tell me the Truth of what they were to do with me? if not, I would not desire it. —They both said, *Robin* was order'd to carry me to my Father's. And Mr. *Colbrand* was to leave me within ten Miles, and then strike off for the other House, and wait till my Master arriv'd there. They both spoke so solemnly, that I cannot but believe them.

But when *Robin* went down, the other said, he had a Letter to give me next Day, at Noon, when we baited, as we were to do, at Mrs. *Jewkes's* Relations, —May I not, said I, beg the Favour to see it to-night? He seem'd so loth to deny me; that I have Hopes, I shall prevail on him by-and-by.

Well, my dear Father and Mother, I have, on great Promises of Secrecy, and making no Use of it, got the Letter. I will try if I can open it, without breaking the Seal, and will take a Copy of it, by-and-by: For *Robin* is in and out; there being hardly any Room in this little House for one to be long alone. Well, this is the Letter.

'When these Lines are deliver'd to you, you will be far on your Way to your Father and Mother, where you have so long desired to be. And, I hope, I shall forbear thinking of you with the least Shadow of that Fondness my foolish Heart had entertain'd for you. I bear you, however, no Ill-will; but the End of my detaining you being over, I would not that you should tarry with me an Hour more than needed, after the ungenerous Preference you gave against me, at a Time that I was inclined to pass over all other Considerations, for an honourable Address to you; for well I found the Tables intirely turn'd upon me, and that I was in far more Danger from *you* than you was from *me*; for I was just upon resolving to defy all the Censures of the World, and to make you my Wife.

I will acknowledge another Truth; That had I not parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I had read your Journal reflecting, as I doubt not I shall find it, and till I had heard your bewitching Pleas in your Behalf, I fear'd I could not trust myself with my own Resolution. And this is the Reason, I frankly own, that I have determin'd not to see you, nor hear you speak; for, well I know my Weakness in your Favour.

'But I will get the better of this fond Folly. Nay, I hope I have already done it, since it was likely to cost me so dear. And I write this to tell you, that I wish you well with all my Heart, tho' you have spread such Mischiefs thro' my Family. — And yet, I cannot but say, that I could wish you would not think of marrying in haste; and particularly that you would not have this cursed *Williams*. —But what is all this to me now? —Only, my Weakness makes me say, That as I had already look'd upon you as mine; and you have so soon got rid of your

first Husband, so you will not refuse, to my Memory, the Decency that every common Person observes, to pay a Twelve-month's Compliment, tho' but a mere Compliment, to my Ashes.

'Your Papers shall be faithfully return'd you, and I have paid so dear for my Curiosity in the Affection they have rivetted upon me for you, that you would look upon yourself amply reveng'd, if you knew what they have cost me.

I thought of writing but a few Lines; but I have run into Length. I will now try to recollect my scatter'd Thoughts, and resume my Reason, and shall find Trouble enough to replace my Affairs, and my own Family; and to supply the Chasms you have made in it: For, let me tell you, tho' I can forgive you, I never can my Sister, nor my Domestic; for my Vengeance must be wreak'd somewhere.

I doubt not your Prudence in forbearing to expose me any more than is necessary for your own Justification; and for *that*, I will suffer myself to be accused by you, and will also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am, and will ever be,

*'Your affectionate Well-wisher.'*

This Letter, when I expected some new Plot, has affected me more than any thing of that Sort could have done. For here is plainly his great Value for me confess'd, and his rigorous Behaviour accounted for in such a Manner, as tortures me much. And all this wicked Gypsy Story is, as it seems, a Forgery upon us both, and has quite ruin'd me! For, Oh! my dear Parents, forgive me! but I found to my Grief before, that my Heart was too partial in his Favour; but *now*, with so much Openness, so much Affection, nay, so much *Honour* too, (which was all I had before doubted, and kept me on the Reserve) I am quite overcome. This was a Happiness, however, I had no Reason to expect. But to be sure, I must own to you; that I shall never be able to think of any body in the World but him! —Presumption, you will say; and so it is: But Love is not a voluntier Thing:—*Love*, did I say! —But, come, I hope not! —At least it is not, I hope, gone so far, as to make me *very* uneasy; for I know not *how* it came, nor when it begun; but creep, creep it has, like a Thief upon me; and before I knew what was the Matter, it look'd like Love.

I wish, since it is too late, and my Lot determin'd, that I had not had this Letter; nor heard him take my Part to that vile Woman; for then I should have bless'd myself, in having escap'd so happily his designing Arts upon my Virtue; but *now*, my poor Mind is all topsy-turvy'd, and I have made an Escape, to be more a Prisoner!

But, I hope, since thus it is, that all will be for the best; and I shall, with your prudent Advice, and pious Prayers, be able to overcome this Weakness. —But, to sure, my dear Sir, I will keep a longer Time than a Twelve-month, as a Widow, for a Compliment, and *more* than a Compliment, to your Ashes! —O the dear Word! —How kind, how moving, how affectionate is that Word! O why was I not a Duchess, to shew my Gratitude for it? but must labour under the Weight of an Obligation, even had this Happiness befallen me, that would have press'd me to Death, and which I never could return by a whole Life of faithful Love, and chearful Obedience.

O forgive your poor Daughter! —I am sorry to find this Trial so sore upon me; and that all the Weakness of my weak Sex, and tender Years, who never before knew what it was to be so touch'd, is rais'd against me, and too mighty to be withstood by me. —But Time, Prayer, and Resignation to God's Will, and the Benefits of your good Lessons and Examples, I hope, will enable me to get over this so heavy a Trial. —O my treacherous, treacherous Heart! to serve me thus! And give no Notice to me of the Mischiefs thou wast about to bring upon me! But thus foolishly to give thyself up to the proud Invader, without ever consulting thy poor Mistress in the least! But thy Punishment will be the *first* and the *greatest*; and well deservest thou to smart, O perfidious Traitor, for giving up so weakly, thy *whole Self*, before a Summons came, and to one too, who had us'd me so hardly! And when, likewise, thou hadst so well maintain'd thy Post against the most violent and avowed, and therefore, as I thought, more dangerous Attacks.

After all, I must either not shew you this my Weakness, or tear it out of my Writing — *Memorandum*, to consider of this, when I get home.

**MONDAY Morning Eleven o'Clock .**

We are just come in here, to the Relations of Mrs. *Jewkes*. The first Compliment I had, was, in a very impudent manner, How I liked the 'Squire? —I could not help saying, Bold, forward Woman! Is it for you, who keep an Inn, to treat Passengers at this Rate? She was but in jest, she said, and begg'd Pardon: And she came, and begg'd Excuse again, very submissively, after *Robin* and Mr. *Colbrand* had talk'd to her a little.

The latter here, in great Form, gave me, before *Robin*, the Letter, which I had given him back for that purpose. And I retir'd, as if to read it; and so I did; for I think I can't read it too often; tho', for my Peace of Mind sake, I might better try to forget it. I am sorry, methinks, I cannot bring you back a sound Heart; but indeed it is an honest one, as to any body but me; for it has deceived nobody else: Wicked thing as it is!

More and more surprizing Things still! —

Just as I had sat down, to try to eat a bit of Victuals, to get ready to pursue my Journey, came in Mr. *Colbrand*, in a mighty Hurry. O Madam! Madam! said he, Here be de Groom from de 'Squire *B*. all over in a Lather, Man and Horse! O how my Heart went pit—a—pat! —What now, thought I, is to come next! He went out, and presently return'd with a Letter for me, and another, inclosed, for Mr. *Colbrand*. This seem'd odd, and put me all in a Trembling. So I shut the Door; and, never, sure, was the like known! found the following agreeable Contents.

'In vain, my *Pamela*, do I find it to struggle against my Affection for you. I must needs, after you were gone, venture to entertain myself with your Journal. When I found Mrs. *Jewkes's* bad Usage of you, after your dreadful Temptations and Hurts; and particularly your generous Concern for me, on hearing how narrowly I escaped drowning (tho' my Death would have been your Freedom, and I had made it your Interest to wish it); and your most agreeable Confession in another Place, that notwithstanding all my hard Usage of you, you could not *hate* me; and that expressed in so sweet, so soft, and so innocent a manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to *love* me, (together with the other Parts of your admirable Journal) I began to repent my parting with you. But, God is my Witness, for no unlawful End, as you would call it; but the very contrary. And the rather, as all this was improv'd in your Favour, by your Behaviour at leaving my House: For, Oh! that melodious Voice praying for me at your Departure, and thanking me for my Rebuke to Mrs. *Jewkes*, still hangs upon my Ears, and quavers upon my Memory. And tho' I went to—bed, I could not rest; but about Two got up, and made *Thomas* get one of the best Horses ready, in order to set out to overtake you, while I sat down to write this to you.

'Now, my dear *Pamela*, let me beg of you, on the Receipt of this, to order *Robin* to drive you back again to my House I would have set out myself, for the Pleasure of bearing you Company back in the Chariot; but am really indisposed: I believe, with Vexation that I should part thus with my Soul's Delight, as I now find you are, and must be, in spite of the Pride of my own Heart.

'You cannot imagine the Obligation your Return will lay me under to your Goodness; and yet, if you will not so far favour me, you shall be under no Restraint, as you will see by my Letter inclosed to *Colbrand*; which I have not sealed, that you may read it. But spare me, my dearest Girl, the Confusion of following you to your Father's; which I must do, if you persist to go on; for I find I cannot live a Day without you.

'If you are the generous *Pamela* I imagine you to be, (for hitherto you have been all Goodness, where it has not been merited) let me see, by this new Instance, the further Excellency of your Disposition; let me see you can forgive the Man who loves you more than himself; let me see by it, that you are not prepossess'd in any other Person's Favour: And one Instance more I would beg, and then I am all Gratitude; and that is, That you would dispatch Monsieur *Colbrand* with a Letter to your Father, assuring him, that all will end happily; and that he will send to you, at my House, the Letters you found means, by *Williams's* Conveyance, to send him: And when I have all my proud, and, perhaps, punctilious Doubts answer'd, I shall have nothing to do, but to make you happy, and be so my self. For I must be

*Yours, and only Yours.*

*'Monday Morn. near three o'Clock'*

O my exulting Heart! how it throbs in my Bosom, as if it would reproach me for so lately upbraiding it for giving way to the Love of so dear a Gentleman! —But, take care thou art not too credulous neither, O fond Believer! Things that we wish, are apt to gain a too ready Credence with us. This sham Marriage is not yet clear'd

up; Mrs. *Jewkes*, the vile Mrs. *Jewkes*! may yet the Mind of this Master: His Pride of Heart, and Pride of Condition, may again take place; and a Man that could, in so little a Space, first love me, then hate me, then banish me his House, and send me away disgracefully; and now send for me again, in such affectionate Terms; may still waver, may still deceive thee. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous, fluttering, throbbing Mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest: And I charge thee to keep better Guard than thou hast lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and desirable Impulses. Thus foolishly dialogu'd I with my Heart; and yet all the time this Heart is *Pamela*.

I open'd the Letter to Monsieur *Colbrand*; which was in these Words:

'*Monsieur*, I am sure you'll excuse the Trouble I give you. I have, for good Reasons, changed my Mind; and I have besought it as a Favour, that Mrs. *Andrews* will return to me the Moment *Tom* reaches you. I hope, for the Reasons I have given her, she will have the Goodness to oblige me. But if not, you are to order *Robin* to pursue his Directions, and set her down at her Father's Door. If the *will* oblige me in her Return, perhaps she'll give you a Letter to her Father, for some Papers to be deliver'd to you for her. Which you'll be so good, in that Case, to bring to her *here*. But if she will *not* give you such a Letter, you'll return with her to me, if she pleases to favour me so far; and that with all Expedition, that her Health and Safety will permit; for I am pretty much indisposed; but hope it will be but slight, and soon go off. I am

*Yours, &c.*

'On second Thoughts, let *Tom* go forward with Mrs. *Andrews's* Letter, if she pleases to give one, and you return with her, for her Safety.'

Now this is a dear generous Manner of treating me. O how I love to be generously used! —Now, my dear Parents, I wish I could consult you for your Opinions, how I should act. Should I go back, or should I not? —I doubt he has got too great Hold in my Heart, for me to be easy presently, if I should refuse: And yet this Gypsey Information makes me fearful.

Well, I will, I think, trust in his Generosity! Yet is it not too great a Trust? —especially considering how I have been used! —But then that was while he vow'd his bad Designs; and now he gives great Hope of his good ones. And I *may* be the means of making many happy, as well as myself, by placing a generous Confidence in him.

And then, I think, he might have sent to *Colbrand*, and to *Robin*, to carry me back, whether I would or not. And how different is this Behaviour to that? And would it not look as if I am *prepossess'd*, as he calls it, if I don't oblige him; and as if it was a silly female Piece of Pride to make him follow me to my Father's; and as if I would use him hardly in *my* Turn, for his having used me ill in *his*? Upon the whole, I resolved to obey him; and if he uses me ill afterwards, double will be his ungenerous Guilt! —Tho' hard will be my Lot, to have my Credulity so justly blameable as it will then seem. For, to be sure, the World, the wife World, that never is wrong itself, judges always by Events. And if he should use me ill, then I shall be blamed for trusting him: If well, O then I did right, to be sure! — But how would my Censurers act in my Case, before the Event justifies or condemns the Action, is the Question?

Then, I have no Notion of obliging by Halves; but of doing things with a Grace, as one may say, where they *are* to be done; and so I wrote the desir'd Letter to you, assuring you, that I had before me happier Prospects than ever I yet had; and hoped all would end well. And that I begg'd you would send me, by Mr. *Thomas*, my Master's Groom, the Bearer of it, those Papers, which I had sent you by Mr. *Williams's* Conveyance: For that they import me much, for clearing up a Point in my Conduct, that my Master was desirous to know, before he resolved to favour me, as he had intended. — But you will have that Letter, before you can have this; for I would not send you this without the preceding; which now is in my Master's Hands.

And so, having given the Letter to Mr. *Thomas*, for him to carry to you, when he had baited and rested, after his great Fatigue, I sent for Monsieur *Colbrand* and *Robin*; and gave to the former his Letter; and when he had read it, I said, You see how things stand. I am resolved to return to our Master; and as he is not so well as were to be wished, the more Haste you make, the better: And don't mind my Fatigue; but consider only yourselves, and the Horses. *Robin*, who guess'd the matter, by his Conversation with *Thomas*, (as I suppose) said, God bless you, Madam, and reward you, as your Obligingness to my good Master deserves; and may we all live to see you triumph over Mrs. *Jewkes*.

I wonder'd to hear him say so; for I was always careful of exposing my Master, or even that naughty Woman, before the common Servants. But yet I question whether *Robin* would have said this, if he had not guessed, by

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*Thomas's* Message, and my resolving to return, that I might stand well with his Master. So selfish are the Hearts of poor Mortals, that they are ready to change as Favour goes!

So they were not long getting ready; and I am just setting out, back again; and I hope in God, shall have no Reason to repent it.

*Robin* put on very vehemently; and when we came to the little Town, where we lay on *Sunday* Night, he gave his Horses a Bait; and said, he would push for his Master's that Night, as it would be Moon-light, if I should not: be too much fatigu'd; because there was no Place between that and the Town adjacent to his Master's, fit to put up for the Night. But Monsieur *Colbrand's* Horse beginning to give way, made a Doubt between them: Wherefore I said (hating to lie on the Road) If it could be done, I should bear it well enough, I hoped; and that Monsieur *Colbrand* might leave his Horse, when it fail'd, at some House, and come into the Chariot. This pleased them both; and about twelve Miles short, he left the Horse, and took off his Spurs and Holsters, &c. and, with Abundance of ceremonial Excuses, came into the Chariot; and I sat the easier for it; for my Bones ached sadly with the Jolting, and so many Miles travelling in so few Hours, as I had done, from *Sunday* Night, Five o'Clock. But, for all this, it was Eleven o'Clock at Night when we came to the Village adjacent to my Master's; and the Horses began to be very much tired, and *Robin* too; but I said, It would be pity to put up only three Miles short of the House.

So about One we reach'd the Gate; but every body was a-bed. But one of the Helpers got the Keys from Mrs. *Jewkes*, and open'd the Gates; and the Horses could hardly crawl into the Stables. And I, when I went to get out of the Chariot, fell down, and thought I had lost the Use of my Limbs.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came down, with her Cloaths huddled on, and lifted up her Hands and Eyes, at my Return. But shew'd more Care of the Horses than of me. By that time the two Maids came; and I made shift to creep in as well as I could.

It seems my poor Master was very ill indeed, and had been upon the Bed most part of the Day; and *Abraham* (who succeeded *Fohn*) fat up with him. And he was got into a fine Sleep, and heard not the Coach come in, nor the Noise we made; for his Chamber lay towards the Garden, on the other Side the House. Mrs. *Jewkes* said, He had a feverish Complaint, and had been blooded; and, very prudently, order'd *Abraham*, when he awaked, not to tell him I was come, for fear of surprizing him, and augmenting his Fever; nor, indeed, to say any thing of me, till she herself broke it to him in the Morning, as she should see how he was.

So I went to-bed with Mrs. *Jewkes*, after she had caused me to drink almost half a Pint of burnt Wine, made very rich and cordial, with Spices; which I found very refreshing, and set me into a Sleep I little hoped for.

**TUESDAY Morning.**

Getting up pretty early, I have written thus far, while Mrs. *Jewkes* lies snoring in bed, fetchup her last Night's Disturbance. I long for her Rising, to know how my poor Master does. 'Tis well for her she can sleep so purely. No Love, but for herself, will never break her Rest, I am sure. I am deadly sore all over, as if I had been soundly beaten. Yet I did not think I could have liv'd under such Fatigue.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, as soon as she got up, went to know how my Master did, and he had had a good Night; and having drank plentifully of Sack-whey, had sweated much; so that his Fever had abated considerably. She said to him, that he must not be surprized, and she would tell him News. He asked, What? and she said, I was come. He raised himself up in his Bed; Can it be? said he: — What, already!— She told him, I came last Night. Monsieur *Colbrand* coming to inquire of his Health, he order'd him to draw near him, and was infinitely pleased with the Account he gave him of the Journey; my Readiness to come back, and my Willingness to reach home that Night. And he said, Why, these render Fair-ones, I think, bear Fatigue better than us Men. But she is very good, to give me such an Instance of her Readiness to oblige me. Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, take great Care of her Health; and let her lie a-bed all Day. She told him, I had been up these two Hours. Ask her, said he, if she will be so good as to pay me a Visit; if she won't, I'll rise, and go to her. Indeed, Sir, said she, you must lie still; and I'll go to her. But don't urge her too much, said he, if she be unwilling.

She came to me, and told me all the above; and I said, I would most willingly wait upon him. For indeed I longed to see him, and was much grieved he was so ill. — So I went down with her. Will she come? said he, as I enter'd the Room. Yes, Sir, said she; and she said, at the first Word, Most willingly. Sweet Excellence! said he.

As soon as he saw me, he said, O my beloved *Pamela*! you have made me quite well. I'm concern'd to return my Acknowledgments to you in so unfit a Place and Manner; but will you give me your Hand? I did, and he kissed it with great Eagerness. Sir, said I, you do me too much Honour!— I am sorry you are ill. — I can't be ill, said he, while you are with me. I am well already.

Well, said he, and kissed my Hand again, you shall not repent this Goodness. My Heart is too full of it, to express myself as I ought. But I am sorry you have had such a fatiguing Time of it. — Life is no Life without you! If you had refused me, and yet I had hardly Hopes you would oblige me, I should have had a severe Fit of it, I believe; for I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myself: But now I shall be well instantly. You need not, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added he, send for the Doctor from *Stamford*, as we talked yesterday; for this lovely Creature is my Doctor, as her Absence was my Diseale.

He begg'd me to sit down by his Bed-side, and asked me, If I had obliged him with sending for my former Pacquet? I said, I had, and hoped it would be brought. He said, It was doubly kind.

I would not stay long, because of disturbing him. And he got up in the Afternoon, and desir'd ray Company; and seem'd quite pleas'd, easy, and much better. He said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after this Instance of my good *Pamela's* Obligingness in her Return, I am sure we ought to leave her intirely at her own Liberty; and pray, if she pleases to take a Turn in the Chariot, or in the Garden, or to the Town, or where-ever she will, she must be lest at Liberty, and asked no Questions; and do you do all in your Power to oblige her. She said, she would, to be sure.

He took my Hand, and said, One thing I will tell you, *Pamela*, because I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet not care to ask me, I have taken *William's* Bond for the Money; for how the poor Man had behaved, I can't tell; but he could get no Bail; and if I have no fresh Reason given me, perhaps I shall not exact the Payment; and he has been some time at Liberty; and now follows his School; but, methinks, I could wish you would not see him at present.

Sir, said I, I will not do any thing to disoblige you wilfully; and I am glad he is at Liberty, because I was the Occasion of his Misfortunes. I durst say no more, tho'I wanted to plead for the poor Gentleman; which, in Gratitude, I thought I ought, when I could do him Service. I said, I am sorry, Sir, Lady *Davers*, who loves you so well, should have incurr'd your Displeasure, and there should be any Variance between your Honour and her. I hope it was not on my Account. He took out of his Waistcoat Pocket, as he fat in his Gown, his Letter-case, and said, Here, *Pamela*, read that when you go up Stairs, and let me have your Thoughts upon it; and that will let you into the Affair. He said, he was very heavy of a sudden, and would lie down, and indulge for that Day; and if he

was better in the Morning, would take an Airing in the Chariot. And so I took my Leave for the present, and went up to my Closet, and read the Letter he was pleased to put into my Hands; and which is as follows:

'*Brother*, I am very uneasy at what I hear of you; and must write, whether it please you or not, my full Mind. I have had some People with me, desiring me to interpose with you; and they have a greater Regard for your Honour, than, I am sorry to say it, you have yourself. Could I think that a Brother of mine would so meanly run away with my late dear Mother's Waiting-maid, and keep her a Prisoner from all her Friends, and to the Disgrace of your own. But I thought, when you would not let the Wench come to me on my Mother's Death, that you meant no good. — I blush for you, I'll assure you. The Girl was an innocent, good Girl; but I suppose that's over with her now, or soon will. What can you mean by this let me ask you? Either you will have her for a kept Mistress, or for a Wise. If the former; there are enough to be had, without ruining a poor Wench that my Mother lov'd, and who really was a very good Girl; and of *this* you may be ashamed. As to the *other*, I dare say, you don't think of it; but if you *should*, you would be utterly inexcusable. Consider, Brother, that ours is no up-start Family; but is as ancient as the best in the Kingdom; and, for several Hundreds of Years, it has never been known that the Heirs of it have disgraced themselves by unequal Matches: And you know you have been sought to by some of the first Families in the Nation, for, your Alliance. It might be well enough, if you were descended of a Family of Yesterday, or but a Remove or two from the Dirt you seen so fond, of. But, let me tell you, that I, and all mine, will renounce you for ever, if you can descend so meanly; and I shall be ashamed to be called your Sister. A handsome Gentleman as you are in your Person; so happy in the Gifts of your Mind, that every body courts your Company; and possess'd of such a noble and clear Estate; and very rich in Money besides, left you by the best of Fathers and Mothers, with such ancient Blood in your Veins, untainted! for *you* to throw away yourself thus, is intolerable; and it would be very wicked in you to ruin the Wench too. So that I beg you will restore her to her Parents, and give her 100 l. or so, to make her happy in some honest Fellow of her own Degree; and that will be doing something, and will also oblige and pacify

Your much grieved Sister.

'If I have written too sharply, consider it is my Love to you, and the Shame you are bringing upon yourself; and I wish this may have the Effect upon you intended by your very loving Sister.'

This is a sad Letter, my dear Father and Mother; and one may see how poor People are despised by the Proud and the Rich; and yet we were all on a foot originally: And many of these Gentlefolks, that brag of their ancient Blood, would be glad to have it as wholesome, and as really untainted, as ours! — Surely these proud People never think what a short Stage Life is; and that, with all their Vanity, a Time is coming, when they shall be obliged to submit to be on a Level with us; and said the Philosopher, when he looked upon the Skull of a King, and that of a poor Man, that he saw no Difference between them. Besides, do they not know, that the richest of Princes, and the poorest of Beggars, are to have one great and tremendous Judge, at the last Day; who will not distinguish between them, according to their Qualities in Life? — But, on the contrary, may make their Condemnations the greater, as their neglected Opportunities were the greater? Poor Souls! how I pity their Pride! — O keep me, gracious God! from *their* high Condition, if my Mind shall ever be tainted with their Vice! or polluted with so cruel and inconsiderate a Contempt of the humble Estate which they behold with so much Scorn!

But besides, how do these Gentry know, that supposing they could trace back their Ancestry, for one, two, three, or even five hundred Years, that then the original Stems of these poor Families, tho' they have not kept such elaborate Records of their Good- for-nothingness, as it often proves, were not still deeper rooted?— And how can they be assured, that one hundred Years hence or two, some of those now despised upstart Families, may not revel in their Estates, while their Descendants may be reduced to the other's Dunghils?— And, perhaps, such is the Vanity, as well as Changeableness of human Estates, in *their* Turns set up for Pride of Family, and despise the others!

These Reflections occur'd to my Thoughts, made serious by my Master's Indisposition, and this proud Letter, of the *lowly* Lady Davers, against the *high-minded* Pamela. *Lowly*, I say, because she could *stoop* to such vain *Pride*; and *high-minded* I, because I hope I am too *proud* ever to do the like!— But, after all, poor Wretches that we be! we scarce know what we *are*, much less what we *shall be*! — But, once more, pray I, to be kept from the sinful Pride of a high Estate!

On this Occasion I recall the following Lines, which I have read; where the Poet argues in a much better manner. ————— *Wise Providence Does various Parts for various Minds dispense; The meanest Slaves, or those*

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*who hedge and ditch, Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich. The Rich, in due Return, impart their Store;  
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring Poor. Nor let the Rich the lowest Slave disdain, He's equally a Link of  
Nature's Chain; Labours to the same End, joins in one View; And both alike the Will divine pursue: And, at the  
last, are levell'd, King and Slave, Without Distinction, in the silent Grave.*

**WEDNESDAY Morning.**

My Master sent me a Message just now, that he was so much better, that he would take a Turn after Breakfast, in the Chariot, and would have me give him my Company! I hope I shall know how to be humble, and comport myself as I should do under all these Favours.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is one of the most obliging Creatures in the World; and I have such Respects shewn my be every one, as if I was as great as Lady *Davers*. —But now, if this should all end in the Sham-marriage! —It cannot be, I hope. Yet the Pride of Greatness and Ancestry, and such-like, is so strongly set out in Lady *Davers's* Letter, that I cannot flatter myself to be so happy as all these desirable Appearances make for me. Should I be *now* deceived, I should be worse off than ever. But I shall see what Light this new Honour will procure me! — So I'll get ready. But I won't, I think, change my Garb. Should I do it, it would look as if I would be nearer on a Level with him: And yet, should I not, it may be thought a Disgrace to him; but I will, I think, open the Portmanteau, and, for the first time, since I came hither, put on my best Silk Night-gown. But then that will be making myself a sort of Right to the Cloaths I had renounced; and I am not yet quite sure I shall have no other Crosses to encounter. So I will go as I am; for tho' ordinary, I am as clean as a Penny, tho' I say it. So I'll e'en go as I am, except he orders otherwise. Yet Mrs. *Jewkes* says, I ought to dress as fine as I can! — But I say, I think not. As my Master is up, and a Breakfast, I will venture down to ask him how he will have me be.—

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and thank God, purely recover'd! — How charmingly he looks, to what he did Yesterday! Blessed be God for it!

He arose and came to me, and took me by the Hand, and would set me down by him; and he said, My charming Girl seem'd going to speak. What would you say? — Sir, said I, (a little asham'd) I think it is too great an Honour to go into the Chariot with you! No, my dear *Pamela*, said he; the *Pleasure* of your Company will be greater than the *Honour* of mine; and so say no more on that Head.

But, Sir, said I, I shall disgrace you to go thus. You will grace a Prince, my Fair-one, said the good kind, kind Gentleman! in that Dress, or any you shall chuse. And you look so pretty, that if you shall not catch Cold, in that round-ear'd Cap, you shall go just as you are. But, Sir, said I, then you'll be pleased to go a By-way, that it mayn't be seen you do so much Honour to your Servant. O my good Girl, said he, I doubt you are afraid of yourself being talk'd of, more than me. For I hope, by degrees, to take off the World's Wonder, and teach them to expect what is to follow, as a Due to my *Pamela*.

O the dear good Man! There's for you, my dear Father and Mother! — Did I not do well now to come back! — O could I get rid of my Fears of this Sham-marriage, (for all this is not yet inconsistent with that frightful Scheme) I should be too happy!

So I came up, with great Pleasure, for my Gloves; and now wait his kind Commands. Dear, dear Sir! said I to myself, as if I was speaking to him, for *God's* sake let me have no more Trials and Reverses; for I could not bear it now, I verily think!

At last the welcome Message came, that my Master was ready; and so I went down as fast as I could; and he, before all the Servants, handed me in, as if I was a Lady; and then came in himself. Mrs. *Jewkes* begg'd he would take care he did not catch Cold, as he had been ill. And I had the Pride to hear his new Coachman say, to one of his Fellow-servants, They are a charming Pair, I am sure! 'tis pity they should be parted! — O my dear Father and Mother! I fear your Girl will grow as proud as any thing! And especially you will think I have Reason to guard against it, when you read the kind Particulars I am going to relate.

He order'd Dinner to be ready by Two; and *Abraham*, who succeeds *Fohn*, went behind the Coach. He did *Robin* drive gently, and told me, he wanted to talk to me about his Sister *Davers*, and other Matters. Indeed, at first setting out, he kissed me a little too often, that he did; and I was afraid of *Robin's* looking back, thro' the Fore-glass, and People seeing us as they passed; but he was exceedingly kind to me, in his Words, as well. At last, he said,

You have, I doubt not, read, over and over, my Sister's sawcy Letter; and find, as I told you, that you are no more obliged to her than I am. You see she intimates that some People had been with her; and who should they be but the officious Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and *Jonathan*! And so that had made me take the Measures I did

in dismissing them my Service.— I see, said he, you are going to speak on their Behalfs; but your Time is not come to do that, if ever I shall permit it.

My Sister, says he, I have been beforehand with; for I have renounced her. I am sure I have been a kind Brother to her; and gave her the Value of 3000*l.* more than her Share came to by my Father's Will, when I enter'd upon my Estate. And the Woman, surely, was beside herself with Passion and Insolence, when she wrote me such a Letter; for well she knew I would not bear it. But you must know, *Pamela*, that she is much incensed, that I will give no Ear to a Proposal of hers, of a Daughter of my Lord — who, said he, neither in Person or Mind, or Acquirements, even with all her Opportunities, is to be named in a Day with my *Pamela*. But yet you see the Plea, my Girl, which I made to you before, of this Pride of Condition, and the World's Censure, which, I own, sticks a little too close with me still. For a Woman shines not forth to the Publick as a Man; and the World sees not your Excellencies and Perfections: If it did, I should intirely stand acquitted by the severest Censurers. But it will be taken in the Lump; that here is Mr. B——, with such and such an Estate, has married his Mother's Waiting-maid; not considering there is not a Lady in the Kingdom that can outdo her, or better support the Condition to which she will be raised, if I should marry her. And, said he, putting his Arm round me, and again kissing me, I pity my dear Girl too, for *her* Part in this Censure; for, here will she have to combat the Pride and Slights of the neighbouring Gentry all around us. Sister *Davers*, you see, will never be reconciled to you. The other Ladies will not visit you; and you will, with a Merit transcending them all, be treated as if unworthy their Notice. Should I now marry my *Pamela*, how will my Girl relish all this? Won't these be cutting things to my Fair-one? For, as to me, I shall have nothing to do, but, with a good Estate in Possession, to brazen out the Matter, of my former Jokes on this Subject, with my Companions of the Chace, the Green, and the Assemblée; stand their rude Jestings for once or twice, and my Fortune will create me always Respect enough, I warrant you. But I say, what will my poor Girl do, as to her Part, with her own Sex? For some Company you must keep. My Station will not admit it to be with my common Servants; and the Ladies will fly your Acquaintance; and still, tho' my Wife, will treat you as my Mother's Waiting-maid.— What says my Girl to this?

You may well guess, my dear Father and Mother, how transporting these kind, these generous and condescending Sentiments were to me!— I thought I had the Harmony of the Spheres all around me; and every Word that dropt from his Lips, was as sweet as the Honey of *Hybla* to me.— Oh! Sir, said I, how inexpressibly kind and good is all this! Your poor Servant has a much greater Struggle than this to go thro', a more knotty Difficulty to overcome.

What is that? said he, a little impatiently: I will not forgive your Doubts now!— No, Sir, said I, I cannot doubt; but it is, how I shall *support*, how I shall *deserve*, your Goodness to me!— Dear Girl! said he, and hugg'd me to his Breast, I was afraid you would have made me angry again; but that I would not be; because I see you have a grateful Heart; and this your kind and chearful Return, after such cruel Usage as you had experienced in my House, enough to make you detest the Place, has made me resolve to bear any thing in you, but Doubts of my Honour, at a Time when I am pouring out my Soul, with a and affectionate Ardour.

But, good Sir, Said I, my greatest Concern will be for the rude Jestings you will have to encounter with yourself, for thus stooping beneath yourself. For as to me, considering my lowly Estate, and little Merit, even the Slights and Reflections of the Ladies will be an Honour to me: And I shall have the Pride to place more than half their Ill-will, to their Envy at my Happiness. And if I can, by the most chearful Duty, and resigned Obedience, have the Pleasure to be agreeable to you, I shall think myself but too happy, let the World say what it will.

He said, You are very good, my dearest Girl: But how will you bestow your Time, when you will have no Visits to receive or pay? No Parties of Pleasure to join in? No Card-tables to employ your Winter Evenings, and even, as the Taste is, half the Day, Summer and Winter? And you have often play'd with my Mother too, and so know how to perform a Part there, as well as in the other Diversions: And I'll assure you, my Girl, I shall not desire you to live without such Amusements, as my Wife might expect, were I to marry a Lady of the first Quality.

O, Sir, said I, you are all Goodness! How shall I bear it! — But do you think, Sir, in such a Family as yours, a Person, whom you shall honour with the Name of Mistress of it, will not find useful Employments for her Time, without looking abroad for any others?

In the first Place, Sir, if you will give me Leave, I will myself look into such Parts of the Family Oeconomy, as may not be beneath the Rank to which I shall have the Favour of being exalted, if any such there can be; and this,

I hope, without incurring the Ill-will of any *honest* Servant.

Then, Sir, I will ease you of as much of your Family Accounts, as I possibly can, when I have convinced you, that I am to be trusted with them; and, you know, Sir, my late good Lady made me her Treasurer, her Almoner, and every thing.

Then, Sir, if I must needs be visiting or visited, and the Ladies won't honour me so much, or even if they *would* now-and-then, I will receive and pay Visits, if your Goodness will allow me so to do, to the sick Poor in the Neighbourhood around you; and administer to their Wants and Necessities, in such small Matters, as may not be hurtful to your Estate, but comfortable to them; and intail upon you their Blessings, and their Prayers for your dear Health and Welfare.

Then I will assist your Housekeeper, as I used to do, in the making Jellies, Comfits, Sweetmeats, Marmalades, Cordials; and to pot, and candy, and preserve, for the Uses of the Family. And to make myself all the fine Linen of it, for yourself and me.

Then, Sir, if you will sometimes indulge me with your Company, I will take an Airing in your Chariot now-and-then: And when you shall return home from your Diversions on the Green, or from the Chace, or where-ever you shall please to go, I shall have the Pleasure of receiving you with Duty, and a chearful Delight; and, in your Absence, count the Moments till you return; and you will, may-be, fill up the sweetest Part of my Time, with your agreeable Conversation, for an Hour or two now-and-then; and be indulgent to the impertinent Over-flowings of my grateful Heart, for all your Goodness to me.

The Breakfasting-time, the Preparation for Dinner, and sometimes to entertain your chosen Friends, and the Company you shall bring home with you, Gentlemen, if not Ladies, and the Supperings, will fill up a great Part of the Day, in a very necessary manner.

And, may-be, Sir, now and then a good-humour'd Lady will drop in; and, I hope, if they do, I shall so behave myself, as not to *add* to the Disgrace you will have brought upon yourself; for indeed, I will be very circumspect, and try to be as discreet as I can; and as humble too, as shall be consistent with your Honour.

Cards, 'tis, I can play at, in all the usual Games, that our Sex indulge in; but this I am not fond of, and shall never desire to use them, but as it may encourage such Ladies, as you may wish to see, not to abandon your House for want of an Amusement they are used to.

Musick, which my good Lady taught me, will fill up some Intervals, if I should have any.

And then, Sir, you know, I love Reading, and Scribbling; and tho' all the latter will be employ'd in the Family Accounts, between the Servants and me, and me and your good Self; yet Reading is a Pleasure to me, that I shall be unwilling to give up, at proper times, for the best Company in the World, except yours. And, O Sir! that will help to polish my Mind, and make me worthier of your Company and Conversation; and, with the Explanations you will give me, of what I shall not understand, will be a sweet Employment, and Improvement too.

But one thing, Sir, I ought not to forget, because it is the chief; my Duty to God, will, I hope, always employ some good Portion of my Time, with Thanks for his superlative Goodness to me; and to pray for *you* and *myself*: For *you*, Sir, for a Blessing on you, for your great Goodness to such an unworthy Creature: For *myself*, that I may be enabled to discharge my Duty to you, and be found grateful for all the Blessings I shall receive at the Hands of Providence, by means of your Generosity and Condescension.

With all this, Sir, said I, can you think I shall be at a Loss to pass my Time? But, as I know, that every Slight to me, if I come to be so happy, will be, in some measure, a Slight to you, I will beg of you, Sir, not to let me go very fine in Dress; but appear only so, as that you may not be ashamed of it, after the Honour I shall have of being called by your worthy Name: For well I know, Sir, that nothing so much excites the Envy of my own Sex, as seeing a Person set above them in Appearance, and in Dress. And that would bring down upon me an hundred *sawcy Things*, and *low-born Brats*, and I can't tell what!

There I stopt; for I had prattled a great deal; and he said, clasping me to him, Why stops my dear *Pamela*?—; Why does she not proceed? I could dwell upon your Words all the Day long; and you shall be the Directress of your own Pleasures, and your own Time, so sweetly do you chuse to employ it: And thus shall I find some of my own bad Actions aton'd for by your exemplary Goodness, and God will bless me for your sake!

O, said he, what Pleasure you give me in this sweet Foretaste of my Happiness! I will now defy the sawcy, busy Censurers of the World, and bid them know your Excellence, and my Happiness, before they, with unhallow'd Lips, presume to judge of my Actions, and your Merit! —And, let me tell you, my *Pamela*, that I can

add my Hopes of a still more pleasing Amusement; and what your bashful Modesty would not permit you to hint; and which I will no otherwise touch upon, lest it should seem, to your Nicety, to detract from the present Purity of my good Intentions, than to say, I hope to have superadded to all these, such an Employment, as will give me a View of perpetuating my happy Prospects, and my Family at the same time; of which I am almost the only Male.

I blushed, I believe, yet could not be displeas'd at the decent and charming manner with which he insinuated this distant Hope: And Oh! judge for me, how my Heart was affected with all these things!

He was pleas'd to add another charming Reflection, which shew'd me the noble Sincerity of his kind Professions. I do own to you, my *Pamela*, said he, that I love you with a purer Flame than ever I knew in my whole Life! A Flame, to which I was a Stranger, and which commenced for you in the Garden; tho' you, unkindly, by your unseasonable Doubts, nipp'd the opening Bud, while it was too tender to bear the cold Blasts of Slight or Negligence. And I know more sincere Joy and Satisfaction in this sweet Hour's Conversation with you, than all the guilty Tumults of my former Passion ever did, or (had even my Attempts succeeded) ever could have afforded me.

O, Sir, said I, expect not Words, from your poor Servant, equal to these most generous Professions. Both the Means, and the Will, I now see, are given to you, to lay me under an everlasting Obligation! How happy shall I be, if, tho' I cannot be worthy of all this Goodness and Condescension, I can prove myself not intirely unworthy of it! But I can only answer for a grateful Heart; and if ever I give you Cause wilfully, (and you will generously allow for *involuntary* Imperfections) to be disgust'd with me, may I be an Out-cast from your House and Favour, and as much repudiated, as if the Law had divorc'd me from you!

But, Sir, continued I, tho' I was so unseasonable as I was in the Garden, you would, I flatter myself, had you then heard me, have pardon'd my Imprudence, and own'd I had some Cause to fear, and to wish to be with my poor Father and Mother; and this I the rather say, that you should not think me capable of returning Insolence for your Goodness; or appearing foolishly-ungrateful to you, when you was so kind to me.

Indeed, *Pamela*, said he, you gave me great Uneasiness; for I love you too well not to be jealous of the least Appearance of your Indifference to me, or Preference of any other Person, not excepting your Parents themselves. This made me resolve not to hear you; for I had not got over my Reluctance to Marriage; and a little Weight, you know, turns the Scale, when it hangs in an equal Balance. But yet, you see, that tho' I could part with you, while my Anger held, yet the Regard I had then newly profess'd for your Virtue, made me resolve not to offer to violate it; and you have seen likewise, that the painful Struggle I underwent when I began to reflect, and to read your moving Journal, between my Desire to recal you, and my Doubt, that you would return, (tho' yet I resolv'd not to force you to it) had like to have cost me a severe Illness: But your kind and chearful Return has dispell'd all my Fears, and given me Hope, that I am not indifferent to you; and you see how your Presence has chas'd away my Illness.

I bless God for it, said I; but since you are so good as to encourage me, and will not despise my Weakness, I will acknowledge, that I suffer'd more than I could have imagin'd, till I experienc'd it, in being banish'd your Presence in so much Anger; and the more still was I affect'd, when you answer'd so generously, the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* in my Favour, at my leaving your House: For this, Sir, awaken'd all my Reverence for you; and you saw I could not forbear, not knowing what I did, to break boldly in upon you, and acknowledge your Goodness on my Knees. 'Tis, my dear *Pamela*, said he, we have sufficiently tortur'd one another; and the only Comfort that can result from it, will be, reflecting upon the Matter coolly and with Pleasure, when all these Storms are overblown, (as I hope they now are) and we sit together secur'd in each other's good Opinion, recounting the uncommon Gradations, by which we have ascended to the Summit of that Felicity, which I hope we shall shortly arrive at.

Mean-time, said the good Gentleman, let me hear what my dear Girl would have said in her Justification, could I have trusted myself with her, as to her Fears, and the Reason of her wishing herself from me, at a Time that I had begun to shew my Fondness for her, in a manner that I thought would have been agreeable to her and Virtue.

I pulled out of my Pocket the Gypsy Letter; but I said, before I shew'd it to him, I have this Letter, Sir, to shew you, as what, I believe you will allow, must have given me the greatest Disturbance: But first, as I know not who is the Writer, and it seems to be in a disguis'd Hand, I would beg it as a Favour, that if you guess who it is, which I cannot, it may not turn to their Prejudice, because it was written very probably with no other View than to serve me.

He took it, and read it. And it being signed *Somebody*, he said, Yes, this is indeed from *Somebody*; and, disguis'd as the Hand is, I know the Writer: Don't you see by the Settness of some of these Letters, and a little Secretary Cut here and there, especially in that *c*, and that *r*, that it is the Hand of a Person bred in the Law—way? Why, *Pamela*, said he, 'tis old *Longman's* Hand. An officious Rascal as he is! —But I have done with him! O Sir, said I, it would be too insolent in me to offer (so much am I myself overwhelm'd with your Goodness) to defend any body that you are angry with; yet, Sir, so far as they have incurr'd your Displeasure for my sake, and for no other Want of Duty or Respect, I could with—But I dare not say more.—

But, said he, as to the Letter, and the Information it contains:—Let me know, *Pamela*, when you receiv'd this? On the *Friday*, Sir, said I, that you was gone to the Wedding at *Stamford*. —How could it be convey'd to you, said he, unknown to Mrs. *Jewkes*, when I gave her such a strict Charge to attend you, and you yourself promis'd me, you would not throw yourself in the Way of such Intelligence! For, said he, when I went to *Stamford*, I knew from a private Intimation given me, that there would be an Attempt made to see you, or give you a Letter, by somebody, if not to get you away; but was not certain from what Quarter, whether from my Sister *Davers*, Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, or *John Arnold*, or your Father; and as I was then but struggling with myself, whether to give way to my honourable Inclinations, or to free you, and let you go to your Father, that I might avoid the Danger I found myself in of the former (for I had absolutely resolved never to wound again even your Ears with any Proposals of a contrary Nature); that was the Reason I desir'd you to permit Mrs. *Jewkes*, to be so much on her Guard till I came back, when I thought I should have decided this disputed Point within myself, between my Pride and my Inclinations.

This, good Sir, said I, accounts well to me, for your Conduct in that Case, and for what you said to me and Mrs. *Jewkes* on that Occasion; and I see more and more how much I may depend upon your Honour and Goodness to me. —But I will tell you all the Truth. And then I recounted to him the whole Affair of the Gypsey, and how the Letter was put among the loose Grass, &c. And he said, The Man who thinks a thousand Dragons sufficient to watch a Woman, when her Inclination takes a contrary Bent, will find all too little; and she will engage the Stones in the Street, or the Grass in the Field, to act for her, and help on her Correspondence. If the Mind, said he, be not engag'd, I see there is hardly any Confinement sufficient for the Body; and you have told me a very pretty Story; and, as you never gave me any Reason to question your Veracity, even in your severest Trials, I make no doubt of the Truth of what you have now mentioned. And I will in my Turn give you such a Proof of mine, that you shall find it carry Conviction with it.

You must know then, my *Pamela*, that I had actually form'd such a Project, so well inform'd was this old rascally *Somebody*; and the Time was fix'd, for the very Person describ'd in this Letter, to be here; and I had thought he should have read some Part of the Ceremony (as little as was possible, to deceive you) in my Chamber; and so I hop'd to have you mine upon Terms that then would have been much more agreeable to me than real Matrimony. And I did not in Haste intend you the Mortification of being undeceiv'd; so that we might have liv'd for Years, perhaps, very lovingly together; and I had, at the same time been at Liberty to confirm or abrogate it, as I pleas'd.

O Sir, said I, I am out of Breath with the Thoughts of my Danger. But what good Angel prevented this deep-laid Design to be executed?

Why, *your* good Angel, *Pamela*, said he; for when I began to consider that it would have made you miserable, and me not happy; that if you should have a dear little one, it would be out of my own Power to legitimate it, if I should with it to inherit my Estate; and that, as I am almost the last of my Family, and most of what I possess must descend to a strange Line, and disagreeable and unworthy Persons; notwithstanding that I might, in this Case, have Issue of my own Body: When I further consider'd your untainted Virtue, what Dangers and Trials you had undergone, by my Means, and what a world of Troubles I had involv'd you in, only because you were beautiful and virtuous, which had excited all my Passion for you; and reflected also upon your try'd Prudence and Truth, I, tho' I doubted not effecting this my last Plot, resolv'd to overcome myself; and however I might suffer in struggling with my Affection for you, to part with you, rather than to betray you under so black a Veil. Besides, said he, I remember'd how much I had exclaim'd against and censur'd an Action of this kind, that had been attributed to one of the first Men of the Law, and of the Kingdom, as he afterwards became; and that it was but treading in a Path that another had mark'd out for me; and, as I was assur'd, with no great Satisfaction to himself, when he came to reflect; my foolish Pride was a little piqu'd with this, because I lov'd to be, if I was out of the

way, my own Original, as I may call it: On all these Considerations it was, that I rejected this Project, and sent Word to the Person, that I had better consider'd of the Matter, and would not have him come, till he heard farther from me: And, in this Suspense, I suppose, some of your Confederates, *Pamela*, (for we have been a Couple of Plotters, tho' your Virtue and Merit have engag'd you faithful Friends and Partisans, which my Money and Promises could hardly do) one way or other got Knowledge of it, and gave you this Notice; but perhaps, it would have come too late, had not your white Angel got the better of my black one, and inspir'd me with Resolutions to abandon the Project just as it was to be put in Execution. But yet I own, that, from these Appearances, you was but too well justify'd in your Fears, on this odd way of coming at this Intelligence; and I have only one thing to blame you for, that tho' I was resolv'd not to hear you in your own Defence, yet, as you have so ready a Talent at your Pen, you might have clear'd your Part of this Matter up to me by a Line or two; and when I had known what seeming good Grounds you had for pouring cold Water on a young Flame, that was just then rising to an honourable Expansion, I should not have imputed it, as I was apt to do, to unseasonable Insult for my Tenderness to you on one hand; to perverse Nicety on the other; or to, what I was most alarm'd by, and concern'd for, Prepossession for some other Person. And this would have sav'd us both much Fatigue, I of Mind, you of Body.

And indeed, Sir, said I, of *Mind* too; and I could not better manifest this, than by the Cheerfulness with which I obey'd your Recalling me to your Presence.

Ay, that my dear *Pamela*, said he, and clasp'd me in his Arms, was the kind, the inexpressibly kind Action that has rivetted my Affections to you, and gives me to pour out, in this free and unreserv'd manner, my whole Soul in your Bosom.

I said, I had the less Merit in this my Return, because I was driven by an irresistible Impulse to it, and could not help it if I would.

This, said he, (and honour'd me, by kissing my Hand) is engaging indeed, if I may hope that my *Pamela's* gentle Inclination for her Persecutor, was the strongest Motive to her Return; and I so much value a voluntier Love, in the Person I would wish for my Wife, that I would have even Prudence and Interest, hardly nam'd, in Comparison with it. And can you return me sincerely the honest Compliment I now make you, that as in the Act that I hope shall soon unite us together, it is impossible that I should have any View to my Interest; and, that Love, Love, is the *only* Motive by which I am directed; that, were I not what I am, you could give me the Preference to any other Person in the World that you know, notwithstanding all that has pass'd between us? Why, said I, should your so much obligated *Pamela* refuse to answer this kind Question? Cruel, as I have thought you, and dangerous your Views to my Honesty; You, Sir, are the only Person living that ever was more than indifferent to me; and before I knew this was what I blush now to call it, I could not hate you, or wish you ill, tho' from my Soul, the Attempts you made, were shocking and most distasteful to me.

I am satisfy'd, my *Pamela*, said he; nor do I want to see those Papers that you have kindly written for to your Father; tho' I still wish to see them too, for the sake of the sweet manner in which you write your Sentiments; and to have before me the whole Series of your Sufferings, that I may know whether all my future Kindness is able to recompense you for them.

In this manner, my dear Father and Mother, did your happy Daughter find herself bless'd by her generous Master! An ample Recompence for all her Sufferings, did I think this sweet Conversation only. A hundred tender Things he express'd besides, that tho' they never can escape my Memory, yet would be too tedious to write down. Oh how I bless'd God, and, I hope, ever shall, for all his gracious Favours to his unworthy Handmaid! What a happy Change is this. And who knows but my kind, my generous Master may put it in my Power, when he shall see me not quite unworthy of it, to be a Means, without injuring him, to dispense around me, to many Persons, the happy Influences of the Condition to which I shall be, by his kind Favour, exalted? Doubly blest shall I be, in particular, if I can return the hundredth Part of the Obligations I owe to such honest good Parents, to whose pious Instructions and Examples, under God, I owe all my present Happiness and future Prospects. —O the Joy that fills my Mind on these proud Hopes! on these delightful Prospects! —It is too mighty for me; and I must sit down to ponder all these Things, and to admire and bless the Goodness of that Providence, which has, thro' so many intricate Mazes, made me tread the Paths of Innocence, and so amply rewarded me, for what it has itself enabled me do! All Glory to God alone be ever given for it, by your poor enraptur'd Daughter!—

I will now continue my most pleasing Relation.

As the Chariot was returning home from this sweet Airing, he said, From all that has pass'd between us, in this

pleasing Turn, my *Pamela* will see, and will believe, that the Trials to her Virtue are all over from me: But perhaps, there will be some few yet to come to her Patience and Humility. For I have, at the earnest Impertunity of Lady *Darnford*, and her Daughters, promised them a Sight of my beloved Girl: And so I intend to have their whole Family, and Lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters's* Family, to dine with me once in a few Days. And as I believe you would hardly chuse at present to grace the Table on the Occasion, till you can do it in your own Right, I would be glad you will not refuse coming down to us, if I desire it; for I would preface our Nuptials, said the dear Gentleman! O what a sweet Word was that!—with the good Opinion of these Gentry of your Merits, and to see you, and your sweet Manner, will be enough for that Purpose; and so, by degrees, prepare my Neighbours for what is to follow: And they already have your Character from me, and are dispos'd to admire you.

Sir, said I, after all that has pass'd, I should be unworthy if I could not say, that I *can* have no Will but yours; and however awkwardly I shall behave in such Company, weigh'd down with the Sense of your Obligations, on one Side, and my own Unworthiness, with their Observations, on the other, I will not scruple to obey you.

I am oblig'd to you, *Pamela*, said he; and pray be only dress'd as you are; for, as they know your Condition, and I have told them the Story of your present Dress, and how you came by it, one of the young Ladies begs it as a Favour, that they may see you just as you are: And I am the rather pleas'd it should be so, because they will perceive you owe nothing to Dress, and make a much better Figure with your own native Stock of Loveliness, than the greatest Ladies do in the most splendid Attire, and stuck out with the most glittering Jewels.

O Sir, said I, your Goodness beholds your poor Servant in a Light greatly beyond her Merit! But it must not be expected that others, Ladies especially, will look at me with your favourable Eyes: But, nevertheless, I should be best pleas'd to wear always this humble Garb, till you, for your own sake, shall order it otherwise: For, oh! Sir, said I, I hope it will be always my Pride to glory most in your Goodness; and it will be a Pleasure to me to shew every one, that, with respect to my Happiness in this Life, I am intirely the Work of your Bounty; and to let the World see from what a lowly Original you have rais'd me to Honours, that the greatest Ladies would rejoice in.

Admirable *Pamela*, said he, excellent Girl! —Surely thy Sentiments are superior to those of all thy Sex! —I might have *addressed* a hundred fine Ladies; but never, surely, could have had Reason to *admire* one as I do you.

As, my dear Father and Mother, I repeat these generous Sayings, only as they are the Effect of my Master's Goodness, and am far from presuming to think I deserve one of them; so I hope you will not attribute it to my Vanity; for, I do assure you, I think I ought rather to be more *humble*, as I am more *oblig'd*: For it must be always a Sign of a poor Condition to receive Obligations one cannot repay; as it is of a rich Mind, when it can confer them, without expecting or *needing* a Return. It is, on one side, the State of the human Creature compar'd, on the other, to the Creator; and so, with due Deference, may be said to be God-like, and that is the highest that can be said.

The Chariot brought us home at near the Hour of Two, and, blessed be God, my Master is pure and well, and chearful; and that makes me hope he does not repent him of his Goodness. He handed me out of the Chariot, and to the Parlour, with the same Goodness, that he shew'd when he put me in it, before several of the Servants. Mrs. *Jewkes* came to inquire how he did. Quite well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, quite well; I thank God, and this good Girl, for it! —I am glad of it, said she; but I hope you are not the worse for my Care, and my Doctoring you! —No, but the better Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you have much oblig'd me by both.

Then he said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you and I have used this good Girl very hardly—I was afraid, Sir, said she, I should be the Subject of her Complaints. —I assure you, said he, she has not open'd her Lips about you. We have had quite a different Subject to talk of; and I hope she will forgive us both: you especially, she must; because you have done nothing but by my Orders. But I only mean, that the necessary Consequence of those Orders has been very grievous to my *Pamela*: And now comes our Part to make her Amends, if we can.

Sir, said she, I always said to Madam, (as she call'd me) that you was very good, and very forgiveing. No, said he, I have been stark naught, and it is she, I hope, will be very forgiving. But all this Preamble is to tell you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that now I desire you'll study to oblige her, as much as (to obey me) you was forc'd to disoblige her before. And you'll remember, that in every thing she is to be her own Mistress.

Yes, said she, and mine too, I suppose, Sir? Ay, said the generous Gentleman, I believe it will be so in a little Time. —Then, said she, I know how it will go with me! And so put her Handkerchief to her Eyes.—*Pamela*, said my Master, comfort poor Mrs. *Jewkes*.

This was very generous, already to seem to put her in my Power; and I took her by the Hand, and said, I shall

never take upon myself, Mrs. *Jewkes*, to make a bad Use of any Opportunities that may be put into my Hands, by my generous Master; nor shall I ever wish to do you Prejudice, if I might: For I shall consider, that what you have done, was in Obedience to a Will which it will become me also to submit to; and so, tho' we shall be acted very differently as to the Effects, yet as these Effects proceed from one Cause, it shall be always revered by me.

See there, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, we are both in generous Hands; and indeed, if she did not pardon you, I should think she but half forgave me, because you acted by my Instructions.— Well, said she, God bless you both together, since it must be so; and I will double my Diligence to oblige my Lady, as I find she will soon be.

O my dear Father and Mother, now pray for me on another Score! for fear I should grow too proud, and be giddy and foolish with all these promising Things, so soothing to the Vanity of my Years and Sex. But even to this Hour can I pray, that God would remove from me all these delightful Prospects, if they should so corrupt my Mind, as to make me proud, and vain, and not acknowledge, with thankful Humility, the blessed Providence which has so visibly conducted me thro' the dangerous Paths I have trod, to this happy Moment.

My Master was pleas'd to say, that he thought I might as well dine with him, as he was alone. But, I said, I begg'd he would excuse me, for fear so much Excess of Goodness and Condescension, all at once, should turn my Head; and that he would by slower Degrees bring on my Happiness, lest I should not know how to bear it.

Persons that doubt themselves, said he, seldom do amiss. And if there was any Fear of what you say, you could not have had it in your Thoughts: For none but the Presumptuous, the Conceited, and the Thoughtless, err capitally. But nevertheless, said he, I have such an Opinion of your Prudence, that I shall generally think what you do right, because it is you that do it.

Sir, said I, your kind Expressions shall not be thrown away upon me, if I can help it; for they will task me, with the Care of endeavouring to deserve your good Opinion, and your Approbation, as the best Rule of my Conduct.

Being then about to go up Stairs, Permit me, Sir, said I, (looking about me, with some Confusion, to see nobody was there) thus on my Knees to thank you, as I often wanted to do in the Chariot, for all your Goodness to me, which shall never, I hope, be cast away upon me. And so I had the Boldness to kiss his Hand.

I wonder, since how I came to be so forward; but what could I do? —My poor grateful Heart was like a too full River, which overflows its Banks; and it carry'd away my Fear and my Shame-facedness, as that does all before it, on the Surface of the Waters!

He clasp'd me in his Arms, with Transport, and condescendingly kneel'd by me, and kissing me, said, O my dear obliging good Girl, on my Knee, as you on yours, I vow to you everlasting Truth and Fidelity; and may God but bless us both with half the Pleasures that seem to lie before us, and we shall have no Reason to envy the Felicity of the greatest Princes! O Sir, said I, how shall I support so much Goodness! —I am poor, indeed, in *every thing*, compar'd to you! And how far, very far, do you, in every generous Way, leave me behind you!

He rais'd me, and as I bent towards the Door, led me to the Stairs Foot, and saluting me there again, I went up to my Closet, and threw myself on my Knees in Raptures of Joy, and bless'd that gracious God, who had thus chang'd my Distress to Happiness, and so abundantly rewarded me for all the Sufferings I had pass'd thro'.— And Oh! how light, how very light, do all those Sufferings *now* appear, which *then* my repining Mind made so formidable to me! — Hence, in every State of Life, and in all the Changes and Chances of it, for the future, will I trust in Providence, who knows what is best for us, and frequently turns the very Evils we most dread, to be the Causes of our Happiness, and of our Deliverance from greater! — My Experiences, young as I am, as to this great Point of Reliance in God, are strong, tho' my Judgment in general may be weak and unformed; but you'll excuse these Reflections, because they are your beloved Daughter's; and, so far as they are not amiss, derive themselves from the Benefit of yours and my late good Lady's Examples and Instructions.

I have wrote a vast deal in a little Time. And shall only say, to conclude this delightful *Wednesday*, That in the Afternoon my good Master was so well, that he rode out on Horseback, and came home about Nine at Night; and then came up to me, and seeing me with Pen and Ink before me in my Closet, said, I come only to tell you I am very well, my *Pamela*, and, as I have a Letter or two to write, I will leave you to proceed in yours, as I suppose that was your Employment; (for I had put by my Paper at his coming up) and so he saluted me, bid me Good-night, and went down; and I finish'd down to this Place before I went to-bed. Mrs. *Jewkes* told me, if it was more agreeable to me, she would lie in another Room; but I said, No thank you, Mrs. *Jewkes*; pray let me have your Company. And she made me a fine Curchee, and thank'd me. — How Times are alter'd!

**THURSDAY.**

This Morning my Master came up to me, and talk'd with me on various Subjects for a good while together in the most kind manner. Among other Things, he ask'd me, if I chose to order any new Cloaths against my Marriage (O how my Heart flutters when he mentions this Subject so freely!) I said, I left every thing to his good Pleasure, only repeating my Request, for the Reasons afore-given, that I might not be too fine.

He said, I think, my Dear, it shall be very private: I hope you are not afraid of a Sham-marriage; and pray get the Service by Heart, that you may see nothing is omitted. I glow'd between Shame and Delight. O how I felt my Cheeks burn!

I said I sear'd nothing, I apprehended nothing, but my own Unworthiness. Said he, I think it shall be done within these Fourteen Days, from this Day, at this House. O how I trembled; but not with Grief, you may believe! — What says my Girl? Have you to object against any Day of the next Fourteen? because my Affairs require me to go to my other House, and I think not to stir from this, till I am happy in you?

I have no Will but yours, said I, (all glowing like the Fire, as I could feel:) But, Sir, did you say in the *House*? Ay, said he; for I care not how privately it be done; and it must be very publick if we go to Church. It is a *Holy Rite*, Sir, said I, and would be better, methinks, in a *Holy Place*,

I see, (said he, most kindly) my lovely Maid's Confusion; and your trembling Tenderness shews, I ought to oblige you all I may. Therefore, I will order my own little Chapel, which has not been us'd for two Generations, for any thing but a Lumberroom, because our Family seldom resided here long together, to be clear'd and clean'd, and got ready for the Ceremony, if you dislike your own Chamber, or mine.

Sir, said I, that will be better than the Chamber; and I hope it will never be lumber'd again, but kept to the Use, for which, as I *presume*, it has been consecrated. O yes, said he, it has been consecrated, and that many Ages ago, in my Great Great-grandfather's Time, who built that and the good old House together.

But now, my good Girl, if I do not too much add to your sweet Confusion, shall it be in the first Seven Days, or the second, of this Fortnight? I look'd down, quite out of Countenance. Tell me, said he?

In the Second, if you please, Sir, said I. —As *you* please, said he, most kindly; but I should thank you, *Pamela*, if you chuse the first. I'd *rather*, Sir, if you please, said I, have the second. Well, said he, be it so; but don't defer it to the last Day of the Fourteen.

Pray, Sir, said I, since you embolden me to talk on this important Subject, may I not send my dear Father and Mother word of my Happiness? —Yes, you may, said he; but charge them to keep it secret, till you or I direct the contrary. And I told you I would see no more of your Papers; but I meant, I would not without your Consent: But if you will shew them to me, (and now I have no other Motive for my Curiosity, but the Pleasure I take in reading what you write) I shall acknowledge it as a Favour.

If, Sir, said I, you will be pleas'd to let me write over again one Sheet, I will, tho' I had rely'd upon your Word, and not wrote them for your Perusal. What is that, said he? tho' I cannot consent to it beforehand: For I more desire to see them, because they are your Sentiments at *the Time*, and because they were *not* written for my Perusal. Sir, said I, What I am loth you should see, are very severe Reflections on the Letter I receiv'd by the Gypsey, when I apprehended your Design of the Sham-marriage; tho' there are other things I would not have you see; but that is the worst. It can't be worse, said he, my dear Sauce-box, than I have seen already; and, I will allow your treating me in ever so black a Manner on that Occasion, because it must have a very black Appearance to you. — Well, Sir, said I, I think I will obey you, before Night. But don't alter a Word, said he. I won't, Sir, reply'd I, since you order it.

While we were talking, Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, and said *Thomas* was return'd. O, said my Master, let him bring up the Papers. For he hop'd, and so did I, that you had sent them by him. But it was a great Balk, when he came up and said, Sir, Mr. *Andrews* did not care to deliver them; and would have it, that his Daughter was forc'd to write that Letter to him: And indeed, Sir, said he, the old Gentleman took on sadly, and would have it that his Daughter was undone, or else, he said, she would not have turn'd back, when on her Way, (as I told him she did, said *Thomas*) instead of coming to them. I began to be afraid now that all would be bad for me again.

Well, *Tom*, said he, don't mince the Matter. Tell me, before Mrs. *Andrews*, what they said. Why, Sir, both he

and Goody *Andrews*, after they had conferr'd together upon *your* Letter, Madam, came out, weeping bitterly, that griev'd my very Heart; and they said, Now all was over with their poor Daughter; and either she had wrote that Letter by Compulsion, or had yielded to your Honour, so they said, and was, or would be ruin'd!

My Master seem'd vex'd, as I fear'd. And I said, Pray, Sir, be so good to excuse the Fears of my honest Parents! They cannot know your Goodness to me.

And so, (said he, without answering me,) they refus'd to deliver the Papers? Yes, and please your Honour, said *Thomas*, tho' I told them, that you, Madam, of your own Accord, on a Letter I had brought you, very chearfully wrote what I carry'd. But the old Gentleman, said, Why, Wife, there are in these Papers twenty Things nobody should see but ourselves, and especially not the 'Squire. O the poor Girl has had so many Stratagems to contend with, that now, at last, she has met with one that has been too hard for her. And can it be possible for us to account for her setting out to come to us, in such Post—haste, and when she had got above Half—way, to send us this Letter, and to go back again of her own Accord, as you say; when we know that all her Delight would have been to come to us, and to escape from the Perils she has been so long contending with? And then, and please your Honour, he said, he could not bear this; for his Daughter was ruin'd, to be sure, before now. And so, said he, the good old Couple sat themselves down, and Hand—in—hand, leaning upon each other's Shoulder, did nothing but lament. —I was, said he, piteously griev'd; but all I could say could not comfort them; nor would they give me the Papers; tho' I told them I should deliver them only to Mrs. *Andrews* herself. And so, and please your Honour, I was forced to come away without them.

My good Master saw me all bath'd in Tears at this Description of your Distress and Fears for me, and he said, I would not have you take on so. I am not angry with your Father in the main; he is a good Man; and I would have you write out of Hand, and it shall be sent by the Post, to Mr. *Atkins*, who lives within two Miles of your Father, and I'll inclose it in a Cover of mine, in which I'll desire Mr. *Atkins*; the Moment it comes to his Hand, to convey it safely to your Father or Mother: And say nothing of their sending the Papers, that it may not make them uneasy; for I want not now to see them on any other Score than that of mere Curiosity; and that will do at any Time. And so saying, he saluted me, before *Thomas*, and with his own Handkerchief wip'd my Eyes; and said to *Thomas*, The good old Folks are not to be blam'd in the main. They don't know my honourable Intentions by their dear Daughter: Who, *Tom*, will, in a little Time, be your Mistress; tho' I shall keep the Matter private some Days, and would not have it spoken of by my Servants out of my House.

*Thomas* said, God bless your Honour. You know best. And I said, O Sir, you are all Goodness! —How kind is this, to forgive the Disappointment, instead of being angry, as I fear'd you would. *Thomas* then withdrew. And my Master said, I need not remind you of writing out of Hand, to make the good Folks easy: And I will leave you to yourself for that Purpose; only send me down such of your Papers, as you are willing I should see, with which I shall entertain myself for an Hour or two. But one Thing, added he, I forgot to tell you, the neighbouring Gentry I mentioned, will be here to—morrow to dine with me; and I have order'd Mrs. *Jewkes* to prepare for them. And *must* I, Sir, said I, be shewn to them? O yes, said he, that's the chief Reason of their coming. And you'll see no body equal to yourself; don't be concern'd.

I open'd my Papers, as soon as my Master had left me, and laid out those beginning on the *Thursday* Morning he set out for *Stamford*, with the Morning Visit he made me before I was up, and the Injunctions of Watchfulness, &c. to Mrs. *Jewkes*; the next Day's Gypsy Affair, and my Reflections, in which I call'd him *truly diabolical*, and was otherwise very severe, on the strong Appearances the Matter had then against him. His Return on *Saturday*, with the Dread he put me in, on the offering to search me for my Papers which followed those he had got by Mrs. *Jewkes's* Means. My being forc'd to give them up. His Carriage to me after he had read them; and Questions to me. His great Kindness to me on seeing the Dangers I had escap'd, and the Troubles I had undergone. And how I unseasonably, in the midst of his Goodness; express'd my Desire of being sent to you, having the Intelligence of a Sham—marriage, from the Gypsy, in my Thoughts. How this inrag'd him, and made him turn me that very *Sunday* out of his House, and send me on my Way to you. The Particulars of my Journey, and my Grief at parting with him; and my free Acknowledgments to you, that I found, unknown to myself, I had begun to love him, and could not help it. His sending after me, to beg my Return; but yet generously leaving me at my Liberty, when he might have forc'd me to return whether I was willing or not. My Resolution to oblige him, and fatiguing Journey back. My Concern for his Illness on my Return. His kind Reception of me, and shewing me his Sister *Davers's* angry Letter, against his Behaviour to me, desiring him to set me free, and threatening to renounce him as a

Brother if he should degrade himself by marrying me. My serious Reflections on this Letter, &c. (all which, I hope, with the others, you will shortly see) and this carry'd Matters down to *Tuesday* Night last.

All that follow'd was so kind of his Side, being our Chariot Conference, as above, on *Wednesday* Morning, and how good he has been ever since, that I thought I would go no farther; for I was a little asham'd to be so very open on that tender and most grateful Subject; tho' his great Goodness to me deserves all the Acknowledgments I can possibly make.

And when I had look'd these out, I carried them down myself into the Parlour to him, and said, putting them into his Hands, Your Allowances, good Sir, as heretofore; and if I have been too open and free in my Reflections or Declarations; let my Fears on one Side, and my Sincerity on the other, be my Excuse. You are very obliging, my good Girl, said he. You have nothing to apprehend from my Thoughts, any more than from my Actions.

So I went up, and wrote the Letter to you, briefly acquainting you with my present Happiness, and my Master's Goodness, and expressing that Gratitude of Heart, which I owe to the kindest Gentleman in the World, and assuring you, that I should soon have the Pleasure of sending back to you, not only those Papers, but all that succeeded them to this Time, as I know you delight to amuse yourself in your Leisure Hours with my Scribble; and I said, carrying it down to my Master, before I seal'd it, Will you please, Sir, to take the Trouble of reading what I write to my dear Parents? Thank you *Pamela*, said he, and set me on his Knee, while he read it, and seem'd much pleas'd with it, and giving it me again, you are very happy, said he, my beloved Girl, in your Style and Expressions: And the affectionate Things you say of me, are inexpressibly obliging; and again, with this Kiss, said he, do I confirm for Truth all that you have promis'd for my Intentions in this Letter. —O what Halcyon Days are these? God continue them! —A Change now, would kill me quite.

He went out in his Chariot in the Afternoon; and in the Evening return'd, and sent me Word, he would be glad of my Company for a little Walk in the Garden; and down I went that very Moment.

He came to meet me. So, said he, how does my dear Girl do now? —Who do you think I have seen since I have been out? —I don't know, Sir, said I. Why, said he, there is a Turning in the Road, about five Miles off, that goes round a Meadow, that has a pleasant Foot-way, by the Side of a little Brook, and a double Row of Limes on each Side, where now and then the Gentry in the Neighbourhood, walk, and angle, and divert themselves—I'll shew it you next Opportunity—And I stept out of my Chariot, to walk cross this Meadow, and bid *Robin* meet me with it on the further Part of it. And who should I 'spy there, walking, with a Book in his Hand, reading, but your humble Servant Mr. *Williams*?—Don't blush, *Pamela*, said he—As his Back was to me, I thought I would speak to the Man, and before he saw me, I said, How do you, old Acquaintance? (for, said he, you know we were of one College for a Twelvemonth). I thought the Man would have jump'd into the Brook, he gave such a Start at hearing my Voice, and seeing me.

Poor Man! said I. Ay, said he, but not too much of your poor Man, in that soft Accent, neither, *Pamela*. —Said I, I am sorry my Voice is so startling to you, Mr. *Williams*. What are you reading? Sir, said he, and stammer'd with the Surprize, It is the *French Telemachus*; for I am about perfecting myself, if I can, in the *French* Tongue—Thought I, I had rather so, than perfecting my *Pamela* in it. —You do well, reply'd I. —Don't you think that yonder Cloud may give us a small Shower? and it did a little begin to wet. —He said, he believ'd not much.

If, said I, you are for the Village, I'll give you a Cast; for I shall call at Sir *Simon's*, in my Return from the little Round I am taking. He ask'd me If it was not too great a Favour? —No, said I, don't talk of that; let us walk to the further Opening there, and we shall meet my Chariot.

So, *Pamela*, continued my Master, we fell into Conversation, as we walk'd. He said, he was very sorry he had incurr'd my Displeasure; and the more, as he had been told, by Lady *Jones*, who had it from Sir *Simon's* Family, that I had a more honourable View than at first was apprehended. I said, We Fellows of Fortune, Mr. *Williams*, take sometimes a little more Liberty with the World than we ought to do; wantoning, very probably, as you contemplative Folks would say, in the Sun-beams of a dangerous Affluence, and cannot think of confining ourselves to the common Paths, tho' the safest and most eligible, after all. And you may believe I could not very well like to be supplanted in a View that lay next my Heart; and that by an old Acquaintance, whose Good, before this Affair, I was studious to promote.

I would only say, Sir, said he, that my *first* Motive was intirely such as became my Function: And, very politely, said my Master, he added, And I am very sure, that however inexcusable I might seem in the *Progress* of the Matter, yourself, Sir, would have been sorry to have it said, you had cast your Thoughts on a Person, that

nobody could have wish'd for but yourself.

Well, Mr. *Williams*, said I, I see you are a Man of Gallantry as well as Religion: But what I took most amiss was, that, if you thought me doing a wrong Thing, you did not expostulate with me, as your Function might allow you, upon it; but immediately determin'd to counterplot me, and to turn as much an Intriguer for a Parson, as I was for a Laick, and attempt to secure to yourself a Prize, you would have robb'd me of, and that from my own House. But the Matter is at an End, and I retain not any Malice upon it, tho' you did not *know*, but I should, at last, do honourably by her, as I actually intend.

I am sorry for myself, Sir, said he, that I should so unhappily incur your Displeasure; but I rejoice for her sake in your honourable Intentions: Give me Leave only to say, That if you make Mrs. *Andrews* your Lady, she will do Credit to your Choice with every body that sees her, or comes to know her; and for Person and Mind both, you may challenge the County.

In this manner, said my Master, did the Parson and I confabulate; and I set him down at his Lodgings in the Village. But he kept your Secret, *Pamela*, and would not own, that you gave Encouragement to his Address as to Matrimony.

Indeed, Sir, said I, he could not say that I did; and I hope you believe me. I do, I do, said he; but 'tis still my Opinion, that if, when I saw Plots set up against my Plots, I had not, as I had, discover'd the Parson, it might have gone to a Length that would have put our present Situation out of both our Powers.

Sir, said I, when you consider that my utmost Presumption could not make me hope for the Honour you now seem to design me; that therefore, I had no Prospect before me but Dishonour; and was so hardly us'd into the Bargain, I should have seem'd very little in Earnest in my Professions of Honesty, if I had not endeavour'd to get away: But yet I resolv'd not to think of Marriage; for I never saw the Man I could love, till your Goodness embolden'd me to look up to you.

I should, my dear *Pamela*, said he, make a very ill Compliment to my Vanity, if I did not believe you; tho' at the same time, Justice calls upon me to own, that it is, all Things consider'd, beyond my Merit.

There was a sweet noble Expression for your poor Daughter, my dear Father and Mother! — And from my Master too!

I was glad to hear this Account of the Interview between Mr. *Williams* and himself; but I dar'd not to say so. I hope in Time he will be re-instat'd in his good Graces.

He was so good as to tell me, he had given Orders for the Chapel to be clear'd. O how I look forward with inward Joy, yet with Fear and Trembling!

**FRIDAY.**

About Twelve o'Clock came Sir *Simon*, and his Lady and two Daughters, and Lady *Jones*, and a Sister-in-law of hers, and Mr. *Peters*, and his Spouse and Niece. Mrs. *Jewkes*, who is more and more obliging, was much concern'd I was not dress'd in some of my best Cloaths, and made me many Compliments.

They all went into the Garden for a Walk, before Dinner, and, I understood, were so impatient to see me, that my Master took them into the largest Alcove, after they had walk'd two or three Turns, and stept himself to me. Come, my *Pamela*, said he, the Ladies can't be satisfy'd without seeing you, and I desire you'll come. I said, I was asham'd; but I would obey him. Said he, The two young Ladies are dress'd out in their best Attire; but they make not such an Appearance as my charming Girl in this ordinary Garb. — Sir, said I, shan't I follow you there? for I can't bear you should do me so much Honour. Well, said he, I'll go before you. And he bid Mrs. *Jewkes* bring a Bottle or two of Sack, and some Cake. So he went down to them.

This Alcove fronts the longest Gravel Walk in the Garden, so that they saw me all the Way I came, for a good Way; and my Master told me afterwards, with Pleasure, all they said of me.

Will you forgive the little vain Slut your Daughter, if I tell you all, as he was pleas'd to tell me? He said, 'spying me first, Look there, Ladies, comes my pretty Rustick! — They all, I saw, which dash'd me, stood at the Windows and in the Door-way, looking full at me.

My Master told me, that Lady *Jones* said, She is a charming Creature, I see that, at this Distance. And Sir *Simon*, it seems, who has been a sad Rake in his younger Days, swore he never saw so easy an Air, so fine a Shape, and so graceful a Presence.— The Lady *Darnford* said, I was a sweet Girl. And Mrs. *Peters* said very handsome Things. Even the Parson said, I should be the Pride of the County. O dear Sirs! all this was owing to the Light my good Master's Favour plac'd me in, which made me shine out in their Eyes beyond my Deserts. He said the young Ladies blush'd, and envy'd me.

When I came near, he saw me dash'd and confus'd, and was so good to meet me, Give me your Hand, said he, my good Girl, you walk too fast (for indeed I wanted to be out of their gazing). I did so, with a Curchee, and he led me up the Steps of the Alcove and in a most Gentleman-like Manner presented me to the Ladies, and they all saluted me, and said, They hop'd to be better acquainted with me: and Lady *Darnford* was pleas'd to say, I should be the Flower of their Neighbourhood. Sir *Simon* said, Good Neighbour, by your Leave, and saluting me, added, Now will I say, that I have kiss'd the loveliest Maiden in *England*. But for all this, methought I ow'd him a Grudge for a Tell-tale, tho' all had turn'd out so happily. Mr. *Peters* very gravely follow'd his Example, and said, like a Bishop, God bless you, fair Excellence. Said Lady *Jones*, Pray, dear Madam, sit down by me. And they all sat down; but I said, I would stand, if they pleas'd. No, *Pamela*, said my Master, Pray sit down with these good Ladies, my Neighbours: —They will indulge it to you, for *my* sake, till they know you better; and for *your own*, when they are acquainted with you. Sir, said I, I shall be proud to deserve their Indulgence.

They all so gaz'd at me, that I could not look up; for I think it is one of the Distinctions of Persons of Condition, and well-bred People, to put bashful Bodies out of Countenance. Well, Sir *Simon*, said my Master, what say you now to my pretty Rustick? —He swore a great Oath, that he should better know what to say to me if he was as young as himself. Lady *Darnford* said, You will never leave, Sir *Simon*.

Said my Master, You are a little confus'd, my good Girl, and out of Breath; but I have told all my kind Neighbours here a good deal of your Story, and your Excellence. Yes, said Lady *Darnford*, my dear Neighbour, as I will call you; we that are here present have all heard of your uncommon Story. Madam, said I, you have then heard what must make your kind Allowance for me very necessary. No, said Mrs. *Peters*, we have heard what will always make you valued as an Honour to our Sex, and as a worthy Pattern for all the young Ladies in the County. You are very good, Madam, said I, to make me able to look up, and be thankful for the Honour you are all pleas'd to do me.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came in with the Canary, brought by *Nan*, to the Alcove, and some Cake on a Silver Salver; and I said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me be your Assistant; I will serve the Ladies with the Cake. And so I took the Salver, and went round to the good Company with it, ending with my Master. The Lady *Jones* said, she never was serv'd with such a Grace, and it was giving me too much Trouble. O Madam, said I, I hope my good Master's Favour will

never make me forget that it is my Duty to wait upon his Friends. —*Master*, sweet one, said *Sir Simon*, I hope you won't always call the 'Squire by that Name, for fear it should become a Fashion for all our Ladies to do the like thro' the County. I, Sir, said I, shall have many Reasons to continue this Style, which cannot affect your good Ladies.

*Sir Simon*, said *Lady Jones*, you are very arch upon us; but I see very well, that it will be the Interest of all the Gentlemen, to bring their Ladies into an Intimacy with one that can give them such a good Example. I am sure then, Madam, said I, it must be after I have been polish'd and improv'd by the Honour of such an Example as yours.

They all were very good and affable, and the young *Lady Darnford*, who had wish'd to see me in this Dress, said, I beg your Pardon, dear Miss, as she call'd me; but I had heard how sweetly this Garb became you, and was told the History of it; and I begg'd it as a Favour that you might oblige us with your Appearance in it. I am much oblig'd to your Ladyship, said I, that your kind Prescription was so agreeable to my Choice. Why, said she, *was it your Choice then?* —I am glad of that: Tho' I am sure your Person must *give* and not *take* Ornament from any Dress.

You are very kind, Madam, said I: But there will be the less Reason to fear I should forget the high Obligations I shall have to the kindest of Gentlemen, when I can delight to shew the humble Degree from which his Goodness has rais'd me.— My dear *Pamela*, said my Master, if you proceed at this Rate, I must insist upon your first Seven Days. You know what I mean. Sir, said I, you are all Good ness!

They drank a Glass of Sack each, and *Sir Simon* would make me do so; saying, It is a Reflection, Madam, upon all the Ladies, if you don't do as they do. No, *Sir Simon*, said I, that can't be, because the Ladies Journey hither makes a Glass of Canary a proper Cordial for them. But I won't refuse; because I will do myself the Honour of drinking good Health to you, and all this worthy Company.

Said good *Lady Darnford*, to my Master, I hope, Sir, we shall have Mrs. *Andrews's* Company at Table. He said, very obligingly, Madam, it is her Time now: and I will leave it to her Choice. If my good Ladies, then, will forgive me, Sir, said I, I had rather be excused. They all said, I must not be excused. I begg'd I might. Your Reason for it, my dear *Pamela*, said my Master? as the Ladies request it, I wish you would oblige them. Sir, reply'd I, your Goodness will make me, every Day, worthier of the Honour the Ladies do me; and when I can persuade myself that I am more worthy of it than at present, I shall with great Joy embrace all the Opportunities they will be pleased to give me.

Mrs. *Peters* whisper'd *Lady Jones*, as my Master told me afterwards; Did you ever see such Excellence, such Prudence, and Discretion? Never in my Life, said the other good Lady. She will adorn, she was pleas'd to say, her Distinction. Ay, said Mrs. *Peters*, she would adorn any Station in Life.

My good Master was highly delighted, generous Gentleman as he is! with the favourable Opinion of the Ladies; and I took the more Pleasure in it, because their Favour seem'd to lessen the Disgrace of his stooping so much beneath him.

*Lady Darnford* said, We will not oppress you; tho' we could almost blame your too punctilious Exactness; but if we excuse Mrs. *Andrews* at Dinner, we must insist upon her Company at the Card-table, and at a Dish of Tea: For we intend to pass the whole Day with you, Sir, as we told you. What say you to that, *Pamela*, said my Master? Sir, repl'y'd I, whatever you and the Ladies please, I will chearfully do. They said I was very obliging. But *Sir Simon* rapt out an Oath, and said, that *they* might dine together if they would; but *he* would dine with me, and nobody else. For, said he, I say, 'Squire, as *Parson Williams* said, (by which I found my Master had told them the Story) you must not think you have chosen one that nobody can like but yourself.

The young Ladies said, If I pleas'd, they would take a Turn about the Garden with me. I answer'd I would very gladly attend them; and so we three, and *Lady Jones's* Sister-in-law, and Mr. *Peters's* Niece, walk'd together. They were very affable, kind and obliging; and we soon enter'd into a good deal of Familiarity; and I found Miss *Darnford* a very agreeable Person. Her Sister was a little more on the Reserve; and I afterwards heard, that, about a Year before, she should fain have had my Master make his Addresses to her; but tho' *Sir Simon* is reckon'd rich, she was not thought a sufficient Fortune for him. And now, to have him look down so low as me, must be a sort of Mortification to a poor young Lady!—and I pity'd her—Indeed I did! —I wish all young Persons of my Sex could be as happy as I am likely to be.

My Master told me afterwards, that I left the other Ladies, and *Sir Simon* and Mr. *Peters*, full of my Praises; so

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

that they could hardly talk of any thing else: one launching out upon my Complexion, another upon my Eyes, my Hand, and, in short, for you'll think me sadly proud, upon my whole Person, and Behaviour; and they all magnify'd my Readiness and Obligingness in my Answers, and the like: And I was glad of it, as I said, for my good Master's sake, who seem'd quite pleas'd and rejoic'd. God bless him, for his Goodness to me!

Dinner not being ready, the young Ladies propos'd a Tune upon the Spinnet. I said, I believ'd it was not in Tune. They said, they knew it was but a few Months ago. If it is, said I, I wish I had known it; tho' indeed, Ladies, added I, since you know my Story, I must own, that my Mind has not been long in Tune, to make use of it. So they would make me play upon it, and sing to it; which I did, a Song my dear good Lady had learn'd me, and us'd to be pleas'd with, and which she brought with her from *Bath*. And the Ladies were much taken with the Song, and were so kind as to approve my Performance: And Miss *Daruford* was pleas'd to compliment me, that I had all the Accomplishments of my Sex. I said, I had had a good Lady, in my Master's Mother, who had spar'd no Pains nor Cost to improve me. She said, she wish'd the 'Squire could be prevail'd upon to give a Ball on an approaching happy Occasion, that we might have a Dancing-match, &c. —But I can't say I do; tho' I did not say so; for these Occasions I think are too solemn for the *Principals*, at least of our Sex, to take Part in, especially if they have the same Thoughts of the Solemnity that I have: For indeed, tho' I am in such an enviable Prospect of Happiness, I must own to you, my dear Parents, that I have something very awful upon my Mind, when I think of the Matter, and shall more and more, as it draws nearer and nearer. This is the Song.

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I.

*Go, happy Paper, gently steal, And underneath her Pillow lie; There, in soft Dreams, my Love reveal, That Love which I must still conceal, And, wrapt in awful Silence, die.*

II.

*Should Flames be doom'd thy hapless Fate, To Atoms Thou would'st quickly turn, My Pains may bear a longer Date; For should I live, and should she hate, In endless Torments I should burn.*

III.

*Tell fair Aurelia, she has Charms, Might in a Hermit stir Desire. T' attain the Heav'n that's in her Arms, I'd quit the World's alluring Harms, And to a Cell, content, retire.*

**IV.**

*Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd Eye Her Beauty should supply the Place; Bold Raphael's Strokes, and Titian's Dye,  
Should but in vain presume to vye With her inimitable Face.*

V.

*No more I'd wish for Phoebus' Rays, To gild the Object of my Sight; Much less the Taper's fainter Blaze; Her Eyes should measure out my Days; And when she slept, it should be Night.*

About four o'Clock. My Master just came unto me, and said, If you should see Mr. *Williams* below, do you think, *Pamela*, you should not be surpriz'd? —No, Sir, said I, I hope not. Why should I? Expect, said he, a Stranger then, when you come down to us in the Parlour; for the Ladies are preparing themselves for the Card-table, and they insist upon your Company—You have a mind, Sir, said I, I believe, to try all my Courage. Why, said he, does it want Courage to see him? No, Sir, said I, not at all. But I was grievously dash'd to see all those strange Ladies and Gentlemen; and now to see Mr. *Williams* before them, as some of them refus'd his Application for me, when I wanted to get away, it will a little shock me, to see them smile, in recollecting what has pass'd of that kind. Well, said he, guard your Heart against Surprizes, tho' you shall see, when you come down, a Man that I can allow you to love dearly; tho' hardly preferably to me.

This surprizes me much. I am afraid he begins to be jealous of me. What will become of me, (for he look'd very seriously) if any Turn should happen now! —My Heart akes! I know not what's the Matter. But I will go down as brisk as I can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wish this Mr. *Williams* had not been there now when they are all there; because of their Fleers at him and me. Otherwise I should be glad to see the poor Gentleman; for indeed I think him a good Man, and he has suffer'd for my sake.

So, I am sent for down to Cards. I'll go; but wish I may continue their good Opinions of me: For I shall be very awkward. My Master, by his serious Question, and bidding me guard my Heart against Surprizes, tho' I should see, when I came down, a Man he can allow me to love dearly, tho' hardly better than he, has quite alarm'd me, and made me sad! — I hope he loves me! —But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over Head and Ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him; 'tis a Folly to deny it. But to be sure I cannot love any Man preserably to him. I shall soon know what he means.

Now, my dear Mother, must I write to you. Well might my good Master say so mysteriously as he did, about guarding my Heart against Surprizes. I never was so surpriz'd in my Life; and never could see a Man I lov'd so dearly! —O my dear Mother, it was my dear, dear Father, and not Mr. *Williams*, that was below ready to receive and to bless your Daughter; and both my Master and he enjoin me to write how the whole Matter was, and what my Thoughts were on this joyful Occasion.

I will take the Matter from the Beginning, that God directed his Feet to this House, to this Time, as I have had it from Mrs. *Jewkes*, from my Master, my Father, the Ladies, and my own Heart and Conduct, as far as I know of both; because they command it, and you will be pleased with my Relation; and so, as you know how I came by the Connection, will make one uniform Relation of it.

It seems then, that my dear Father and you were so uneasy to know the Truth of the Story that *Thomas* had told you, and fearing I was betrayed, and quite undone, that he got Leave of Absence, and set out the Day after *Thomas* was there; and so, on *Friday* Morning, he got to the neighbouring Town; and there he heard, that the Gentry in the Neighbourhood were at my Master's, at a great Entertainment. He put on a clean Shirt and Neckcloth, that he brought in his Pocket, at an Alehouse there, and got shav'd; and so, after he had eat some Bread and Cheese, and drank a Can of Ale, he set out for my Master's House, with a heavy Heart, dreading for me, and in much fear of being browbeaten. He had, it seems, asked, at the Alehouse, what Family the 'Squire had down here, in hopes to hear something of me; and they said, A Housekeeper, two Maids, and, at present, two Coachmen, and two Grooms, a Footman, and a Helper. Was that all? he said. They told him, There was a young Creature there, belike, who *was*, or *was to be*, his Mistress, or somewhat of that Nature; but had been his Mother's Waiting-maid. This, he said, grieved his Heart, and made out what he fear'd.

So he went on, and, about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, came to the Gate; and ringing there, Sir *Simon's* Coachman went to the Iron-gate; and he ask'd for the Housekeeper; tho' from what I had wrote, in his Heart, he could not abide her. She sent for him in, little thinking who he was, and ask'd him, in the little Hall, what his Business with her was? — Only, Madam, said he, whether I cannot speak one Word with the 'Squire? No, Friend, said she; he is engaged with several Gentlemen and Ladies. Said he, I have Business with his Honour, of greater Consequence to me than either Life or Death; and Tears stood in his Eyes.

At that she went into the great Parlour, where my Master was talking very pleasantly with the Ladies; and she said, Sir, here is a good tight old Man, that wants to see you on Business of Life and Death, he says, and is very earnest. Ay, said he, Who can that be! —Let him stay in the little Hall, and I'll come to him presently. They all seem'd to stare; and Sir *Simon* said, No more nor less, I dare say, my good Friend, but a Bastard Child. If it is, said Lady *Jones*, bring it in to us. I will, said he.

Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, my Master was much surpriz'd, when he saw who it was; and she much more, when my dear Father said,—Good God! give me Patience! but, as great as you are, Sir, I must ask for my Child! And burst out into Tears. O what Trouble have I given you both! My Master said, taking him by the Hand, Don't be uneasy, Goodman *Andrews*, your Daughter is in the way to be happy!

This alarm'd my dear Father, and he said, What! then is she dying? And trembled he could scarce stand. My Master made him sit down, and sat down by him, and said, No, God be praised! she is very well; and pray be comforted; I cannot bear to see you thus apprehensive; but she has wrote you a Letter to assure you, that she has Reason to be well satisfied and happy.

Ah! Sir, said he, you told me once she was in *London*, waiting on a Bishop's Lady, when all the time she was a severe Prisoner here. —Well, that's all over now, Goodman *Andrews*, said my Master: but the Times are alter'd; for now the sweet Girl has taken me Prisoner; and, in a few Days, I shall put on the pleasantest Fetters that ever Man wore.

O, Sir, said he, you are too pleasant for my Grievs. My Heart's almost broke. But may I not see my poor Child? You shall presently, said he; for she is coming down to us; and since you won't believe me, I hope you will her.

I will ask you, good Sir, said he, but one Question till then, that I may know how to look upon her when I see her. Is she honest? Is she virtuous? — As the new-born Babe, Mr. *Andrews*, said my good Master; and, in twelve Days time, I hope, will be my Wife!—

O flatter me not, good your Honour, said he: It cannot be! it cannot be! —I fear you have deluded her with strange Hopes; and would make me believe Impossibilities! — Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, do you tell my dear *Pamela's* good Father, when I go out, all you know concerning me, and your Mistress that is to be. Mean time, make much of him, and set out what you have; and make him drink a Glass of Wine he likes best. If this be Wine, added he, fill me a Bumper.

She did so; and he took my Father by the Hand, and said, Believe me, good Man, and be easy; for I can't bear to see you tortur'd in this cruel Suspense: Your dear Daughter is the beloved of my Soul. I am glad you are come! For you'll see us all in the same Story. And here's your Dame's Health; and God bless you both, for being the happy Means of procuring for me so great a Blessing! And so he drank a Bumper to this most obliging Health.

What do I hear! it cannot surely be! said my Father. And your Honour is too good, I hope, to mock a poor old Man! — This ugly Story, Sir, of the Bishop, runs in my Head! — But you say, I shall see my dear Child! — And I shall see her honest! — If not, poor as I am, I would not own her!

My Master bid Mrs. *Jewkes* not let me know yet, that my Father was come, and went to the Company, and said, I have been agreeably surpriz'd. Here is honest old Goodman *Andrews* come full of Grief, to see his Daughter; for he fears she is seduced; and tells me, good honest Man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her, if she be not virtuous. O, said they all, with one Voice almost, dear Sir! shall we not see the good old Man you have so praised for his plain good Sense and honest Heart? If, said he, I thought *Pamela* would not be too much affected with the Surprize, I would make you all witness to their first Interview; for never did Daughter love a Father, or a Father a Daughter, as they two do one another. Miss *Darnford*, and all the Ladies, and the Gentlemen too, begg'd it might be so. But was not this very cruel, my dear Mother? For well might they think I should not support myself in such an agreeable Surprize.

He said, kindly, I have but one Fear, that the dear Girl may be too much affected. O, said Lady *Darnford*, we'll all help to keep up her Spirits. Says he, I'll go up and prepare her; but won't tell her of it. So he came up to me, as I have said, and amus'd me about Mr. *Williams*, to half prepare me for some Surprize; tho' that could not have been any thing to this. And he left me, as I said, in that Suspense, at his mystical Words, saying, he would send to me, when they were going to Cards.

My Master went from me to my Father, and asked if he had eaten any thing. No, said Mrs. *Jewkes*; the good Man's Heart's so full, he cannot eat, nor do any thing, till he has seen his dear Daughter. That shall soon be, said my Master. I will have you come in with me; for she is going to sit down with my Guests, to a Game at Quadrille;

and I will send for her down. O, Sir, said my Father, don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your Guests; let me see my Daughter by myself, I beseech you. Said he, They all know your honest Character, Goodman *Andrews*, and long to see you, for *Pamela's* sake.

So he took my Father by the Hand, and led him in, against his Will, to the Company. They were all very good. My Master kindly said, Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you one of the honestest Men in *England*; my good *Pamela's* Father. Mr. *Peters* went to him, and took him by the Hand, and said, We are all glad to see you, Sir; you are the happiest Man in the World in a Daughter, that we never saw before to Day; but cannot enough admire her.

Said my Master, This Gentleman, Goodman *Andrews*, is the Minister of the Parish; but is not young enough for Mr. *Williams*. This cutting Joke, my poor Father said, made him fear, for a Moment, that all was a Jest. —Sir *Simon* also took him by the Hand, and said, Ay, you have a sweet Daughter, Honesty; we are all in Love with her. And the Ladies came, and said very fine things: Lady *Darnford* particularly, That he might think himself the happiest Man in *England*, in such a Daughter. If, and please you, Madam, said he, she be but vertuous, 'tis all in all: For all the rest is Accident. But, I doubt, his Honour has been too much upon the Joke with me. No, said Mrs. *Peters*, we are all Witness that he intends very honourably by her.— It is some Comfort, said he, and wiped his Eyes, that such good Ladies say so!— But I wish I could see her.

They would have had him sit down by them, but he would only sit behind the Door, in the Corner of the Room, so that one could not soon see him, as one came in; because the Door open'd against him, and hid him almost. The Ladies all sat down; and my Master said, Desire Mrs. *Jewkes* to step up; and tell Mrs. *Andrews* the Ladies wait for her. So down I came.

Miss *Darnford* rose, and met me at the Door, and said, Well, Miss, we long'd for your Company. I did not see my dear Father; and, it seems, his Heart was too full to speak; and he got up, and sat down three or four times successively, unable to come to me, or to say any thing. The Ladies looked that way; but I would not, supposing it was Mr. *Williams*. And they made me sit down between Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones*; and asked me, what we should play at? I said, At what your Ladyships please. I wonder'd to see them smile, and look upon me, and to that Corner of the Room; but I was afraid of looking that way, for fear of seeing Mr. *Williams*; tho' my Face was that way too, and the Table before me.

Said my Master, Did you send your Letter away to the Post-house, my good Girl, for your Father? To be sure, Sir, said I, I did not forget that. I took the Liberty to desire Mr. *Thomas* to carry it. What, said he, I wonder, will the good old Couple say to it? O Sir, said I, your Goodness will be a Cordial to their dear honest Hearts! At that, my dear Father, not able to contain himself, nor yet to stir from the Place, gush'd out into a Flood of Tears, which he, good Soul! had been struggling with, it seems; and cry'd out, O my dear Child!

I knew the Voice, and lifting up my Eyes, and seeing my Father, gave a Spring, overturn'd the Table, without Regard to the Company, and threw myself at his Feet, O my Father! my Father! said I, can it be! — Is it you? Yes, it is! It is! O bless your happy—Daughter! I would have said, and down I sunk.

My Master, seem'd concern'd. —I fear'd, said he, that the Surprise would be too much for her Spirits; and all the Ladies run to me, and made me drink a Glass of Water; and I found myself incircled in the Arms of my dearest Father. —O tell me, said I, every thing! How long have you been here? When did you come? How does my honour'd Mother? and half a dozen Questions more, before he could answer one.

They permitted me to retire, with my Father; and then I pour'd forth all my Vows, and Thanksgivings to God for this additional Blessing; and confirm'd all my Master's Goodness to his scarcebelieving Amazement. And we kneeled together, blessing God, and blessing one another, for several ecstatick Minutes; and my Master coming in soon after, my dear Father said, O Sir, what a Change is this! May God reward you! may God bless you in this World and the next!

May God bless us all! said he. But how does my sweet Girl! I have been in Pain for you! —I am sorry I did not aprize you before hand.

O Sir, said I, it was You! and all you do must be good. —But this was a Blessing so unexpected!

Well, said he, you have given Pain to all the Company. They will be glad to see you, when you can; for you have spoiled all their Diversion: And yet painfully delighted them at the same time. Mr. *Andrews*, said he, you make this House your own; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you'll be. After you have a little compos'd yourself, my dear Girl, step in to us again. I am glad to see you so well so soon. And so he left us.

See you, my dear Father, said I, what Goodness there is in this once naughty Master! O pray for him! and pray

for me, that I may deserve it!

How long has this happy Change been wrought, said he, my dear Child! —O, said I, several happy Days! —I have wrote down every thing; and you'll see, from the Depth of Misery, what God has done for your happy Daughter!

Blessed be his Name! said he. But do you say he will marry you! Can it be, that such a brave Gentleman will make a Lady of the Child of such a poor Man as I? O the Goodness of God! How will your poor dear Mother be able to support these happy Tidings? I will set out to-morrow, to acquaint her with it. For I am but half happy till the dear good Woman shares it with me! — To be sure, my dear Child, we ought to go into some far Country, to hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our Poverty!

O my dear Father, said I, now you are unkind for the first Time. Your Poverty has been my Glory, and my Riches; and I have nothing to brag of, but that I ever thought it an Honour to me, rather than a Disgrace; because you were always so honest, that your Child might well boast of such a Parentage!

In this manner, my dear Mother, did we pass the happy Moments, till Miss *Darnford* came to me, and said, How do you do, dear Miss? I rejoice to see you well! Pray let us have your Company. And, said she, taking my Father's Hand, and yours too, good Mr. *Andrews*.

This was very obliging, I told her; and we went to the great Parlour; and my Master took my Father by the Hand, and made him sit down by him, and drink a Glass of Wine with him. Mean time, I made my Excuses to the Ladies, as well as I could; which they readily granted me. But Sir *Simon*, after his comical manner, put his Hands on my Shoulders, Let me see, let me see, said he, where your Wings grow; for I never saw any body fly like you? —Why, said he, you have broke Lady *Jones's* Shins with the Table. Shew her else, Madam.

His Plesantry made them laugh. And I said, I was very sorry for my Extravagancy: And if it had not been my Master's Doings, I should have said, it was a Fault to permit me to be so surprized, and put out of myself, before such good Company. They said, All was very excusable; and they were glad I suffer'd no more by it. They were so kind, as to excuse me at Cards, and play'd by themselves; and I went, by my Master's Command, and sat on the other Side, in the happiest Place I ever was blest with, between two of the dearest Men in the World to me, and each holding one of my Hands;— my Father, every now-and-then, with Tears in his Eyes, blessing God, and saying, Could I ever have hoped this!

I asked him, if he had been so kind as to bring the Papers with him? He said he had, and looked at me, as who should say, Must I give them to you now? —I said, Be pleased to let me have them. He pulled them from his Pocket; and I stood up, and, with my best Duty, gave them into my Master's Hands. He said, Thank you, *Pamela*. Your Father shall take all with him, to see what a sad Fellow I have been, as well as the present happier Alteration. But I must have them all again, for the Writer's sake.

The Ladies and Gentlemen would make me govern the Tea-table, whatever I could do; and *Abraham* attended me, to serve the Company. My Master and my Father sat together, and drank a Glass or two of Wine instead of Tea; and Sir *Simon* jok'd with my Master, and said, I warrant you would not be such a Woman's Man, as to drink Tea, for ever so much, with the Ladies. But your Time's coming, and, I doubt not, you'll be made as conformable as I.

My Master was very urgent with them to stay Supper; and, at last, they comply'd, on Condition that I would grace the Table, as they were pleased to call it. I begg'd to be excus'd. My Master said, Don't be excus'd, *Pamela*, since the Ladies desire it. And besides, said he, we won't part with your Father; and so you may as well stay with us.

I was in hope my Father and I might sup by ourselves, or only with Mrs. *Jewkes*. And Miss *Darnford*, who is a most obliging young Lady, said, We will not part with you; indeed we won't.

When Supper was brought in, Lady *Darnford* took me by the Hand, and said to my Master, Sir, by your Leave; and would have plac'd me at the Upper-end of the Table. Pray, pray, Madam, said I, excuse me, I cannot do it, indeed I cannot. *Pamela*, said my Master, to the great Delight of my good Father, as I could see by his Looks, Oblige Lady *Darnford*, since she desires it. It is but a little before your Time, you know.

Dear, good Sir, said I, pray don't command it! Let me sit by my Father, pray! Why, said Sir *Simon*, here's ado indeed; Sit down at the Upper-end, as you should do! and your Father shall sit by you there. This put my dear Father upon Difficulties. And my Master said, Come, I'll place you all: And so put Lady *Darnford* at the Upper-end, Lady *Jones* at her Right-hand, and Mrs. *Peters* on the other; and he placed me between the two

young Ladies; but very genteely put Miss *Darnford* below her younger Sister; saying, Come, Miss, I put you here, because you shall hedge in this little Cuckow; for I take notice, with Pleasure, of your Goodness to her; and besides, all you very young Ladies should sit together. This seem'd to please both Sisters; for had the youngest Miss been put there, it might have piqu'd her, as matters had been formerly, to be placed below me; whereas Miss *Darnford* giving Place to her younger Sister, made it less odd she should to me; especially with that handsome Turn of the dear Man, as if I was a Cuckow, and to be hedg'd in.

My Master kindly said, Come, Mr. *Andrews*, you and I will sit together. And so took his Place at the Bottom of the Table, and set my Father on his Right-hand; and Sir *Simon* would sit on his Left. For, said he, Parson, I think the Petticoats should sit together; and so do you sit down by that Lady (his Sister). A boiled Turkey standing by me, my Master said, Cut up that Turkey, *Pamela*, if it be not too strong Work for you, that Lady *Darnford* may not have too much Trouble. So I carv'd it in a Trice, and helped the Ladies. Miss *Darnford* said, I would give something to be so dextrous a Carver. O Miss, said I, my late good Lady would always make me do these things, when she entertained her Female Friends; as she used to do on particular Days.

Ay, said my Master, I remember my poor Mother would often say, if I, or any body at Table, happen'd to be a little out in Carving, I'll send up for my *Pamela*, to shew you how to carve. Said Lady *Jones*, Mrs. *Andrews* has every Accomplishment of her Sex. She is quite wonderful for her Years. Miss *Darnford* said, And I can tell you, Madam, that she plays sweetly upon the Spinnet, and sings as sweetly to it; for she has a fine Voice. Foolish, said Sir *Simon*, who, that hears her speak, knows not that? and who, that sees her Fingers, believes not that they were made to touch any Key? O, Parson! said he, 'tis well you're by, or I should have had a Blush from the Ladies. I hope not, Sir *Simon*, said Lady *Jones*; for a Gentleman of your Politeness, would not say any thing that would make Ladies blush. —No, no, said he, for the World: But if I had, it would have been as the Poet says, *They blush, because they understand*.

When the Company went away, Lady *Darnford*, Lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters*, severally invited my Master, and me with him, to their Houses; and begg'd he would permit me, at least, to come before we left these Parts. And they said, We hope, when the happy Knot is ty'd, you will induce the 'Squire to reside more among us. We were always glad, said Lady *Darnford*, when he was here; but now shall have double Reason. O what grateful things were these to the Ears of my good Father!

When the Company was gone, my Master ask'd my Father, if he smook'd; he said, No. He made us both sit down by him; and he said, I have been telling this sweet Girl, that, in Fourteen Days, and two of them are gone, she must fix on one, to make me happy: And have left it to her to chuse either one of the first or the last Seven. My Father held up his Hands and Eyes; God bless your Honour, said he, is all I can say! Now, *Pamela*, said my Master, taking my Hand, don't let a little wrong-timed Bashfulness take place, without any other Reason, because I should be glad to go to *Bedfordshire* as soon as I could; and I would not return till I carry my Servants there a Mistress, who should assist me to repair the Mischiefs she has made in it.

I could not look up for Confusion. And my Father said, My dear Child, I need not, I am sure, prompt your Obedience in whatever will most oblige so good a Master. What says my *Pamela*? said my Master. She does not use to be at a Loss for Expression. Sir, said I, were I too sudden, it would look as if I doubted whether you would hold in your Mind, and was not willing to give you Time for Reflection. But otherwise, to be sure, I ought to resign myself implicitly to your Will.

Said he, I want not Time for Reflection. For I have often told you, and that long ago, I could not live without you. And my Pride of Condition made me both tempt and terrify you to other Terms; but your Virtue was Proof against all Temptation, and was not to be aw'd by Terrors: Wherefore, as I could not conquer my Passion for you, I corrected myself, and resolved, since you would not be mine upon my Terms, you should upon your own: And now I desire you not on any other, I assure you. And, I think, the sooner it is done, the better. What say you, Mr. *Andrews*? Sir, said he, there is so much Goodness of your Side, and, blessed be God! so much Prudence of my Daughter's, that I must be quite silent. But when it is done, I and my poor Wife, shall have nothing to do, but to pray for you both, and to look back with Wonder and Joy, on the Ways of Providence.

This, said my Master, is *Friday* Night; and suppose, my Girl, it be next *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday* Morning? —Say, my *Pamela*.

Will you, Sir, said I, excuse me till to-morrow for an Answer? —I will, said he. And he touch'd the Bell, and called for Mrs. *Jewkes*. Where, said he, does Mr. *Andrews* lie to-night? You'll take care of him: He's a very good

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Man; and will bring a Blessing upon every House he sets his Foot in.

My dear Father wept for Joy; and I could not refrain keeping him Company. And my Master saluting me, bid us Good-night, and retir'd. And I waited upon my dear Father, and was so full of Prattle, of my Master's Goodness, and my future Prospects, that I believed afterwards I was turned all into Tongue. But he indulged me, and was transported with Joy; and went to bed, and dreamt of nothing but *Jacob's Ladder*, and Angels ascending and descending, to bless him, and his Daughter.

**SATURDAY.**

I Rose up early in the Morning; but found my Father was up before me, and was gone to walk in the Garden. I went to him: And with what Delight, with what Thankfulness, did we go over every Scene of it, that had before been so dreadful to me! The Fish-Pond, the Back-door, and every Place: O what Reason had we for Thankfulness and Gratitude!

About Seven o'Clock, my good Master join'd us, in his Morning-gown and Slippers; and looking a little heavy, I said, Sir, I fear you had not good Rest last Night. That is your Fault, *Pamela*, said he: After I went from you, I must needs look into your Papers, and could not leave them till I had read them thro'; and so 'twas Three o'Clock before I went to sleep. I wish, Sir, said I, you had had better Entertainment. The worst Part of it, said he, was what I had brought upon myself; and you have not spar'd me. Sir, said I—He interrupting me, said, Well, I forgive you. You had too much Reason for it. But I find, plain enough, that if you had got away, you would soon have been *Williams's* Wife: And I can't see how it could well have been otherwise. Indeed, Sir, said I, I had no Notion of it, or of being any body's. I believe so, said he; but it must have come on as a Thing of Course; and I see your Father was for it. Sir, said he, I little thought of the Honour your Goodness would confer upon her; and I thought that would be a Match above what we could do for her, a great deal. But when I found she was not for it, I resolved not to urge her; but leave all to God's Grace, and her own Prudence.

I see, said he, all was sincere, honest, and open; and I speak of it, if it had been done, as a thing that could hardly well be avoided; and I am quite satisfied. But, said he, I must observe, as I have an hundred times, with Admiration, what a prodigious Memory, and easy and happy Manner of Narration this excellent Girl has! And tho' she is full of her pretty Tricks and Artifices, to escape the Snares I had laid for her, yet all is innocent, lovely, and uniformly beautiful. You are exceedingly happy in a Daughter; and, I hope, I shall be so in a Wife. —;Or, said my Father, may she not have that Honour! —I fear it not, said he; and hope I shall deserve it of her.

But, *Pamela*, said my Master, I am sorry to find, in some Parts of your Journal, that Mrs. *Jewkes* carry'd her Orders a little too far. And I the more take Notice of it, because you have not complain'd to me of her Behaviour, as she might have expected for some Parts of it. Tho' a good deal was occasion'd by my strict Orders. —But she had the Insolence to strike my Girl! I find. Sir, said I, I was a little provoking, I believe; but as we forgave one another, I was the less intitled to complain of her.

Well, said he, you are very good; but if you have any particular Resentment, I will indulge it so far, as that she shall hereafter have nothing to do where you are. Sir, said I, you are so kind, that I ought to forgive every body; and when I see that God has brought about my Happiness by the very Means that I thought then my great Grievance; I ought to bless those Means, and forgive all that was disagreeable to me at the time, for the great Good that has issued from it. —That, said he, and kissed me, is sweetly consider'd! and it shall be my Part to make you Amends for what you have suffer'd, that you may still think lighter of the one, and have Cause to rejoice in the other.

My dear Father's Heart was full; and he said, with his Hands folded, and lifted up, Pray, Sir, let me go,—let me go,—to my dear Wife! and tell her all these blessed things, while my Heart holds! for it is ready to burst with Joy! Good Man! said my Master,—I love to hear this honest Heart of yours speaking at your Lips. I injoin you, *Pamela*, to continue your Relation, as you have Opportunity; and tho' your Father be here, write to your Mother, that this wondrous Story be perfect, and we, your Friends, may read and admire you more and more. Ay, pray, pray do, my dear Child, said my Father. And this is the Reason that I write on, my dear Mother, when I thought not to do it, because my Father could tell you all that passed while he was here.

My Master took notice of my Psalm, and was pleas'd to commend it; and said, That I had very charitably turn'd the last Verses, which, in the Original, was full of heavy Curses, to a Wish, that shew'd I was not of an implacable Disposition; tho' my then Usage might have excused it, if I had. But, said he, I think you shall sing it to me to-morrow.

After we have breakfasted, added he, if you have no Objection, *Pamela*, we'll take an Airing together; and it shall be in the Coach, because we'll have your Father's Company. He would have excus'd himself; but my Master would have it so. But he was much ashamed, because he was not in a Dress for my Master's Company.

My Master would make us both breakfast with him, on Chocolate; and he said, I would have you, *Pamela*, begin to dress as you used to do; for now, at least, you may call your *two other Bundles* your own; and if you want any thing against the approaching Occasion, private, as I design it, I'll send to *Lincoln* for it, by a special Messenger. I said, My good Lady's Bounty, and his own, had set me much above my Degree, and I had very good things of all Sorts; and I did not desire any other, because I would not excite the Censure of the Ladies. That would be a different thing, he was pleased to say, when he publickly own'd his Nuptials, after we came to the other House. But at present, if I was satisfied, he would not make Words with me.

I hope, Mr. *Andrews*, said he to my Father, you'll not leave us till you see the Affair over, and then you'll be *sure* I mean honourably; and besides, *Pamela* will be induced to set the Day sooner. O Sir, said he, I bless God, I have no Reason to doubt your meaning honourably; and I hope you'll excuse me, if I set out on *Monday* Morning, very early, to my dear Wife, and make her as happy as I am.

Why, *Pamela*, said my good Master, may it not be perform'd on *Tuesday*, and then your Father, may—be, will stay? —I should have been glad to have had it to—morrow, added he; but I have sent Monsieur *Colbrand* for a Licence, that you may have no Scruple unanswer'd; and he can't very well be back before to—morrow Night, or *Monday* Morning.

This was most agreeable News. I said, Sir, I know my dear Father will want to be at home. And as you was so good to give me a Fortnight from last *Thursday*, I should be glad you'll be pleased to indulge me with some Day in the second Seven. Well, said he, I will not be too urgent; but the sooner you fix, the better. Mr. *Andrews*, we must leave something to these *Jephtha's* Daughters, in these Cases, he was pleased to say: I suppose the little bashful Folly, which, in the happiest Circumstances, may give a kind of Regret to quit the Maiden State, and an Aukwardness at the Entrance of a new one, is a Reason with *Pamela*; and so she shall name her Day. Sir, said he, you are all Goodness.

I went up soon after, and new dress'd myself, taking Possession, in a happy Moment, I hope, of my *two Bundles*, as my good Master was pleased to call them, (alluding to my former Division of those good things my Lady and himself bestow'd upon me) and so put on fine Linen, silk Shoes, and fine white Cotton Stockens, a fine quilted Coat, a delicate green mantua silk Gown and Coat; a *French* Necklace, and a lac'd Head, and Handkerchief, and clean Gloves; and taking my Fan in my Hand, I, like a little proud Hussy, looked in the Glass, and thought myself a Gentlewoman once more; but I forgot not to thank God, for being able to put on this Dress with so much Comfort.

Mrs. *Jewkes* would help to dress me, and complimented me highly, saying, among other things, that now I looked like her Lady indeed! And as, she said, the little Chapel was ready, and Divine Service would be read in it to—morrow, she wished the happy Knot might then be ty'd. Said she, Have you not seen the Chapel, Madam, since it has been cleaned out? —No, said I; but are we to have Service in it to—morrow, do you say? —I am glad of that; for I have been a sad Heathen lately, sore against my Will! —But who is to officiate? —Somebody, reply'd she, Mr. *Peters* will send. You tell me very good News, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*. I hope it will never be a Lumber—room again. —Ay, said she, I can tell you more good News; for the two Miss *Darnfords*, and Lady *Jones*, are to be here at the Opening of it; and will stay and dine with you. My Master, said I, has not told me that. You must alter your Stile, Madam, said she. It must not be *Master*, now, sure! —O, return'd I, that is a Language I shall never forget. He shall always be my Master; and I shall think myself more and more his Servant.

My poor Father did not know I went up to dress myself; and he said, his Heart misgave him, when he saw me first, for fear I was made a Fool of, and that here was some fine Lady that was to be my Master's Wife. And he stood in Admiration, and said, O, my dear Child, how well will you become your happy Condition! Why you look like a Lady already! —I hope, my dear Father, said I, and boldly kissed him, I shall always be your dutiful Daughter, whatever my Condition be.

My Master sent me word he was ready; and when he saw me, said, Dress as you will, *Pamela*, you're a charming Girl; and so handed me to the Coach, and would make my Father and me sit both on the Fore—side; and sat backwards, over—against me; and bid the Coachman drive to the Meadow; that is, where he once met Mr. *Williams*.

The Conversation was most agreeable to me, and to my dear Father, as we went; and he more and more exceeded in Goodness and Generosity; and, while I was gone up to dress, he had presented my Father with twenty Guineas; desiring him to buy himself and my Mother such Apparel, as they should think proper; and lay it all out:

But I knew not this till after that we came home; my Father having no Opportunity to tell me of it.

He was pleased to tell me of the Chapel being got in tolerable Order; and said, it look'd very well; and against he came down next, it should be all new white—wash'd, and painted, and lin'd; and a new Pulpit—cloth, Cushion, Desk, &c. and that it should always be kept in order for the future. He told me, the two Miss *Darnford's*, and Lady *Jones*, would dine with him on *Sunday*; And with their Servants and mine, said he, we shall make a tolerable little Congregation. And, added he, have I not well contriv'd, to shew you, that the Chapel is really a little House of God, and has been consecrated, before we solemnize our Nuptials in it? —O, Sir, reply'd I, your Goodness to me is inexpressible! Mr. *Peters*, said he, offer'd to come and officiate in it; but would not stay to dine with me, because he has Company at his own House; and so I intend that Divine Service shall be perform'd in it, by one to whom I shall make some yearly Allowance, as a sort of Chaplain. —You look serious, *Pamela*, added he; I know you think of your Friend *Williams*. Indeed, Sir, said I, if you won't be angry, I did. Poor Man! I am sorry I have been the Cause of his disobliging you.

When we came to the Meadow, where the Gentry have their Walk sometimes, the Coach stopt, and my Master alighted, and led me to the Brookside; and it is a very pretty Summer Walk. He asked my Father, if he chose to walk out, or go on in the Coach, to the further End. He, poor Man, chose to go in the Coach, for fear, he said, any Gentry should be walking there; and he told me, he was most of the way upon his Knees, in the Coach, thanking God for his gracious Mercies and Goodness; and begging a Blessing upon my good Master and me.

I was quite astonish'd, when we came into the shady Walk, to see Mr. *Williams* there. See there, said my Master, there's poor *Williams*, taking his solitary Walk again, with his Book. And it seems, it was so contriv'd; for Mr. *Peters* had been, as I since find, desir'd to tell him, to be in that Walk at such an Hour in the Morning.

So, old Acquaintance, said my Master, again have I met you in this Place? What Book are you now reading? He said, It was *Boileau's Lutrin*. Said my Master, You see I have brought with me my little Fugitive, that would have been: While you are perfecting yourself in *French*, I am trying to learn *English*; and hope soon to be Master of it.

Mine, Sir, said he, is a very beautiful Piece of *French*: But your *English* has no Equal.

You are very polite, Mr. *Williams*, said my Master. And he that does not think as you do, deserves no Share in her. Why, *Pamela*, added he, very generously, why so strange, where you have once been so familiar? I do assure you both, that I mean not, by this Interview, to insult Mr. *Williams*, or confuse you. Then I said, Mr. *Williams*, I am very glad to see you well; and tho' the generous Favour of my good Master has happily changed the Scene, since you and I last saw one another, I am nevertheless very glad of an Opportunity to acknowledge, with Gratitude, your good Intentions, not so much to serve me, as *me*, but as a Person that then had great Reason to believe herself in Distress. And, I hope, Sir, added I, to my Master, your Goodness will permit me to say this.

You, *Pamela*, said he, may make what Acknowledgments you please to Mr. *Williams's* good Intentions; and I would have you speak as you think; but I do not apprehend myself to be quite so much oblig'd to those Intentions.

Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, I beg leave to say, I knew well, that, by Education, you was no Libertine; nor had I Reason to think you so by Inclination; and when you came to reflect, I hoped you would not be displeas'd with me. And this was no small Motive to me, at first, to do as I did.

Ay, but, Mr. *Williams*, said my Master, could you think, that I should have had Reason to thank you, if, above all her Sex, I loved one Person, and you had robbed me of her, and marry'd her yourself? — And then, said he, you are to consider, that she was of long Acquaintance with me, and a quite new one to you; that I had sent her down to my own House, for better securing her; and that you, who had Access to my House, could not effect your Purpose, without being guilty, in some sort, of a Breach of the Laws of Hospitality and Friendship. As to my Designs upon her, I own they had not the best Appearance; but still I was not answerable to Mr. *Williams* on that Score; much less could you be excus'd, to invade a Property so very dear to me, and to endeavour to gain an Interest in her Affections, tho' you could not be certain, that Matters would not turn out as they have actually done.

I own, said he, that some Parts of my Conduct seem exceptionable, as you state it. But, Sir, I am but a young Man. I meant no Harm. I had no Interest, I am sure, to incur your Displeasure; and when you think of every thing, and the inimitable Graces of Person, and Perfections of Mind, that adorn this excellent Lady, (so he called me) you will, perhaps, find your Generosity allow something as an Extenuation of a Fault, which your Anger would not permit as an Excuse.

I have done, said my Master; nor did I meet you here to be angry with you. *Pamela* knew not that she should see you; and now you are both present, I would ask you, Mr. *Williams*, If, now you know my honourable Designs towards this good Girl, you can really be *almost*, I will not say *quite*, as well pleased with the Friendship of my Wife, as you could be with the Favour of Mrs. *Andrews*?

Sir, said he, I will answer you truly. I think I could have preferr'd, with her, any Condition that could have befallen me, had I consider'd only *myself*. But, Sir, I was very far from having any Encouragement to expect her *Favour*; and I had much more Reason to believe, that if she could have hoped for your Goodness, her Heart was too much pre-engaged, to think of any body else. And give me Leave further to say, Sir, That tho' I tell you sincerely my Thoughts, were I only to consider *myself*; yet when I consider *her Good*, and *her Merit*, I should be highly ungenerous, were it put to my *Choice*, if I could not wish her in a Condition so much superior to what I could do for her, and so very answerable to her Merit.

*Pamela*, said my Master, *you* are obliged to Mr. *Williams*, and ought to thank him: He has distinguished well. But as for *me*, who had like to have lost you by his means, I am glad the Matter was not left to his *Choice*. Mr. *Williams*, said he, I give you *Pamela's* Hand, because I know it will be pleasing to her, in Token of her Friendship and Esteem for you; and I give you mine, that I will not be your Enemy. But yet I must say, that I think I owe this proper Manner of your Thinking more to your Disappointment, than to the Generosity you talk of.

Mr. *Williams* kissed my Hand, as my Master gave it him; and my Master said, Sir, you will go home and dine with me, and I'll shew you my little Chapel; and do you, *Pamela*, look upon yourself at Liberty to number Mr. *Williams* in the List of your Friends.

How generous, how noble was this! Mr. *Williams* (and so had I) had Tears of Pleasure in his Eyes. I was silent; but Mr. *Williams* said, Sir, I shall be taught, by your Generosity, to think myself inexcusably wrong, in every Step I took, that could give you Offence; and my future Life shall shew my respectful Gratitude.

We walked on till we came to the Coach, where was my dear Father. *Pamela*, said my Master, tell Mr. *Williams* who that good Man is. O, Mr. *Williams*! said I, it is my dear Father; And, my Master was pleased to say, one of the honestest Men in *England*. *Pamela* owes every thing that she is to be, as well as her Being, to him; for, I think, she would not have brought me to this, nor made so great Resistance, but for the good Lessons, and religious Education she imbib'd from him.

Mr. *Williams* said, taking my Father's Hand, You see, good Mr. *Andrews*, with inexpressible Pleasure, the Fruits of your pious Care; and now are in a way, with your beloved Daughter, to reap the happy Effects of it. —I am overcome, said my dear Father, with his Honour's Goodness. But I can only say, I bless *God*, and bless *him*.

Mr. *Williams* and I being nearer the Coach than my Master; and he offering to draw back, to give way to him, he kindly said, Pray, Mr. *Williams*, oblige *Pamela* with your Hand; and step in yourself. He bow'd, and took my Hand, and my Master made him step in, and sit next me, all that ever he could do, and sat himself over-against him, next my Father, who sat against me.

And he said, Mr. *Andrews*, I told you Yesterday, that the Divine you saw, was *not* Mr. *Williams*; I now tell you, this Gentleman *is*: And tho' I have been telling him, I think not *myself* obliged to his Intentions; yet I will own, that *Pamela* and *you* are; and tho' I won't promise to love him, I would have you.

Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, you have a way of overcoming, that hardly all my Reading affords an Instance of the like; and it is the more noble, as it is on this Side, as I presume, the happy Ceremony; which, great as your Fortune is, will lay you under an Obligation to so much Virtue and Beauty, when she becomes yours; for you will then have a Treasure that Princes might envy.

Said my generous Master, (God bless him!) Mr. *Williams*, it is impossible that you and I should long live at Variance, when our Sentiments agree so well together, on Subjects the most material.

I was quite confused; and my Master seeing it, took my Hand, and said, Look up, my good Girl! and collect yourself. —Don't injure Mr. *Williams* and me so much, as to think we are capping Compliments, as we used to do Verses, at School. I dare answer for us both, that we say not a Syllable we don't think.

O, Sir, said I, how unequal am I to all this Goodness! Every Moment that passes, adds to the Weight of the Obligations you oppress me with.

Think not too much of that, said he, most generously. Mr. *Williams's* Compliments to you have great Advantage of mine: For, tho' equally sincere, I have a great deal to say, and to do, to compensate the Sufferings I have made you undergo; and, at last, must sit down dissatisfied, because those will never be aton'd by all I can do

for you.

He saw my dear Father quite unable to support these affecting Instances of his Goodness; and he let go my Hand, and took his, and said, seeing his Tears, I wonder not, my dear *Pamela's* Father, that your honest Heart springs thus to your Eyes, to see all her Trials at an End. I will not pretend to say, that I had formerly either Power or Will to act thus. But since I began to resolve on the Change you see, I have reap'd so much Pleasure in it, that my own *Interest* will keep me steady. For, till within these few Days, I knew not what it was to be happy.

Poor Mr. *Williams*, with Tears of Joy in his Eyes, said; How happily, Sir, have you been touched by the Divine Grace, before you have been hurried into the Commission of Sins, that the deepest Penitence could hardly have aton'd for! —God has enabled you to stop short of the Evil; and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice in the Good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward Reproach.

You do well, said he, to remind me, that I owe all this to the Grace of God. I bless Him for it; and I thank this good Man for his excellent Lessons. I thank his dear Daughter for following them: And, I hope, from *her* good Example, and *your* Friendship, Mr. *Williams*, in time, to be half as good as my Tutoress. And that, said he, I believe you'll own, will make me, without Disparagement to any Gentleman, the best Fox-hunter in *England*. —Mr. *Williams* was going to speak: And he said, You put on so grave a Look, Mr. *Williams*, that, I believe, what I have said, with you practical good Folks, is liable to Exception: But I see we were become quite grave; and we must not be too serious neither.

What a happy Creature, my dear Mother, is your *Pamela*! —O may my thankful Heart, and the good Use I may be enabled to make of the Blessings before me, be a Means to continue this delightful Prospect to a long Date, for the sake of the dear good Gentleman, who thus becomes the happy Instrument, in the Hands of Providence, to bless all he smiles upon! To be sure, I shall never enough acknowledge the Value he is pleased to express for my Unworthiness, in that he has prevented my Wishes, and, unask'd, sought the Occasion of being reconciled to a good Man, who, for my sake, had incurred his Displeasure; and whose Name he could not, a few Days before, permit to pass thro' my Lips: But see the wonderful Ways of Providence! The very things that I most dreaded his seeing or knowing, the Contents of my Papers, have, as I hope, satisfy'd all his Scruples, and been a Means to promote my Happiness.

Henceforth let not us poor short-sighted Mortals pretend to rely on our own Wisdom; or vainly think, that we are absolutely to direct for ourselves. I have abundant Reason, I am sure, to say, that when I was most disappointed, I was nearer my Happiness. For, had I made my Escape, which was so often my chief Point of View, and what I had placed my Heart upon, I had escaped the Blessings now before me, and fallen, perhaps headlong, into the Miseries I would have avoided! And yet, after all, it was necessary I should take the Steps I did, to bring on this wonderful Turn! O the unsearchable Wisdom of God! —And how much ought I to adore the Divine Goodness, and humble myself, who am made a poor Instrument, as, I hope, not only to magnify his Graciousness to this fine Gentleman and myself; but to dispense Benefits to others? Which God of his Mercy grant!

In the agreeable manner I have mentioned, did we pass the Time in our second happy Tour; and I thought Mrs. *Jewkes* would have sunk into the Ground, when she saw Mr. *Williams* brought in the Coach with us, and treated so kindly. We dined together in a most pleasant, and easy, and frank manner; and I found I needed not, from my Master's Generosity, to be under any Restraint, as to my Conduct to this good Clergyman; for he, so often as he fancy'd I was reserv'd, mov'd me to be free with him, and to him; and several times called upon me to help my Father and Mr. *Williams*; and seem'd to take great Delight in seeing me carve and help round, as indeed he does in every thing I do.

After Dinner we went and looked into the Chapel; which is a very pretty one, and very decent; and when finish'd, as he designs it, against his next coming down, will be a very pretty Place.

My Heart, my dear Mother, when I first sat my Foot in it, throbb'd a good deal, with awful Joy, at the Thoughts of the Solemnity, which, I hope, will be, in a few Days, performed here. And when I came up towards the little pretty Altar-piece, while they were looking at a Communion-picture, and saying it was prettily done, I gently stept into a Corner, out of Sight, and poured out my Soul to God, on my Knees, in Thankfulness and Supplication, that, after having been so long absent from Divine Service, the first time that I enter'd into a House dedicated to His Honour, should be with such blessed Prospects before me; and begging of God to continue me humble, and to make me not unworthy of his Mercies; and that he would be pleased to bless the *next* Author of it, my good

Master.

I heard my Master say, Where's *Pamela*? And so I broke off sooner than I would, and went up to him.

He said, Mr. *Williams*, I hope I have not so offended you, by my Conduct past, (for really it is what I ought to be ashamed of) as that you will refuse to officiate, and to give us your Instructions here to-morrow. Mr. *Peters* was so kind, for the first time, to offer it; but I know it would be inconvenient for him; and besides, I was willing to make this Request to you an Introduction to our Reconciliation.

Sir, said he, most willingly, and most gratefully will I obey you. Tho', if you expect a Discourse, I am wholly unprepar'd for the Occasion. I would not have it, reply'd he, pointed to any particular Occasion; but if you have one upon the Text,— *There is more Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, than over Ninety-nine just Persons that need not Repentance*; and if it makes me not such a sad Fellow as to be pointed at by mine and the Ladies Servants we shall have here, I shall be well content. 'Tis a general Subject, added he, makes me speak of that; but any one you please will do; for you cannot make a bad Choice, I am sure.

Sir, said he, I have one upon that Text; but I am ready to think, that a Thanksgiving one, which I made on a great Mercy to myself, if I may be permitted to make my own Acknowledgments of your Favour the Subject of a Discourse, will be suitable to my grateful Sentiments. It is on the Text,— *Now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace ; for my Eyes have seen thy Salvation*.

That Text, said I, will be a very suitable one for me. Not so, *Pamela*, said my Master; because I don't let you depart in *Peace*; but I hope you will stay here with *Content*.

O but, Sir, said I, I have seen *God's Salvation*! — I am sure, added I, if any body ever had Reason, I have, to say, with the blessed Virgin, *My Soul doth magnify the Lord*; for he hath regarded the low Estate of his Handmaiden,— and exalted one of low Degree.

Said my good Father, I am sure, if there were Time for it, the Book of *Ruth* would afford a fine Subject for the Honour done my dear Child.

Why, good Mr. *Andrews*, said my Master, should you say so? — I know that Story, and Mr. *Williams* will confirm what I say, that my good Girl here will confer at least as much Honour as she will receive.

Sir, said I, you are inexpressibly generous; but I shall never think so. Why, my *Pamela*, said he, that's another thing: It will be best for me to think you will; and it will be kind in you to think you shan't; and then we shall have always an excellent Rule to regulate our Conduct by to one another.

Was not this finely, nobly, wisely said, my dear Mother? — O what a blessed thing it is to be match'd to a Man of Sense and Generosity! — How edifying! —How! —But what shall I say! —I am at a Loss for Words.

Mr. *Williams* said, When we came out of the little Chapel, he would go home, and look over his Discourses, for one for the next Day. My Master said, I have one thing to say, before you go. —When my Jealousy, on Account of this good Girl, put me upon such a vindictive Conduct to you, you know I took a Bond for the Money I had caused you to be troubled for: I really am ashamed of the Matter; because I never intended, when I presented it to you, to have it again, you may be sure: But I knew not what might happen between you and her, nor how far Matters might have gone between you; and so I was willing to have that in Awe over you. And, I think, it is no extraordinary Present, therefore, to give you up your Bond again, cancell'd. And so he took it from his Pocket, and gave it him. I think, added he, all the Charges attending it, and the Trouble you had, were defray'd by my Attorney: I order'd that they should. They were, Sir, said he; and Ten thousand Thanks to you for this Goodness, and the kind manner in which you do it! —If you will go, Mr. *Williams*, said he, shall my Chariot carry you home? No, Sir, answer'd he, I thank you. My Time will be so well employ'd all the way in thinking of your Favours, that I chuse to meditate upon them, as I walk home.

My dear Father was very uneasy about his Habit, for appearing at Chapel next Day, because of Miss *Darnfords*, and the Servants, for fear, poor Man, he should disgrace my Master; and he told me, when he was mentioning this, my Master's kind Present of Twenty Guineas for Cloaths, for you both; which made my Heart truly joyful. But Oh! to be sure, I never can deserve the hundredth Part of his Goodness! —It is almost a hard thing to lie under the Weight of such deep Obligations on one side; and such a Sense of one's own Unworthiness of the other! —O! what a Godlike Power is that of doing Good! —I envy the Rich and the Great for nothing else!

My Master coming to us just then, I said, Oh! Sir, will your Bounty know no Limits! My dear Father has told me what you have given him! — A Trifle, *Pamela*, said he; a little Earnest only of my Kindness. —Say no more of it. But did I not hear the good Man expressing some sort of Concern for somewhat? Hide nothing from me,

*Pamela*. Only, Sir, said I, he knew not how to absent himself from Divine Service, and yet is afraid of disgracing you by appearing.

Fie, Mr. *Andrews*, said he, I thought you knew that the outward Appearance was nothing. I wish I had as good a Habit inwardly, as you have. But I'll tell you, *Pamela*, your Father is not much thinner than I am, nor much shorter; he and I will walk up together to my Wardrobe; tho' it is not so well stor'd here, as in *Bedfordshire*.

And so, said he, pleasantly, Don't you pretend to come near us, till I call you; for you must not yet see how Men dress and undress themselves. O, Sir, said my Father, I beg to be excused. I am sorry you are told. So am not I, said my Master: Pray come along with me.

He carry'd him up Stairs, and shew'd him several Suits; and would have had him take his Choice. My poor Father was quite confounded: For my Master saw not any he thought too good, and my Father none that he thought bad enough. And my good Master, at last, (he fixing his Eye upon a fine Drab, which he thought looked the plainest) would help him to try the Coat and Waistcoat on himself; and indeed, one would not have thought it, because my Master is taller, and rather plumper, as I thought; but, as I saw afterwards, they fitted him very well: And being plain, and lined with the same Colour, and made for travelling in a Coach, pleased my poor Father much. He gave him the whole Suit, and calling up Mrs. *Jewkes*, said, Let these Cloaths be well aired against to-morrow Morning. Mr. *Andrews* brought only with him his common Apparel, not thinking to stay *Sunday* with us. And pray see for some of my Stockens; and whether none of my Shoes will fit him; and see also for some of my Linen; for we have put the good Man quite out of his Course, by keeping him *Sunday* over. He was then pleased to give him the silver Buckles out of his own Shoes. So, my good Mother, you must expect to see my dear Father a great Beau. Wig, said my Master, he wants none; for his own venerable white Locks are better than all the Perukes in *England*. —But I am sure I have Hars enow somewhere. I'll take care of every thing, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*. —And my poor Father, when he came to me, could not refrain Tears. I know not how, said he, to comfort myself under these great Favours O my Child, it is all owing to God's Goodness, and your Virtue.

**SUNDAY.**

This blessed Day all the Family seem'd to take Delight to equip themselves for the Celebration of the Sabbath, in the little Chapel; and Lady *Jones* and Mr. *Williams* came in her Chariot, and the two Miss *Darnfords*, in their own; with each a Footman, besides the Coachman. And we breakfasted together, in a most agreeable manner. My dear Father appeared quite spruce and neat, and was greatly caressed by the three Ladies. As we were at Breakfast, my Master told Mr. *Williams*, we must let the Psalms alone, he doubted, for want of a Clerk; but Mr. *Williams* said, No, nothing should be wanting that he could supply. My Father said, If it might be permitted him, he would, as well as he was able, perform that Office; for it was always what he had taken Delight in. And as I know he had learnt Psalmody formerly, in his Youth, and had constantly practised it in private, at home, of *Sunday* Evenings, (as well as endeavour'd to teach it in the little School he so unsuccessfully set up, at the Beginning of his Misfortunes, before he took to hard Labour) I was in no Pain for his undertaking it in this little Congregation. They seem'd much pleas'd with this; and so we went to Chapel, and made a pretty tolerable Appearance; Mrs. *Jewkes*, and all the Servants attending, but the Cook; and I never saw Divine Service perform'd with more Solemnity, nor assisted at with greater Devotion and Decency; my Master, Lady *Jones*, and the two Misses, setting a lovely Example.

My good Father perform'd his Part with great Applause, making the Responses as if he had been a practised Parish Clerk; and giving the Psalm, which consisting of but three Staves, we had it all; and he read the Line, and began the Tune with a Heart so intirely affected with the Duty, that he went thro' it distinctly, calmly, and fervently at the same time; so that Lady *Jones* whisper'd me, That good Men were fit for all Companies, and present to every laudable Occasion: And Miss *Darnford* said, God bless the dear good Man! —You must think how I rejoiced in my Mind!

I know, my dear Mother, you can say most of the shorter Psalms by Heart; so I need not transcribe it, especially as your chief Treasure is a Bible; and a worthy Treasure it is. I know nobody makes more or better Use of it.

Mr. *Williams* gave us an excellent Discourse on Liberality and Generosity, and the Blessing attending the right Use of Riches, from the xith Chapter of *Proverbs*, ver. 24, 25. *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to Poverty. The liberal Soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself*. And he treated the Subject in so handsome a manner, that my Master's Delicacy, who, at first, was afraid of some personal Compliments, was not offended, he judiciously keeping to Generals; and it was an elegant and sensible Discourse, as my Master said.

My Father was, as in the Clerk's Place, just under the Desk; and Lady *Jones* beckon'd her Footman, and whisper'd him to beg him to favour us with another Psalm, when the Sermon was ended, he, thinking as he said afterwards, that the former was rather of the longest, chose the shortest in the Book; which, you know, is the cxviiith.

My Master thanked Mr. *Williams* for his excellent Discourse, and so did the Ladies; as also I did, most heartily; and he was pleas'd to take my dear Father by the Hand, as Mr. *Williams* also did, and thanked him. The Ladies also made him their kind Compliments; and the Servants all looked upon him with Countenances of Respect and Pleasure.

At Dinner, do what I could, I was forced to take the Upper-end of the Table; and my Master sat at the Lower-end, between Mr. *Williams* and my Father. And he said, *Pamela*, you are so dextrous, that I think you may help the Ladies yourself; and I will help my two good Friends. I should have told you tho', that I dress'd myself in a flower'd Satten, that was my Lady's, and look'd quite fresh and good, and which was given me at first by my Master; and the Ladies, who had not seen me out of my Homespun before, made me abundance of fine Compliments, as soon as they saw me first.

Talking of the Psalms, just after Dinner, my Master was very naughty, if I may so say: For he said to my Father, Mr. *Andrews*, I think, in the Afternoon, as we shall have only Prayers, we may have one longer Psalm; and what think you of the cxxxviiith? —O good Sir! said I, pray, pray, not a Word more! —Say what you will, *Pamela*, said he, you shall sing it to us, according to your own Version, before these good Ladies go away. My

Father smil'd, but was half concern'd for me; and said, Will it bear, and please your Honour? —O ay, said he, never fear it; so long as Mrs. *Jewkes* is not in the Hearing.

This excited all the Ladies Curiosity; and Lady *Jones* said, She should be loth to desire to hear any thing that would concern me; but should be glad I would give Leave for it. Indeed, Madam, said I, I must beg you won't insist upon it. I cannot bear it. — You shall see it indeed, Ladies, said my Master; and pray, *Pamela*, not always as you please, neither. —Then, pray, Sir, said I, not in my hearing, I hope. —Sure, *Pamela*, return'd he, you would not write what is not fit to be heard! — But, Sir, said I, there are particular Cases, Times, and Occasions, that may make a thing passable at one time, that would not be tolerable at another. O, said he, let me judge of that, as well as you, *Pamela*. These Ladies know a good Part of your Story; and, let me tell you, what they know is more to your Credit than mine; so that if I have no Averseness to reviving the Occasion, you may very well bear it. Said he, I will put you out of your Pain, *Pamela*; I believe I put it in my Pocket on purpose.

I stood up, and said, Indeed, Sir, I can't bear it! I hope you'll allow me to leave the Room a Minute, if you will read it. Indeed, but I won't, answer'd he. Lady *Jones* said, Pray, good Sir, don't let us hear it, if Mrs. *Andrews* be so unwilling. Well, *Pamela*, said my Master, I will put it to your Choice, whether I shall read it now, or you will sing it by—and-by. That's very hard, Sir, said I. It must be one, I assure you, said he. Why then, Sir, reply'd I, you must do as you please; for I cannot sing it.

Well, then, said my Master, I find I must read it; and yet, added he, after all, I had as well let it alone; for it is no great Reputation to myself. O then, said Miss *Darnford*, pray let us hear it to chuse.

Why then, proceeded he, the Case was this: *Pamela*, I find, when she was in the Time of her Confinement, (that is, added he, when she was taken Prisoner, in order to make me one; for that is the Upshot of the Matter) in the Journal she kept, which was intended for nobody's Perusal but her Parents, tells them, That she was importuned, one *Sunday*, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, to sing a Psalm; but her Spirits not permitting, she declin'd it: But after Mrs. *Jewkes* was gone down, she says, she recollected, that the cxxxviith Psalm was applicable to her own Case; Mrs. *Jewkes* having often, on other Days, in vain, besought her to sing a Song. That thereupon she turn'd it more to her own supposed Case; and believing Mrs. *Jewkes* had a Design against her Honour, and looking upon her as her Gaoler, she thus gives her Version of this Psalm. But pray, Mr. *Williams*, do you read one Verse of the common Translation, and I will read one of *Pamela's*. Then Mr. *Williams* pulling out his little Pocket Common-prayer Book, read the first two Stanzas.

I.

*When we did sit in Babylon,  
The Rivers round about:  
Then in Remembrance of Sion,  
The Tears for Grief burst out.*

II.

*We hang'd our Harps and Instruments*

*The Willow-trees upon:*

*For in that Place Men, for that Use,*

*Had planted many a one.*

My Master then read:

I.

*When sad, I sat in B——n—hall,  
All watched round about;  
And thought of every absent Friend,  
The Tears for Grief burst out.*

II.

*My Joys, and Hopes, all overthrown,  
My Heart—strings almost broke:  
Unfit my Mind for Melody,  
Much more to bear a Joke.*

The Ladies said, It was very pretty; and Miss *Darnford*, That somebody else had well observ'd, that I had need to be less concerned than themselves.

I knew, said my Master, I should get no Credit by shewing this. But let us read on, Mr. *Williams*. So Mr. *Williams* read;

III.

*Then they, to whom we Pris'ners were,  
Said to us tauntingly;  
Now let us hear your Hebrew Songs,  
And pleasant Melody.*

Now this, said my Master, is very near: And read;

III.

*Then she, to whom I Pris'ner was,  
Said to me tauntingly;  
Now chear your Heart, and sing a Song,  
And tune your Mind to Joy.*

Mighty sweet, said Mr. *Williams*. But let us see how the next Verse is turn'd. It is this:

**IV.**

*Alas! said we, who can once frame  
His heavy Heart to sing  
The Praises of our loving God,  
Thus under a strange King?*

Why, said my Master, it is turn'd with beautiful Simplicity, thus:

**IV.**

*Alas! said I, how can I frame  
My heavy Heart to sing,  
Or tune my Mind, while thus inthrall'd  
By such a wicked Thing!*

Very pretty, said Mr. *Williams*. Lady *Jones* said, O dear, Madam, can you wish that we should be depriv'd of this new Instance of your Genius and Accomplishments?

O! said my dear Father, you will make my good Child proud. No, said my Master, very generously, *Pamela* can't be proud. For no one is proud to hear themselves prais'd, but those who are not us'd to it. —But proceed, Mr. *Williams*. He read;

**V.**

*But yet, if I Jerusalem  
Out of my Heart let slide;  
Then let my Fingers quite forget  
The warbling Harp to guide.*

Well, now, said my Master, for *Pamela's* Version!

**V.**

*But yet, if from my Innocence  
I, ev'n in Thought, should slide,  
Then let my Fingers quite forget  
The sweet Spinnet to guide.*

Mr. Williams read;

**VI.**

*And let my Tongue within my Mouth,  
Be ty'd for ever fast,  
If I rejoice before I see  
Thy full Deliv'rance past.*

This also, said my Master, is very near.

VI.

*And let my Tongue, within my Mouth,  
Be lock'd for ever fast,  
If I rejoice before I see  
My full Deliv'rance past.*

Now, good Sir, said I, oblige me; don't read any further: Pray don't! O pray, Madam, said Mr. *Williams*, let me beg to have the rest read; for I long to know who you make the Sons of *Edom*, and how you turn the Psalmist's Execrations against the insulting *Babylonians*.

Well, Mr. *Williams*, reply'd I, you should not have said so. O, said my Master, that is one of the best things of all. Poor Mrs. *Jewkes* stands for *Edom's* Sons; and we must not lose this, because I think it one of my *Pamela's* Excellencies, that tho' thus oppress'd, she prays for no Harm upon the Oppressor. Read, Mr. *Williams*, the next Stanza. So he read;

**VII.**

*Therefore, O Lord, remember now  
The cursed Noise and Cry,  
That Edom's Sons against us made,  
When they rais'd our City.*

**VIII.**

*Remember, Lord, their cruel Words,  
When, with a mighty Sound,  
They cried, Down, yea, down with it,  
Unto the very Ground.*

Well, said my Master, here seems, in what I am going to read, a little bit of a Curse indeed; but I think it makes no ill Figure in the Comparison.

**VII.**

*And thou, Almighty! recompense  
The Evils I endure,  
From those who seek my sad Disgrace,  
So causeless! to procure.*

And now, said he, for *Edom's* Sons! Tho' a little severe in the Imputation.

**VIII.**

*Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,  
When with a mighty Sound,  
She cries, Down with her Chastity,  
Down to the very Ground!*

Sure, Sir, said I, this might have been spar'd! But the Ladies and Mr. *Williams* said, No, by no means! And I see the poor wicked Woman has no Favourers among them.

Now, said my Master, read the Psalmist's heavy Curses: And Mr. *Williams* read;

**IX.**

*Ev'n so shalt thou, O Babylon!  
At length to Dust be brought:  
And happy shall that Man be call'd,  
That our Revenge hath wrought.*

**X.**

*Yea, blessed shall that Man be call'd,  
That takes thy little ones,  
And dasheth them in pieces small  
Against the very Stones.*

Thus, said he, very kindly, has *my Pamela* turn'd these Lines.

**IX.**

*Ev'n so shalt thou, O wicked one,  
At length to Shame be brought:  
And happy shall all those be call'd,  
That my Deliv'rance wrought.*

X.

*Yea, blessed shall the Man be call'd,  
That shames thee of thy Evil,  
And saves me from thy vile Attempts,  
And thee, too, from the D—l.*

I fancy this blessed Man, said my Master, smiling, was, at that time, hoped to be you, Mr. *Williams*, if the Truth was known. Sir, said he, whoever it was intended for then, it can be nobody but your good Self now.

I could hardly hold up my Head for the Praises the kind Ladies were pleased to heap upon me. I am sure, by this, they are very partial in my Favour; all because my Master is so good to me, and loves to hear me praised; for I see no such Excellence in these Lines, as they would make me believe, besides what is borrow'd from the *Psalmist*.

We all, as before, and the Cook—maid too, attended the Prayers of the Church in the Afternoon; and my dear Father concluded with the following Stanzas of the cxyth Psalm; suitably magnifying the holy Name of God for all his Mercies; but did not observe altogether the Method in which they stand; which was the less necessary, he thought, as he gave out the Lines. *The Lord is just in all his ways;*

*His Works are holy all:  
And he is near all those that do  
In Truth upon him call.*

*He the Desires of all of them  
That fear him, will fulfil,  
And he will hear them when they cry,  
And save them all he will.*

*The Eyes of all do wait on thee;  
Thou dost them all relieve:  
And thou to each sufficing Food,  
In Season due, dost give.*

*Thou openest thy plenteous Hand,  
And bounteously dost fill  
All things whatever that do live,  
With Gifts of thy Good—will.*

*My thankful Mouth shall gladly speak  
The Praises of the Lord:  
All Flesh to praise his holy Name,  
For ever shall accord.*

We walked in the Garden till Tea was ready; and as we went by the Back—door, my Master said to me, *Of all the Flowers in the Garden, the Sun—flower is the fairest!* — O, Sir, said I, let that be now forgot! Mr. *Williams* heard him say so, and seem'd a little out of Countenance: Whereupon my Master said, I mean not to make you serious, Mr. *Williams*; but we see how strangely things are brought about. I see other Scenes hereabouts, that, in

my *Pamela's* Dangers, give me more Cause of Concern, than any thing you ever did, should give you. Sir, said he, you are very generous.

My Master and Mr. *Williams* afterwards walked together, for a Quarter of an Hour, and talked about general things, and some scholastick Subjects, and joined us, very well pleased with one another's Conversation.

Lady *Jones* said, putting herself on one side of me, as my Master was of the other, But pray, Sir, when is the happy Time to be? We want it over, that we may have you with us, as long afterwards as you can. Said my Master, I would have it to morrow or next Day, at farthest, if *Pamela* will: For I have sent for a Licence, and the Messenger will be here to-night, or early in the Morning, I hope. But, added he, pray, *Pamela*, do not take beyond *Thursday*. She was pleased to say, Sure it will not be delay'd by you, Madam, more than needs! — Well, said he, now *you* are on my Side, I will leave you with her, to settle it: And, I hope, she will not let little bashful Niceties be important with her; and so he joined the two Misses.

Lady *Jones* told me, I was to blame, she would take upon her to say, if I delay'd it a Moment; because she understood Lady *Davers* was very uneasy at the Prospect that it would be so; and if any thing should happen, it would be a sad thing! — Madam, said I, when he was pleased to mention it to me first, he said it should be in fourteen Days; and afterwards, ask'd me if I would have it in the first or the second Seven. I answer'd,— for how could I do otherwise? In the second: He desir'd it might not be the last Day of the second Seven. Now, Madam, said I, as he was *then* pleased to speak his Mind, no doubt, I would not for any thing seem too forward.

Well, but, said she, as he now urges you in so genteel and gentlemanly a manner for a shorter Day, I think, if I was in your place, I would agree to it. She saw me hesitate and blush, and said, Well, you know best; but I say only what I would do. I said, I would consider of it; and if I saw he was very earnest, to be sure I should think I ought to oblige him.

Miss *Darnfords* were begging to be at the Wedding, and to have a Ball: And they said, Pray, Mrs. *Andrews*, second our Requests, and we shall be greatly obliged to you. Indeed, Ladies, said I, I cannot promise that, if I might. Why so? said they. — Because, answer'd I,— I know not what! But, I think, one may, with Pleasure, celebrate an *Anniversary* of one's Nuptials; but the *Day itself* — Indeed, Ladies, I think it is too solemn a Business, for the *Parties* of our Sex, to be very gay upon! It is a quite serious and awful Affair: And I am sure, in your own Cases, you would be of my Mind. Why then, said Miss *Darnford*, the more need one has to be as light-hearted and merry as one can.

I told you, said my Master, what sort of an Answer you'd have from *Pamela*. The younger Miss said, She never heard of such grave Folks in her Life, on such an Occasion! Why, Sir, said she, I hope you'll sing Psalms all Day, and Miss will fast and pray! Such Sackcloth and Ashes Doings, for a Wedding, did I never hear of! — She spoke a little spitefully, I thought; and I return'd no Answer. I shall have enough to do, I reckon, in a-while, if I am to answer every one that will envy me!

We went in to Tea, and all the Ladies could prevail upon my Master for, was a Dancing-match before he left this Country; but Miss *Darnford* said, It should then be at their House; for, truly, if she might not be at the Wedding, she would be affronted, and come no more hither, till we had been there.

When they were gone, my Master would have had my Father stay till the Affair was over; but he begg'd he might set out as soon as it was light in the Morning; for, he said, my Mother would be doubly uneasy at his Stay; and he burn'd with Impatience, to let her know all the happy things that had befallen her Daughter. When my Master found him so desirous to go, he called Mr. *Thomas*, and order'd him to get a particular Bay-horse ready betimes in the Morning, for my Father, and a Portmanteau, to put his Things in; and to attend him a Day's Journey; And if, said he, Mr. *Andrews* chuses it, see him safe to his own Home. And, added he, as that Horse will serve you, Mr. *Andrews*, to ride backwards and forwards, to see us when we go to *Bedfordshire*, I make you a Present of it, with the Accoutrements. And seeing my Father going to speak, he added, I won't be said Nay. O how good was this!

He also said a great many kind things at Suppertime, and gave him all the Papers he had of mine; but desir'd, when he and my Mother had read them, that he would return them to him again. And then he said, So affectionate a Father and Daughter may, perhaps, be glad to be alone together; therefore, remember me to your good Wife, and tell her, it will not be long, I hope, before I see you together, on a Visit to your Daughter, at my other House; and so I wish you Good-night, and a good Journey, if you go before I see you; and then he shook Hands, and left my dear Father almost unable to speak, thro' the Sense of his Favours and Goodness.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

You may believe, my dear Mother, how loth I was to part with my good Father; and he was also unwilling to part with me; but he was so impatient to see you, and tell you the blessed Tidings, with which his Heart overflow'd, that I could hardly wish to detain him.

Mrs. *Jewkes* brought two Bottles of Cherry-brandy, and two Bottles of Cinamon-water, and some Cake; and they were put up in the Portmanteau, with my Father's newly presented Cloaths; for he said, he would not, for any thing, be seen in them in his Neighbourhood, till I was actually known, by every body, to be marry'd; nor would he lay out any part of the twenty Guineas till then neither, for fear of Reflections; and then he would consult me as to what he should buy. Well, said I, as you please, my dear Father; and I hope now we shall often have the Pleasure of hearing from one another, without needing any Art or Contrivances.

He said, he would go to-bed betimes, that he might be up as soon as it was light; and so he took Leave of me, and said he would not love me, if I got up in the Morning to see him go; which would but make us more loth to part, and grieve us both all Day.

Mr. *Thomas* brought him a Pair of Boots, and told him, he would call him up at peep of Day, and put up every thing over Night; and so I received his Blessing and his Prayers, and his kind Promises of procuring the same from you, my dear Mother, and went up to my Closet with a heavy Heart, and yet a half pleased one, if I may so say; for that, as he must go, he was going to the best of Wives, and with the best of Tidings. But I begg'd he would not work so hard as he had done; for I was sure my Master would not have given him twenty Guineas for Cloaths, if he had not designed to do something else for him; and that he should be the less concern'd at receiving Benefits from my good Master, because he, who had so many Persons to employ in his large Possessions, could make him serviceable, to an equivalent Degree, without hurting any body else.

He promised me fair; and pray, dear Mother, see he performs. I hope my Master will not see this. For I will not send it you, at present, till I can send you the best of News; and the rather, as my dear Father can supply the greatest Part of what I have written, since the Papers he carries you, by his own Observation. So, God bless you both! Good-night! And send my Father a safe Journey, and a happy Meeting to you both!

**MONDAY.**

M. *Colbrand* being return'd, my Master came up to me to my Closet, and brought me the Licence. O how my Heart flutter'd at the Sight of it! Now, *Pamela*, said he, tell me, If you can oblige me with the Day. Your Word is all that's wanting! I made bold to kiss his dear Hand; and tho' unable to look up, said,—I know not what to say, Sir, to all your Goodness! I would not, for any Consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an Honour, that all the Duty of a long Life, were it to be lent me, will not be sufficient to enable me to be grateful for. I ought to resign myself, in every thing I may or can, implicitly to your Will. But—But what? said he, with a kind Impatience!— Why, Sir, said I, when from last *Thursday* you mention'd Fourteen Days, I had Reason to think that Term your Choice; and my Heart is so wholly yours, that I am afraid of nothing, but that I may be forwarder than you wish. Impossible, my dear Creature, said he, and folded me in his Arms; impossible! If this be all, it shall be set about this Moment, and this happy Day shall make you mine! — I'll send away instantly, said the dear Gentleman, and was going.

I said, No, pray, Sir, pray, Sir, hear me! — Indeed it cannot be to-day!— Cannot! said he. — No, indeed, Sir! said I. — And was ready to sink to see his generous Impatience! Why flatter'd you then, my fond Heart, said he, with the Hope that it might! — Sir, said I, I will tell you what I had thought, if you'll vouchsafe me your Attention. Do then, said he!

I have, Sir, proceeded I, a great Desire, that whenever the Day is, it may be of a *Thursday*: Of a *Thursday* my dear Father and Mother were marry'd, and tho' poor, they are a very happy Pair.— Of a *Thursday* your poor *Pamela* was born: Of a *Thursday* my dear good Lady took me from my Parents into her Protection: Of a *Thursday*, Sir, you caus'd me to be carry'd away to this Place, to which I now, by God's Goodness and your Favour, owe so amazingly all my present Prospects; and of a *Thursday* it was, you nam'd to me that Fourteen Days from that, you would confirm my Happiness. Now, Sir, if you please to indulge my superstitious Folly, you will greatly oblige me: I was sorry, Sir, for this Reason, when you bid me not defer till the last Day of the Fourteen, that *Thursday* in next Week was that last Day.

This, *Pamela*, is a little superstitious, I must needs say; and I think you should begin now to make another Day in the Week a happy one; as for Example, On a *Monday*, may you say, my Father and Mother concluded to be marry'd on the *Thursday* following. Of a *Monday*, so many Years ago, my Mother was preparing all her Matters, to be brought to-bed on the *Thursday* following. Of a *Monday*, several Weeks ago, it was that you had but two Days more to stay, till you was carry'd away on *Thursday*. On a *Monday*, I myself, said he, well remember, it was, that I wrote you the Letter, that prevail'd on you so kindly to return to me; and, on the same Day, you *did* return to my House here; which I hope, my Girl, will be as propitious an Æra as any you have nam'd: And now, lastly, will you say, which will crown the Work; And, on a *Monday* I was marry'd. — Come, come, my Dear, added he, *Thursday* has reign'd long enough o' Conscience; let us now set *Monday* in its Place, or at least on an Equality with it, since you see it has a very good Title, and as we now stand in the Week before us, claims Priority; and then, I hope, we shall make *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Friday*, *Saturday* and *Sunday*, as happy Days, as *Monday* and *Thursday*; and so, by God's Blessing, move round as the Days move, in a delightful Circle, till we are at a Loss what Day to prefer to the rest.

O how charmingly was this said! — And how sweetly kind!

Indeed, Sir, said I, you rally my Folly very agreeably; but don't let a little Matter stand in the way, when you are so generously obliging in greater! Indeed I like *Thursday* best, if I may chuse.

Well then, said he, if you can say, you have a better Reason than this, I will oblige you; else I'll send away for the Parson this Moment!

And so, I protest, he was going! — Dear Sirs, how I trembled! — Stay, stay, Sir, said I: We have a great deal to say first; I have a deal of silly Prate to trouble you with! — Well, say then, in a Minute, reply'd he, the most material; for all we have to say may be talk'd of while the Parson is coming! — O but indeed, and indeed, said I, it cannot be today! — Well then, shall it be to-morrow? said he. — Why, Sir, if it must not be of a *Thursday*, you have given so many pleasant Distinctions for a *Monday*, that let it then be next *Monday*! — What! a Week still? said he. Sir, answer'd I, if you please; for *that* will be, as you injoin'd, within the second Seven Days. Why, Girl,

said he, 'twill be Seven Months till next *Monday*. Let it, said he, if not tomorrow, be on *Wednesday*; I protest I will stay no longer.

Then, Sir, return'd I, please to defer it, however, for one Day more, and it will be my beloved *Thursday*! If I consent to defer it till then, may I hope, my *Pamela*, said he, that next *Thursday* shall certainly be the happy Day? — Yes, Sir, said I; and I am sure I look'd very foolishly!

And yet, my dear Father and Mother, why should I, with such a fine Gentleman! And whom I so dearly love! And so much to my Honour too? But there is something greatly awful upon my Mind, in the solemn Circumstance, and a Change of Condition never to be recall'd, tho' all the Prospects are so desirable. And I can but wonder, at the thoughtless Precipitancy with which most young Folks run into this important Change of Life!

So now, my dear Parents, have I been brought to fix so near a Day as next *Thursday*; and this is *Monday*. O dear, it makes one out of Breath almost to think of it. This, tho', was a great Cut-off; a whole Week out of ten Days. I hope I am not too forward! I'm sure, if it obliges my dear Master, I am justify'd; for he deserves all things of me, in my poor Power.

After this, he rode out on Horse-back, attended by *Abraham*, and did not return till Night. How by degrees, Things steal upon one! I thought even this small Absence tedious, and the more as we expected him home to Dinner. — I wish I may not be too fond, and make him indifferent: But yet, my dear Father and Mother, you were always fond of one another, and never indifferent, let the World run as it would.—

When he returned, he said, he had had a pleasant Ride, and was led out to a greater Distance than he intended. At Supper he told me, that he had a great mind Mr. *Williams* should marry us; because, he said, it should shew a thorough Reconciliation of his Part: But, said he, most generously, I am apprehensive on what passed between you, that the poor Man will take it hardly, and as a sort of Insult, which I am not capable of. What says my Girl? — Do you think he would? I hope not, Sir, said I: For, as to what he may think, I can't answer; but as to any Reason for his Thoughts, I could. But indeed, Sir, said I, you have been already so generous, that he cannot, I think, mistake your Goodness.

He then spoke with some Resentment of Lady *Davers's* Behaviour, and I ask'd, If any thing new had occur'd? Yes, said he; I have had a Letter deliver'd me from her impertinent Husband, professedly at her Instigation, that amounted to little less than a Piece of insolent Bravery, on supposing I was about to marry you. I was so provok'd, added he, that after I had read it, I tore it into a hundred Pieces, and scatter'd them in the Air, and bid the Man who brought it, let his Master know what I had done with his Letter; and so would not permit him to speak to me, as he would fain have done. — I think the Fellow talk'd somewhat of his Lady coming hither; but she shall not set her Foot within my Doors; and I suppose this Treatment will hinder her.

I was much concern'd at this: And he said, Had I an hundred Sisters, *Pamela*, their Opposition should have no Weight with me; and I did not intend you should know it; but you can't but expect a little Difficulty from the Pride of my Sister, who have suffer'd so much from that of her Brother; and we are too nearly ally'd in Mind as well as Blood, I find. — But this is not her Business. And if she would have made it so, she should have done it with more *Decency*. Little Occasion had *she* to boast of her Birth, that knows not what belongs to good Manners.

I said, I am very sorry, Sir, to be the unhappy Occasion of a Misunderstanding between so good a Brother, and so worthy a Sister. Don't say so, *Pamela*, because this is an indispensable Consequence of the happy Prospect before us. Only, bear it well yourself, because she is my Sister, and leave it to me to make her sensible of her own Rashness.

If, Sir, said I, the most lowly Behaviour, and humble Deportment, and in every thing shewing a dutiful Regard to good Lady *Davers*, will have any Weight with her Ladyship, assure yourself of all in my Power to mollify her. No, *Pamela*, return'd he, don't imagine, when you are my Wife, I will suffer you to do any thing unworthy of that Character. I know the Duty of a Husband, and will protect your Gentleness to the utmost, as if you were a Princess by Descent.

You are inexpressibly good, Sir, said I; but I am far from taking a gentle Disposition, to shew a Meanness of Spirit: And this is a Trial I ought to expect; and well I may bear it, that have so many Benefits to set against it, which all spring from the same Cause.

Well, said he, all the Matter shall be this: We will talk of our Marriage as a Thing to be done next Week. I find I have Spies upon me where-ever I go, and whatever I do. But now, I am on *so* laudable a Pursuit, that I value them not, nor their Employers. I have already order'd my Servants to communicate with nobody for ten or twelve

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Days to come. And Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, every one names *Thursday* come Sev'nnight for our Nuptials. So I will get Mr. *Peters*, who wants to see my little Chapel, to assist Mr. *Williams*, under the Notion of breakfasting with me, next *Thursday* Morning, since you won't have it sooner; and there will want nobody else; and I will beg of Mr. *Peters* to keep it private, even from his own Family, for a few Days. Has my Girl any Objection?

O Sir, answer'd I, you are so generous in all your Ways, I can have no Objections! — But I hope Lady *Davers* and you will not proceed to irreconcilable Lengths; and when her Ladyship comes to see you, and to tarry with you, two or three Weeks, as she us'd to do, I will keep close up, so as not to disgust her with my Sight. Well, *Pamela*, said he, we will talk of that afterwards. You must do then as I shall think fit: And I shall be able to judge what both you and I ought to do. But what still aggravates the Matter is, that she should instigate the titled Ape her Husband to write to me, after she had so little succeeded herself. I wish I had kept his Letter, that I might shew you how a Man that *acts* generally like a Fool, can take upon him to *write* like a Lord. But, I suppose it is of my Sister's Penning, and he, poor Man, is the humble Copier.

**TUESDAY.**

Mr. *Thomas* is return'd from you, my dear Father, with the good News of your Health, and continuing your Journey to my dear Mother, where I hope to hear soon you are arriv'd. My Master has just now been making me play upon the Spinnet, and singing to it; and was pleas'd to commend me for both. But he does so for every thing I do, so partial does his Goodness make him to me.

**One o'Clock.**

We are just return'd from an Airing in the Chariot; and I have been delighted with his Conversation upon *English* Authors, Poets particularly. He entertain'd me also with a Description of some of the Curiosities he had seen in *Italy* and *France*, when he made what the polite World call the grand Tour. He said, he wanted to be at his other Seat; for he knew not well how to employ himself here, having not purpos'd to stay half the Time: And when I get there, *Pamela*, said he, you will hardly be troubled with so much of my Company, after we are settled; for I have a great many things to adjust; and I must go to *London*: For I have Accounts that have run longer than ordinary with my Banker there. And I don't know, added he, but the ensuing Winter, I may give you a little Taste of the Diversions of the Town for a Month or so. I said, his Will and Pleasure should determine mine; and I never would, as near as I could, have a Desire after those, or any other Things that were not in his own Choice.

He was pleas'd to say, I make no doubt I shall be very happy in you; and hope you will be so in me: For, said he, I have no very enormous Vices to gratify; tho' I pretend not to the greatest Purity neither, my Girl. Sir, said I, if you can account to your own Mind, I shall always be easy in whatever you do. But our greatest Happiness here, Sir, continued I, is of very short Duration; and this Life, where longest, is a poor transitory Stage; and I hope we shall be so happy as to be enabled to look forward, with Comfort, to one other, where our Pleasures will be everlasting.

You say well, *Pamela*, and I shall, by degrees, be more habituated to this way of thinking, as I more and more converse with you; but at present, you must not be over serious with me, all at once. Tho' I charge you, never forbear to mingle your sweet Divinity in our Conversation, whenever it can be brought in *à-propos*, and with such a Cheerfulness of Temper, as shall not throw a gloomy Cloud over our innocent Enjoyments.

I was abash'd at this, and silent, fearing I had offended; but he said, If you attend rightly to what I said, I need not tell you again, *Pamela*, not to be discourag'd from suggesting to me, on every proper Occasion, the pious Impulses of your own amiable Mind. Sir, said I, you will be always indulgent, I make no doubt, to my Imperfections, so long as I mean well.

My Master made me dine with him, and would eat nothing but what I help'd him to; and my Heart is, every Hour, more and more enlarg'd with his Goodness and Condescension. But still, what ails me, I wonder! a strange sort of Weight hangs upon my Mind, as *Thursday* draws on, which makes me often sigh involuntarily, and damps, at times, the Pleasures of my delightful Prospects! —I hope this is not ominous; but only the foolish Weakness of an over-thoughtful Mind, on an Occasion the most solemn and important of one's Life, next to the last Scene, which shuts up all.

I could be very serious! But I will commit all my Ways to that blessed Providence, which hitherto has so wonderfully conducted me, thro' real Evils, to this hopeful Situation.

I only fear, and, sure, I have great Reason, that I shall be too unworthy, to hold the Affections of so dear a Gentleman! —God teach me Humility, and to know my own Demerit! And this will be, next to his Grace, my surest Guard, in the State of Life to which I am most unworthily going to be exalted. And don't cease your Prayers for me, my dear Parents; for, perhaps, this new Condition may be subject to still worse Hazards than those I have escap'd; as would be the Case, were Conceitedness, Vanity, and Pride, to take hold of my frail Heart! and if I was, for my Sins, to be left to my own Conduct, a frail Ship in a tempestuous Ocean, without Ballast, or other Pilot than my own inconsiderate Will. But my Master said, on another Occasion, that those who doubted most, always erred least; and, I hope, I shall always doubt my own Strength, my own Worthiness!

I will not trouble you with twenty sweet agreeable things, that pass'd in Conversation with my excellent Benefactor; nor with the Civilities of Mr. *Colbrand*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and all the Servants, who seem to be highly pleas'd with me, and with my Conduct to them: And, as my Master, hitherto, finds no Fault that I go too low, nor they that I carry it too high, I hope I shall continue to have every body's Good-will. But yet, will I not seek to gain any one's by little Meannesses or Debasements; but aim at an uniform and regular Conduct, willing to conceal *involuntary* Errors, as I would have my own forgiven, and not too industrious to discover *real* ones, or to hide such, if any such should appear, as might encourage bad Hearts, or unclean Hands, in material Cases, where my Master should receive Damage, or where the Morals of the Transgressors should appear wilfully and

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habitually corrupt. In short, I will endeavour, as much as I can, that a good Servant shall in me find a kind Encourager; an indifferent one be made better, by inspiring them with a laudable Emulation; and a bad one, if not too bad in Nature, and quite irreclaimable, reform'd by Kindness, Expostulation, and even proper Menaces, if necessary, but most by a good Example. All this, if God pleases.

**WEDNESDAY.**

Now, my dear Parents, I have but this *one* Day, between me and the most solemn Rite that can be perform'd. My Heart cannot yet shake off this heavy Weight. Sure I am ingrateful to God's Goodness, and the Favour of the best of Benefactors! —Yet I hope I am not! —For at times, my Mind is all Exultation, with the Prospect of what Good to-morrow's happy Solemnity may possibly, by Leave of my generous Master, put it in my Power to do. O how shall I find Words to express, as I ought, my Thankfulness, for all the Mercies before me!—

**WEDNESDAY Evening.**

My dear Master is all Love and Tenderness! He sees' my Weakness, and he generously pities and comforts me! I begg'd to be excus'd Supper; but he brought me down himself from my Closet; and plac'd me by him, bidding *Abraham* not wait. I could not eat, and yet I try'd, for fear he should be angry. He kindly forbore to hint any thing of the dreadful, yet delightful to-morrow! and put, now-and-then, a little Bit on my Plate, and guided it to my Mouth. I was concern'd to receive his Goodness with so ill a Grace. Well, said he, if you won't eat with me, drink at least, with me: I drank two Glasses by his Over-persuasions, and said, I am really asham'd of myself. Why, indeed, said he, my dear Girl, I am not a very dreadful Enemy, I hope! I cannot bear any thing that is the least concerning to you. Oh! Sir, said I, all is owing to the Sense I have of my own Unworthiness! —To be sure, it cannot be any thing else.

He rung for the Things to be taken away! And then reach'd a Chair, and sat down by me, and put his kind Arms about me, and said the most generous and affecting Things that ever dropt from the Honey-flowing Mouth of Love! All I have not time to repeat. Some I will; and oh! indulge your foolish Daughter, who troubles you with her weak Nonsense; because what she has to say, is so affecting to her; and because, if she went to-bed, instead of scribbling, she cannot sleep.

This sweet Confusion and Thoughtfulness in my beloved *Pamela*, said the kind Man, on the near Prospect of our happy Union, when I hope all Doubts are clear'd up, and nothing of Dishonour is apprehended, shew me most abundantly, what a Wretch I was to attempt such Purity with a worse Intention! — No wonder, that one so virtuous, should find herself deserted of Life itself, on a Violence so dreadful to her Honour, and refuge herself in the Shadow of Death. —But now, my dearest *Pamela*, that you have seen a Purity on my Side, as nearly imitating your own, as our Sex can shew to yours; and that I have, all the Day long, suppress'd even the least Intimation of the coming Day, that I might not alarm your tender Mind; why all this Concern, why all this affecting, yet sweet Confusion! You have a generous Friend, my dear Girl, in me! a Protector now, not a Violator of your Innocence! Why then, once more I ask, this strange Perplexity, this sweet Confusion?

O Sir, said I, and hid my Face in his Arms! expect not Reason from a foolish Creature! You should have still indulg'd me in my Closet! — I am ready to beat myself for this ungrateful Return to your Goodness. But I know not what! — I am, to be sure, a silly Creature. O had you but suffer'd me to stay by myself above, I should have made myself asham'd of so culpable a Behaviour! —But Goodness added to Goodness every Moment, and the Sense of my own Unworthiness, quite confound me!

Now, said the generous Man, will I, tho' reluctantly, make a Proposal to my sweet Girl. —If I have been too pressing for the Day: If another Day will still be more obliging: If you have Fears that will not then be, you shall say but the Word, and I'll submit. Yes, tho' I have, my *Pamela*, for these three Days past, thought every tedious Hour a Day, till *Thursday* comes, if you earnestly desire it, I will postpone it. Say, my dear Girl, freely say; but accept not my Proposal, without great Reason; which yet I will not ask for.

Sir, said I, I can expect nothing but superlative Goodness, I have now been so long us'd to it from you. This is a most generous Instance of it; but, I fear— yes, I fear, it will be but too much the same thing, some Days hence, when the happy, yet, Fool that I am! dreaded Time, shall be equally near!—

Kind, lovely Charmer, said he, now do I see you are to be trusted with Power, from the generous Use you make of it! — Not one offensive Word, or Look from me, shall wound your nicest Thoughts; but pray try to subdue this Over-scrupulousness, and unseasonable Timidity. I persuade myself you will if you can!

Indeed, Sir, I will, said I; for I am quite asham'd of myself, with all these lovely Prospects before me! — The Honours you do me, the Kindness you shew me! I cannot forgive myself! For oh! if I know the least of this idle foolish Heart of mine, it has not a misgiving Thought of your Goodness, and I should abhor it, if it were capable of the least Affectation. — But, dear good Sir, leave me a little to myself, and I will take myself to severer Task than your Goodness will let *you* do! And I will present my Heart before you, a worthier Offering to you, than at present its wayward Follies will let it seem to be. — But one thing is, one has no kind Friend of one's own Sex, to communicate one's foolish Thoughts to, and to be strengthen'd by their Comfortings! — But I am left to myself, and oh! what a weak silly Thing I am!—

He kindly withdrew, to give me Time to recollect myself, and in about half an Hour return'd. And then, that he might not begin at once upon the Subject, and say at the same time something agreeable to me, said, Your Father and Mother have had a great deal of Talk by this Time, about you, *Pamela*. O, Sir, return'd I, your Goodness has made them quite happy. But I can't help being concern'd about Lady *Davers*.

He said, I am vex'd I did not hear the Footman out; because it runs in my Head, he talk'd somewhat about her coming hither. She will meet with but an indifferent Reception from me, without she comes resolv'd to behave better than she writes.

Pray, Sir, said I, be pleas'd to bear with my good Lady, for two Reasons. What are they, said he? Why first, Sir, answer'd I, Because she is your Sister, and, to be sure, may very well think, what all the World will, that you have much demean'd yourself in making me happy. And next, Because, if her Ladyship finds you out of Temper with her, it will still aggravate her more against me; and every time that any warm Words you may use between you, come into her Mind, she will disdain me more.

Don't concern yourself about it, said he; for we have more proud Ladies than she in our t'other Neighbourhood, who perhaps, have still less Reason to be punctilious about their Descent, and yet will form themselves upon her Example, and say, Why, his own Sister will not forgive him, nor visit him! And so, if I can subdue her Spirit, which is more than her Husband ever could, or indeed any body else, it is a great Point gain'd: And, if she gives me Reason, I'll try for it, I assure you.

Well, but my dear Girl, continu'd he, since the Subject is so important, may I not say one Word about to-morrow? — Sir, said I, I hope I shall be less a Fool: I have talk'd as harshly to my Heart, as Lady *Davers* can do, and the naughty Thing suggests to me a better and more grateful Behaviour.

He smil'd, and kissing me, said, I took Notice, *Pamela*, of what you observ'd, that you have none of your own Sex with you: I think it is a little hard upon you; and I should have lik'd you should have had Miss *Darnford*; but then her Sister must have been ask'd; and I might as well make a publick Wedding; which, you know, would have requir'd Cloaths, and other Preparations. Besides, added he, a foolish Proposal was once made me of that second Sister, who has two or three thousand Pounds more than the other, left her by a Godmother, and she can't help being a little piqu'd; tho', said he, it was a Proposal they could not expect should succeed; for there is nothing in her Person nor Mind; and her Fortune, as that must have been the only Inducement, would not do by any means; and so I discourag'd it at once.

I am thinking, Sir, said I, of another mortifying Thing too; That were you to marry a Lady of Birth and Fortune, answerable to your own, all the Eve to the Day, would be taken up in reading, signing and sealing of Settlements, and Portion, and such-like. But now the poor *Pamela* brings you nothing at all! And the very Cloaths she wears, so very low is she, are intirely the Effects of your Bounty, and that of your good Mother! This makes me a little sad! — For, alas! Sir, I am so much oppressed by your Favours, and the Sense of the Obligations I owe you, that I cannot look up with the Confidence that I otherwise should, on this awful Occasion.

There is, my dear *Pamela*, said he, where the Power is wanting, as much Generosity in the Will as in the Action. To all that know your Story and your Merit, it will appear, that I cannot recompense you for what I have made you suffer. You have had too many hard Struggles and Exercises; and have nobly overcome; and who shall grudge you the Reward of the hard-bought Victory? — This Affair is so much the Act of my own Will, that I glory in being capable of distinguishing so much Excellence; and my Fortune is the more pleasureable to me, as it gives me Hope that I may make you some Part of Satisfaction for what you have undergone.

This, Sir, said I, is all Goodness, unmerited on my Side; and makes my Obligations the greater! I can only wish for more Worthiness! — But how poor is it to offer nothing but Words for such generous Deeds! — And to say, I *wish!* — For what is a Wish, but the acknowledg'd want of Power to oblige! And a Demonstration of one's Poverty, in every thing but *Will!*

And that, my dear Girl, said he, is every thing! 'Tis All I want! 'Tis All that God himself requires of us; for where there is a *Will*, the Actions must be govern'd by it, or it cannot be called a Will: But no more of these little Doubts, tho' they are the natural Impulses of a generous and grateful Heart. I want not to be employ'd in Settlements: That is for those to regard, who make Convenience and Fortune the prime Considerations. I have Possessions ample enough for us both; and you deserve to share them with me; and you shall do it, with as little Reserve, as if you had brought me what the World reckons an Equivalent: For, as to my own Opinion, you bring me what is infinitely more valuable, an experienc'd Truth, a well-try'd Virtue, and a Wit and Behaviour more than

equal to the Station you will be placed in: To say nothing of this sweet Person, that itself might captivate a Monarch; and of the Meekness of a Temper, and Sweetness of Disposition, which make you superior to all the Women I ever saw.

Thus kind and soothing, and honourably affectionate was the dear Gentleman, to the unworthy, doubting, yet assured *Pamela*; and thus patiently did he indulge, and generously pardon, my impertinent Weakness. He offer'd to go himself to Lady *Jones*, in the Morning, and reveal the Matter to her, and desine her Secrecy and Presence; but I said, That would disoblige the young Lady *Darnfords*. No, Sir, said I, I will cast myself upon your generous Kindness; for why should I fear the kind Protector of my Weakness, and the Guide and Director of my future Steps?

You cannot, said he, forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*; for she must know it; and suffer her to be with you? Yes, Sir, said I, I can: She is very civil to me now: And her former Wickedness I will forgive, for the sake of the happy Fruits that have attended it; and because *you* mention her.

Well, said he, I will call her in, if you please!— As you please, Sir, said I. And he rung for her; and when she came in, he said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am going to intrust you with a Secret. Sir, answer'd she, I will be sure to keep it as such. Why, said he, we intend to—morrow, privately as possible, for our Wedding—day; and Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* are to be here, as to Breakfast with me, and to shew Mr. *Peters* my little Chapel. As soon as the Ceremony is over, we will take a little Airing in the Chariot, as we have done at other times; and so it will not be wonder'd that we are dress'd. And the two Parsons have promis'd Secrecy, and will go home. I believe you can't well avoid letting one of the Maids into the Secret; but that I leave to you.

Sir, reply'd she, we all concluded it would be in a few Days; and I doubt it won't be long a Secret. No, said he, I don't desire it should; but you know we are not provided for a publick Wedding, and I shall declare it when we go to *Bedfordshire*, which won't be long. But the Men, who lie in the Outhouses, need not know it; for, by some means or other, my Sister *Davers* knows all that passes.

Do you know, Sir, said she, that her Ladyship intends to be down here with you, in a few Days? Her Servant told me so, who brought you the Letter you was angry at. I hope, said he, we shall be set out for t'other House first; and shall be pleas'd she loses her Labour. Sir, continu'd she, her Ladyship proposes to be here time enough to hinder your Nuptials; which she, as well as we did, takes will be the Latter—end of next Week. Well, said he, let her come; but yet I desire not to see her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said to me, Give me Leave, Madam, to wish you all manner of Happiness. But I am afraid I have too well obey'd his Honour, to be forgiven by you. Indeed, Mrs. *Jewkes*, return'd I, you will be more your own Enemy than I will be. I will look all forward: And shall not presume, so much as by a Whisper, to set my good Master against any one he pleases to approve of. And, as to his old Servants, I shall always value them, and never offer to dictate to his Choice, or influence it by my own Caprices.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, you find you have no Cause to apprehend any thing. My *Pamela* is very placable; and as we have both been Sinners together, we must be both included in one Act of Grace.

Such an Example of Condescension, as I have before me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, may make you very easy; for I must be highly unworthy, if I did not forego all my little Resentments, if I had any, for the sake of so much Goodness to myself.

You are very kind, Madam, said she; and you may depend upon it, I will atone for all my Faults, by my future Duty and Respect to you, as well as to my Master.

That's well said on both sides, said he; but, Mrs. *Jewkes*, to assure you that my good Girl here has no Malice, she chuses you to attend her in the Morning, at the Ceremony, and you must keep up her Spirits. —I shall, reply'd she, be very proud of the Honour: But I cannot, Madam, but wonder to see you so very low—spirited, as you have been these two or three Days past, with so much Happiness before you.

Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*, answer'd I, there can be but one Reason given; and that is, that I am a sad Fool!— But, indeed, I am not ingrateful neither; nor would I put on a foolish Affectation: But my Heart, at times, sinks within me; I know not why, except at my own Unworthiness, and because the Honour done me is too high for me to support myself under, as I should do. It is an Honour, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added I, I was not born to; and no wonder then, I behave so awkwardly. She made me a fine Compliment upon it, and withdrew, repeating her Promises of Care, Secrecy, &c.

He parted with me, with infinite Tenderness; and I came up, and set to writing, to amuse my Thoughts, and

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wrote thus far. And Mrs. *Jewkes* being come up, and it being past Twelve, I will go to-bed; but not one Wink, I fear, shall I get this Night. — I could beat myself for Anger. Sure there is nothing ominous in this strange Folly! — But I suppose all young Maidens are the same, so near so great a Change of Condition, tho' they carry it off more discreetly than I.

**THURSDAY, Six o'Clock in the Morning.**

I Might as well have not gone to-bed last Night, for what Sleep I had. Mrs. *Jewkes* often was talking to me, and said several things that would have been well enough from any body else of our Sex; but the poor Woman has so little Purity of Heart, that it is all *Say* from her, and goes no further than my Ears.

I fancy my Master has not slept much neither; for I heard him up, and walking about his Chamber, ever since Break of Day. To be sure, poor Gentleman, he must have some Concern, as well as I; for here he is going to marry a poor foolish unworthy Girl, brought up on the Charity, as one may say, (at least, Bounty) of his worthy Family! And this foolish Girl must be, to all Intents and Purposes, after Twelve o'Clock this Day, as much his Wife, as if he were to marry a Dutchess! — And here he must stand the Shocks of common Reflection; The great 'Squire *B.* has done finely! he has marry'd his poor Servant *Wench!* will some say. The Ridicule and rude Jests of his Equals, and Companions too, he must stand: And the Disdain of his Relations, and Indignation of Lady *Davers*, his lofty Sister! — Dear good Gentleman! he will have enough to do, to be sure! —O how shall I merit all these things at his Hands! I can only do the best I can; and pray to God to reward him, and to resolve to love him with a pure Heart, and serve him with a sincere Obedience. I hope the dear Gentleman will continue to love me for this; for, alas! I have nothing else to offer! But, as I can hardly expect so great a Blessing, if I can be secure from his Contempt, I shall not be unfortunate; and must bear his Indifference, if his rich Friends should inspire him with it, and proceed with doing my Duty with Chearfulness.

**Half an Hour past Eight o'Clock.**

My good dear Master, my kind Friend, my generous Benefactor, my worthy Protector, and, Oh! all the good Words in one, my affectionate Husband, that is so soon to be, (be curbed in, my proud Heart, know thyself, and be conscious of thy Unworthiness!—) has just left me, with the kindest, tenderest Expressions, and gentlest Behaviour that ever blest a happy Maiden. He approached me with a sort of reined-in Rapture. My *Pamela!* said he, May I just ask after your Employment! Don't let me chide my dear Girl this Day, however. The two Parsons will be here to Breakfast with us at Nine; and yet you are not a bit dress'd! Why this Absence of Mind, and sweet Irresolution!

Why, indeed, Sir, said I! I will set about a Reformation this Instant! He saw the Common-prayer Book lying in the Window. I hope, said he, my lovely Maiden has been conning the Lesson she is by—and-by to repeat. Have you not, *Pamela?* and clasped his Arms about me, and kissed me. Indeed, Sir, said I, I have been reading over the solemn Service?— And what thinks my Fairest, for so he called me, of it? —O Sir, 'tis very awful, and makes one shudder to reflect upon it!— No wonder, said he, it should affect my sweet *Pamela* : I have been looking into it this Morning, and I can't say, but I think it a solemn, but very suitable Service. But this I tell my dear Love, continu'd he, and again clasped me to him, There is not a Tittle in it, that I cannot joyfully subscribe to: And that, my dear *Pamela*, should make you easy, and join chearfully in it with me. I kissed his dear Hand; O my generous, kind Protector, said I, how gracious is it to confirm thus the doubting Mind of your poor Servant! which apprehends nothing so much as her own Unworthiness of the Honour and Blessing that await her!— He was pleased to say, I know well, my dearest Creature, that, according to the Liberties we People of Fortune generally give ourselves, I have promised a great deal, when I say so. But I would not have said it, if, deliberately, I could not with all my Heart. So, banish from your Mind all Doubts and Difficulties; let a generous Confidence in me take place; and let me see it does, by your Chearfulness, in this Day's solemn Business; and then I will love you for ever!

May God Almighty, Sir, said I, reward all your Goodness to me! —That is all I can say. But, Oh! how kind it is in you, to supply the want of the Presence and Comfortings of a dear Mother; of a loving Sister, or of the kind Companions of my own Sex, which most Maidens have, to sooth their Anxieties on the so near Approach of so awful a Solemnity! —You, Sir, are All these tender Relations in One to me! Your Condescensions and Kindness shall, if possible, embolden me to look up to you without that sweet Terror, that must confuse poor bashful Maidens, on such an Occasion, when they are surrender'd up to a more doubtful Happiness, and to half strange Men; whose good Faith, and good Usage of them, must be less experienced, and is all involv'd in the dark Bosom of Futurity, and only to be proved by the Event.

This, my dear *Pamela*, said he, is most kindly said! —It shews me, that you enter gratefully into my Intention. For I would, by my Conduct, supply all these dear Relations to you; and I voluntarily promise, from my Heart, to you, what I think I could not with such assured Resolutions of Performance, to the highest-born Lady in the Kingdom. For, let me tell my sweet Girl, that, after having been long tost by the boisterous Winds of a more culpable Passion, I have now conquer'd it, and am not so much the Victim of your Love, all charming as you are, as of your Virtue; and therefore I may more boldly promise for myself, having so stable a Foundation for my Affection; which, should this outward Beauty fail, will increase with your Virtue, and shine forth the brighter, as that is more illustriously display'd, by the augmented Opportunities which the Condition you are now entering into, will afford you. —O the dear charming Man! how nobly, and encouragingly kind was all this!

I could not suitably express myself, and he said, I see my Girl is at a Loss for Words! I doubt not your kind Acceptance of my Declarations. And when I have acted too much the Part of a Libertine formerly, for you to look back without some Anxiety, I ought not, being now happily convicted, to say less. —But why loses my dear Girl her Time? I will now only add, that I hope for many happy Years to make good, by my Conduct, what so willingly flows from my Lips.

He kissed me again, and said, But, whatever you do, *Pamela*, be chearful; for else, may-be, of the small Company we shall have, some one, not knowing how to account for your too nice Modesty, may think there is *some other* Person in the World, whose Addresses would be still more agreeable to you.

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This he said with an Air of Sweetness and Plesantry; but it alarm'd me exceedingly, and made me resolve to appear as calm and chearful as possible. For this was indeed a most affecting Expression, and enough to make me, if any thing can, behave as I ought, and to force my idle Fears to give way to Hopes, so much better grounded. —And I began almost, on this Occasion, to wish Mr. *Williams* were not to marry me, lest I should behave like a Fool; and so be liable to an Imputation, which I should be most unworthy if I deserved.

So I set about dressing me instantly; and he sent Mrs. *Jewkes* to assist me. But I am never long a Dressing, when I set about it; and my Master has now given me a Hint, that will, for half an Hour more, at least, keep my Spirits in a brisk Circulation. Yet it concerns me a little too, lest he should have any, the least Shadow of a Doubt, that I am not, Mind and Person, intirely his. And so being now ready, and not called to Breakfast, I sat down and writ thus far. I might have mention'd, that I dress'd myself in a rich white Sattin Night-gown, that had been my good Lady's, and my best Head-cloths, &c. I have got such a Knack of writing, that, when I am by myself, I cannot sit without a Pen in my Hand. —But I am now called to Breakfast. I suppose the Gentlemen are come! —Now, Courage, *Pamela*; Remember thou art upon thy good Behaviour: —Fie upon it! my Heart begins to flutter again! —Foolish Heart! lie still! Never, sure, was any Maiden's perverse Heart under so little Command as mine! —It gave itself away, at first, without my Leave; it has been, for Weeks, pressing me with its Wishes; and yet now, when it should be happy itself, and make me so, it is throb, throb, throb, like a little Fool; and filling me with such unseasonable Misgivings, as abate the rising Comforts of all my better Prospects!

**THURSDAY, near Three o-Clock .**

I Thought I should have found no Time nor Heart to write again this Day. But here are three Gentlemen come, unexpectedly, to dine with my Master; and so I shall not appear. He has done all he could, civilly, to send them away; but they will stay, tho', I believe, he had rather they would not. And so I have nothing to do but to write till I go to Dinner myself with Mrs. *Jewkes*: For my Master was not prepared for this company; and it will be a little latish to day. So I will begin with my happy Story where I left off.

When I came down to Breakfast, Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* were both there. And as soon as my Master heard me coming down, he met me at the Door, and led me in with great Tenderness. He had kindly spoke to them, as he told me afterwards, to mention no more of the Matter to me, than needs must. I paid my Respects to them, I believe, a little awkwardly, and was almost out of Breath; but said, I had come down a little too fast.

When *Abraham* came in to wait, my Master said, (that the Servants should not mistrust) 'Tis well, Gentlemen, you came as you did: For my good Girl and I were going to take an Airing till Dinnertime. I hope you'll stay and dine with me. Sir, said Mr. *Peters*, we won't hinder you; I only came, having a little Time upon my Hands, to see your Chapel; but must be at home at Dinner; and Mr. *Williams* will dine with me. Well then, said my Master, we will pursue our Intention, and ride out for an Hour or two, as soon as I have shewed Mr. *Peters* my little Chapel. Will you, *Pamela*, after Breakfast, walk with us to it? *If* — *if*, said I, and had like to have stammer'd, foolish that I was! *if* you please, Sir. I could look none of them in the Face! *Abraham* looking at me; Why, Child, said my Master, you have hardly recover'd your Fright yet: How came your Foot to slip? 'Tis well you did not hurt yourself. Said Mr. *Peters*, improving the Hint, You han't sprain'd your Ankle, Madam, I hope? No, Sir, said I, I believe not! But 'tis a little *painful* to me. And so it was; for I meant my Foolishness! — *Abraham*, said my Master, bid *Robin* put the Horses to the Coach, instead of the Chariot; and if these Gentlemen *will* go, we can set them down. No matter, Sir, said Mr. *Peters*, I had as lieve walk, if Mr. *Williams* chuses it. Well then, said my Master, let it be the Chariot, as I told him.

I could eat nothing, tho' I attempted it; and my Hand shook so, I spilled some of my Chocolate, and so put it down again; and they were all very good, and looked another way. My Master said, when *Abraham* was out, I have a quite plain Ring here, Mr. *Peters*. And I hope the Ceremony will dignify the Ring; and that I shall give my Girl Reason to think it, for that Cause, the most valuable one that can be presented her. Mr. *Peters* said, he was sure I should set more by it, than the richest Diamond in the World.

I had bid Mrs. *Jewkes* not to dress herself, lest she should give Cause of Mistrust; and she took my Advice.

When Breakfast was over, my Master said, before *Abraham*, Well, Gentlemen, we will step into the Chapel; and you must give me your Advice, as to the Alterations I design. I am in the more Haste, because the Survey you are going to take of it, for the Alterations, will take up a little time; and we shall have but a small Space between that and Dinner, for the Tour I design to make. — *Pamela*, you'll give us your Opinion, won't you? Yes, Sir, said I; I'll come after you.

So they went out, and I sat down in the Chair again, and fanned myself; I am sick at Heart, said I, I think, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Said she, Shall I fetch you a little Cordial? — No, said I, I am a sad Fool! I want Spirits, that's all. She took her Smelling-bottle, and would have given it me; but I said, Keep it in your Hand; may-be, I may want it; but I hope not.

She gave me very good Words; and begg'd me to go: And I got up, but my Knees beat so against one another, I was forced to sit down again. But, at last, I held by her Arm; and passing by *Abraham*, I said, This ugly Slip, coming down Stairs, has made me limp, tho'; so I must hold by you. Do you know, said I, what Alterations there are to be in the Chapel, that we must all give our Opinions of them?

*Nan*, she told me, was let into the Secret; and she had order'd her to stay at the Chapel Door, to see that nobody came in. My dear Master came to me, at entering the Chapel, and took my Hand, and led me up to the Altar. Remember, my dear Girl, whisper'd he, and be cheerful. I am, I will, sir, said I; but I hardly knew what I said; and so you may believe, when I said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Don't leave me; pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't leave me; as if I had all Confidence in her, and none where it was most due. So she kept close to me. God forgive me! but I never was so absent in my Life, as at first: Even till Mr. *Williams* had gone on in the Service, so far as to the awful Words about

*requiring us, as we should answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment;* and then the solemn Words, and my Master's whispering, Mind this, my Dear, made me start. Said he, still whispering, Know *you* any Impediment? I blush'd, and said, softly, None, Sir, but my great Unworthiness.

Then follow'd the sweet Words, *Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded Wife, &c.* and I began to take Heart a little, when my dearest Master answer'd, audibly, to this Question, *I will.* But I could only make a Curchee, when they asked me; tho', I am sure, my Heart was readier than my Speech, and answer'd to every Article of *obey, serve, love and honour.*

Mr. *Peters* gave me away, and I said after Mr. *Williams*, as well as I could, as my dear Master did, with a much better Grace, the Words of Betrothment; and the Ceremony of the Ring passing next, I received the dear Favour at his worthy Hands, with a most grateful Heart; and he was pleased to say afterwards, in the Chariot, that when he had done saying, *With this Ring I thee wed, &c.* I made a Curchee, and said, Thank you, Sir. May-be, I did; for, I am sure, it was a most grateful Part of the Service; and my Heart was overwhelm'd with his Goodness, and the tender Grace wherewith he perform'd it. I was very glad, that the next Part was the Prayer, and Kneeling; for I trembled so, I could hardly stand, betwixt Fear and Delight.

The joining of our Hands afterwards, the Declaration of our being marry'd to the few Witnesses present; for, reckoning *Nan*, whose Curiosity would not let her stay at the Door, they were but Mr. *Peters*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and she; the Blessing, the Psalm, and the subsequent Prayers, and the concluding Exhortation, were so many beautiful, welcome and lovely Parts of this divine Office, that my Heart began to be delighted with them, and my Spirits to be a little freer.

And thus, my dearest, dear Parents, is your happy, happy, thrice happy *Pamela*, at last, marry'd; and to who?—Why, to her beloved, gracious Master! the Lord of her Wishes! —And thus the dear, once naughty Assailer of her Innocence, by a blessed Turn of Providence, is become the kind, the generous Protector and Rewarder of it. God be evermore blessed and praised! and make me not wholly unworthy of such a transcendent Honour!— And bless and reward the dear, dear good Gentleman, who has thus exalted his unworthy Servant, and given her a Place, which the greatest Ladies would think themselves happy in!

My Master saluted me most ardently, and said, God give you, my dear Love, as much Joy on this Occasion, as I have. And he presented me to Mr. *Peters*, who saluted me; and said, You may excuse me, dear Madam; for I gave you away, and you are my Daughter. And Mr. *Williams* modestly withdrawing a little way; Mr. *Williams*, said my Master, pray accept my Thanks, and wish your *Sister* Joy. So he saluted me too; and said, Most heartily, Madam, I do. And I will say, that to see so much Innocence and Virtue, so eminently rewarded, is one of the greatest Pleasures I have ever known. This my Master took very kindly.

Mrs. *Jewkes* would have kissed my Hand at the Chapel Door; but I put my Arms about her Neck, for I had got a new Recruit of Spirits just then, and kissed her; and said, Thank you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, for accompanying me. I have behav'd sadly. No, Madam, said she, pretty well, pretty well! While the Gentlemen were talking, I dropt down on my Knees in a Corner, and once more blessed God for this so signal a Mercy; and Mr. *Peters* afterwards walked out with me; and Mr. *Williams* and my Master talked together, and came out after us.

Mr. *Peters*, when we came into the Parlour, said, I once more, Madam, must wish you Joy of this happy Occasion. I wish every Day may add to your Comsorts; and may you very long rejoice in one another; for you are the loveliest Couple I ever saw join'd. I told him, I was infinitely oblig'd to his kind Opinion, and good Wishes; and hoped my future Conduct would not make me unworthy of them.

My good Benefactor came in with Mr. *Williams*: So, my dear Life, said he, How do you do? A little more compos'd, I hope! —Well, you see this is not so dreadful an Affair as you apprehended. Sir, said Mr. *Peters*, very kindly, 'tis a very solemn Circumstance, and I love to see it so reverently and awfully enter'd upon. It is a most excellent Sign; for the most thoughtful Beginnings make the most prudent Proceedings. Mrs. *Jewkes*, of her own accord, came in with a large silver Tumbler, filled with Sack, and a Toast, and Nutmeg, and Sugar; and my Master said, That's well thought of, Mrs. *Jewkes*; for we have made but sorry Breakfastings. And he would make me take some of the Toast; as they all did, and drank pretty heartily: And I drank a little, and it chear'd my Heart, I thought, for an Hour after.

My Master took a fine Diamond Ring from his Finger, and presented it to Mr. *Peters*; who receiv'd it very kindly. And to Mr. *Williams* he said, My old Acquaintance, I have reserv'd for you, against a Variety of Sollicitations, the Living I always design'd for you; and I beg you'll prepare to take Possession of it; and as the

doing it may be attended with some Expence, pray accept of this towards it; and so he gave him (as he told me afterwards it was) a Bank Note of 50*l*.

So did this generous good Gentleman bless us all, and me in particular; for whose sake he was as bounteous as if he had marry'd one of the noblest Fortunes.

So he took his Leave of the Gentlemen, recommending Secrecy again, for a few Days, and they left him; and none of the Servants suspected any thing, as Mrs. *Jewkes* believes. And then I threw myself at his Feet, blessing God, and blessing him for his Goodness, and he overwhelm'd me with Kindness; calling me his sweet Bride, and twenty lovely Epithets, that swell my grateful Heart beyond the Power of Utterance.

He afterwards led me to the Chariot; and we took a delightful Tour round the neighbouring Villages; and he did all he could, to dissipate those still perverse Anxieties that dwell upon my Mind, and, do what I can, spread too thoughtful an Air, as he tells me, over my Countenance.

We came home again by half an Hour after One; and he was pleasing himself with thinking, not to be an Hour out of my Company this blessed Day, that (as he was so good as to say) he might inspire me with a Familiarity that should improve my Confidence in him, when he was told, that a Footman of Sir *Charles Hargrave* had been here, to let him know, that his Master, and two other Gentlemen, were on the Road to take a Dinner with him, in their Way to *Nottingham*.

He was heartily vex'd at this, and said to me, He should have been glad of their Companies at any other Time; but that it was a barbarous Intrusion now; and he wish'd they had been told he would not be at home at Dinner: And besides, said he, they are horrid Drinkers, and I shan't be able to get them away to Night, perhaps; for they have nothing to do, but travel round the Country, and beat up their Friends Quarters all the Way; and 'tis all one to them, whether they stay a Night, or a Month, at a Place. But, added he, I'll find some way, if I can, to turn them off, after Dinner.— Confound them, said he, in a violent Pet, that they should come this Day, of all the Days in the Year!

We had hardly alighted, and got in, before they came; three mad Rakes they seem'd to be, as I looked out of the Window, setting up a Hunting-note, as soon as they came to the Gate, that made the Court-yard echo again, and smacking their Whips in Concert.

So I went up to my Chamber, and saw (what made my Heart throb) Mrs. *Jewkes's* officious Pains to put the Room in Order for a Guest, that however welcome, as now my Duty teaches me to say, is yet dreadful to me to think of. So I refuged myself in my Closet, and had recourse to Pen and Ink, for my Amusement, and to divert my Anxiety of Mind. —If one's Heart is so sad, and one's Apprehensions so great, where one so extremely loves, and is so extremely obliged; What must be the Case of those poor Maidens, who are forced, for sordid Views, by their tyrannical Parents, or Guardians, to marry the Man they almost hate, and, perhaps, to the Loss of the Man they most love? O that is a sad thing indeed!— And what have not such cruel Parents to answer for? and what do not such poor innocent Victims suffer?— But, blessed be God, this Lot is far from being mine!

My good Master, for I cannot yet have the Presumption to call him by a more tender Epithet, came up to me; and said, Well, I just came to ask my dear Bride! (O the charming, charming Word!) how she does? I see you are writing, my Dear, said he: These consounded Rakes are half mad, I think, and will make me so! However, said he, I have order'd my Chariot to be got ready, as if I was under an Engagement five Miles off, and will set them out of the House, if possible; and then ride round, and come back, as soon as I can get rid of them. I find, said he, Lady *Davers* is full of our Affairs. She has taken great Freedoms with me before Sir *Charles*; and they have all been at me, without Mercy; and I was forced to be very serious with them, or else they would have come up to have seen you, as I would not call you down.— He kissed me, and said, I shall quarrel with them, if I can't get them away; for I have lost two or three precious Hours with my Soul's Delight; and so he went down.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd me to walk down to Dinner in the little Parlour. I went down, and she was so complaisant as to offer to wait upon me at Table; and would not be persuaded, without Difficulty, to sit down with me. But I insisted she should; For, said I, it would be very extraordinary if one should so soon go into such Distance, Mrs. *Jewkes*! — Whatever the Station of our good Master may require of me, added I, I hope I shall always conduct myself in such a manner, that Pride and Insolence shall bear no Part in my Character. You are very good, Madam, said she; but I will always know my Duty to my Master's Lady. —Why then, reply'd I, if I must take State upon me so early, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me exact from you what you call your Duty; and sit down with me when I desire you. This prevailed upon her; and I made shift to eat a bit of Apple-pie, and a little Custard; but I had no Appetite

to any thing else.

My good Master came in again, and said, Well, thank my Stars! these Rakes are going now; but I must set out with them; and I chuse my Chariot; for if I took Horse, I should have Difficulty to part with them; for they are like a Snow-ball, and intend to gather Company as they go, to make a merry Tour of it for some Days together. We both got up, when he came in; Fie, *Pamela*, said he! why this Ceremony now? —Sit still, Mrs. *Jewkes*!— Nay, Sir, said she, I was loth to sit down, but my Lady would have me!— She is very right, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, and tapp'd me on the Cheek; for we are not yet half marry'd; and so she is not above half your Lady yet! —Don't look so down, don't be so silent, my Dearest, said he; why, you hardly spoke twenty Words to me all the time we were out together. Something I will allow for your bashful Sweetness; but not too much. —Mrs. *Jewkes*, have you no pleasant Tales to tell my *Pamela*, to make her smile, till I return? —Yes, Sir, said she, I could tell twenty pleasant Stories; but my Lady is too nice to hear them; and yet, I hope, I should not be shocking neither. Ah! poor Woman! thought I; thy chastest Stories will make a modest Person blush, if I know thee; and I desire to hear none of them. My Master said, Tell her one of the shortest you have, in my Hearing. Why, Sir, said she, I knew a bashful young Lady, as Madam may be, marry'd to —— Dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, interrupted I, no more of your Story, I beseech you! I don't like the Beginning of it. Go on, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master. No, pray, Sir, don't require it, said I; pray don't. Well, said he, then we'll have it another time, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

And so *Abraham* coming to tell him, the Gentlemen were going, and his Chariot was ready; Thank God, said he; and went to them, and sat out with them. I took a Turn in the Garden, with Mrs. *Jewkes*, after they were gone: And having walked a-while, I said, I should be glad of her Company down the Elm-walk, to meet the Chariot: For, Oh! I know not how to look up at him, when he is with me; nor how to bear his Absence, when I have Reason to expect him! What a strange Contradiction there is in this unaccountable Passion!

What a different Aspect every thing in and about this House bears now, to my thinking, to what it once had! The Garden, the Pond, the Alcove, the Elm-walk. But, Oh! my Prison is become my Palace; and no wonder every thing wears another Face! We sat down upon the broad Style, leading towards the Road, and Mrs. *Jewkes* was quite another Person to me, to what she was the last time I sat there!

At last by best Beloved return'd, and alighted there. What, my *Pamela*! (said he, and kissed me) brings you this way? I hope, to meet me? —Yes, Sir, said I. That's kind, indeed, said he; but why that averted Eye?—that down-cast Countenance, as if you was afraid of me? You must not think so, Sir, said I. Revive my Heart then, said he, with a more chearful Aspect; and let that over-anxious Sollicitude which appears in the charmingest Face in the World, be chased from it.— Have you, my dear Girl, any Fears that I can dissipate; any Doubts that I can obviate; any Hopes that I can encourage; any Request that I can gratify? Speak, my dear *Pamela*; and if I have Power, *but* speak, and to purchase one Smile, it shall be done!

I cannot, Sir, said I, have any Fears, any Doubts, but that I shall never be able to deserve all your Goodness. I have no Hopes, but that my future Conduct may be agreeable to you, and my determined Duty well accepted. Nor have I any Request to make, but that you will forgive all my Imperfections; and, among the rest, this foolish Weakness, that makes me seem to you, after all the generous Things that have passed, to want this further Condescension, and these kind Assurances. But, indeed, Sir, I am oppress'd by your Bounty; my Spirits sink under the Weight of it; and the Oppression is still the greater, as I see not how, possibly, in my whole future Life, by all I can do, to merit the least of your Favours.

I know your grateful Heart, said he, but remember, my Dear, what the Lawyers tell us, That Marriage is the highest Consideration which the Law knows. And this, my sweet Bride, has made you mine, and me yours; and you have the best Claim in the World to share my Fortune with me. But, set that Consideration aside, what is the Obligation you have to me? Your Mind is pure as that of an Angel, and as much transcends mine. Your Wit and your Judgment, to make you no Compliment, are more than equal to mine: You have all the Graces that Education can give a Woman; improv'd by a Genius which makes those Graces natural to you. You have a Sweetness of Temper, and a noble Sincerity, beyond all Compare; and in the Beauty of your Person, you excel all the Ladies I ever saw. Where then, my Dearest, is the Obligation, if not on my side to you? —But to avoid these Comparisons, let us talk of nothing henceforth but Equality; for if you will set the Riches of your Mind, and your unblemished Virtue, against my Fortune, (which is but an accidental Good, as I may call it, and all I have to boast of) the Condescension will be yours; and I shall not think I can possibly deserve you, till, after your sweet Example, my future Life shall become nearly as blameless as yours.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

O Sir, said I, what Comfort do you give me, that, instead of my being in Danger of being insnared by the high Condition to which your Goodness has exalted me, you make me hope, that I shall be confirm'd and improv'd by you; and that we may have a Prospect of perpetuating each other's Happiness, till Time shall be no more! —But, Sir, I will not, as you once caution'd me, be too serious. I will resolve, with these sweet Encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be! And I hope I shall, more and more, shew you that I have no Will but yours. He kissed me very tenderly, and thanked me for this kind Assurance, as he called it. And so we enter'd the House, Mrs. *Jewkes* having left us as soon as my Master alighted.

**Eight o'Clock at Night.**

Now these sweet Assurances, my dear Father and Mother, you will say, must be very Consolatory to me, and voluntierly on his Side, all that could be wish'd for on mine; and I was resolv'd, if possible, to subdue my idle Fears and Apprehensions.

## Ten o'Clock at Night.

As we sat at Supper, he was generously kind to me, as well in his Actions as Expressions. He took notice, in the most delicate manner, of my Endeavour to conquer my Foibles, and said, I see, with Pleasure, my dear Girl strives to comport herself in a manner suitable to my Wishes: I see even thro' the sweet tender Struggles of your over-nice Modesty, how much I owe to your Desire of obliging me. As I have once told you, that I am the Conquest more of your Virtue than your Beauty; so, not one alarming Word or Look shall my beloved *Pamela* hear or see, to give her Reason to suspect the Truth of what I aver. You may the rather believe me, continued he, as you may see the Pain I have to behold any thing that concerns you, even tho' your Concern be causeless. And yet I will indulge my dear Girl's bashful Weakness so far, as to own that so pure a Mind may suffer from Apprehension, on so important a Change as this; and I can therefore be only displeas'd with such Part of your Conduct, as may make your Sufferings greater than my own; when I am resolv'd, thro' every Stage of my future Life, in all Events, to study to make them less.

After Supper, of which, with all his sweet Persuasions, I could hardly taste, he made me drink two Glasses of Champaign, and afterwards a Glass of Sack; which he kindly forc'd upon me, by naming your Healths: And as the Time of retiring drew on, he took notice, but in a very delicate manner, how my Colour went and came; and how foolishly I trembled. Nobody, surely, in such delightful Circumstances, ever behav'd so silly!— And he said, My dearest Girl, I fear you have had too much of my Company for so many Hours together; and would better recollect yourself, if you retir'd for half an Hour to your Closet.

I wish'd for this, but durst not say so much, lest he should be angry; for, as the Hours grew on, I found my Apprehensions increase, and my silly Heart was the unquieter, every time I could lift up my Eyes to his dear Face; so sweetly terrible did he appear to my Apprehensions. I said, You are all Goodness, dear Sir; and I boldly kiss'd his dear Hand, and press'd it to my Lips, with both mine. And he saluting me very fervently, gave me his Hand, seeing me hardly able to stand, and led me to my Chamber-door, and then most generously withdrew.

I went to my Closet; and the first thing I did, on my Knees, again thank'd God for the Blessing of the Day; and besought his Divine Goodness to conduct my future Life in such a manner, as should make me a happy Instrument of his Glory. After this, being now left to my own Recollection, I grew a little more assur'd and lightsome; and the Pen and my Paper being before me, I amus'd myself with writing thus far.

## Eleven o'Clock Thursday Night.

Mrs. *Jewkes* being come up with a Message, desiring to know, whether her Master may attend upon me in my *Closet*; and hinting to me, that, however, she believed, he did not expect to find me *there*, I have sent Word, that I beg he would indulge me one Quarter of an Hour.— So, committing myself to the Mercies of the Almighty, who has led me thro' so many strange Scenes of Terror and Affrightment, to this happy, yet awful Moment, I will wish you, my dear Parents, a good Night; and tho' you will not see this in time, yet I know I have your hourly Prayers; and therefore cannot fail of them now. So, Good–night, Good–night! God bless you, and God bless me. *Amen*, *Amen*, if it be his blessed Will, subscribes

*Your ever dutiful Daughter!*

**FRIDAY Evening.**

O How this dear, excellent Man indulges me in every thing! Every Hour he makes me happier, by his sweet Condescension, than the former. He pities my Weakness of Mind, allows for all my little Foibles, endeavours to dissipate my Fears; his Words are so pure, his Ideas so chaste, and his whole Behaviour so sweetly decent, that never, surely, was so happy a Creature as your *Pamela*! I never could have hoped such a Husband could have fallen to my Lot! And much less, that a Gentleman, who had allow'd himself in Attempts, that now I will endeavour to forget for ever, should have behav'd with so very delicate and unexceptionable a Demeanour. No light, frothy Jests drop from his Lips; no alarming Railleries; no offensive Expressions, nor insulting Airs, reproach or wound the Ears of your happy, thrice happy Daughter. In short, he says every thing that may embolden me to look up, with Pleasure, upon the generous Author of my Happiness.

At Breakfast, when I knew not how to see him, he embolden'd me by talking of *you*, my dear Parents; a Subject, he generously knew, I could talk of: And gave me Assurances, that he would make you both happy. He said, he would have me send you a Letter, to acquaint you with my Nuptials; and, as he could make Business that way, *Thomas* should carry it purposely, as to-morrow. Nor will I, said he, my dear *Pamela*, desire to see your Writings, because I told you I would not; for now will I, in every thing, religiously keep my Word with my dear Spouse (O the dear delightful Word!); and you may send all your Papers to them, from those they have, down to this happy Moment; only let me beg they will preserve them, and let me have them when they have read them, as also those I have not seen; which, however, I desire not to see till then; but then shall take it for a Favour, if you will grant it.

It will be my Pleasure, as well as my Duty, Sir, said I, to obey you in every thing. And I will write up to the Conclusion of this Day, that they may see how happy you have made me.

I know you will both join with me to bless God for his wonderful Mercies and Goodness to you, as well as to me: For he was pleased to ask me particularly after your Circumstances, and said, he had taken notice that I had hinted, in some of my first Letters, that you ow'd Money in the World; and he gave me Fifty Guineas, and bid me send them to you in my Pacquet, to pay your Debts, as far as they would go; and that you would quit your present Business, and put yourself, and my dear Mother, into a creditable Appearance; and he would find a better Place of Abode for you than that you had, when he returned to *Bedfordshire*. O how shall I bear all these exceeding great and generous Favours!— I send them, wrapt up, Five Guineas in a Parcel, in double Papers.

To me he gave no less than One hundred Guineas more; and said, I would have you, my Dear, give Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you go away from hence, what you think fit, out of these, as from yourself!— Nay, good dear Sir, said I, let that be what you please. Give her then, said he, Twenty Gineas, as a Compliment on your Nuptials. Give *Colbrand* Ten Guineas: Give the two Coachmen, Five Guineas each; to the two Maids at this House, Five Guineas each: Give *Abraham* Five Guineas: Give *Thomas* Five Guineas; and give the Gardeners, Grooms and Helpers, Twenty Guineas among them. And when, said he, I return with you to the other House, I will make you a suitable Present, to buy you such Ornaments as are fit for my beloved Wife to appear in. For now, my *Pamela*, continu'd he, you are not to mind, as you once proposed, what other Ladies will say; but to appear as my Wife ought to do. Else it will look as if what you thought of, as a Means to avoid the Envy of others of your Sex, was a wilful Slight in me, which, I hope, I never shall be guilty of; and I will shew the World, that I value you as I ought, and as if I had marry'd the first Fortune in the Kingdom: And why should it not be so? When I know none of the first Quality that matches you in Excellence?

He saw I was at a Loss for Words, and said, I see, my dearest Bride! my Spouse! my Wife! my *Pamela*! your grateful Confusion And kissing me, as I was going to speak, I will stop your dear Mouth, said he: You shall not so much as thank me; for when I have done ten times more than this, I shall but poorly express my Love for so much Beauty of Mind, and Loveliness of Person; which thus, said he, and clasped me to his generous Bosom, I can proudly now call my own!— O how can I think of any thing, but returned Love, Joy and Gratitude!

And thus generously did he banish from my Mind those painful Reflections, and bashful Apprehensions, that made me dread to see him, for the first time this Day, when I was called to attend him at Breakfast, and made me all Ease, Composure and Tranquillity.

He then, thinking I seem'd somewhat thoughtful, proposed a little Turn in the Chariot, till Dinnertime; and this was another sweet Relief to me; and he diverted me with twenty agreeable Relations, of what Observations he had made in his Travels; and gave me the Characters of the Ladies and Gentlemen in his other Neighbourhood; telling me whose Acquaintance he would have me most cultivate; and when I mention'd Lady *Davers*, with Apprehension, he said, To be sure I love my Sister dearly, notwithstanding her violent Spirit; and I know she loves me; and I can allow a little for her Pride, because I know what once my own was; and because she knows not my *Pamela*, and her Excellencies, as I do. But you must not, my Dear, forget what belongs to your Character, as my Wife, nor meanly stoop to her; tho' I know you will chuse, by Softness, to try to move her to a proper Behaviour. But it shall be my Part to see that you do not yield too much.

However, continued he, as I would not publickly declare my Marriage here, I hope she won't come near us till we are in *Bedfordshire*; and then, when she knows we are marry'd, she will keep away, if she is not willing to be reconcil'd; for she dare not, surely, come to quarrel with me, when she knows it is done; for that would have an hateful and wicked Appearance, as if she would try to make Differences between Man and Wife. —But we will have no more of this Subject, nor talk of any thing, added he, that shall give Concern to my Dearest. And so he changed the Talk to a more pleasing Subject, and said the kindest and most soothing things in the World.

When we came home, which was about Dinnertime, he was the same obliging, sweet Gentleman; And, in short, is studious to shew, on every Occasion, his generous Affection to me. And, after Dinner, he told me, he had already wrote to his Draper, in Town, to provide him new Liveries; and to his late Mother's Mercer, to send him down Patterns of the most fashionable Silks, for my Choice. I told him, I was unable to express my Gratitude for his Favours and Generosity; and as he knew best what befitted his own Rank and Condition, I would wholly remit myself to his good Pleasure; but, by all his repeated Bounties to me, of so extraordinary a Nature, I could not but look forward with Awe, upon the Condition to which he had exalted me; and now I feared I should hardly be able to act up to it in such a manner as should justify the Choice he had condescended to make. But that, I hoped, I should have not only his generous Allowance for my Imperfections, which I could only assure him should not be wilful ones, but his kind Instructions; and that as often as he observ'd any Part of my Conduct such as he would have alter'd, and could not intirely approve, that he would let me know it; and I would think his Reproofs of beginning Faults the kindest and most affectionate things in the World; because they would keep me from committing greater; and be a Means to continue to me the Blessing of his good Opinion.

He answer'd me in the kindest manner; and assured me, That nothing should ever lie upon his Mind which he would not reveal, and give me an Opportunity either of convincing him, or being convinced myself.

He then asked me, When I should be willing to go to the *Bedfordshire* House? I said, Whenever he pleased. Said he, We will come down hither again before the Winter, if you please, in order to cultivate the Acquaintance you have begun with Lady *Jones*, and Sir *Simon's* Family; and, if it please God to spare us to one another, in the Winter I will give you, as I promised, for two or three Months, my Company in *London*. And, I think, added he, if my Dear pleases, we will set out next Week, about *Tuesday*, for t'other House. I can have no Objection, Sir, said I, to any thing you propose; but how will you avoid Miss *Darnfora's* Sollicitation for an Evening, to dance? Why, said he, we can make *Monday* Evening do for that Purpose, if they won't excuse us. But, if you please, said he, I will invite Lady *Jones*, Mr. *Peters* and his Family, and Sir *Simon* and his Family, to my little Chapel, on *Sunday* Morning, and to stay Dinner with me; and then I will declare my Marriage to them, because my dear Life shall not leave this Country, with the least Reason for a Possibility of any body's doubting that it is so. Oh! how good this was! —But, indeed, his Conduct is all of a Piece, noble, kind, and considerate! What a happy Creature, by God's Goodness, am I! — And then, may—be, said he, they will excuse us till we return into this County again, as to the Ball. Is there any thing, added he, that my beloved *Pamela* has still to wish? if you have, freely speak.

Hitherto, my dearest Sir, reply'd I, you have not only prevented my Wishes, but my Hopes, and even my Thoughts. And yet I must own, since your kind Command of speaking my Mind, seems to shew that you expect from me, I should say something, that I have only one or two things to wish more, and then I shall be too happy. Say, said he, what they are? Sir, proceeded I, I am, indeed, ashamed to ask any thing, lest it should not be agreeable to you; and lest it should look as if I was taking Advantage of your kind Condescensions to me, and knew not when to be satisfy'd!

I will only tell you, *Pamela*, said he, that you are not to imagine, that these things which I have done, in hopes of obliging you, are the sudden Impulses of a *new* Passion for you. But, if I can answer for my own Mind, they

proceed from a regular and uniform Desire of obliging you; which, I hope, will last as long as your Merit lasts; and that, I make no doubt, will be as long as I live; and I can the rather answer for this, because I really find so much Delight in myself in my present way of Thinking and Acting, as infinitely over-pays me; and which, for that Reason, I am likely to continue for *both* our sakes. My beloved *Wife*, therefore, said he, for, methinks, I am grown fond of a Name I once despised, may venture to speak her Mind; and I will promise, that, so far as it is agreeable to me, and I cheerfully can, I will comply; and you will not insist upon it, if that cannot be the Case.

To be sure, Sir, said I, I ought not, neither will I. And now you embolden me to become an humble Petitioner; and that, as I ought, upon my Knees, for the reinstating such of your Servants, as I have been the unhappy Occasion of their disobliging you. He raised me up, and said, My beloved *Pamela* has too often been in this suppliant Posture to me, to permit it any more. Rise, my Fairest, and let me know whom, in particular, you would reinstate; and he kindly held me in his Arms, and pressed me to his beloved Bosom. Mrs. *Jervis*, Sir, said I, in the first place; for she is a good Woman; and the Misfortunes she has had in the World, make your Displeasure most heavy to her.

Well, said he, who next? Mr. *Longman*, Sir, said I; and, I am sure, kind as they have been to me, yet would I not ask it, if I could not vouch for their Integrity, and if I did not think it was my dear Master's Interest to have such good Servants.

Have you any thing further? said he. —Sir, said I, your good old Butler, who has so long been in your Family, before the Day of your happy Birth; I would, if I might, become an Advocate for!

Well, said he, I have only to say, That had not Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, and *Jonathan* too, joined in a Body, in a bold Appeal to Lady *Davers*, which has given her the insolent Handle she has taken to intermeddle in my Affairs, I could easily have forgiven all the rest of their Conduct; tho' they have given their Tongues no little Licence about me; but I could have forgiven them, because I desire every body to love you; and it is with Pride that I observe the Opinion and Love of them, and every body else that knows you, justify my own.— But yet, I will forgive even this, because my *Pamela* desires it; and I will send a Letter myself, to tell *Longman* what he owes to your Interposition, if the Estate he has made in my Family, does not set him above the Acceptance of it. And, as to Mrs. *Jervis*, do you, my Dear, write a Letter to her, and give her your Commands, instantly, on the Receipt of it, to go and take Possession of her former Charge; for now, my dearest Girl, she will be more immediately your Servant; and I know you love her so well, that you'll go thither with the more Pleasure, to find her there. —But don't think, added he, that all this Compliance is to be for nothing. Ah! Sir, said I, tell me but what I can do, poor as I am in Power, but rich in Will; and I will not hesitate one Moment. Why then, said he, of your own Accord, reward me for my cheerful Compliance, with one sweet Kiss. —I instantly said, Thus then, dear Sir, will I obey; and, Oh! you have the sweetest and most generous way in the World, to make that a Condition, which gives me double Honour, and adds to my Obligations. And so I clasped my Arms about his Neck, and was not ashamed to kiss him once, and twice, and three times, once for every forgiven Person.

Now, my dearest *Pamela*, said he, what other things have you to ask? Mr. *Williams* is already taken Care of; and, I hope, will be happy. —Have you nothing to say for *John Arnold*?

Why, dear Sir, said I, you have seen the poor Fellow's Penitence in my Letters. —Yes, my Dear, so I have; but that is his Penitence for his having serv'd me, against you; and, I think, when he would have betray'd me afterwards, he deserves nothing to be said or done for him by either.

But, dear Sir, said I, this is a Day of Jubilee; and the less he deserves, poor Fellow, the more will be your Goodness. And let me add one Word; That as he was divided in his Inclinations between his Duty to you, and good Wishes to me, and knew not how to distinguish between the one and the other, when he finds us so happily united by your great Goodness to me, he will have no more Puzzles in his Duty; for he has not failed in any other Part of it; but, I hope, will serve you faithfully for the future.

Well then, suppose I put Mrs. *Jewkes* in a good way of Business, in some Inn, and give her *Fohn* for a Husband? And then your Gypsy Story will be made out, that she will have a Husband younger than herself.

You are all Goodness, Sir, said I. I can freely forgive poor Mrs. *Jewkes*, and wish her happy. But permit me, Sir, to ask, Would not this look like a very heavy Punishment to poor *Fohn*? —And as if you could not forgive him, when you are so generous to every body else?

He smiled, and said, O my *Pamela*, this for a forgiving Spirit, is very severe upon poor *Jewkes*: But I shall never, by the Grace of God, have any more such trying Services to put him or the rest upon; and if *you* can forgive

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him, I think *I* may; and so *Fohn* shall be at your Disposal. And now let me know, what my *Pamela* has further to wish?

O my dearest Sir, said I, not one single Wish more has your grateful *Pamela*. My Heart is overwhelm'd with your Goodness! Forgive these Tears of Joy, added I! —You have left me nothing to pray for, but that God will bless you with Life, and Health, and Honour, and continue to me the Blessing of your Esteem; and I shall then be the happiest Creature in the World.

He clasped me in his Arms, and said, You cannot, my dear Life, be so happy in me, as I am in you. O how heartily I despise all my former Pursuits and headstrong Appetites! what Joys, what Joys, flow from virtuous Love! Joys which the narrow Soul of the Libertine cannot take in, nor his Thought conceive! —And which I myself, whilst a Libertine, had not the least Notion of!

But, said he, I expected, my dear Spouse, my *Pamela*, had something to ask for herself: But since all her own Good is absorbed in the Delight her generous Heart takes in promoting that of others, it shall be my Delight to prevent her Wishes, and to study to make her Care for herself unnecessary, by my anticipating Kindness.

In this manner, my dear Parents, is your happy Daughter blessed in a Husband! O how my exulting Heart leaps at the dear, dear Word! —And I have nothing to do, but to be humble, and to look up with Gratitude to the all-gracious Dispenser of these Blessings!

So, with a thousand Thanks, I afterwards retired to my Closet, to write you thus far. And having completed what I purpose for this Pacquet, and put up the kind, obliging Present, I have nothing more to say, but that I hope soon to see you both, and receive your Blessings on this happy, thrice happy Occasion. And so, hoping for your Prayers, that I may preserve an humble and upright Mind to my gracious God, a dutiful Gratitude to my dear Master and Husband,—that I may long rejoice in the Continuance of these Blessings and Favours, and that I may preserve, at the same time, an obliging Deportment to every one else, I conclude myself,

Your ever dutiful and most happy Daughter, Pamela B——.

O think it not my Pride, my dear Parents, that sets me on glorying in my Change of Name. Yours will be always dear to me, and what I shall never be ashamed of, I am sure! But yet— For such a Husband! —What shall I say, since Words are too faint to express my Gratitude and my Joy!

I have taken Copies of my Master's Letter to Mr. *Longman*, and mine to Mrs. *Jervis*, which I will send with the further Occurrences when I go to the other dear House, or give you when I see you, as I now hope soon to do.

**SATURDAY**

*Morning, the Third of my happy Nuptials.*

I Must still write on, till I come to be settled in the Duty of the Station to which I am so generously exalted, and to let you participate with me the transporting Pleasures that arise from my new Condition, and the Favours that are hourly heaped upon me by the best of Husbands. When I had got my Pacquet for you finish'd, I then set about writing, as he had kindly directed me, to Mrs. *Jervis*; and had no Difficulty till I came to sign my Name; and so I brought it down with me, when I was called to Supper, unsigned.

My good Master, I hardly have yet the Courage to call him freely by a tenderer Name, had been writing to Mr. *Longman*; and he said, pleasantly, See here, my Dearest, what I have written to your *Somebody*. I read as follows:

'Mr. Longman, I have the Pleasure to acquaint you, that last *Thursday* I was marry'd to my beloved *Pamela*. I have had Reason to be disobliged with you, and Mrs. *Jervis* and *Jonathan*, not for your Kindness to, and Regard for my dear Spouse, that now is, but for the manner in which you appealed to my Sister *Davers*; which has made a very wide Breach between her and me. But as it was one of her first Requests, that I would overlook what had past, and reinstate you all in your former Charges, I think myself oblig'd, without the least Hesitation, to comply with it. So, if you please, you may enter again upon an Office which you have always executed with unquestionable Integrity, and to the Satisfaction of

*'Yours, &c.*

*'Friday Afternoon.*

I shall set out next *Tuesday* or *Wednesday*, God willing, for *Bedfordshire*; and desire to find *Jonathan*, as well as you, in your former Offices; in which, I dare say, you'll have the more Pleasure, as you have such an early Instance of the Sentiments of my dear Wife, from whose Goodness you may expect every agreeable thing. She writes herself to Mrs. *Jervis*.'

I thanked him most gratefully for his Goodness, and afterwards took the above Copy of it. And shew'd him my Letter to Mrs. *Jervis*, as follows:

'My dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I have joyful Tidings to communicate to you. For Yesterday I was happily marry'd to the best of Gentlemen, yours and my beloved Master. I have only now to tell you, that I am inexpressibly happy: That my generous Benefactor denies me nothing, and even anticipates my Wishes. You may be sure I could not forget my dear Mrs. *Jervis*; and I made it my Request, and had it granted, as soon as asked, that you might return to the kind Charge, which you executed with so much Advantage to our Master's Interest, and so much Pleasure to all under your Direction. All the Power that is put into my Hands, by the most generous of Gentlemen, shall be exerted to make every thing easy and agreeable to you; and as I shall soon have the Honour of attending my beloved Spouse to *Bedfordshire*, it will be a very considerable Addition to my Delights, and to my unspeakable Obligations to the best of Men, to see my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, and to be received by her with that Pleasure, which I promise myself from her Affection. For I am, my dear good Friend, and always will be,

*'Yours, very affectionately and gratefully, Pamela ———'*

He read this Letter, and said, 'Tis Yours, my Dear, and must be good: But don't you put your Name to it? Sir, said I, your Goodness has given me a Right to a very honourable one: But as this is the first Occasion of this kind, except that to my dear Father and Mother, I think I ought to shew it you unsign'd, that I may not seem over-forward to take Advantage of the Honour you have done me.

However sweetly humble and requisite, said he, this may appear to my dear *Pamela's* Niceness, it befits me to tell you, that I am, every Moment, more and more pleas'd with the Right you have to my Name: And, my dear Life, added he, I have only to wish I may be half as worthy as you are of the happy Knot so lately knit. He then took a Pen himself, and wrote after *Pamela*, his most worthy Surname; and I under-wrote thus: "O rejoice with me, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, that I am enabled, by God's Graciousness, and my dear Master's Goodness, thus to write myself."

These Letters, and the Pacquet to you, were sent away by Mr. *Thomas* early this Morning.

My dearest Master is just gone to take a Ride out, and intends to call upon the Lady *Jones*, Mr. *Peters*, and Sir *Simon Darnford*, to invite them to Chapel and Dinner to-morrow; and says, he chuses to do it himself, because

the Time is so short, they will, perhaps, deny a Servant.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. *Williams* was here Yesterday, to ask Leave to go to see his new Living, and to provide for taking Possession of it; and seem'd so pleas'd with my Master's Kindness and Fondness for me, as well as his generous Deportment to himself, that he left us in such a Disposition, as shew'd him quite happy. I am very glad of it; for it would rejoice me to be an humble Means of making all Mankind so: And Oh! what Returns ought I not to make to the Divine Goodness! and how ought I to strive to diffuse the Blessings I experience, to all in my Knowledge! —For else, what is it for such a Worm as I to be exalted! What is my *single* Happiness, if I suffer it, Niggard-like, to extend no further than myself? —But then, *indeed*, do God Almighty's Creatures act worthy of the Blessings they receive, when they make, or endeavour to make, the whole Creation, so far as is in the Circle of their Power, happy!

Great and good God! as thou hast enlarg'd my Opportunities, enlarge also my Will, and make me delight in dispensing to others, a Portion of that Happiness which I have myself so plentifully receiv'd at the Hands of thy gracious Providence! Then shall I not be useless in my Generation! —Then shall I not stand a single Mark of God's Goodness to a poor worthless Creature, that in herself is of so poor Account in the Scale of Beings, a mere Cypher on the wrong Side of a Figure; but shall be placed on the right Side; and, tho' nothing worth in myself, shall give Signification by my Place, and multiply the Blessings I owe to God's Goodness, who has distinguish'd me by so fair a Lot!

This, as I conceive, is the indispensable Duty of a high Condition; and how great must be the Condemnation of poor Creatures, at the great Day of Account, when they shall be asked, What Uses they have made of the Opportunity put into their Hands? and are able only to say, We have lived but to ourselves. We have circumscrib'd all the Power thou hast given us into one narrow, selfish Circle: We have heaped up Treasures for those who came after us, tho' we know not whether they will not make a still worse Use of them than we ourselves did. And how can such poor selfish Pleaders expect any other Sentence, than the dreadful, *Depart, ye Cursed!*

But sure, my dear Father and Mother, such Persons can have no Notion of the exalted Pleasures that flow from doing Good, were there to be no After-account at all!

There is something so satisfactory and pleasing to Reflection, on the being able to administer Comfort and Relief to those who stand in need of it, as infinitely rewards the beneficent Mind. And how often have I experienced this in my good Lady's time; tho' but the second-hand Dispenser of her Benefits to the Poor and Sickly, when she made me her Almoner! —How have I been affected with the Blessings which the Miserable have heaped upon her for her Goodness, and upon me for being but the humble Conveyer of her Bounty to them! —And how delighted have I been, when the moving Reports I have made of a particular Distress, has augmented my good Lady's first Intentions in its Relief!

This I recall, with Pleasure, because it is now, by God's Goodness, become my Part to do those good things she was wont to do: And Oh! let me watch myself, that my prosperous State do not make me forget to look up with due Thankfulness, to the Providence which has intrusted me with the Power, that so I may not incur a terrible Woe by the Abuse or the Neglect of it!

Forgive me these Reflections, my dear Parents, and let me have your Prayers, that I may not find my present Happiness a Snare to me; but that I may consider, that more and more will be expected from me, in Proportion to the Power given me; and that I may not so unworthily act as if I believ'd I ought to set up my Rest in my *mean Self*; and think nothing further to be done, with the Opportunities put into my Hand, by the Divine Favour, and the best of Men!

## **SATURDAY, Seven o'Clock in the Evening.**

My Master return'd home to Dinner, in Compliment to me, tho' much press'd to dine with Lady *Jones*, as he was also by Sir *Simon*, to dine with him. But Mr. *Peters* could not conveniently provide a Preacher for his own Church to-morrow Morning, at so short a Notice; Mr. *Williams* being gone, as I said, to his new Living; but believed he could for the Afternoon; and so he promised to give his Company to Dinner, and to read Afternoon Service; and this made my Master invite all the rest, as well as him, to Dinner, and not to Church; and made them promise to come; and told Mr. *Peters*, he would send his Coach for him and his Family.

Miss *Darnford* told him, pleasantly, she would not come, unless he would promise her to be at his Wedding; by which, I find, Mr. *Peters* has kept the Secret, as my Master desired.

He was pleased to give me an Airing after Dinner in the Chariot, and renew'd his kind Assurances to me, and, if possible, is kinder than ever. This is sweetly comfortable to me; because it shews me, he does not repent of his Condescensions to me; and it encourages me to look up to him with more Satisfaction of Mind, and less Doubtfulness.

I begg'd Leave to send a Guinea to a poor Body in the Town, that I heard, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, lay very ill, and was very destitute. He said, Send two, my Dear, if you please. Said I, Sir, I will never do any thing of this kind without letting you know what I do. He most generously answer'd, I shall then, perhaps, have you do less Good than you would otherwise do, from a Doubt of me; tho', I hope, your Discretion, and my own Temper, which is not avaricious, will make such Doubt causeless.

Now, my Dear, continued he, I'll tell you how we will order this Point, to avoid even the Shadow of Uneasiness on one side, or Doubt on the other.

As to your Father and Mother, in the first Place, they shall be quite out of the Question; for I have already determin'd in my Mind about them; and it is thus: They shall go down, if they and you think well of it, to my little *Kentish* Estate; which I once mentioned to you in such a manner, as made you reject it with a Nobleness of Mind, that gave me Pain then, but Pleasure since. There is a pretty little Farm and House, untenanted, upon that Estate, and tolerably stock'd, and I will further stock it for them; for such industrious Folks won't know how to live without some Employment; and it shall be their's for both their Lives, without paying any Rent; and I will allow them 50*l. per Annum* besides, that they may keep up the Stock, and be kind to any other of your Relations, without being beholden to you or me, for small matters; and for greater, where needful, you shall always have it in your Power to accommodate them; for I shall never question your Prudence. And we will, so long as God spares our Lives, go down once a Year to see them, and they shall come up as often as they please, it cannot be too often, to see us; for I mean not this, my Dear, to send them from us. —Before I proceed, Does my *Pamela* like this?

O, Sir, said I, either I have not Words, or else the *English* Tongue affords them not, to express sufficiently my Gratitude. Learn me, dear Sir, continued I, and pressed his dear Hands to my Lips, learn me some other Language, if there be any, that abounds with more grateful Terms, that I may not thus be choaked with Meanings, for which I can find no adequate Utterance.

My Charmer! says he, your Language is all wonderful, as your Sentiments; and you most abound when you seem most to want! —All that I wish, is, to find my Proposals agreeable to you; and if my *first* are not, my *second* shall be, if I can but know what you wish.

Did I say too much, my dearest Parents, when I said, he was, if possible, kinder and kinder! —O the blessed Man! How my Heart is overwhelm'd with his Goodness!

Well, said he, my Dearest, let me desire you to mention this to them, and see if they approve it. But if it be your Choice, and theirs, to have them nearer to you, or even under the Roof with you, I will freely consent to it.

O no, Sir, said I (and I fear almost sinn'd in my grateful Flight) I am sure they would not chuse that; they could not, perhaps, serve God so well, if they were to live with you; for, so constantly seeing the Hand that blesses them, they would, maybe, as must be my Care to avoid, be tempted to look no further in their Gratitude, than to the dear Dispenser of such innumerable Benefits!

Excellent Creature! said he, my Beloved wants no Language, nor Sentiment neither! and her charming Thoughts, so sweetly express'd, would grace any Language; and this is a Blessing almost peculiar to my Fairest.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

—Your so kind Acceptance, my *Pamela*, added he, repays the Benefit, with Interest, and leaves me under Obligation to your Goodness.

But now, my Dearest, I will tell you what we will do, with regard to Points of your own private Charity; for, far be it from me, to put under that Name the Subject we have been mentioning: Because that, and more than that, is *Duty*, to Persons so worthy, and so nearly related to my *Pamela*, and, as such, to myself. —O how the sweet Man out—does me in Thoughts, Words, Power, and every thing!

And this, said he, lies in very small Compass; for I will allow you Two hundred Pounds a Year, which *Longman* shall constantly pay you, at Fifty Pounds a Quarter, for your own Use, and of which I expect no Account; to commence from the Day you enter into my other House; I mean, said he, that the first Fifty Pounds shall then be due; because you shall have something to begin with. And, added the dear generous Man, if this be pleasing to you, let it, since you say you want Words, signify it by such a sweet Kiss as you gave me Yesterday. I hesitated not a Moment to comply with these obliging Terms, and threw my Arms about his dear Neck, tho' in the Chariot, and blessed his Goodness to me. But indeed, Sir, said I, I cannot bear this generous Treatment. He was pleased to say, Don't be uneasy, my Dear, about these Trifles; God has bless'd me with a very good Estate, and all of it in a prosperous Condition, and well tenanted. I lay up Money every Year, and have besides, large Sums in Government and other Securities; so that you will find, what I have hitherto promised, is very short of that Proportion of my Substance, which, as my dearest Wife, you have a Right to.

In this sweet manner did we pass the Time till Evening, when the Chariot brought us home; and then our Supper succeeded in the same agreeable manner. And thus, in a rapturous Circle, the Time moves on; every Hour bringing with it something more delightful than the past! —Sure nobody was ever so blest as I!

## ***SUNDAY, the Fourth Day of my Happiness.***

Not going to Chapel this Morning, the Reason of which I told you, I bestowed the Time, from the Hour of my Beloved's rising, to Breakfast, in Prayer and Thanksgiving, in my Closet; and now I begin to be quite easy, chearful and free in my Spirits; and the rather, as I find myself encouraged by the Tranquility, Serenity, and pleasing Vivacity in the Temper and Behaviour of my beloved Spouse; who thereby shews he does not repent of his Goodness to me.

I attended him to Breakfast, and drank my Chocolate with great Pleasure, and eat two Bits of Toast; and he seemed quite pleased with me, and said, Now does my Dearest begin to look upon me with an Air of Serenity and Satisfaction: It shall be always, added he, my Delight to give you Occasion for this sweet becoming Aspect of Confidence and Pleasure in me. —My Heart, dear Sir, said I, is quite easy, and has lost all its foolish Tumults, which combating with my Gratitude, gave an ingrateful Appearance to my Behaviour: But now your Goodness, Sir, has enabled it to get the better of its uneasy Apprehensions, and my Heart is all of one Piece, and devoted to you, and grateful Tranquillity. And could I be so happy as to see you and my good Lady *Davers* reconciled, I have nothing in this World to wish for more, but the Continuance of your Favour. He said, I wish this Reconciliation, my Dearest, as well as you; and I do assure you, more for your sake than my own: And if she would behave tolerably, I would make the Terms easier to her for that Reason.

He said, I will lay down one Rule for you, my *Pamela*, to observe in your Dress; and I will tell you every thing I like or dislike, as it occurs to me; and I would have you do the same, on your Part, that nothing may lie upon either of our Minds that shall occasion the least Reservedness.

I have often observed, in marry'd Folks, that, in a little while, the Lady grows careless in her Dress; which, to me, looks as if she would take no Pains to secure the Affection she had gained, and shews a Slight to her Husband, that she had not to her Lover: Now, you must know, this has always given me great Offence; and I should not forgive it, even in my *Pamela*; tho' she would have this Excuse for herself, that thousands could not make, That she looks lovely in every thing. So, my Dear, I shall expect of you always, to be dress'd by Dinner-time, except something extraordinary happens; and this, whether you are to go abroad, or stay at home. For this, my Love, will continue to you that sweet Ease in your Dress and Behaviour, which you are so happy a Mistress of; and whoever I bring home with me to my Table, you will be in Readiness to receive them; and will not want to make those foolish Apologies, to unexpected Visitors, that carry with them a Reflection on the Conduct of those who make them; and besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your Husband, as you would to Persons less familiar to your Sight.

This, dear Sir, said I, is a most obliging Injunction; and I most heartily thank you for it, and will always take care to obey it.— Why, my Dear, said he, you may better do this than half your Sex: Because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seem'd to think it the Privilege of Birth and Fortune, to turn Day into Night, and Night into Day, and are seldom stirring till 'tis time to sit down to Dinner; and so all the good old Family Rules are revers'd; for they breakfast when they should dine; dine, when they should sup; and sup, when they should go to-bed; and, by the Help of dear Quadrille, sometimes go to-bed when they should rise.— In any thing but these, my Dear, continued he, I expect you to be a Lady. And my good Mother was one of this old-fashion'd Cut, tho', in all other respects, as worthy a Lady as any in the Kingdom. And so you have not been used to the new Way, and may the easier practise the other.

Dear Sir, said I, pray give me more of your sweet Injunctions. Why then, continued he, I shall, in the usual Course, and generally, if not hinder'd by Company, like to go to-bed with my Dearest, by Eleven; and if I don't, shan't hinder you. I ordinarily now rise by Six, in Summer. I will allow you to lie half an Hour after me, or so.

Then you'll have some time at your own Dispose, till you give me your Company to breakfast; which may be always so, as that we may have done at a little after Nine.

Then will you have several Hours, again, at your Disposal, till Two o'Clock, when I shall like to sit down at Table.

You will then have several useful Hours more to employ yourself in, as you shall best like; and I would generally go to Supper by Eight; and when we are resolved to stick to these old-fashion'd Rules, as near as we

can, we shall make our Visitors conform to them too, and expect them from us, and suit themselves accordingly: For I have always observ'd, that it is in every one's Power to prescribe Rules to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous Jests at first, and that too from such, generally, as are not the most worthy to be minded; and, after a while, they will say, It signifies nothing to ask him: He will have his own Way. There is no putting him out of his Byass. He is a regular Piece of Clockwork, will they joke, and all that: And why, my Dear, should we not be so? For Man is as frail a Piece of Machinery, as any Clockwork whatever; and, by Irregularity, is as subject to be disorder'd.

Then, my Dear, continued the charming Man, when they see they are received, at my Times, with an open Countenance and chearful Heart; when they see Plenty and Variety at my Board, and meet a kind and hearty Welcome from us both, they will not offer to break in upon my Conditions, nor grudge me my regular Hours: And as most of these People have nothing to do, except to rise in a Morning, they may as well come to Breakfast with us, at half an Hour after Eight, in Summer, as at Ten or Eleven. To Dinner at Two, as at Four, Five, or Six; and to Supper at Eight, as at Ten or Eleven. And then our Servants too will know, generally, the Times of their Business, and the Hours of their Leisure or Recess; and we, as well as they, shall reap the Benefit of this Regularity. And who knows, my Dear, but we may revive the good old Fashion in our Neighbourhood, by this means?— At least, it will be doing our own Parts towards it; and answering the good Lesson I learned at School, *Every one mend one*. And the worst that will happen will be, that when some of my Brother Rakes, such as those we were broke in upon, so unwelcomly, last *Thursday*, are got out of the Way, if that can ever be, and fall to considering whom they shall go to dine with in their Rambles, they will only say, We must not go to him; for his Dinner-time is over; and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better; or, perhaps, they will take a Supper and a Bed with me instead of it.

Now, my Dearest, continued the kind Man, you see here are more of my Injunctions, as you call them; and tho' I will not be so set, as to quarrel if they are not always exactly comply'd with; yet, as I know you won't think them unreasonable, I shall be glad they may as often as they can; and you will give your Orders accordingly, to *your* Mrs. *Jervis*, who is a good Woman, and will take Pleasure in obeying you.

O dearest, dear Sir, said I, have you no more of your sweet Injunctions to honour me with? They oblige and improve me at the same time! —What a happy Lot is mine!— God Almighty reward your Goodness to me!

Why, let me see, my Dearest, said he. —But I think of no more at present. For it would be needless to say, how much I value you for your Sweetness of Temper, and that open Chearfulness of Countenance which adorns you, when nothing has given my Fairest Apprehensions for her Virtue: A Sweetness, and a Chearfulness, that prepossesses in your Favour, at first Sight, the Mind of every one that beholds you. —I need not, I hope, say, that I would have you diligently preserve this sweet Appearance: Let no thwarting Accident, no cross Fortune, (for we must not expect to be exempt from such, happy as we now are in each other!) deprive this sweet Face of this its principal Grace: And when any thing displeasing happens, in a quarter of an Hour, at farthest, begin to mistrust yourself, and apply to your Glass; and if you see a Gloom arising, or arisen, banish it instantly, smooth your dear Countenance, resume your former Composure; and then, my Dearest, whose Heart must always be seen in her Face, and cannot be a Hypocrite, will find this a means to smooth her Passions also; and if the Occasion be too strong for so sudden a Conquest, she will know how to do it more effectually, by repairing to her Closet, and begging that gracious Assistance, which has never yet failed her: And so shall I, my Dear, who, as you once, but too justly, observ'd, have been too much indulged by my good Mother, have an Example from you, as well as a Pleasure in you which will hardly ever be palled.

One thing, continued he, I have frequently observed, at the Houses of other Gentlemen, That when we have unexpectedly visited, or broke in upon the Family Order, laid down by their Ladies; and especially if any of us have lain under the Suspicion of having occasionally seduced our marry'd Companion into bad Hours, or given indifferent Examples, the poor Gentleman has been oddly affected at our coming; tho' the good Breeding of the Lady has made her just keep up Appearances. He has looked so conscious; has been so afraid, as it were, to disoblige; has made so many Excuses for some of us, before we have been accused, as has always shewn me how unwelcome we have been; and how much he is obliged to compound with his Lady for a tolerable Reception of us; and, perhaps, she too, in Proportion to the honest Man's Concern to court her Smiles, has been more reserv'd, stiff and formal; and has behav'd with an Indifference, and Slight, that has often made me wish myself out of *her* House; for too plainly have I seen, that it was not *his*.

This, my Dear, you will judge by my Description, has afforded me Subject for Animadversion upon the marry'd Life; for a Man may not (tho', in the main, he is willing to flatter himself, that he is Master of his House, and will assert himself upon great Occasions, when his Prerogative is strongly invaded) be always willing to contend; and such Women as those I have described, are always ready to take the Field, and are worse Enemies than the old *Parthians*, who annoy most, when they seem to retreat; and never fail to return to the Charge again, and carry on the offensive War, till they have tired out Resistance, and made the Husband willing, like a vanquish'd Enemy, to compound for small Matters, in order to preserve something. At least, the poor Man does not care to let his Friends see his Case, and so will not provoke a Fire to break out, that, he sees, (and so do his Friends too) the meek Lady has much ado to smother; and which, very possibly, burns with a most comfortable Ardour, after we are gone.

You smile, my *Pamela*, said he, at this whimsical Picture; and I am sure, I never shall have Reason to include you in these disagreeable Out-lines; but yet I will say, that I expect from you, whoever comes to my House, that you accustom yourself to one even, uniform Complaisance: That no Frown take place on your Brow: That however ill or well provided we may be for their Reception, you shew no Flutter or Discomposure: That whoever you may have in your Company at the Time, you signify not, by the least reserved Look, that the Stranger is come upon you unseasonably, or at a Time you wished not. But be facetious, kind, obliging to all; and if to any one more than another, to such as have the least Reason to expect it from you, or who are most inferior at the Table; for thus will you, my *Pamela*, cheer the doubting Mind, quiet the uneasy Heart, and diffuse Ease, Pleasure, and Tranquillity around my Board.

And be sure, my Dear, continued he, let no little Accidents ruffle your Temper. I shall never forget once, that I was at Lady *Arthur's*; and a Footman happen'd to stumble, and let fall a fine China Dish, and broke it all to pieces: It was grievous to see the Uneasiness it gave the poor Lady. And she was so sincere in it, that she suffer'd it to spread all over the Company, and it was a pretty large one too; and not a Person in it, but turn'd either her Consoler, or fell into Stories of the like Misfortunes; and so we all became, for the rest of the Evening, nothing but blundering Footmen, and careless Servants, or were turn'd into broken Jars, Plates, Glasses, Tea-cups, and such-like brittle Substances. And it affected me so much, that when I came home, I went to-bed, and dreamt, that *Robin*, with the Handle of his Whip, broke the Fore glass of my Chariot; and I was so sollicitous, methought, to keep the good Lady in Countenance for *her* Anger, that I broke his Head in Revenge, and stabb'd one of my Coach-horses. And all the Comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not exposed myself before Company; and there were no Sufferers but guilty *Robin*, and one innocent Coach-horse; for when my Hand was in, I might as reasonably have killed the other three.

I was exceedingly diverted with these facetious Hints, and the pleasant manner in which he gave them; and I promis'd to improve by the excellent Lessons contain'd in them.

I then went up and dressed myself, as like a Bride as I could, in my best Cloaths, and, on Enquiry, finding my dearest Master was gone to walk in the Garden, I went to find him out. He was reading in the little Alcove; and I said, Sir, am I licens'd to intrude upon you, without your Commands? —No, my Dear, said he, because you cannot *intrude*. I am so wholly yours, that where-ever I am, you have not only a Right to join me; but you do me a very acceptable Favour at the same time.

I have, Sir, said I, obey'd your first kind Injunction, as to dressing myself before Dinner; but, may-be, you are busy, Sir? He put up the Paper he was reading, and said, I can have no Business or Pleasure of equal Value to your Company, my Dear. What was you going to say? —Only, Sir, to know, if you have any more kind Injunctions to give me? —I could hear you talk a whole Day together. —You are very obliging, *Pamela*, said he; but you are so perfectly what I wish, that I might have spar'd those I gave you; but I was willing you should have a Taste of my Freedom with you, to put you upon the like with me. For I am confident there can be no Friendship lasting without Freedom, and without communicating to one another even the little Caprices, if my *Pamela* can have any such, which may be most affecting to us.

Now, my Dear, said he, be so kind to find some Fault with me, and tell me what you would wish me to do, to appear more agreeable to you. O, Sir, said I, and I could have kissed him, but for Shame, (To be sure I shall grow a sad fond Hussy!) I have not one single thing to wish for; no, not one! — He saluted me very kindly, and said, he should be sorry if I had, and forbore to speak it. Do you think, my dear Sir, said I, that your *Pamela* has no Conscience? Do you think, that because you so kindly oblige her, and delight in obliging her, that he must rack

her Invention for Trials of your Goodness, and knows not when she is happy!— O my dearest Sir, added I, less than one half of the Favours you have so generously conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmost Wishes!

My dear Angel, said he, and kissed me again, I shall be troublesome to you with my Kisses, if you continue thus sweetly obliging, in your Actions and Expressions. O Sir, said I, I have been thinking, as I was dressing myself, what an excellent Example you have given me of the Lessons you teach me. For here, Sir, you are most charmingly dress'd yourself, as you have commanded me, before Dinner.

Then, Sir, when you command me, at your Table, to cheer the doubting Mind, and comfort the uneasy Heart, and to behave most kindly to those who have least Reason to expect it, and are most inferior; how sweetly, in every Instance that could possibly occur, have you done this yourself, by your poor, unworthy *Pamela*, till you have diffused, in your own dear Words, Ease, Pleasure and Tranquillity around my glad Heart.

Then again, Sir, when you bid me not be disturbed by little Accidents, or by Strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, how noble an Instance did you give me of this; when, on our dear Wedding day, the coming of Sir *Charles Hargrave*, and the other two Gentlemen, (for which you was quite unprovided, and hinder'd our Happiness of dining together on that chosen Day) did not so disturb you, but that you entertained the Gentlemen pleasantly, and parted with them civilly and kindly! —What charming Instances are these, I have been recollecting with Pleasure, of your pursuing the Doctrine you deliver!

My Dear, said he, these Observations are very kind in you, and much to my Advantage: But if I do not always, (for I fear these were too much Accidents) so well pursue the Doctrines I lay down, my *Pamela* must not expect that my Imperfections will be a Plea for her Non-observance of my Lessons, as you call them; for, I doubt, I shall never be half so perfect as you; and so I cannot permit you to fall back in your Goodness, tho' I may find myself unable to advance, as I ought, in my Duty.

I hope, Sir, said I, by God's Grace, I never shall. I believe it, said he; but I only mention this, knowing my own Defects, lest my future Lessons should not be so well warranted by my Practice, as in the Instances you have kindly recollected.

He was pleased to take Notice of my Dress, and spanning my Waste with his Hands, said, What a sweet Shape is here! It would make one regret to lose it; and yet, my beloved *Pamela*, I shall think nothing but that Loss wanting, to complete my Happiness! —I put my bold Hand before his Mouth, and said, Hush, hush! O fie, Sir! —The freest thing you have ever yet said, since I have been yours! — He kissed my Hand, and said, Such an innocent Wish, my Dearest, may be permitted me, because it is the End of the Institution.— But say, Would such a Case be unwelcome to my *Pamela*? —I will say, Sir, said I, and hid my blushing Face on his Bosom, that your Wishes, in every thing, shall be mine; but pray, Sir, say no more! —He kindly saluted me, and thanked me, and changed the Subject.— I was not too free, I hope.

Thus we talked, till we heard the Coaches; and then he said, Stay here, in the Garden, my Dear, and I'll bring the Company to you. And when he was gone, I passing by the Back-door, kneeled down against it, and blessed God for not permitting my then so much desired Escape. I went to the Pond, and kneeled down on the mossy Bank, and again blessed God there, for his Mercy in my Escape from myself, my then worst Enemy, tho' I thought I had none but Enemies, and no Friend near me. And so I ought to do in almost every Step of this Garden, and every Room in this House!— And I was bending my Steps to the dear little Chapel to make my Acknowledgment there; but I saw the Company coming towards me.

Miss *Darnford* said, So, Miss! how do you do now? O, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your Wedding; for I shall long to be there. Lady *Jones* was pleased to say, I look'd like an Angel. And Mrs. *Peters* said, I improved upon them every time they saw me. Lady *Darnford* was also pleased to make me a fine Compliment, and said, I looked freer and easier every time she saw me. Dear-heart! I wish, thinks I, you would spare these Compliments; for I shall have some Joke, I doubt, passed upon me by-and-by, that will make me suffer for all these fine things.

Mr. *Peters* said, softly, God bless you, dear *Daughter*! —But not so much as my Wife knows it. —Sir *Simon* came in last, and took me by the Hand, and said, Squire *B.* by your Leave. And kissed my Hand five or six times, as if he was mad; and held it with both his, and made a very free Jest, by way of Compliment, in his Way. Well, I think a *young Rake* is hardly tolerable; but an *old Rake*, and an *old Beau*, are two very sad Things! —And all this before Daughters Women-grown! —I whisper'd my Dearest, a little after, and said, I fear I shall suffer much from

Sir *Simon's* rude Jokes, by—and—by, when you reveal the Matter! —'Tis his way, my Dear, said he; you must now grow above these things. —Miss *Nanny Darnford* said to me, with a sort of half—grave, ironical Air,—Well, Miss, if I may judge by your easy Deportment now, to what it was when I last saw you, I hope you will let my Sister, if you won't me, see the happy Knot ty'd! For she is quite wild about it. —I curcheed, and only said, You are all very good to me, Ladies.— Mr. *Peters's* Niece said, Well, Miss, I hope, before we part, we shall be told the happy Day. My good Master heard her, and said, You shall, you shall, Madam! —That's pure! said Miss *Darnford*.

He took me aside, and said, softly, Shall I lead them to the Alcove, and tell them there, or stay till we go in to Dinner? —Neither, Sir, I think, said I; I fear I shan't stand it.— Nay, said he, they must know it; I would not have invited them else.— Why then, Sir, said I, let it alone till they are going away. — Then, reply'd he, you must pull off your Ring. No, no, Sir, said I, that I must not.— Well, said he, do you tell Miss *Darnford* of it yourself.— Indeed, Sir, answer'd I, I cannot.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came officiously to ask my Master, just then, if she should bring a Glass of Rhenish and Sugar before Dinner for the Gentlemen and Ladies; and he said, That's well thought of; bring it, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

And she came, with *Nan* attending her, with two Bottles and Glasses, and a Salver; and must needs, making a low Curchee, offer first to me, saying, Will your Ladyship begin? I colour'd like Scarlet, and said, No;— my Master, to be sure!

But they all took the Hint; and Miss *Darnford* said, I'll be hang'd if they have not stole a Wedding. Said Mrs. *Peters*, It must be certainly so! Ah! Mr. *Peters*.

I'll assure you, said he, I have not marry'd them. Where were you, said she, and Mr. *Williams*, last *Thursday* Morning? Said Sir *Simon*, Let me alone, let me alone; if any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out; I'm a Justice of the Peace, you know. And so he took me by the Hand, and said, Come, Madam, answer me, by the Oath you have taken; Are you marry'd or not?

My Master smiled to see me look so like a Fool; and I said, Pray, Sir *Simon*!— Ay, ay, said he, I thought you did not look so smirking upon us for nothing.— Well then, *Pamela*, said my Master, since your Blushes discover you, don't be ashamed, but confess the Truth!

Now, said Miss *Darnford*, I am quite angry. And said Lady *Darnford*, I am quite pleas'd; let me give you Joy, dear Madam, if it be so. And so they all said, and saluted me round.— I was vexed it was before Mrs. *Jewkes*; for she shook her fat Sides, and seem'd highly pleas'd to be a Means of discovering it.

Nobody, said my Master, wishes me Joy. No, said Lady *Jones*, very obligingly, nobody need; for with such a peerless Spouse, you want no good Wishes! —And he saluted them; and when he came last to me, said, before them all, Now, my sweet Bride, my *Pamela*, let me conclude with you; for here I began to love, and here I desire to end loving, but not till my Life ends.

This was sweetly said, and taken great Notice of; and it was doing Credit to his own generous Choice, and vastly more than I merited.

But I was forced to stand a many more Jokes afterwards. For Sir *Simon* said, several times, Come, come, Madam, now you are become one of us, I shall be a little less scrupulous than I have been, I'll assure you.

When we came in to Dinner, I made no Difficulty of what all offer'd me, the Upper—end of the Table; and perform'd the Honours of it with pretty tolerable Presence of Mind, considering. And, with much ado, my good Benefactor promising to be down again before Winter, we got off the Ball; but appointed *Tuesday* Evening, at Lady *Darnford's*, to take Leave of all this good Company, who promised to be there, my Master designing to set out on *Wednesday* Morning for *Bedfordshire*.

We had Prayers in the little Chapel, in the Afternoon; but they all wished for the good Clerk again, with great Encomiums upon you, my dear Father; and the Company staid Supper also, and departed exceeding well satisfied, and with abundance of Wishes for the Continuance of our mutual Happiness; and my Master desired Mr. *Peters* to answer for him to the Ringers, at the Town, if they should hear of it, till our Return into this Country, and that then he would be bountiful to them; because he would not publickly declare it till he had first done so in *Bedfordshire*.

**MONDAY, the fifth Day.**

I Have had very little of my dear Friend's Company this Day; for he only staid Breakfast with me, and rid out to see a sick Gentleman about eighteen Miles off, who begg'd (by a Man and Horse on purpose) to speak with him, believing he should not recover, and upon Part of whose Estate my Master has a Mortgage. He said, My Dearest, I shall be very uneasy, if I am oblig'd to tarry all Night from you; but, lest you should be alarm'd, if I don't come home by Ten, don't expect me: For poor Mr. *Carlton* and I have pretty large Concerns together, and if he should be very ill, and would be comforted by my Presence, (as I know he loves me, and his Family will be more in my Power if he dies, than I wish for) Charity will not let me refuse.

It is now Ten o'Clock at Night, and I fear he will not return. I fear for the sake of his poor sick Friend, who I doubt is worse. Tho' I know not the Gentleman, I am sorry for his own sake, for his Family's sake, and for my dear Master's sake, who by his kind Expressions I find loves him: And methinks I should be sorry any Grief should touch his generous Heart; tho' yet, there is no living in this World, without too many Occasions for Concern, even in the most prosperous State. And it is fit it should be so; or else, poor Wretches as we are! we should look no further, but be like sensual Travellers on a Journey homeward, who, meeting with good Entertainment at some Inn on the Way, put up their Rest there, and never think of pursuing their Journey to their proper Home. —This, I remember, was often a Reflection of my good Lady's, to whom I owe it.

***Eleven o'Clock.***

Mrs. *Jewkes* has been with me, and ask'd if I will have her for a Bedfellow in want of a better? I said, I thank'd her; but I would see how it was to lie by myself one Night.

I might have mention'd, that I made Mrs. *Jewkes* dine and sup with me, and she was much pleas'd with it, and my Behaviour to her. And I could see by her Manner, that she was a little struck inwardly at some of her former Conduct to me. But, poor Wretch, it is, I much fear, because I am what I am; for she has otherwise very little Remorse, I doubt.— Her Talk and Actions are intirely different from what they us'd to be, quite circumspect and decent; and I should have thought her virtuous, and even pious, had I never known her in another Light.

By this, we may see, my dear Father and Mother, of what Force Example is; and what is in the Power of the Heads of Families to do: And this shews, that evil Examples, in Superiors, are doubly pernicious, and doubly culpable, because such Persons are bad *themselves*, and not only do no *Good*, but much *Harm*, to *others*; and the Condemnation of such must, to be sure, be so much the greater! —And how much the greater still must my Condemnation be, who have had such a religious Education under you, and been so well nurtur'd by my good Lady, if I should forget, with all these Mercies heap'd upon me, what belongs to the Station God has preferr'd me to! —Oh how I long to be doing some Good! For all that is past yet, is my dear, dear Master's; God bless him! and return him safe to my Wishes; for methinks already 'tis a Week since I saw him! If my Love would not be troublesome and impertinent, I should be nothing else; for I have a grateful Spirit, and I had Need to have such a one; for I am poor in every thing but Will.

***TUESDAY Morning, Eleven o'Clock .***

My dear, dear—Master (I'm sure I should still say; but I will learn to rise to a softer Epithet, now—and—then) is not yet come. I hope he is safe and well! —So Mrs. *Jewkes* and I went to Breakfast. But I can do nothing but talk and think of him, and all his Kindness to me, and to you, which is still me, more intimately! —I have just receiv'd a Letter from him, which he wrote Over—night, as I find by it, and sent early the next Morning. This is a Copy of it.

**To Mrs. Andrews.**

*Monday Night.*

*My dearest Pamela*, I Hope my not coming home this Night will not frighten you. You may believe I can't help it. My poor Friend is so very ill, that I doubt he can't recover. His Desires to have me stay with him are so strong, that I shall sit up all Night with him, as it is now near One o'Clock in the Morning; for he can't bear me out of his Sight: And I have made him and his distress'd Wife and Children so easy, in the kindest Assurances I could give him, of my Consideration for him and them, that I am look'd upon (as the poor disconsolate Widow, as she, I doubt, will soon be, tells me) as their good Angel. I could have wish'd we had not engag'd to the good Neighbourhood at Sir *Simon's* for to-morrow Night; but I am so desirous to set out on *Wednesday* for the other House, that, as well as in Return for the Civilities of so many good Friends, who will be there on Purpose, I would not put it off. What I beg of you, therefore, my Dear, is, that you would go in the Chariot to Sir *Simon's*, the sooner in the Day the better, because you will be diverted with the Company, who all so much admire you; and I hope to join you there by your Tea-time in the Afternoon, which will be better than going home, and returning with you, as it will be six Miles Difference to me; and I know the good Company will excuse my Dress, on the Occasion. I count every Hour of this little Absence for a Day; for I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

*'My dearest Love, For ever Yours, &c.*

'If you could go to dine with them, it will be a Freedom that would be very pleasing to them, and the more, as they don't expect it.'

I began to have a little Concern, lest his Fatigue should be too great, and for the poor sick Gentleman and Family; but told Mrs. *Jewkes*, that the least Intimation of his Choice should be a Command to me, and so I would go to Dinner there; and order'd the Chariot to be got ready to carry me: when a Messenger came up, just as I was dress'd, to tell her, she must come down immediately. I see at the Window, that Visitors are come; for there is a Chariot and six Horses, the Company gone out of it, and three Footmen on Horseback; and I think the Chariot has Coronets. Who can it be, I wonder? —But here I will stop, for I suppose I shall soon know.

Good-sirs! how unlucky this is! What shall I do? —Here is Lady *Davers* come; her ownself! And my kind Protector a great, great many Miles off. —Mrs. *Jewkes* out of Breath comes and tells me this, and says she is inquiring for my Master and me. She ask'd her, it seems, naughty Lady as she is, if I was *whor'd* yet! There's a Word for a Lady's Mouth! —Mrs. *Jewkes* says, she knew not what to answer. And my Lady said, She is not marry'd, I hope? And, said she, I said, No; because you have not own'd it yet publickly. My Lady said, That was well enough. Said I, I will run away, Mrs. *Jewkes*; and let the Chariot go to the Bottom of the Elm-walk' and I will steal out of the Door unperceiv'd.— But, said she, she is inquiring for you, Madam, and I said you was within, but going out; and she said, she would see you presently, as soon as she could have Patience. What did she call me, said I? *The Creature*, Madam: *I will see the Creature*, said she, *as soon as I can have Patience*. Ay, but, said I, *the Creature* won't let her, if she can help it.

Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes* favour my Escape for this once, for I am sadly frightened. —Said she, I'll bid the Chariot go down as you order, and wait till you come; and I'll step down, and shut the Hall-door, that you may pass down unobserv'd; for she sits cooling herself in the Parlour over-against the Staircase. That's a good Mrs. *Jewkes*! said I: But who has she with her? Her Woman, said she, and her Nephew; but he is on Horseback, and is gone into the Stables; and they have three Footmen. —And I wish, said I, they were all *three* hundred Miles off! —What shall I do! — So I wrote thus far, and wait impatiently to hear the Coast is clear.—

Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, I must come down, or she will come up. What does she call me now? said I. *Wench*, Madam. *Bid the Wench come down to me*. And her Nephew, and her Woman are with her.

Said I, I can't go, and that's enough! —You might contrive it that I might get out, if you would.— Indeed, Madam, said she, I cannot; for I went to shut the Door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over-against the Stair-case. Then, said I, I'll get out of the Window, I think!— (and fann'd myself) for I am sadly frightened. Laud, Madam, said she, I wonder you so much disturb yourself!— You're on the right Side the Hedge, I'm sure; and I would not be so discompos'd for any body. Ay, said I, but who can help Constitution? I dare say you would no more be so discompos'd, than I can help it.— Said she, Indeed, Madam, if it was to me, I would put

on an Air as Mistress of the House, as you are, and go and salute her Ladyship, and bid her welcome. Ay, ay, reply'd I, fine Talking! — But how unlucky this is, your good Master is not at home!

What Answer shall I give her, said she, to her desiring to see you?— Tell her, said I, I am sick abed; I'm dying, and must not be disturb'd; I'm gone out, — or any thing!

But her Woman came up to me, just as I had utter'd this, and said, How do you do, Mrs. *Pamela*? My Lady desires to speak with you. So I must go. — Sure she won't beat me! — Oh that my dear Protector was at home!

Well, now I will tell you all that happen'd in this frightful Interview. — And very bad it was.

I went down, dress'd as I was, and my Gloves on, and my Fan in my Hand, to be just ready to get into the Chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling Fits had been over now; but I was mistaken, for I trembled sadly. Yet resolv'd to put on as good an Air as I could.

So I went to the Parlour, and said, making a very low Curchee, Your Servant, my good Lady! And your Servant again, said she, *my Lady* ; for I think you are dress'd out like one.

A charming Girl tho', said her rakish Nephew, and swore a great Oath; dear Aunt, forgive me, but I must kiss her, and was coming to me. And I said, Forbear, uncivil Gentleman! I won't be us'd freely. *Jackey*, said my Lady, sit down, and don't touch the Creature! — She's proud enough already. There's a great Difference in her Air, I'll assure you, since I saw her last.

Well, Child, said she, sneeringly, how dost find thyself? — Thou'rt mightily come on of late! — I hear strange Reports about thee! — Thou'rt almost got into Fool's Paradise, I doubt! — And wilt find thyself terribly mistaken in a little while, if thou thinkest my Brother will disgrace his Family to humour thy Baby-face!

I see, said I, sadly vex'd, (her Woman and Nephew smiling by) your Ladyship has no very important Commands for me, and I beg Leave to withdraw. *Beck*, said she, to her Woman, shut the Door; my young Lady and I must not have done so soon.

Where's your well-manner'd Deceiver gone, Child? says she. — Said I, When your Ladyship is pleas'd to speak intelligibly, I shall know how to answer.

Well, but my dear Child, said she in Drollery, don't be too pert neither, I beseech thee. Thou wilt not find thy Master's Sister half so ready to take thy Freedoms, as thy mannerly Master is! — So, a little of that Modesty and Humility that my Mother's Waiting-maid used to shew, will become thee better than the Airs thou givest thyself, since my Mother's Son has taught thee to forget thyself.

I would beg, said I, one Favour of your Ladyship, that if you would have me keep my Distance, you will not forget your own Degree. — Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget my Degree, wouldst thou not keep thy Distance then?

If you, Madam, said I, lessen the Distance yourself, you will descend to my Level, and make an Equality, which I don't presume to think of; for I can't descend lower than I am, — at least in your Ladyship's Esteem!

Did I not tell you, *Jackey*, said she, that I should have a Wit to talk to? — He, who swears like a Gentleman, at every Word, rapt out an Oath, and said, drolling, I think, Mrs. *Pamela*, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady *Davers*! — Sir, said I, I hope there was no Need for your Information, and so I can't thank you for it; especially as you seem to think it wants an Oath to convince me of it.

He look'd more foolish than I at this, if possible, not expecting such a Reprimand — And said at last, Why, Mrs. *Pamela*, you put me half out of Countenance with your witty Reproof! — Sir, said I, you seem quite a fine Gentleman, and it will not be easily done, I dare say.

How now, Pert-ones, said my Lady, do you know who you talk to? — I think I do not, Madam, reply'd I: And, for fear I should forget myself more, I'll withdraw. Your Ladyship's Servant, said I, and was going: But she rose, and gave me a Push, and pull'd a Chair, and setting the Back against the Door, sat down in it.

Well, said I, I can bear any thing at your Ladyship's Hands; but I was ready to cry tho'. And I went, and sat down, and fann'd myself at the other End of the Room.

Her Woman, who stood all the Time, said softly, Mrs. *Pamela*, you should not sit in my Lady's Presence. And my Lady, tho' she did not hear her, said, You shall sit down, Child, in the Room where I am, when I give you Leave.

So I stood up, and said, When your Ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, one might be indulg'd to sit down. But I ask'd you, said she, Whither your Master is gone? To one Mr. *Carlton*, Madam, said I, about eighteen Miles off, who is very sick. And when does he come home? — This Evening, Madam, said I. And where are you going?

To a Gentleman's House in the Town, Madam. And how was you to go? —In the Chariot, Madam.— Why, you must be a Lady in time, to be sure!— I believe you'd become a Chariot mighty well, Child! — Was you ever out in it, with your Master?

Pray your Ladyship, said I, be pleased to ask half a dozen such Questions together; because one Answer may do for all! — Why, Boldface, said she, you'll forget your Distance, and bring me to your Level before my Time.

So I could no longer refrain Tears, but said, Pray your Ladyship, let me ask what I have done to be thus severely treated? I never did your Ladyship any Harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleas'd to hint, I should be more intitled to your Pity than your Anger.

She arose, and took me by the Hand, and led me to her Chair, and then sat down; and still holding my Hand, said, Why, *Pamela*, I did indeed pity you while I thought you innocent; and when my Brother seiz'd you, and brought you down hither, without your Consent, I was concern'd for you. And I was still more concern'd for you, and lov'd you, when I heard of your Virtue and Resistance, and your virtuous Efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffer'd yourself to be prevail'd upon, and have lost your Innocence, and added another to the Number of the Fools he has ruin'd, (*This shock'd me a little!*) I cannot help shewing my Displeasure to you.

Madam, reply'I, I must beg no hasty Judgment; I have not lost my Innocence! — Take care, take care, *Pamela*, said she! — Don't lose your Veracity, as well as your Honour! — Why are you here, when you are at full Liberty to go whither you please?— I will make one Proposal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me?— I will instantly set out with you, in my Chariot, and not stay half an Hour longer in this House, if you'll go with me. — Now, if you're innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can.

I am innocent, Madam, reply'd I, and willing to keep so; and yet I cannot consent to this. Then, said she, very mannerly, Thou lyest, Child, that's all; and I give thee up!

And so she arose, and walk'd about the Room in great Wrath. Her Nephew and her Woman said, Your Ladyship's very good; 'tis a plain Case; a very plain Case!

I would have remov'd the Chair, to have gone out, but her Nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the Honour I was rais'd to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not shew some Spirit; and I said, What, Sir, is your Pretence in this House, to keep me a Prisoner here? Because, said he,— I like it.— Do you so, Sir? reply'd I: If that's the Answer of a Gentleman to such a one as I, it would not, I dare say, be the Answer of a Gentleman to a Gentleman. —My Lady! my Lady! said he, a Challenge, a Challenge, by Gad! No, Sir, said I, I am of a Sex that gives no Challenges; and you think so too, or you would not give this Occasion for the Word.

Said my Lady, Don't be surpriz'd, Nephew; the Wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her Master's Bed-fellow. — *Pamela, Pamela*, said she, and tapp'd me upon the Shoulder, two or three times, in Anger, thou hast lost thy Innocence, Girl; and thou hast got some of thy bold Master's Assurance, and art fit to go any-whither.— Then, and please your Ladyship, said I, I am unworthy of your Presence, and desire I may quit it.

No, reply'd she, I will know first what Reason you can give for not accepting my Proposal, if you are innocent? I can give, said I, a very good one; but I beg to be excus'd. I will hear it, said she. Why then, answer'd I, I should perhaps have less Reason to like this Gentleman, than where I am.

Well then, said she, I'll put you to another Trial. I'll set out this Moment with you to your Father and Mother, and give you up safe to them. What do you say to that?— Ay, Mrs. *Pamela*, said her Nephew, now what does your Innocence say to that? —'Fore Gad, Madam, you have puzzled her now.

Be pleas'd, Madam, said I, to call off this fine Gentleman. Your Kindness in these Proposals makes me hope you will not have me baited. I'll be d—— said he, if she does not make me a Bull-dog! Why she'll toss us all by-and-by! Sir, said I, you indeed behave as if you were in a Bear-garden.

*Jackey*, be quiet, said my Lady. You only give her a Pretence to evade my Questions. Come, answer me, *Pamela*. I will, Madam, said I, and it is thus: I have no Occasion to be beholden to your Ladyship for this Honour; for I am to set out tomorrow Morning on the Way to my Parents.— Now again, thou lyest, Wench. — I am not of Quality, said I, to answer to such Language. —Once again, said she, provoke me not, by these Reflections, and this Pertness; if thou dost, I shall do something by thee unworthy of myself. That, thinks I, you have done already; but I ventur'd not to say so. But who is to carry you, said she, to your Father and Mother? Who my Master pleases, Madam, said I. Ay, said she, I doubt not, thou wilt do every thing he pleases, if thou hast not already. Why now tell me, *Pamela*, from thy Heart, hast thou not been in Bed with thy Master? Ha, Wench! —I was quite

shock'd at this, and said, I wonder how your Ladyship can use me thus! —I am sure you can expect no Answer; and my Sex, and my tender Years, might exempt me from such Treatment, with a Person of your Ladyship's Birth and Quality, and who, be the Distance ever so great, is of the same Sex with me.

Thou art a confident Wench, said she, I see! —Pray, Madam, said I, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the Town to Dinner. No, reply'd she, I can't spare you, and whoever you are to go to, will excuse you, when they are told 'tis I that commands you not to go;—and you may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you consider that 'tis the unexpected Coming of your late Lady's Daughter, and your Master's Sister, that commands your Stay.

But a Pre-engagement, your Ladyship will consider, is something! —Ay, so it is; but I know not what Reason Waiting-maids have to assume these *Airs of Pre-engagements*! —Oh *Pamela, Pamela*, I am sorry for thy thus aping thy Betters, and giving thyself such *Airs*; I see thou'rt quite spoil'd! Of a modest, innocent Girl, that thou wast, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the World, but what I fear thou art.

Why, please your Ladyship, said her Kinsman, what signifies all you say? The Matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a Fairy-dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her Dream's out. —Bad as you take me to be, Madam, said I, I am not used to such Language or Reflections as this Gentleman gives me; and I won't bear it.

Well, *Jackey*, said she, be silent; and shaking her Head, Poor Girl, said she! —What a sweet Innocence is here destroy'd! —A thousand Pities! — I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and then has assum'd a Carriage upon it, that all those Creatures are distinguish'd by!—

I cry'd sadly for Vexation; and said, Say what you please, Madam: If I can help it, I will not answer another Word.—

Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and ask'd, If her Ladyship was ready for Dinner. She said, Yes. I would have gone out with her; but my Lady said, taking my Hand, she could not spare me. And, Miss, said she, you may pull off your Gloves, and lay your Fan by, for you shan't go; and if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at Dinner, and then I shall have a little further Talk with you.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said to me, Madam, may I speak one Word with you? —I can't tell, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I; for my Lady holds my Hand, and you see I am a kind of Prisoner.

What you have to say, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said she, you may speak before me. But she went out, and seem'd vex'd for me; and she says, I look'd like the very Scarlet.

The Cloth was-laid in another Parlour, and for three Persons, and she led me in: Come, my little Dear, said she, with a Sneer, I'll hand you in, and I wou'd have you think it as well as if it was my Brother.

What a sad Case, thought I, should I be in, if I were as naughty as she thinks me! It was bad enough as it was.

*Jackey*, said my Lady, come, let us go to Dinner. She said to her Woman, Do you, *Beck*, help *Pamela* to 'tend us; we will have no Men-fellows. ——— Come, my young Lady, shall I help you off with your white Gloves? —I have not, Madam, said I, deserv'd this at your Ladyship's Hands.

Mrs. *Jewkes* coming in with the first Dish, she said, Do you expect any body else, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that you lay the Cloth for three? —Said she, I hop'd your Ladyship and Madam would have been so well reconcil'd, that she would have sat down too. —What means the clownish Woman? said my Lady, in great Disdain: Could you think the Creature should sit down with me. —She does, Madam, and please your Ladyship, with my Master. —I doubt it not, good Woman, said she, and lyes with him too, does she not? Answer me, Fat-face! —How these Ladies are privileg'd!

If she does, Madam, said she, there may be a Reason for it, perhaps! And went out. —So, said she, has the Wench got thee over too! —Come, my little Dear, pull off thy Gloves, I say; and off she pull'd my Left Glove herself, and 'spy'd my Ring. O my dear God! said she, if the Wench has not got a Ring! —Well, this is a pretty Piece of Foolery, indeed! Dost know, my Friend, that thou art miserably trick'd! —And so, poor Innocent, thou hast made a fine Exchange, hast thou not? Thy Honesty for this Bauble! And I'll warrant, my little Dear has topp'd her Part, and paraded it like any real Wife; and so mimicks still the Condition! — Why, said she, and turn'd me round, thou art as mincing as any Bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *Pre-engagements*! Pr'ythee, Child, walk before me to that Glass, survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the Theatrical Part given thee!

I was then resolv'd to try to be silent; although most sadly vex'd. —So I went and sat me down in the Window,

and she took her Place at the upper End of the Table; and her sawcy *Jackey*, fleeing at me most provokingly, sat down by her. —Said he, Shall not the Bride sit down by us, Madam? Ay, well thought of, said my Lady: Pray, Mrs. Bride, your Pardon for sitting down in your Place? —I said nothing.

Said she, with a poor Pun, Thou hast some Modesty, however, Child! For thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit down*, tho' in my Presence! —I still kept my Seat, and said nothing. —Thinks I, this is a sad Thing, and I am hinder'd too from shewing my Duty where it is most due, and shall have Anger there too, may-be, if my dear Master should be there before me! —So she eat some Soup, as did her Kinsman; and then as she was cutting up a Fowl, said, If thou *long'st*, my little Dear, I will help thee to a Pinion, or Breast, or any thing. But may-be, Child, said he, thou likest the Rump, shall I bring it thee? And then laugh'd like an Idiot, for all he is a Lord's Son, and may be a Lord himself. —For he is the Son of the Lord—; and his Mother, who was Lord *Davers's* Sister, being dead, he has receiv'd what Education he has, from Lord *Davers's* Direction. Poor Wretch! for all his Greatness! he'll ne'er die for a Plot,—at least of his own hatching. If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his Picture. But for one of 25 or 26 Years of Age, much about the Age of my dear Master, he is a most odd Mortal.

*Pamela*, said my Lady, help me to a Glass of Wine. No, *Beck*, said she, you shan't; for she was offering to do it. I will have my Lady Bride confer that Honour upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*. I was silent, and never stirr'd.

Dost hear, *Chastity*? said she. Help me to a Glass of Wine, when I bid thee. —What! not stir! Then I'll come and help thee to one. Still I stirr'd not, and fanning myself, continu'd silent. Said she, When I have ask'd thee, Meek-ones, half a dozen Questions together, I suppose thou wilt answer them all at once! Pretty Creature, is not that it?

I was so vex'd, I bit a Piece of my Fan out, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, and did nothing but flutter it, and fan myself.

I believe, said she, my next Question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest-ones, I shall be intitled to an Answer.

He arose, and brought the Bottle and Glass, Come, said he, Mrs. Bride, be pleas'd to help my Lady, and I will be your Deputy. Sir, reply'd I, it is in a good Hand; help my Lady yourself. —Why, Creature, said she, dost thou think thyself above it? — And then flew into a Passion, Insolence! continued she, this Moment, when I bid you, know your Duty, and give me a Glass of Wine; or—

So, I took a little Spirit then—thinks I, I can but be beat—If, said I, to attend your Ladyship at Table, or even kneel at your Feet, was requir'd of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the Person you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received Honours, that she thinks requires her to act another Part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I cannot do it.

She seem'd quite surpriz'd, and look'd now upon her Kinsman, and then upon her Woman. —I'm astonish'd! I'm quite astonish'd! —Well then, I suppose you would have me conclude you my Brother's Wife; wou'd you not?

Your Ladyship, said I, compels this from me! — Well, return'd she, but dost thou thyself think thou art so? —Silence, said her Kinsman, gives Consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, Madam, and pay my Duty to my new Aunt?

Tell me, said my Lady, what, in the Name of Impudence, possesses thee, to dare to look upon thyself as my Sister? —Madam, reply'd I, that is a Question will better become your most worthy Brother to answer, than me?

She was rising in great Wrath; but her Woman said, Good your Ladyship; you'll do yourself more Harm, than her; and if the poor Girl has been deluded so, as you have heard, with the Sham-marriage, she'll be more deserving of your Ladyship's Pity than Anger. , *Beck*, very , said my Lady; but there's no bearing the Impudence of the Creature mean-time.

I would have gone out at the Door, but her Kinsman run and set his Back against it. I expected bad Treatment from her Pride and violent Temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, Sir, when my Master comes to know your rude Behaviour, you will, may-be, have Cause to repent it. And went and sat down in the Window again.

Another Challenge, by Gad! said he; but I am glad she says her *Master*! —You see, Madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been so much deluded as you think for. And coming to me with a most barbarous Air of Insult, he said, kneeling on one Knee before me; My new Aunt, your *Blessing*, or your *Curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my Dinner!

I gave him a most contemptuous Look: Tinsel'd Toy, said I, (for he was lac'd all over) Twenty or Thirty Years hence, when you are *at Age*, I shall know how to answer you better; mean-time, sport with your Footmen, and not me! And so I remov'd to another Window nearer the Door, and he look'd like a sad Foolish, as he is.

*Beck, Beck*, said my Lady, this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my Kinsman and Lord *Davers's* to be thus used by such a Slut? And was coming to me: And indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor Heart, after all. But Mrs. *Jewkes*, hearing high Words, came in again, with the second Course, and said, Pray your Ladyship, don't so discompose yourself. I am afraid this Day's Business will make Matters wider than ever between your good Ladyship and your Brother: For my Master doats upon Madam.

Woman, said she, do thou be silent! Sure, I, that was born in this House, may have some Privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy Servants in it!

I beg Pardon, Madam, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*; and turning to me, said, Madam, my Master will take it very ill, if you make him wait for you thus. So I rose to go out; but my Lady said, If it was only for *that* Reason, she shan't go. —And went to the Door, and shut it, and said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Woman, don't come again till I call you; and coming to me, took my Hand, and said, Find your Legs, Miss, if you please.

I stood up, and she tapp'd my Cheek! Oh! says she, that scarlet Glow shews what a rancorous little Heart thou hast, if thou durst shew it; but come this way. And so led me to her Chair: Stand there, said she, and answer me a few Questions while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent Master to Account; and then I'll have you Face to Face, and all this Mystery of Iniquity shall be unravell'd; for, between you, I will come to the Bottom of it.

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the Window on the other Side the Parlour, looking into the private Garden; and her Woman said, Mrs. *Pamela*, don't make my Lady angry. Stand by her Ladyship, as she bids you. Said I, Pray, good now, let it suffice you to attend your *Lady's* Commands, and don't lay *yours* upon *me*. —Your Pardon, sweet Mrs. *Pamela*, said she. Times are much alter'd with you, I'll assure you! Said I, Her Ladyship has a very good Plea to be free in the House that she was *born* in. But you may as well confine your Freedoms to the House in which you had your *Breeding*. Why, how now, Mrs. *Pamela*, said she! Since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a Piece of my Mind. Hush, hush, *good Woman*, said I, alluding to my Lady's Language to Mrs. *Jewkes*; my Lady wants not your Assistance! —Besides, I can't scold!

The Woman was ready to stutter with Vexation; and Lord *Jackey* laugh'd as if he would burst his Sides; G—d— me, *Beck*, said he, you'd better let her alone to my Lady here; for she'll be too many for twenty such as you and I. —And then he laugh'd again, and repeated—*I can't scold*, quoth—a! but, by Gad, Miss, you can speak d—d spiteful Words, I can tell you that! —Poor *Beck* ! poor *Beck* ! —Fore Gad, she's quite dumb-founder'd!

Well, but, *Pamela*, said my Lady, come hither, and tell me truly: Dost thou think thyself really marry'd? —Said I, and approach'd her Chair, My good Lady, I will answer all your Commands, if you'll have Patience with me, and not be so angry as you are; but I can't bear to be us'd thus by this Gentleman, and your Ladyship's Woman. Child, said she, thou art very impertinent to my Kinsman; thou can'st not be civil to me; and my Ladyship's Woman is much thy Betters. But that's not the Thing! —Dost thou think thou art really marry'd?

I see, Madam, said I, you are resolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* Answer I shall return: If I should say, I am not, then your Ladyship will call me hard Names, and perhaps I should tell a Fib. If I should say, I am, your Ladyship will ask how I have the Impudence to be so,—and will call it a Sham-marriage. I will, said she, be answer'd more directly. Why, what, and please your Ladyship, does it signify what I think? Your Ladyship will believe as you please.

But canst thou have the Vanity, the Pride, the Folly, said she, to think thyself actually marry'd to *my* Brother? He is no Fool, Child; and Libertine enough of Conscience; and thou art not the first in the List of his credulous Harlots. —Well, well, said I, (and was in a sad Flutter) as I am easy and pleas'd with my Lot, pray your Ladyship let me continue so, as long as I can. It will be Time enough for me to know the worst, when the worst comes. And if it will be so bad, your Ladyship should pity me, rather than thus torment me before my Time.

Well, said she, but dost not think I am concern'd that a young Wench, whom my poor dear Mother lov'd so well, should thus cast herself away, and suffer herself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble Stand as thou mad'st for so long a Time?

I think myself far from being deluded and undone, and please your Ladyship; and am as innocent and virtuous as ever I was in my Life. Thou lye'st, Child, said she. So your Ladyship told me *twice* before!

She gave me a Slap on the Hand for this; and I made a low Curchee, and said, I humbly thank your

Ladyship!—but I could not refrain Tears. And added, Your dear Brother, Madam; however, won't thank your Ladyship for this Usage of me, tho' I do. Come a little nearer me, my Dear, said she, and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou think'st thou hast not made Mischief enough already between a Sister and Brother But, Child, if he was here, I would serve thee worse, and him too. I wish he was, said I. —Dost thou threaten me, Mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?

Now, pray your Ladyship, said I, (but got to a little Distance) be pleas'd to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *Honour*, or rather *Misfortune*, to come into your Presence; whether you have said *one* Thing befitting your Ladyship's Degree to me, even supposing I was the Wench, and the Creature, you suppose me to be? —Come hither, my pert Dear, reply'd she; come but within my Reach for one Moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest.

To be sure she meant to box my Ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy Lot, if I could not shew some Spirit.

When the Cloth was taken away, I said, I suppose I may now depart your Presence, Madam? I suppose not, said she. Why, I'll lay thee a Wager, Child, thy Stomach's too full to eat, and so thou may'st fast till thy mannerly Master comes home.

Pray your Ladyship, said her Woman, let the poor Girl sit down at Table with Mrs. *Jewkes* and me.— Said I, you are very kind, Mrs. *Worden*; but Times, as you said, are much alter'd with me; and I have been of late so much honour'd by better Company, that I can't stoop to yours.

Was ever such Confidence, said my Lady! Poor *Beck*, poor *Beck*, said her Kinsman; why, she beats you quite out of the Pit!— Will your Ladyship, said I, be pleased to tell me how long I am to tarry For you'll please to see by that Letter, that I am oblig'd to attend my Master's Commands. And so I gave her the dear Gentleman's Letter from Mr. *Carlton's*, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the Honour done me by him. Ay, said she, this is my worthy Brother's Hand. It is directed to Mrs. *Andrews*. That's to you, I suppose, Child? And so she read on, making Remarks as she went along, in this manner:

*My dearest PAMELA*, — "Mighty well!" — *I hope my not coming home this Night will not frighten you!*— "Vastly tender, indeed!— And did it frighten you, Child!" — *You may believe I can't help it.* "No, to be sure!— A Person in thy Way of Life, is more tenderly used than an honest Wife. But mark the End of it!" — *I could have wish'd,* "Prythee, *Jackey*, mind this," *we* "mind the significant *We*," *had not engaged to the good Neighbourhood, at Sir Simon's for to-morrow Night.* — "Why, does the good Neighbourhood, and does Sir *Simon*, permit thy Visits, Child? They shall have none of mine then, I'll assure them!" *But I am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other House* — "So, *Jackey*, we but just nick'd it, I find." — *that, as well as in Return for the Civilities of so many good Friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off.* — "Now mind, *Jackey*." — *What I beg of you,* — "Mind the Wretch, that could use me and your Uncle, as he has done; he is turn'd Beggar to this Creature!" *I beg of you, therefore, my Dear*, "My Dear ! there's for you!— I wish I may not be quite sick before I get thro'." — *What I beg of you, therefore, my Dear*, and then she look'd me full in the Face *is, that you will go in the Chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the Day, the better;* — "Dear Heart! and why so, when WE were not expected till Night? Why, pray observe the Reason—Hem!" said she *Because you will be diverted with the Company;* "Mighty kind indeed!" — *who all,* " *Jackey, Jackey*, mind this," — *who all so much admire you* . "Now he'd ha' been hang'd to have said so complaisant a thing, had he been marry'd, I'm sure!" — "Very , Aunt, said he: A plain Case that!" — Thinks I, that's hard upon poor Matrimony, tho'. I hope my Lady don't find it so. But I durst not speak out. *Who all so much admire you*, said she "I must repeat that— Pretty Miss— I wish thou wast as *admirable* for thy Virtue, as for that Baby-face of thine!" — *And I hope to join you there by your Tea-time, in the Afternoon!* — "So, you're in very good Time, Child, an Hour or two hence, to answer all your important Pre-engagements!" — *which will be better than going home, and returning with you; as it will be six Miles Difference to me; and I know the good Company will excuse my Dress on the Occasion.* "Very , any Dress is good enough, I'm sure, for such Company as *admire* thee, Child, for a Companion in thy ruin'd State! — *Jackey, Jackey*, mind, mind again! more fine things still." *I count every Hour of this little Absence for a Day;* — "There's for you! Let me repeat it," *I count every Hour of this little Absence for a Day!* — "Mind too the Wit of the good Man! One may see Love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his Deary; no less than, according to *his* amorous Calculation, a Dozen Days and Nights, at least! and yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a Little Absence. Well said, my good accurate and consistent Brother. —But wise Men in Love, are always the

greatest Simpletons!— But now comes the Reason, why this little Absence, which, at the same time, is so GREAT an Absence, is so *tedious*:" For *I am*, "Ay, now for it!"— *with the utmost Sincerity, My dearest Love*, "Out upon Dearest Love! I shall never love the Word again! Pray bid your Uncle never call me Dearest Love, *Jackey!*" —*For Ever Yours!*—"But, Brother, thou lye'st! —Thou knowest thou dost.— And so, my good Lady *Andrews*, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest Love* will be *for Ever Yours!* And hast thou the Vanity to believe this! —But stay, here is a Postscript. The poor Man knew not when to have done to his *dearest Love*. —He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, *his dearest Love*, you are mighty happy in such a Lover!" — *If you could go to dine with them,*— "Cry your Mercy, my *dearest Love*, now comes the Pre-engagement!" *it will be a Freedom that will be very pleasing to them, and the more as they don't expect it.*

Well, so much for this kind Letter! But you see you cannot honour this admiring Company with this little-expected, and, but in Complaisance to his Folly, I dare say, little-desired Freedom. And I cannot forbear *admiring* you so much myself, my *dearest Love*, that I will not spare you at all, this whole Evening. For 'tis a little hard, if thy Master's Sister may not be blest a little bit with thy charming Company.

So I found I had shewed her my Letter to very little Purpose, and repented it several times, as she read on. —Well then, I hope, said I, your Ladyship will give me Leave to send my Excuses to your good Brother, and say, that your Ladyship is come, and is so fond of me, that you will not let me leave you.— Pretty Creature! said she; and wantest thou thy good Master to come, and quarrel with his Sister on thy Account? —But thou shalt not stir from my Presence; and I would now ask thee, What it is thou meanest by shewing me this Letter?— Why, Madam, said I, to shew your Ladyship how I was engaged for this Day and Evening.— And for nothing else? said she. Why, I can't tell, Madam, said I: But if you can collect from it any other Circumstances, I might hope I should be not the worse treated.

I saw her Eyes began to sparkle with Passion; and she took my Hand, and said, grasping it very hard, I know, confident Creature, that you shew'd it me to insult me!— You shew'd it me, to let me see, that he could be civiller to a Beggar-born, than to me, or to my good Lord *Davers!*— You shew'd it me, as if you'd have me be as credulous a Fool as yourself, to believe your Marriage, when I know the whole Trick of it, and have Reason to believe you do too; and you shew'd it me, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted Dirt, to the Disgrace of a Family, ancient and untainted beyond most in the Kingdom; and now will I give thee One hundred Guineas for one bold Word, that I may fell thee at my Foot.

Was not this very dreadful! To be sure, I had better have kept the Letter from her. I was quite frighten'd!— And this fearful Menace, and her fiery Eyes, and rageful Countenance, made me lose all my Courage!— So I said, weeping, Good your Ladyship, pity me! —Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the World.

Tho' I know, said she, the whole Trick of thy pretended Marriage, and thy foolish Ring here, and all the rest of the wicked Nonsense; yet I should not have Patience with thee, if thou but offerest to let me know thy Vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to my Brother! —I could not bear the Thought!— So take care, *Pamela*; take care, beggarly Brat; take care.

Good your Ladyship, said I, spare my dear Parents. They are honest and industrious: They were once in a very creditable Way, and never were Beggars. Misfortunes may attend any body: And I can bear the cruellest Imputations on myself, because I know my Innocence; but upon such honest, industrious Parents, who lived thro' the greatest Trials, without being beholden to any thing but God's Blessing, and their own hard Labour; I cannot bear Reflection.

What! art thou setting up for a Family, Creature as thou art! God! give me Patience with thee! I suppose my Brother's Folly for thee, and his Wickedness together, will, in a little while, occasion a Search at the Herald's-office, to set out thy wretched Obscurity. Provoke me, I desire thou wilt. One hundred Guineas will I give thee, to say but thou thinkest thou art marry'd to my Brother!

Your Ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say, will please; but your Ladyship is resolved to quarrel with me; since I must not say what I think, on one hand nor another, whatever your Ladyship designs by me, be pleased to do, and let me depart your Presence!

She gave me a Slap on the Hand, and reached to box my Ear; but Mrs. *Jewkes* hearkening without, and her Woman too, they both came in at that Instant; and Mrs. *Jewkes* said, pushing herself in between us, Your Ladyship knows not what you do. Indeed you don't. My Master would never forgive me, if I suffer'd, in his

House, one he so dearly loves, to be so used; and it must not be, tho' you are Lady *Davers*. Her Woman too interposed, and told her, I was not worth her Ladyship's Anger. But she was like a Person beside herself.

I offer'd to go out, and Mrs. *Jewkes* took my Hand, to lead me out: But her Kinsman set his Back against the Door, and put his Hand to his Sword, and said, I should not go, till his Aunt permitted it. He drew it half-way; and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out, Oh! the Sword! the Sword! and, not knowing what I did, I run to my Lady herself, and clasp'd my Arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my Enemy, and said, sinking on my Knees, Defend me, good your Ladyship! The Sword! the Sword! —Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Oh! my Lady will fall into Fits; but Lady *Davers* was, herself, so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her Words, and said, *Jackey*, don't draw your Sword!— You see, as great as her Spirit is, she can't bear that.

Come, said she, be comforted; he shan't fright you!— I'll try to overcome my Anger, and will pity you. So, Wench, rise up, and don't be foolish. Mrs. *Jewkes* held her Salts to my Nose, and I did not faint. And my Lady said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if you would be forgiven, leave *Pamela* and me by ourselves; and, *Jackey*, do you withdraw; only you, *Beck*, stay.

So I sat down in the Window, all in a sad Fluster; for, to be sure, I was sadly frightened. —Said her Woman, You should not sit in my Lady's Presence, Mrs. *Pamela*. Yes, let her sit till she is a little recover'd of her Fright, said my Lady, and set my Chair by her. And so she sat over-against me, and said, To be sure, *Pamela*, you have been very provoking with your Tongue, to be sure you have, as well upon my Nephew, (who is a Man of Quality too) as me. And, palliating her cruel Usage, and beginning, I suppose, to think herself, she had carry'd it further than she could answer it to her Brother, she wanted to lay the Fault upon me; Own, said she, you have been very saucy, and beg my Pardon, and beg *Jackey's* Pardon; and I will try to pity you: For you are a sweet Girl, after all;— if you had but held out, and been honest.

'Tis injurious to me, Madam, said I, to imagine I am not honest! —Said she, Have you not been a-bed with my Brother? tell me that. —Your Ladyship, reply'd I, asks your Questions in a strange Way, and in strange Words.

Oh! your Delicacy is wounded, I suppose, by my plain Question!— This Niceness will soon leave you Wench: It will indeed. But answer me directly. Said I, Then your Ladyship's next Question will be, Am I marry'd? And you won't bear my Answer to that,—and will beat me again.

I han't beat you yet; have I, *Beck*? said she. So you want to make out a Story, do you? —But, indeed, I can't bear thou should'st so much as *think* thou art *my* Sister. I know the whole Trick of it; and so, 'tis my Opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little Cunning, that it may look like a Cloak to thy yielding, and get better Terms from him. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, Wench, thou seest I know the World a little;—almost at much at Thirty-two, as thou dost at Sixteen. —Remember that!

I rose from the Window, and walking to the other End of the Room, Beat me again, if you please, said I; but I must tell your Ladyship, I scorn your Words, and am as much marry'd as your Ladyship!

At that she run to me, but her Woman interposed again; Let the vain wicked Creature go from your Presence, Madam, said she. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your Ladyship. Stand away, *Beck*, said she. That's an Assertion that I would not take from my Brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I! —Is that to be borne? But if the Creature believes she is, Madam, said her Woman, she is to be as much pity'd for her Credulity, as despised for her Vanity.

I was in hopes to have slipt out of the Door; but she caught hold of my Gown, and pulled me back. Pray your Ladyship, said I, don't kill me!— I have done no Harm. —But she lock'd the Door, and put the Key in her Pocket. So seeing Mrs. *Jewkes* before the Window, I lifted up the Sash, and said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I believe it would be best for the Chariot to go to your Master, and let him know, that Lady *Davers* is here; and I cannot leave her Ladyship.

She was resolved to be displeas'd, let me say what I would. Said she, No, no; he'll then think that I make the Creature my Companion, and know not how to part with her. I thought your Ladyship, reply'd I, could not have taken Exceptions at this Message. Thou knowest nothing, Wench, said she, of what belongs to People of Condition: How shouldst thou? Nor, thought I, do I desire it, at this Rate.

What shall I say, Madam? said I. Nothing at all, reply'd she; let him expect his *Dearest Love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *Hours*, and he will make every one a *Day*, in his amorous Account. —Mrs. *Jewkes* coming nearer me, and my Lady walking about the Room, being then at the End, I whisper'd, Let *Robert* stay at the Elms; I'll have a Struggle for't by-and-by.

As much marry'd as I! repeated she. —The Insolence of the Creature! —And so she walk'd about the Room,

talking to herself, to her Woman, and now—and—then to me; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent. And then it was, Am I not worthy an Answer? If I speak, said I, your Ladyship is angry at me, tho' ever so respectfully; if I do not, I cannot please: Would your Ladyship tell me but how I shall oblige you, and I would do it with all my Heart?

Confess the Truth, said she, that thou't an undone Creature; hast been in Bed with thy Master; and art sorry for it, and for the Mischief thou hast occasion'd between him and me; and then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of Guineas, and some honest Farmer may take Pity of thee, and patch up thy Shame, for the sake of the Money; and if nobody will have thee, thou must vow Penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee.

I was quite sick at Heart, at all this passionate Extravagance, and to be hinder'd from being where was the Desire of my Soul, and afraid too of incurring my dear Master's Displeasure; and, as I sat, I saw it was no hard matter to get out of the Window, into the Front-yard, the Parlour being even with the Yard, and so have a fair Run for it; and after I had seen my Lady at the other End of the Room again, in her Walks, having not pulled down the Sash, when I spoke to Mrs. *Jewkes*, I got upon the Seat, and whipt out in a Minute, and ran away as hard as I could drive, my Lady calling after me to return, and her Woman at the other Window: But two of her Servants appearing at her crying out, and she bidding them stop me, I said, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows; but their Lady's Commands would have prevail'd on them, had not Mr. *Colbrand*, who, it seems, had been kindly order'd, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, to be within Call, when she saw how I was treated, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce Looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and said, He would *chine* the Man, that was his Word, who offer'd to touch his Lady; and so he run alongside of me; and I heard my Lady say, The Creature flies like a Bird! And, indeed, Mr. *Colbrand*, with his huge Strides, could hardly keep pace with me; and I never stopt till I got to the Chariot; and *Robert* had got down, seeing me running at a Distance, and held the Door in his Hand, with the Step ready down; and in I jumpt, without touching the Step, saying, Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my Lady's Reach! And he mounted, and *Colbrand* said, Don't be frighten'd, Madam; nobody shall hurt you. —And shut the Door, and away *Robert* drove; but I was quite out of Breath, and did not recover it, and my Fright, all the Way.

Mr. *Colbrand* was so kind, but I did not know it till the Chariot stopt at Sir *Simon's*, to step up behind the Coach, lest, as he said, my Lady should send after me; and he told Mrs. *Jewkes*, when he got home, that he never saw such a Runner as me, in his Life.

When the Chariot stopt, which was not till Six o'Clock, so long did this cruel Lady keep me, Miss *Darnford* run out to me; O, Madam, said she, ten times welcome! but you'll be beat, I can tell you; for here has been the Squire come these two Hours, and is very angry at you.

That's hard indeed, said I! —Indeed I can't afford it!—for I hardly knew what I said, having not recover'd my Fright. Let me sit down, Miss, anywhere, said I; for I have been sadly off. So I sat down, and was quite sick with the Hurry of my Spirits, and lean'd upon her Arm.

Said she, Your Lord and Master came in very moody; and when he had staid an Hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and said, He did not expect so little Complaisance from you. And he is now sat down, with great Persuasions, to a Game at Loo. —Come, you must make your Appearance, Lady fair; for he's too sullen to attend you, I doubt.

You have no Strangers, have you, Miss, said I? — Only two Women Relations from *Stamford*, reply'd she, and an humble Servant of one of them. —Only all the World, Miss! said I. —What shall I do, if he be angry? I can't bear that.

Just as I had said so, came in Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones*, to chide me, as they said, for not coming sooner. And before I could speak, came in my dear Master. I ran to him. How d'ye, *Pamela*, said he, and saluted me, with a little more Formality than I could well bear. —I expected half a Word from me, when I was so complaisant to your Choice, would have determin'd you, and that you'd been here to Dinner;—and the rather, as I made my Request a reasonable one, and what, I thought, would be agreeable to you. O dear Sir, said I, pray, pray hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeas'd: Mrs. *Jewkes* will tell you, that as soon as I had your kind Commands, I said, I would obey you, and come to Dinner with these good Ladies; and so prepared myself instantly, with all the Pleasure in the World. Lady *Darnford* and Miss said, I was their Dear! —Look you, said Miss, did I not tell you, Stately—ones, that something must have happen'd? But O these Tyrants! these Men!

Why, what hinder'd it, my Dear? said he: Give yourself Time; you seem out of Breath! —O Sir, said I, Out of Breath! well I may! —For, just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the Court-yard, but Lady *Davers*! —Lady *Davers*! Nay, then, my sweet Dear, said he, and kissed me more tenderly, hast thou had a worse Trial than I wish thee, from one of the haughtiest Women in *England*, tho' my Sister! —For she, too, my *Pamela*, was spoiled by my good Mother! —But have you seen her?

Yes, Sir, said I, and more than seen her! —Why, sure, said he, she has not had the Insolence to strike my Girl!— Sir, said I, but tell me you forgive me; for indeed I could not come sooner; and these good Ladies but excuse me; and I'll tell you all another time; for to take up the good Company's Attention now, will spoil their Pleasantry, and be to them, tho' more important to me, like the Lady's broken China, you caution'd me about.

That's a dear Girl! said he; I see my Hints are not thrown away upon you; and I beg Pardon for being angry at you; and, for the future, will stay till I hear your Defence before I judge you. Said Miss *Darnford*, This is a little better! To own a Fault, is some Reparation; and what every lordly Husband will not do. He said, But tell me, my Dear, Did Lady *Davers* offer you any Incivility? O Sir, reply'd I, she is your Sister, and I must not tell you all; but she has used me very severely. Did you tell her, said he, you was marry'd?— Yes, Sir, I did at last: But she will have it, 'tis a Sham-marriage, and that I am a vile Creature: And she was ready to beat me, when I said so; for she could not have Patience that I should be deem'd her Sister, as she said.

How unlucky it was, reply'd he, I was not at home? — Why did you not send to me here? Send, Sir! I was kept Prisoner by Force. They would not let me stir, or do you think, I would have been hinder'd from obeying you? Nay, I told them, that I had a Pre-engagement; but she ridiculed me, and said, Waiting-maids talk of Pre-engagements! and then I shew'd her your kind Letter; and she made a thousand Remarks upon it, and made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her; and I was a *Creature*, and *Wench*, and all that was naught. But you must not be angry with her, on my Account.

Well, but, said he, I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with her; for she came before Dinner, I suppose, if it was soon after you had received my Letter? No, Sir, dine with my *Lady*! no indeed! Why, she would make me wait at Table upon her, with her Woman, because she would not expose herself and me before the Men-servants; which, you know, Sir, was very good of her Ladyship.

Well, said he, but *did* you wait at Table upon her? Would you have had me, Sir? said I.— Only, *Pamela*, reply'd he, if you did, and knew not what belong'd to your Character, as my Wise, I shall be very angry with you. Sir, said I, I did not; but refused it, out of Consideration of the Dignity you have raised me to; else, Sir, I could have waited on my Knees upon your Sister.

Now, said he, you confirm my Opinion of your Prudence and Judgment. She is an insolent Woman, and shall dearly repent it. But, Sir, she is to be excus'd, because she won't believe I am indeed marry'd; so don't be too angry at her Ladyship.

He said, Ladies, pray don't let us keep you from the Company; I'll only ask a Question or two more, and attend you. Said Lady *Jones*, I so much long to hear this Story of poor Madam's Persecution, that if it was not improper, I should be glad to stay. Miss *Darnford* would stay for the same Reason; my Master saying, he had no Secrets to ask, and that it was kind of them to interest themselves in my Grievances.

But Lady *Darnford* went in to the Company, and told them the Cause of my Detention; for, it seems, my dear Master loved me too well, to keep to himself the Disappointment my not being here to receive him, had given him; and they had all given the two Miss *Boroughs's*, and Mr. *Perry*, the *Stamford* Guests, such a Character of me, that they said they were impatient to see me.

Said my Master, But, *Pamela*, you said, *They* and *Them*; Who had my Sister with her, besides her Woman? Her Nephew, Sir, and three Footmen on Horseback; and she and her Woman were in her Chariot and Six.

That's a sad Coxcomb, said he: How did he behave to you?— Not extraordinarily, Sir; but I should not complain; for I was even with him; because I thought I ought not to bear with him as with my Lady.

By Heaven! said he, if I knew he behav'd unhandsomely to my Jewel, I'd send him home to his Uncle without his Ears. Indeed, Sir, return'd I, I was as hard upon him, as he was upon me. Said he, 'Tis kind to make the best for them. But I believe I shall make them dearly repent their Visit, if I find their Behaviour to call for my Resentment.

But, sure, my Dear, you might have got away when you went to your own Dinner? Indeed, Sir, said I, her Ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir.— So you han't eat any Dinner? No, indeed, Sir, nor had a Stomach to any. My poor Dear! said he. But then, how got you away at last? —O, Sir, reply'd I, I jump'd out of

the Parlour Window, and run away to the Chariot, which had waited for me several Hours, by the Elm-walk, from the Time of my Lady's coming (for I was just going, as I said); and Mr. *Colbrand* saw me thro' her Servants, whom she call'd to, to stop me; and was so kind to step behind the Chariot, unknown to me, and saw me safe here.

I'm sure, said he, these insolent Creatures must have treated you vilely. But tell me, What Part did Mrs. *Jewkes* act in this Affair? A very kind Part, Sir, said I, in my Behalf; and I shall thank her for it. Sweet Creature, said he, thou makest the best for every body; but I hope she deserves it; for she knew you are married. —But come, we'll now join the Company, and try to forget all you have suffer'd, for two or three Hours, that we may not fill the Company with our Concerns; and resume the Subject as we go home. And you shall find, I will do you Justice as I ought. But you forgive me, Sir, said I, and are not angry? Forgive you, my Dear! return'd he. —I hope you forgive me! —I shall never make you Satisfaction for what you have suffer'd *from* me, and *for* me! And with those Words, he led me into the Company.

He very kindly presented me to the two Stranger Ladies, and the Gentleman, and them to me; and Sir *Simon*, who was at Cards, rose from Table, and saluted me: Adad! Madam, said he, I'm glad to see you here. What, it seems you have been a Prisoner! 'Tis well you was, or your Spouse and I should have sat in Judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful Punishment for your first Crime of *Læsæ Majestatis* (I had this explained to me afterwards, as a sort of Treason against my Liege Lord and Husband). For we Husbands, hereabout, said he, are resolv'd to turn over a new Leas with our Wives, and *your* Lord and Master shall shew us the Way, I can tell you that. But I see by your Eyes, my sweet Culprit, added he, and your Complexion, you have had sour Sauce to your sweet Meat.

Miss *Darnford* said, I think we are oblig'd to our sweet Guest, at last; for she was forced to jump out at a Window to come to us. Indeed! said Mrs. *Peters*;—and my Master's Back being turn'd, says she, Lady *Davers*, when a Maiden, was always vastly passionate; but a very good Lady when it was over. And she'd make nothing of slapping her Maids about, and begging their Pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently; otherwise she used to say, The *Creatures* were even with her.

Ay, said I, I have been a many *Creatures* and *Wenches*, and I know not what; for these were the best of her Names. And I thought I ought to act up to the Part her dear Brother has given me; and so, truly, I have but just escaped a good Cuffing.

Miss *Boroughs* said to her Sister, as I heard, but she did not design it, What a sweet Creature is this! And then she takes so little upon her, is so free, so easy, and owns the Honour done her so obligingly! Said Mr. *Perry*, softly, The loveliest Person I ever saw! Who could have the Heart to be angry with her one Moment?

Says Miss *Darnford*, Here, my dearest Neighbour, these Gentry are admiring you strangely; and Mr. *Perry* says, you are the loveliest Lady he ever saw; and says it to his own Mistress's Face too, I'll assure you—Or else, says Miss *Boroughs*, I should think he much flatter'd me.

O Miss, return'd I, you are exceedingly obliging; but your kind Opinion ought to learn me Humility, and to reverence so generous a Worth as can give a Preference against yourself, where it is so little due. Indeed, Madam, said Miss *Nanny Boroughs*, I love my Sister well; but it would be a high Compliment to any Lady, to be deem'd worthy of a second or third Place after you.

There is no answering such Politeness, said I: I am sure Lady *Davers*, was very cruel to keep me from such kind Company. 'Twas our Loss, Madam, said Miss *Darnford*. I'll allow it, said I, in Degree, Miss; for you have all been deprived, several Hours, of an humble Admirer.

Mr. *Perry* said, I never before saw so young a Lady shine forth with such Graces of Mind and Person. Alas! Sir, said I, my Master coming up, Mine is but a borrow'd Shine, like that of the Moon: Here is the Sun, to whose fervent Glow of Generosity I owe all the saint Lustre that your Goodness is pleased to look upon with so much kind Distinction.

Mr. *Perry* was pleased to hold up his Hands; and the Ladies look'd upon one another. And my Master said, hearing part of the last Sentence, What's the pretty Subject, that my *Pamela* is displaying, so sweetly, her Talents upon?

Oh! Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, I will pronounce you the happiest Gentleman in *England*. And I, said Miss *Boroughs*; And I, said Miss *Darnford*; And I, said each of the other.

My Master said, most generously, Thank ye, Thank ye, Thank ye, all round, my dear Friends. I know not your Subject; but if you believe me so, for a single Instance of this dear Girl's Goodness, what must I think myself,

when blest with a thousand Instances, and experiencing it in every single Act and Word! I do assure you, my *Pamela's* Person, all lovely as you see it, is far short of her Mind; That first impress'd me in her Favour; but that only made me her *Lover* : But they were the Beauties of her Mind, that made me her *Husband* ; and proud, my sweet Dear, said he, pressing my Hand, am I of that Title.

Well, said Mr. *Perry*, very kindly and politely, Excellent as your Lady is, I know not the Gentleman that could deserve her, but that one, who could say such just and such fine things.

I was all abash'd; and took Miss *Darnford's* Hand, and said, Save me, dear Miss, by your sweet Example, from my rising Pride. But could I deserve half these kind things, what a happy Creature should I be! Said Miss *Darnford*, You deserve them all, indeed you do.

The greatest Part of the Company being sat down to Loo, my Master being press'd, said, he would take one Game at Whist; but had rather be excused too, having been up all Night; and I asked how his Friend did? We'll talk of that, said he, another time; which, and his Seriousness, made me fear the poor Gentleman was dead, as it prov'd.

We cast in, and Miss *Boroughs* and my Master were together, and Mr. *Perry* and I; and I had all four Honours the first time, and we were up at one Deal. Said my Master, An honourable Hand, *Pamela*, should go with an honourable Heart; but you'd not have been up, if a Knave had not been one. Whist, Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, you know, was a Court Game originally, and the Knave, I suppose, signified always the prime Minister.

'Tis well, said my Master, if now there is but One Knave in a Court, out of Four Persons, take the Court thro'.

The King and Queen, Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, *can* do no Wrong, you know. So there are Two that *must* be good out of Four; and the Ace seems too plain a Card to mean much Hurt.

We compliment the King, said my Master, in that manner; and 'tis well to do so, because there is something sacred in the Character. But yet, if Force of Example be consider'd, it is going a great way; for certainly a good Master makes a good Servant, generally speaking.

One thing, added he, in regard to the Ace; I have always look'd upon that plain and honest-looking Card, in the Light you do. And have consider'd Whist as an *English* Game in its Original; which has made me fonder of it than of any other. For, by the Ace, I have always thought the Laws of the Land denoted; and, as the Ace is above the King or Queen, and wins them; I think the Law should be thought so too; tho', may-be, I shall be deem'd a *Whig* for my Opinion.

I shall never play at Whist, said Mr. *Perry*, without thinking of this, and shall love the Game the better for the Thought; tho' I am no Party-man. Nor I, said my Master; for I think the Distinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* odious; and love the one or the other, only as they are honest and worthy Men; and have never, (nor ever shall, I hope) given a Vote, but according to what I thought was for the publick Good, let either *Whig* or *Tory* propose it.

I wish, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Perry*, all Gentlemen, in your Station, would act so. If there was no undue Influence, said my Master, I am willing to think so well of all Mankind, that I believe they generally would.

But you see, said he, by my *Pamela's* Hand, when all the Court-cards get together, and are acted by *one Mind*, the Game is usually turn'd accordingly. Tho' now-and-then, too, it may be so circumstanced, that *Honours* will do them no Good; and they are forced to depend altogether upon *Tricks*.

I thought this way of Talking prettier than the Game itself. But I said, Tho' I have won the Game, I hope, Sirs, I am no *Trickster* . No, said my Master, God forbid but *Court-cards* should *sometimes* win with *Honour*! But you see, for all that, your Game is as much owing to the *Knave*, as the *King*; and you, my Fair-one, lost no Advantage, when it was put into your Power.

Else, Sir, said I, I should not have done Justice to my Partner: You are certainly right, *Pamela*, reply'd he; tho' you thereby beat your Husband. Sir, said I, You may be my Partner next, and I must do Justice, you know. Well, said he, always chuse so worthy a Friend, as Chance has given you for a Partner, and I shall never find Fault with you, do what you will.

Mr. *Perry* said, You are very good to me, Sir; and Miss *Boroughs*, I observed, seem'd pleas'd with the Compliment to her humble Servant; by which I saw she esteem'd him, as he seems to deserve. Dear-sirs! said I, how much better is this, than to be lock'd in by Lady *Davers*?

The Supper was brought in sooner on my Account, because I had had no Dinner; and there passed very agreeable Compliments on the Occasion. Lady *Darnford* would help me first, because I had so long fasted, as she said. Sir *Simon* would have placed himself next me: And my Master said, he thought it was best, where there was

an equal Number of Ladies and Gentlemen, that they should sit intermingled, that the Gentlemen might be employ'd in helping and serving the Ladies. Lady *Darnford* said, She hoped Sir *Simon* would not sit above any Ladies, at his own Table especially. Well, said he, I shall fit over-against her however; and that's as well.

My dearest Sir could not keep his Eye off me, and seem'd generously to be delighted with all I did, and all I said; and every one was pleased to see his kind and affectionate Behaviour to me.

Lady *Jones* brought up the Discourse about Lady *Davers* again; and my Master said, I fear, *Pamela* you have been hardly used, more than you'll say. I know my Sister's passionate Temper too well, to believe she could be over-civil to you, especially as it happen'd so unluckily that I was out. If, added he, she had had no Pique to you, my Dear, yet what has passed between her and me, has so exasperated her, that I know she would have quarrel'd with my *Horse*, if she had thought I valued it, and nobody else was in her way. Dear Sir, said I, don't say so of good Lady *Davers*.

Said he, Why, my Dear, I know she came on purpose to quarrel; and had she not found herself under a very violent Uneasiness, after what had passed between us, and my Treatment of her Lord's Letter, she would not have offer'd to come near me. What sort of Language had she for me, *Pamela*? O, Sir, very good, only *her well-manner'd Brother*, and such as that!

Only, said he, 'tis taking up the Attention of the Company disagreeably, or I could tell you almost every Word she said. Lady *Jones* wish'd to hear a further Account of my Lady's Conduct, and most of the Company join'd with her, particularly Mrs. *Peters*; who said, That as they knew the Story, and Lady *Davers's* Temper, tho' she was very good in the main, they could wish to be so agreeably entertain'd, if he and I pleas'd; because they imagin'd I should have no Difficulties after this.

Tell me then, *Pamela*, said he, did she lift up her Hand at you? Did she strike you? But I hope not! A little Slap of the Hand, said I, or so!— Insolent Woman! She did not, I hope, offer to strike your Face? Why, said I, I was a little saucy once or twice, and she would have given me a Cuff on the Ear, if her Woman and Mrs. *Jewkes* had not interpos'd? Why did you not come out at the Door? Because, said I, her Ladyship sat her Chair against it, one while, and another while lock'd it; else I offer'd, several times, to get away.

She knew I expected you here? You say, you shew'd her my Letter to you? Yes, Sir, said I; but I had better not; for she was then more exasperated, and made strange Comments upon it. I doubt it not, said he; but, did she not see, by the kind Epithets in it, that there was room to think we were marry'd? O, Sir, reply'd I, and made the Company smile, she said, For that very Reason, she was sure I was not marry'd.

That's like my Sister! said he, exactly like her; and yet she lives very happily herself. For her poor Lord never contradicts her. Indeed he *dare* not.

You was a great many *Wenches*, was you not, my Dear? for that's a great Word with her. —Yes, Sir, said I, *Wenches* and *Creatures* out of Number; and worse than all that. What? tell me, my Dear. Sir, said I, I must not have you angry with Lady *Davers*. While you are so good to me, 'tis all nothing, only the Trouble that I cannot be suffer'd to shew how much I honour her Ladyship, as your Sister.

Well, said he, you need not be afraid to tell me: I must love her, after all; tho' I shall not be pleas'd with her on this Occasion. And I know it is her mistaken Love for me, that makes her so uneasy; and, after all, she comes, I know, to be reconciled to me; tho' it must be thro' a good hearty Quarrel first. For she can shew a deal of Sun-shine; but it must be always after a Storm. And I'll love her dearly, if she has not been, and will not be, too hard upon my Dearest.

Mr. *Peters* said, Sir, you are very good, and very kind. I love to see this Complaisance to your Sister, tho' she be in Fault, so long as you can shew it with so much Justice to the sweetest Innocence and Merit in the World. By all that's good, Mr. *Peters*, said he, I'd present my Sister with One thousand Pounds, if she would kindly take my dear *Pamela* by the Hand, and wish her Joy, and call her Sister! — And yet I should be unworthy of the dear Creature that smiles upon me there, if it was not principally for her sake, and the Pleasure it would give her, that I say this: For I will never be thoroughly reconciled to my Sister, till she does; for I most sincerely think, as to myself, that my dear Spouse, there she sits, does me more Honour in her new Relation, than she receives from me!

Sir, said I, I am overwhelm'd with your Goodness! —And my Eyes were filled with Tears of Joy and Gratitude. And all the Company, with one Voice, blessed him. And Lady *Jones* was pleased to say, The Company and Behaviour of you two happy Ones to each other, are the most edifying I ever knew. I am always improv'd

when I see you. How happy would every good Lady be with such a Gentleman, and every good Gentleman with such a Lady! —In short, you seem made for one another.

O, Madam, said I, you are so kind, so good to me, that I know not how to thank you enough. Said she, You deserve more than I can express; for, to all who know your Story, you are a matchless Person. You are an Ornament to our Sex, and your Virtue, tho' your dear Spouse is so excellent and generous as he is, has met with no more than its due Reward. And God long bless you together.

You are, said my dearest Sir, very good to me, Madam, I am sure. I have taken Liberties in my former Life, that deserved not so much Excellence. I have offended extremely, by Trials glorious to my *Pamela*, but disgraceful to me, against a Virtue that I now consider as almost sacred; and I shall not think I deserve her, till I can bring my Manners, my Sentiments, and my Actions, to a Conformity with her own. And, in short, my *Pamela*, said he, I want you to be nothing but what you are, and have been. You cannot be better; and if you could, it would be but filling me with Despair to attain the awful Heights of Virtue, at which you are arrived. Perhaps, added the dear Gentleman, the Scene I have beheld within these twelve Hours, has made me more serious than otherwise I should have been; But I'll assure you, before all this good Company, I speak the Sentiments of my Heart; and those not of this Day only.

What a happy Daughter is yours, O my dear Father and Mother! I owe it all to God's Grace, and yours and my good Lady's Instructions; and to these let me always look back with grateful Acknowledgments, that I may not impute to myself, and be proud, my very great Happiness.

The Company were so kindly pleas'd with our Concerns, and my dear Master's Goodness, that he observing their Indulgence, and being himself curious to know what had pass'd between my Lady and me, repeated his Question, What she had call'd me besides Wench and Creature? And I said, My Lady, supposing I was wicked, lamented over me very kindly, my Depravity and Fall, and said what a thousand Pities it was, so much Virtue, as she was pleas'd to say, was so destroy'd, and that I had yielded after so noble a Stand, as she said.

Excuse me, Gentlemen and Ladies, said I; you know my Story, it seems; and I am commanded by one, who has a Title to all my Obedience, to proceed.

They gave all of them Bows of Approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my Story.—

I told her Ladyship, continued I, that I was still innocent, and would be so, and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise! Why, tell me, Wench, said she,—but I think I must not tell you what she said. Yes, do, said my Master, to clear my Sister; we shall think it very bad else.

I held my Hand before my Face, and said, Why, she said, Tell me, Wench, hast thou not been a-bed with thy Master! —That she said. —And when I said, she ask'd strange Questions, and in strange Words, she ridicul'd my Delicacy, as she call'd it, and said my Niceness would not last long. She said, I must know I was not really marry'd, that my Ring was only a Sham, and all was my Cunning to cloak my yielding, and get better Terms: She said, she knew the World as much at Thirty-two, as I did at Sixteen; and bid me remember that.

I took the Liberty to say, (but I got a good way off) That I scorn'd her Ladyship's Words, and was as much marry'd as her Ladyship. And then, Goodsirs, I had certainly been cuff'd, if her Woman had not interposed, and told her I was not worth her Anger; and that I was as much to be pitied for my Credulity, as despis'd for my Vanity.

My poor *Pamela*, said my Master, this was too-too hard upon you! O Sir, said I, how much easier it was to me, than if it had been so! —That would have broke my Heart quite! —For then I should have deserv'd it all, and worse; and these Reproaches, added to my own Guilt, would have made me truly wretched!

Lady *Darnford*, at whose Right-hand I sat, kissed me with a kind of Rapture, and call'd me a sweet Exemplar for all my Sex. Mr. *Peters* said very handsome Things. So did Mr. *Perry*; and Sir *Simon* had Tears in his Eyes, and said to my Master, Why, Neighbour, Neighbour, this is excellent, by my Troth. I believe there is something in Virtue, that we had not well considered. On my Soul there has been but one Angel come down for these thousand Years, and you have got her.

Well, my Dearest, said my Master, pray proceed with your Story till we have done Supper, since the Ladies seem pleas'd with it. Why, Sir, said I, her Ladyship went on in the same manner; but said one time, (and held me by the Hand) she would give me a hundred Guineas for one provoking Word, or if I would but say, I *believ'd* myself marry'd, that she might sell me at her Foot. But, Sir, you must not be angry with her Ladyship. She call'd me *Painted Dirt*, *Baby-face*, *Waiting-maid*, *Beggar-brat*, and *Beggar-born*; but I said, as long as I knew my

Innocence, I was easy in every thing, but to have my dear Parents abused. I said, they were never Beggars, nor beholden to any body; nor to any thing but God's Grace, and their own Labour: That they once lived in Credit; that Misfortunes might befall any body; and that I could not bear they should be treated so undeservedly.

Then her Ladyship said, Ay, she supposed my Master's Folly would make us now set up for a Family, and that the Herald's Office would shortly be search'd to make it out.

Exactly my Sister again! said he. So you could not please her any way?

No, indeed, Sir. When she commanded me to fill her a Glass of Wine, and would not let her Woman do it, she ask'd, If I was above it? I then said, If, to attend your Ladyship at Table, or even kneel at your Feet, was requir'd of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the Person you think me. But, if it be to triumph over one, who has received Honours that she thinks require from her another Part, that she may not be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I cannot do it. This quite astonish'd her Ladyship; and a little before, her Kinsman brought me the Bottle and Glass, and requir'd me for fill it for my Lady at her Command, and call'd himself my Deputy; and I said, 'Tis in a good Hand; help my Lady yourself. So, Sir, added I, you see I could be a little saucy upon Occasion.

You please me well, my *Pamela*, said he. This was quite right. But proceed.

Her Ladyship said, She was astonish'd! adding, She suppos'd I would have her look upon me as her Brother's Wife: And ask'd me, What, in the Name of Impudence, possessed me, to *dare* to look upon myself as her Sister! And I said, That was a Question better became her most worthy Brother to answer than me. And then I thought I should have had her Ladyship upon me; but her Woman interposed.

I afterwards told Mrs. *Jewkes* at the Window, That since I was hinder'd from going to you, I believ'd it was best to let *Robert* go with the Chariot, and say, Lady *Davers* was come, and I could not leave her Ladyship. But this did not please, and I thought it would, too; for she said, No, no, he'll think I make the Creature my Companion, and know not how to part with her.

Exactly, said he, my Sister again!

And she said, I knew nothing what belong'd to People of Condition; how should I? —What *shall* I say, Madam? said I. Nothing at all, answer'd she; let him expect his *dearest Love*, alluding to your kind Epithet in your Letter, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more Hours to this heavy Absence, and every one will become a Day in his amorous Account.

So, to be short, I saw nothing to be done, and I fear'd, Sir, you would wonder at my Stay, and be angry; and I watch'd my Opportunity, while my Lady, who was walking about the Room, was at the further End; and the Parlour being a Ground-floor in a manner, I jump'd out of the Window, and run for it.

Her Ladyship call'd after me; so did her Woman; and I heard her say, I flew like a Bird; and she call'd to two of her Servants in Sight to stop me; but I said, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows. And Mr. *Colbrand* having been planted at hand by Mrs. *Jewkes*, (who was very good in the whole Affair,) and incurr'd her Ladyship's Displeasure, once or twice, by taking my Part, seeing how I was us'd) put on a fierce Look, cock'd his Hat with one Hand, and put t'other on his Sword, and said, He would chine the Man who offer'd to touch his Lady. And so he ran a long-side of me, and could hardly keep Pace with me: —And here, my dear Sir, concluded I, I am, at yours, and the good Company's Service.

They seem'd highly pleas'd with my Relation; and my Master said, he was glad Mrs. *Jewkes* behav'd so well, as also Mr. *Colbrand*. Yes, Sir, said I, when Mrs. *Jewkes* interposed once, her Ladyship said, It was hard, she, who was born in that House, could not have some Privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy Servants. And she call'd her another time *Fat-face*, and *woman'd* her most violently.

Well, said my Master, I am glad, my Dear, you have had such an Escape. My Sister was always passionate, as Mrs. *Peters* knows. And my poor Mother had enough to do with us both. For we neither of us wanted Spirit; and when I was a Boy, I never came home from School or College, for a few Days, but tho' we long'd to see one another before, yet ere the first Day was over, we had a Quarrel; for she being seven Years older than me, was always for domineering over me, and I could not bear it. And I used, on her frequently quarrelling with the Maids, and being always a Word and a Blow, to call her Captain *Bab*; for her Name is *Barbara*. And when my Lord *Davers* courted her, my poor Mother has made up Quarrels between them three times in a Day; and I, used to tell her, she would certainly beat her Husband, marry whom she would, if he did not beat her first, and break her Spirit.

Yet has she, continued he, very good Qualities. She was a dutiful Daughter, is a good Wife; she is bountiful to

her Servants, firm in her Friendships, charitable to the Poor, and, I believe, never any Sister better loved a Brother, than she me: And yet, she always lov'd to vex and teaze me; and as I would bear a Resentment longer than she, she'd be one Moment the most provoking Creature in the World, and the next would do any thing to be forgiven; and I have made her, when she was the Aggressor, follow me all over the House and Garden to be upon good Terms with me.

But this Case piques her the more, because she had found out a Match for me, in the Family of a Person of Quality, and had set her Heart upon bringing it to Effect, and had even proceeded far in it, without my Knowledge, and brought me into the Lady's Company, unknowing of her Design: But I was then averse to Matrimony at all; and was angry at her proceeding in it so far without my Privity or Encouragement: And she cannot, for this Reason, bear the Thoughts of my being now marry'd; and to her Mother's Waiting-maid too, as she reminds my dear *Pamela*, when I had declin'd her Proposal with the Daughter of a noble Earl.

This is the whole Case, said he; and allowing for the Pride and Violence of her Spirit, and that she knows not, as I do, the transcendent Excellencies of my dear Spouse, and that all her View, in her own Conception, is, mine and my Family's Honour, she is a little to be allow'd for. Tho' never fear, my *Pamela*, but that I, who never had a Struggle with her, that I did not get the better, will do you Justice, and myself too.

This Account of Lady *Davers* pleas'd every body, and was far from being to her Ladyship's Disadvantage in the main: And I would do any thing in the World to have the Honour to be in her Ladyship's good Graces. Yet I fear it will not be easily, if at all effected. But I will proceed!

After Supper, nothing would serve Miss *Darnford* and Miss *Boroughs*, but we must have a Dance, and Mr. *Peters*, who plays a good Fiddle, urg'd it forward; my dear Master, tho' in a Riding-dress, danc'd (and danc'd sweetly) with Miss *Boroughs*.

Sir *Simon*, for a Gentleman of his Years, danc'd well, and took me out; but put on one of his free Jokes, that I was fitter to dance with a younger Gentleman; and he would have it, tho' I had not danc'd since my dear Lady's Death to signify, except once or twice to please Mrs. *Jervis*, and indeed believ'd all my dancing Days over, that as my Master and I were the best Dancers, we should dance once together *before* Folks, as the odd Gentleman said; and my dear Sir was pleas'd to oblige him: And he afterwards danc'd with Miss *Darnford*, who I think has much more Skill and Judgment than I; tho' they compliment me with an easier Shape and Air.

We left the Company, with great Difficulty, at about Eleven, my dear Master having been up all Night before, and we being at the greatest Distance from Home; tho' they seem'd inclinable not to break up so soon, as they were Neighbours; and the Ladies said they long'd to hear what would be the End of Lady *Davers's* Interview with her Brother.

My Master said, He fear'd we must not now think of going next Day to *Bedfordshire*, as we had intended, and perhaps might see them again. And so we took Leave, and set out for Home; where we arriv'd not till Twelve o' Clock; and found Lady *Davers* had gone to Bed about Eleven, wanting sadly that we should come home first; but so did not I.

Mrs. *Jewkes* told us, That my Lady was sadly fretted, that I had got away so; and seem'd a little apprehensive of what I would say of the Usage I had receiv'd from her. She ask'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, If she thought I was really marry'd? And Mrs. *Jewkes* telling her, Yes, she fell into a Passion, and said, Begone, bold Woman; I cannot bear thee. See not my Face till I send for thee. Thou hast been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worse than ever. She said, She would not have told her Ladyship, if she had not ask'd her; and was sorry she had offended.

She sent for her at Supper-time; Said she, I have another Question to ask thee, Woman, and tell me Yes, if thou darest. Was ever any thing so odd? — Why then, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I will say No, before your Ladyship speaks. — My Master laugh'd, Poor Woman! said he. — She call'd her *insolent*, and *Assurance*; and said, Begone, bold Woman as thou art; — but come hither. Dost thou know if that young Harlot is to lie with my Brother to-night?

She said, she knew not what to answer, because she had threaten'd her, if she said Yes. But at last, my Lady said, I will know the Bottom of this Iniquity. I suppose they won't have so much Impudence to lie together, while I'm in the House; but I dare say they have been Bed-fellows.

Said she, I will lie to-night in the Room I was born in; so get that Bed ready. That Room being our Bed-chamber, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after some Hesitation, reply'd, Madam, my Master lies there, and has the Key. I

believe, Woman, said she, thou tellest me a Story Indeed Madam, said she, he does; and has some Papers there he will let nobody see; for Mrs. *Jewkes* said, she fear'd she would beat her, if she went up, and found by my Cloaths, and some of my Master's, how it was.

So she said, I will then lie in the best Room, as it is called; and *Jackey* shall lie in the little green Room adjoining to it. Has thy Master got the Key of those? — No, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*; I will order them to be made ready for your Ladyship.

And where dost thou lay thy pursy Sides, said she? Up two Pair of Stairs, Madam, next the Garden And where lies the young Harlotry, continued she? Sometimes with me, Madam, said she. And sometimes with thy virtuous Master, I suppose, said my Lady.— Ha, Woman! what say'st thou? I must not speak, said Mrs. *Jewkes*. Well, thou mayst go, said she; but thou hast the Air of a Secret-keeper of that sort: I dare say thou'lt set the good Work forward most cordially. Poor Mrs. *Jewkes*! said my Master, and laugh'd most heartily.

This Talk we had whilst we were undressing. So she and her Woman lay together in the Room my Master lay in before I was happy.

I said, Dear Sir, pray in the Morning let me lock myself up in the Closet, as soon as you rise; and not be call'd down for ever so much; for I am afraid to see her Ladyship: And I will employ myself about my Journal, while these Things are in my Head. Don't be afraid, my Dear, said he; am not I with you?

Mrs. *Jewkes* pity'd me for what I had undergone in the Day; and I said, We won't make the worst of it to my dear Master, because we won't exasperate where we would reconcile; but, added I, I am much oblig'd to you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I thank you. Said my Master, I hope she did not beat your Lady, Mrs. *Jewkes*? Not much, Sir, said she; but I believe I sav'd my Lady once: Yet, added she, I was most vex'd at the young Lord. Ay, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, let me know his Behaviour. I can chastise him, tho' I cannot my Sister, who is a Woman; let me therefore know the Part he acted.

Nothing, my dear Sir, said I, but Impertinence, if I may so say, and Foolishness, that was very provoking; but I spar'd him not, and so there is no Room, Sir, for your Anger. No, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, nothing else indeed.

How was her Woman? said my Master. Pretty impertinent, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, as Ladies Women will be. But, said I, you know she sav'd me once or twice. Very, Madam, return'd Mrs. *Jewkes*. And she said to me at Table, continued she, that you was a sweet Creature; she never saw your Equal; but that you had a Spirit, and she was sorry you answer'd her Lady so, who never bore so much Contradiction before. I told her, added Mrs. *Jewkes*, that if I was in your Ladyship's Place, I should have taken much more upon me, and that you was all Sweetness. And she said, I was got over, she saw.

**TUESDAY Morning, the Sixth of my Happiness.**

My Master had said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, That he should not rise till Eight or Nine, as he had lay up all the Night before; but it seems, my Lady, knowing he usually rose about Six, got up soon after that Hour, rais'd her Woman, and her Nephew; having a whimsical Scheme in her Head, to try to find whether we were in Bed together: And at about half an Hour after Six, she rapt at our Chamber-door.

My Master was wak'd at the Noise, and asked who was there? Open the Door, said she; open it this Minute! I said, clinging about his Neck, Dear, dear Sir, pray, pray don't! —O save me, save me! Don't fear, *Pamela*, said he. The Woman's mad, I believe.

But he call'd out, Who are you? What do you want?— You know my Voice well enough, said she!— I *will* come in! —Pray, Sir, said I, don't let her Ladyship in. —Don't be frighted, my Dear, said he; she thinks we are not marry'd, and are afraid to be found a-bed together. I'll let her in; but she shan't come near my Dearest.

So he slipt out of Bed, and putting on some of his Cloaths, and Gown, and Slippers, he said, What bold body dares disturb my Repose thus? and open'd the Door. In rush'd she; I'll see your Wickedness, said she, I will! In vain shall you think to hide it from me! —What should I hide? said he. How dare you set a Foot into my House after the Usage I have receiv'd from you? —I had cover'd myself over Head and Ears, and trembled every Joint. He look'd and 'spy'd her Woman, and Kinsman, in the Room, she crying out, Bear Witness, *Jackey*; bear Witness, *Beck*; the Creature is now in his Bed. And not seeing the young Gentleman before, who was at the Feet of the Bed, he said, How now, Sir? What's your Business in this Apartment! Begone this Moment! —And he went away directly.

*Beck*, said my Lady, you see the Creature is in his Bed. I do, Madam, answer'd she. My Master came to me, and said, Ay look, *Beck*, and bear Witness; here is my *Pamela*! —My dear Angel, my lovely Creature, don't be afraid; look up, and see how frantickly this Woman of Quality behaves.

At that I just peep'd, and saw my Lady, who could not bear this, coming to me; and she said, Wicked abandon'd Wretch, vile Brother, to brave me thus! I'll tear the Creature out of Bed before your Face, and expose you both as you deserve.

At that he took her in his Arms, as if she had been nothing, and carrying her out of the Room, she cry'd out, *Beck, Beck!* help me, *Beck*; the Wretch is going to fling me down Stairs. Her Woman ran to him, and said, Good Sir, for God's sake, do no Violence to my Lady: Her Ladyship has been ill all Night.

He sat her down in the Chamber she lay in, and she could not speak for Passion. Take care of your Lady, said he; and when she has render'd herself more worthy of my Attention, I'll see her; till then, at her Peril, and yours too, come not near my Apartment. And so he came to me, and with all the sweet soothing Words in the world, pacify'd my Fears, and gave me Leave to go to write in my Closet, as soon as my Fright was over, and to stay there till Things were more calm And so he dress'd himself, and went out of the Chamber, permitting me, at my Desire, to fasten the Door after him.

At Breakfast-time my Master tapp'd at the Door, and I said, Who's there? I, my Dearest, said he. Oh! then, reply'd I, will I open it with Pleasure. I had wrote on a good deal; but I put it by when I ran to the Door. I would have lock'd it again, when he was in; but he said, Am not I here! Don't be afraid. Said he, Will you come down to Breakfast, my Love? O no, dear Sir, said I; be pleas'd to excuse me. Said he, I cannot bear the Look of it, that the Mistress of my House should breakfast in her Closet, as if she durst not come down, and I in it! — O dearest Sir, reply'd I, pray pass that over for my sake; and don't let my Presence aggravate your Sister, for a kind Punctilio. Then, my Dear, said he, I shall breakfast with you here. No, pray, dear Sir, answer'd I, breakfast with your Sister, That, my Dear, reply'd he, will too much gratify her Pride, and look like a Slight to you.— Dear Sir, said I, your Goodness is too great, for me to want punctilious Proofs of it. Pray oblige her Ladyship. She is your Guest; surely, Sir, you may be freest with your dutiful Wife!

She is a strange Woman, said he: How I pity her!— She has thrown herself into a violent Fit of the Colick, thro' Passion! And is but now, her Woman says, a little easier. I hope, Sir, said I, when you carry'd her Ladyship out, you did not hurt her. No, reply'd he, I love her too well. I sat her down in the Apartment she had chosen; and she but now desires to see me, and that I will breakfast with her, or refuses to touch any thing. But, if my Dearest

please, I will insist it shall be with you at the same time.

O no, no, dear Sir, said I, I should never forgive myself, if I did. I would on my Knees beg her Ladyship's Goodness to me, now I am in your Presence, tho' I thought I ought to carry it a little stiff when you was absent, for the sake of the Honour you had done me. And, dear Sir, if my deepest Humility will please, permit me to shew it.

You shall do nothing, return'd he, unworthy of my Wife, to please the proud Woman!— But I will, however, permit you to breakfast by yourself this once, as I have not seen her since I have used her in so barbarous a manner, as I understand she exclaims I have; and as she will not eat any thing, unless I give her my Company.— So he saluted me, and withdrew, and I lock'd the Door after him again for Fear.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, soon after, rapp'd at my Door. Who's there? said I. Only I, Madam. So I open'd the Door. 'Tis a sad Thing, Madam, said she, you should be so much afraid in your own House. She brought me some Chocolate and Toast; and I ask'd her about my Lady's Behaviour. She said, She would not suffer any body to attend but her Woman, because she would not be heard what she had to say; but she believ'd, she said, her Master was very angry with the young Lord, as she call'd her Kinsman; for as she pass'd by the Door, she heard him say, in a high Tone, I hope, Sir, you did not forget what belongs to the Character you affume: or to that Effect.—

About one o'Clock, my Master came up again, and he said, Will you come down to Dinner, *Pamela*, when I send for you? Whatever you command, Sir, I must do: But my Lady won't desire to see me. No matter whether she will or no. But I will not suffer that she shall prescribe her insolent Will my Wife, and in your own House too.— I will by my Tenderness to you, mortify her Pride, and it cannot be done so well as to her Face.

Dearest Sir, said I, pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myself. It will make my Lady but more inveterate.— Said he, I have told her we are marry'd She is out of all Patience about it, and yet pretends *not* to believe it. Upon that I tell her, Then she shall have it her own way, and that I am *not*. And what has she to do with it either way? She has scolded and begg'd, commanded and pray'd, bless'd me, and curs'd me, by Turns, twenty times, in these few Hours. And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes storm'd at her, sometimes argued, sometimes raged; and at last I lest her, and took a Turn in the Garden for an Hour to compose myself, because you should not see how the foolish Woman ruffled me; and just now, I came out, seeing her coming in.

Just as he had said so, I cry'd, Oh! my Lady, my Lady! for I heard her Voice in the Chamber, saying, Brother, Brother, one Word with you!— Stopping in Sight of the Closet where I was. He stept out, and she went up to the Window that looks towards the Garden, and said, Mean Fool that I am, to follow you up and down the House in this manner, tho' I am shunn'd and avoided by you! You a Brother!—you a Barbarian! —Is it possible we could be born of one Mother?

Why, said he, do you charge me with a Conduct to you, that you bring upon yourself? —Is it not surprizing, that you should take Liberties with me, that the dear Mother you have nam'd, never gave you an Example for to any of her Relations? — Was it not sufficient, that I was insolently taken to Task by you in your Letters, but my Retirements must be invaded? My House insulted? And, if I have one Person dearer to me than another, that that Person must be singled out for an Object of Violence?

Ay, said she, that one Person is the Thing! —But tho' I came up with a Resolution to be temperate, and to expostulate with you on your avoiding me so unkindly, yet cannot I have Patience to look upon that Bed in which I was born, and to be made the guilty Scene of your Wickedness with such a—

Hush! said he, I charge you, call not the dear Girl by any Name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her Excellence; and I desire you'll not repeat the Freedoms you have taken below.

She stamp'd with her Foot, and said, God give me Patience! So much Contempt to a Sister that loves you so well; and so much Tenderness to a vile——

He put his Hand before her Mouth, Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you. You know not the Innocence you abuse so freely; I ought not, neither will I bear it.

She sat down, and fann'd herself, and burst into Tears, and such Sobs of Grief, or rather Passion, that griev'd me to hear; and I sat and trembled sadly.—

He walk'd about the Room, in great Anger; and at last said, Let me ask you, Lady *Davers*, why I am thus insolently to be called to Account by you. Am I not independent? Am I not of Age? Am I not at Liberty to please myself?— Would to God, that instead of a Woman and my Sister, any Man breathing had dar'd, whatever his Relation under that of a Father, to give himself half the Airs you have done! —Why did you not send of this accursed Errand your Lord, who could write me such a Letter as no Gentleman should write, nor any Gentleman

tamely receive? He should have seen the Difference.

We all know, said she, that since your *Italian* Duel, you have commenc'd a Bravo; and all your Airs breathe as strongly of the Manslayer as of the Libertine. This, said he, I will bear; for I have no Reason to be asham'd of that Duel, nor the Cause of it; since it was to save a Friend; and because 'tis levell'd at myself only: But suffer not your Tongue to take too great a Liberty with my *Pamela*.

She interrupted him, in a violent Burst of Passion. If I bear this, said she, I can bear any thing! —O the little Strumpet!— He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully, Begone, rageful Woman, begone this Moment from my Presence! Leave my House this Instant!— I renounce you, and all Relation to you; and never more let me see your Face, or call me Brother. And took her by the Hand to lead her out. She laid hold of the Curtains of the Window, and said, I will not go! you shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the Wretch's Hearing, and suffer *her* to triumph over me in your barbarous Treatment of me.

Not considering anything, I run out of the Closet, and threw myself at my dear Master's Feet, as he held her Hand, in order to lead her out; and I said, Dearest Sir, let me beg, that no Act of Unkindness, for my sake, pass between so worthy and so near Relations. Dear, dear Madam, said I, and clasp'd her Knees, pardon and excuse the unhappy Cause of all this Evil; on my Knees I beg your Ladyship to receive me to your Grace and Favour, and you shall find me incapable of any Triumph but in your Ladyship's Goodness to me.

Creature, said she, art *thou* to beg an Excuse for me!— Art *thou* to implore my Forgiveness! Is it to *thee* I am to owe the Favour that I am not cast headlong from my Brother's Presence! Begone to thy Corner, Wench; begone, I say, lest thy Paramour kill me for trampling thee under my Foot.

Rise, my dear *Pamela*, said my Master; rise, dear Life of my Life, and expose not so much Worthiness to the ingrateful Scorn of so violent a Spirit. And so he led me to my Closet again, and there I sat and wept.

Her Woman came up, just as he had led me to my Closet, and was returning to her Lady; and she very humbly said, Excuse my Intrusion, good Sir! —I hope I may come to my Lady. Yes, Mrs. *Worden*, said he, you may come in, and pray take your Lady down Stairs with you, for fear I should too much forget what belongs either to my Sister or myself!

I began to think (seeing her Ladyship so outrageous with her Brother) what a happy Escape I had had the Day before, tho' hardly enough us'd in Conscience too, as I thought.

Her Woman begg'd her Ladyship to walk down, and she said, *Beck*, seest thou that Bed? That was the Bed that I was born in; and yet that was the Bed, thou sawest as well as I, the wicked *Pamela* in this Morning, and this Brother of mine just risen from her!

, said he; you both saw it, and 'tis my Pride that you *could* see it. 'Tis my Bridal-bed, and 'tis abominable that the Happiness I knew before you came hither, should be so barbarously interrupted.

Swear to me but, thou bold Wretch, said she; swear to me, that *Pamela Andrews* is really and truly thy lawful Wife, without Sham, without Deceit, without Double-meaning, and I know what I have to say.

I'll humour you for once, said he; and then swore a solemn Oath, that I was. And, said he, did I not tell you so at first?

I cannot yet believe you, said she, because, in this Particular, I had rather have called you *Knave* than *Fool*.— Provoke me not too much, said he; for if I should as much forget myself as you have done, you'd have no more of a Brother in me, than I have a Sister in you!

Who marry'd you? said she; tell me that: Was it not a broken Attorney in a Parson's Habit? Tell me truly, in the Wench's Hearing. When she's undeceived, she'll know how to behave herself better! Thank God, thought I, it is not so.

No, said he, and I'll tell you, that I bless God, I abhorred that Project, before it was brought to bear; and Mr. *Williams* marry'd us.— Nay then, said she — but answer me another Question or two, I beseech you. Who gave her away? Parson *Peters*, said he. Where was the Ceremony perform'd? In my own little Chapel, which you may see, as it was put in Order on purpose.

Now, said she, I begin to fear there is something in it! But who was present? said she. Methinks, reply'd he, I look like a fine Puppy, to suffer myself to be thus interrogated by an insolent Sister. But, if you must know, Mrs. *Jewkes* was present. O the Procuress, said she! But nobody else? Yes, said he, all my Heart and Soul!

Wretch! said she! And what would thy Father and Mother have said, had they lived to this Day? Their Consents, reply'd he, I should have thought it my Duty to ask; but not yours, Madam.

Suppose, said she, I had marry'd my Father's Groom! what would you have said to that? — I could not have behav'd worse, reply'd he, than you have done. And would you not have thought, said she, I had deserv'd it?

Said he, Does your Pride let you see no Difference in the Case you put? None at all, said she. Where can the Difference be between a Beggar's Son marry'd by a Lady; or a Beggar's Daughter made a Gentleman's Wife?

Then I'll tell you, reply'd he; The Difference is, a Man ennobles the Woman he takes, be she *who* she will; and adopts her into his own Rank, be it *what* it will: But a Woman, tho' ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean Marriage, and descends from her own Rank, to his she stoops to.

When the noble Family of *Stuart* ally'd itself into the low Family of *Hyde*, (comparatively low, I mean) did any body scruple to call the Lady Royal Highness, and Duchess of *York*? And did any body think her Daughters, the late Queen *Mary* and Queen *Anne*, less Royal for that?

When the broken-fortun'd Peer goes into the City to marry a rich Tradesman's Daughter, be he Duke or Earl, does not his Consort immediately become ennobled by his Choice? and who scruples to call her Lady Duchess, or Countess?

But when a Duchess, or Countess Dowager, descends to mingle with a Person of obscure Birth, does she not then degrade herself? and is she not effectually degraded? And will any Duchess or Countess rank with her?

Now, Lady *Davers*, do you not see a Difference between my marrying my dear Mother's beloved and deserving Waiting-maid, with a Million of Excellencies about her, and such Graces of Mind and Person, as would adorn any Distinction; and your marrying a sordid Groom, whose constant Train of Education, Conversation, and Opportunities, could poffibly give him no other Merit, than that which must proceed from the vilest lowest Taste, in his sordid Dignifier?

O the Wretch! said she, how he finds Excuses to palliate his Meanness!

Again, said he, let me observe to you, Lady *Davers*, when a Duke marries a private Person, is he not still her Head, by virtue of being her Husband? But, when a Lady descends to marry a Groom, is not that Groom her Head, as her Husband? And does not that Difference strike you? For what Lady of Quality ought to respect another, who has made so sordid a Choice, and set a Groom above her? For, would not that be to put that Groom upon a Par with themselves? — Call this Palliation, or what you will; but if you see not the Difference, you are blind, and a very unfit Judge for yourself, much more unfit to be a Censurer of me.

I'd have you, said she, publish your fine Reasons to the World, and they will be sweet Encouragements to all the young Gentlemen that read them, to cast themselves away on the Servant-wenches in their Families.

Not at all, Lady *Davers*, reply'd he: For, if any young Gentleman stays till he finds such a Person as my *Pamela*; so enrich'd with the Beauties of Person and Mind, so well accomplish'd, and so fitted to adorn the Degree she is raised to, he will stand as easily acquitted, as I shall be to all the World that sees her, except there be many more Lady *Davers's* than I apprehend can possibly be met with.

And so, return'd she, you say, You are actually and really marry'd, honestly, or rather foolishly, marry'd to this Slut?

I am indeed, said he, if you presume to call her so! And why should I not, if I please? Who is there ought to contradict me? Whom have I hurt by it? — Have I not an Estate, free and independent? Am I likely to be beholden to you, or any of my Relations? And why, when I have a Sufficiency in my own single Hands, should I scruple to make a Woman equally happy, who has all I want? For Beauty, Virtue, Prudence, and Generosity too, I will tell you, she has more than any Lady I ever saw. Yes, Lady *Davers*, she has all these *naturally*; they are *born* with her; and a few Years Education, with her Genius, has done more for her, than a whole Life has done for others.

No more, no more, I beseech you, said she; thou surfeitest me, honest Man, with thy weak Folly. Thou art worse than an Idolater; thou hast made a graven Image, and thou fallest down and worshippest the Works of thine own Hands; and, *Jerohoam* like, would have every body else bow down before thy Calf!

Well said, Lady *Davers*! Whenever your Passion suffers you to descend to Witticism, 'tis almost over with you. But, let me tell you, tho' I worship myself this sweet Creature that you call such Names, I want nobody else to do it; and should be glad you had not intruded upon me, to interrupt me in the Course of our mutual Happiness.

Well said, well said, my kind, my well-manner'd Brother! said she. I shall, after this, very little interrupt your mutual Happiness, I'll assure you. I thought you a Gentleman once, and prided myself in my Brother; but I'll say with the Burial Service, *Asbes to Asbes, and Dirt to Dirt!*

Ay, said he, Lady *Davers*, and there we must all end at last; you with all your Pride, and I with my plentiful

Fortune, must come to it; and then where will be your Distinction? Let me tell you, except you and I both mend our Manners, tho' you have been no Duellist, no Libertine, as you call me, this amiable Girl, whom your Vanity and Folly so much despises, will out-soar us both, infinitely outsoar us; and He that judges best, will give the Preference where due, without Regard to Birth or Fortune.

Egregious Preacher, said she! What, my Brother already turn'd *Puritan*! —See what Marriage and Repentance may bring a Man to! I heartily congratulate this Change! —Well, said she, and came towards me, and I trembled to see her coming; but her Brother followed to observe her, and I stood up at her Approach, and she said, Give me thy Hand, Mrs. *Pamela*, Mrs. *Andrews*, Mrs. — what shall I call thee! —Thou hast done Wonders in a little time: Thou hast not only made a Rake a Husband; but thou hast made a Rake a Preacher! But take care, added she, after all, in ironical Anger, and tapp'd me on the Neck, take care that thy Vanity begins not where his ends; and that thou callest not thyself my Sister!

She shall, I hope, Lady *Davers*, said he, when she can make as great a Convert of you from Pride, as she has of me from Libertinism.

Mrs. *Jewkes* just then came up, and said, Dinner was ready. Come, my *Pamela*, said my dear Master; you desired to be excus'd from breakfasting with us; but I hope you'll give Lady *Davers* and me your Company to Dinner.

How dare you insult me thus? said my Lady. — How dare you, said he, insult me by your Conduct in my own House, after I have told you I am marry'd? How dare you think of staying here one Moment, and refuse my Wife the Honours that belong to her, as such?

Merciful God! said she, give me Patience! and held her Hand to her Forehead.

Pray, Sir, dear Sir, said I, excuse me; don't vex my Lady. —Be silent, my dear Love, said he; you see already what you have got by your sweet Condescension. You have thrown yourself at her Feet, and, insolent as she is, she has threaten'd to trample upon you. She'll ask you presently, if she is to owe her Excuse to your Interposition; and yet nothing else can make her forgiven.

Poor Lady! she could not bear this, and, as if she was discomposed, she ran to her poor grieved Woman, and took hold of her Hand, and said, Lead me down, lead me down, *Beck*! Let us instantly quit this House, this cursed House, that once I took Pleasure in; order the Fellows to get ready, and I will never see it, nor its Owner, more. And away she went down Stairs, in a great Hurry. And the Servants were order'd to make ready for their Departure.

I saw my Master was troubled, and I went to him, and I said, Pray, dear Sir, follow my Lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her Love to you. — Poor Woman! said he, I am concern'd for her! But I insist upon your coming down, since Things are gone so far. Her Pride will get new Strength else, and we shall be all to begin again.

Dearest, dear Sir, said I, excuse me going down this once! In deed, my Dear, I won't, reply'd he. What! shall it be said, that my Sister shall scare my Wife from my Table, and I present? —No, I have borne too much already; and so have you. And I charge you come down, when I send for you.

He departed, saying these Words, and I durst not dispute; for I saw, he was determin'd. And there is as much Majesty as Goodness in him; as I have often had Reason to observe, tho' never more, than on the present Occasion with his Sister. Her Ladyship instantly put on her Hood and Gloves, and her Woman ty'd up a Handkerchief full of Things; for her principal Matters were not unpack'd, and her Coachman got her Chariot ready, and her Footmen their Horses, and she appear'd resolved to go. But her Kinsman and Mr. *Colbrand* had taken a Turn together, some-where; and she would not come in, but sat fretting on a Seat in the Fore-yard, with her Woman by her; and at last said, to one of the Footmen, Do you, *James*, stay, to attend my Nephew; and we'll take the Road we came.

Mrs. *Jewkes* went to her Ladyship, and said, Your Ladyship will be pleas'd to stay Dinner; 'tis just coming upon Table. No, said she, I have enough of this House! I have indeed But give my Service to your Master, and I wish him happier than he has made me.

He had sent for me down, and I came, tho' unwillingly, and the Cloth was laid in the Parlour I had jump'd out of; and there was my Master walking about it. Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and asked, If he pleas'd to have Dinner brought in? for my Lady would not come in, but desired her Service, and wish'd him happier than he had made her. He seeing at the Window, when he went to that Side of the Room, all ready to go, stept out to her, and said, Lady *Davers*, if I thought you would not be harden'd rather than soften'd by my Civility, I would ask you to walk in, and at least let your Kinsman and Servants dine before they go. She wept, and turn'd her Face from him to hide

it; he look her Hand, and said, Come, Sister, let me prevail upon you: Walk in. No! said she, don't ask me. — I wish I could hate you, as much as you hate me! — You do, said he, and great deal more, I'll assure you; or else you'd not vex me as you do. —Come, pray, walk in. Don't ask me, said she. Her Kinsman just then return'd: Why, Madam, said he, your Ladyship won't go till you have din'd, I hope, No, *Jackey*, said she, I can't stay; I'm an *Intruder* here, it seems! —Think, said my Master, of the Occasion you gave for that Word. Your violent Passions are the only *Intruders*! Lay them aside, and never Sister was dearer to a Brother. Don't say such another Word, said she, I beseech you; for I am too easy to forgive you any thing, for one kind Word! —You shall have One hundred, said he, nay, Ten thousand, if they will do, my dear Sister. And kissing her, he added, Pray give me your Hand. *John*, said he, put up the Horses; you are all as welcome to me, for all your Lady's angry with me, as at any Inn you can put up at. Come, Mr. H. said he, lead your Aunt in; for she won't permit that Honour to me.

This quite overcame her; and she said, giving her Brother her Hand, Yes, I will, and you shall lead me any-whither!—and kiss'd him. But don't think, said she, I can forgive you neither. And so he led her into the Parlour where I was. But, said she, why do you lead me to this Wench? 'Tis my Wife, my dear Sister; and if you will not love her, yet don't forget common Civilities to her, for your own sake.

Pray, Madam, said her Kinsman, since your Brother is pleas'd to own his Marriage, we must not forget common Civilities, as the 'Squire says. And, Sir, added he, permit me to wish you Joy. Thank you, Sir said he. And may I, said he, looking at me? Yes, Sir, reply'd my Master. So he saluted me, very complaisantly, and said, I vow to Gad, Madam, I did not know this Yesterday; and, if I was guilty of a Fault, I beg your Pardon.

My Lady said, Thou'rt a good-natur'd foolish Fellow; thou mightst have sav'd this nonsensical Parade, till I had given thee Leave. Why, Aunt, said he, if they're actually marry'd, there's no Help for't, and we must not make Mischief between Man and Wife.

But, Brother, said she, do you think I'll sit at Table with the Creature? No contemptuous Names I beseech you, Lady *Davers*! I tell you she is really my Wife; and I must be a Villain to suffer her to be ill used. She has no Protector but me; and, if you will permit her, she will always love and honour you. —Indeed, indeed, I will, Madam, said I.

I cannot, I wo'not sit down at Table with her, said she: *Pamela*, I hope thou dost not think I will? Indeed, Madam, said I, if your good Brother will permit it, I will attend your Chair all the time you dine, to shew my Veneration for your Ladyship, as the Sister of my kind Protector. See, said he, her Condition has not altered her; but I cannot permit in her a Conduct unworthy of my Wife, and I hope my Sister would not expect it neither.

Let her leave the Room, reply'd she, if I must stay. Indeed, you're out of the Way, Aunt, said her Kinsman; that is not right, as Things stand. Said my Master, No, Madam, that must not be, but if it must be so, we'll have two Tables; you and your Nephew shall sit at one, and my Spouse and I at the other: And then see what a Figure your unreasonable Punctilio will make you cut. —She seem'd irresolute, and he sat her down at the Table, the first Course, which was Fish, being brought in. Where, said she to me, wouldst thou presume to sit? Wouldst have me give *Place* to thee *too*, Wench? —Come, come, said my Master, I'll put that out of Dispute: and so sat himself down by her Ladyship, at the upper End of the Table, and plac'd me on his Left-hand. Excuse me, my Dear, said he, this once excuse me! —Oh! your cursed Complaisance, said she, to such a———Hush, Sister! Hush, said he! I will not bear her to be spoken slightly of! 'Tis enough, that to oblige your violent and indecent Caprice, you make me compromise with you thus.

Come, Sir, added he, pray take your Place next your gentle Aunt! —*Beck*, said she, do you sit down by *Pamela* there, since it must be so; we'll be hail Fellow all! With all my Heart, reply'd my Master: I have so much Honour for all the Sex, that I would not have the meanest Person of it stand, while I sit, had I been to have made the Custom. Mrs. *Worden*, pray sit down. Sir, said she, I hope I shall know my Place better.

My Lady sat considering, and then lifting up her Hands, said, Lord! what will this World come to? —To nothing but what's very good, reply'd my Master, if such Spirits as Lady *Davers*'s do but take the Rule of it. Shall I help you, Sister, to some of that Carp? Help your Beloved, said she! That's kind, said he! —Now, that's my good Lady *Davers*. Here, my Love, let me help you, since my Sister desires it! —Mighty well! return'd she, mighty well! —But sat on one Side, turning from me, as it were.

Dear Aunt, said her Kinsman, let's see you buss and be Friends; since 'tis so, what signifies it? Hold thy Fool's Tongue, said she! Is thy Tone so soon turn'd since Yesterday? Said my Master, I hope nothing affronting was offer'd Yesterday to my Wife in her own House. She hit him a good smart Slap on the Shoulder; Take that,

impudent Brother, said she. I'll *Wife* you, and in *her own* House! She seem'd half afraid; but he, in very good Humour, kiss'd her, and said, I thank you, Sister, I thank you. But I have not had a Blow from you before of some Time!

'Fore Gad, Sir, said her Kinsman, 'tis very kind of you to take it so well. Her Ladyship is as good a Woman as ever liv'd; but I have had many a Cuff from her myself.

I won't put it up neither, said my Master, except you'll assure me, you have seen her serve her Lord so.

I press'd my Foot to his, and said, softly, Don't, dear Sir! —What, said she, is the Creature begging me off from Insult? If *his* Manners won't keep him from outraging me, I wo'not owe his Forbearance to *thee*, Wench.

Said my Master, and put some Fish on my Lady's Plate, Well, does Lady *Davers* use the Word *Insult*! —But, come, let me see you eat one Mouthful, and I'll forgive you; and he put the Knife in one of her Hands, and the Fork in the other. As I hope to live, said he, I cannot bear this silly Childishness, for nothing at all. I am quite asham'd of it.

She put a little Bit to her Mouth, but put it down in her Plate again: I cannot eat, said she; I cannot swallow, I'm sure. It will certainly choak me. He had forbid his Men—servants to come in, that they might not behold the Scene he expected; and rose from Table himself, and fill'd a Glass of Wine, her Woman offering, and her Kinsman rising to do it. Mean—time, his Seat between us being vacant, she turn'd to me, How now, Confidence, said she, darest thou sit next *me*? Why dost thou not rise, and take the Glass from thy Property?

Sit still, my Dear, said he, I'll help you both. But I arose; for I was afraid of a good Cuff; and said, Pray, Sir, let me help my Lady! So you shall, reply'd he, when she's in a Humour to receive it as she ought. Sister, said he, with a Glass in his Hand, Pray drink; you'll perhaps eat a little Bit of something then. Is this to insult me, said she? —No, really, return'd he; but to incite you to eat; for you'll be sick for want of it.

She took the Glass, and said, God forgive you, wicked Wretch, for your Usage of me this Day! — This is a little as it used to be! —I once had your Love; —and now it is changed; and for who? that vexes me! And wept so, she was forced to set down the Glass.

You don't do well, said he. You neither treat me like your Brother, nor a Gentleman; and if you would suffer me, I would love you as well as ever. —But, for a Woman of Sense and Understanding, and a fine—bred Woman, as I once thought my Sister, you act quite a childish Part. Come, added he, and held the Glass to her Lips, let your Brother, that you once lov'd, prevail on you to drink this Glass of Wine.— She then drank it. He kiss'd her, and said, Oh! how Passion deforms the noblest Minds! You have lost a good deal of that Loveliness that used to adorn my Sister. And let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my Sister again! —For Lady *Davers* is indeed a fine Woman, and has a Presence as majestick for a Lady, as her dear Brother has for a Gentleman.

He then sat down between us again, and said, when the second Course came in, Let *Abraham* come in, and wait. I touch'd his Toe again; but he minded it not; and I saw he was right; for her Ladyship began to recollect herself, and did not behave half so sorrowfully before the Servants, as she had done; and help'd herself with some little Freedom; but she could not forbear a strong Sigh and a Sob, now—and—then. She call'd for a Glass of the same Wine she had drank before. Said he, shall I help you again, Lady *Davers*?—and rose at the same time, and went to the Side—board, and filled her a Glass. Indeed, said she, I love to be sooth'd by my Brother! —Your Health, Sir!

Said my Master to me with great Sweetness, My Dear, now I'm up, I'll fill for you! —I must serve *both* Sisters alike! She look'd at the Servant, as if he were a little Check upon her, and said to my Master, How now, Sir! —Not that you know of. He whisper'd her, Don't shew any Contempt before my Servants to one I have so deservedly made their Mistress. Consider 'tis done. —Ay, said she, that's the Thing that kills me.

He gave me a Glass; My good Lady's Health, Sir, said I, and stood up. —That won't do, said she, leaning towards me, softly; and was going to say, Wench, or Creature, or some such Word. And my Master, seeing *Abraham* look towards her, her Eyes being red and swell'd, said, Indeed, Sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you. About what, said she? Why, reply'd he, about your Lord's not coming down, as he had promised. He sat down, and she tapp'd him on the Shoulder: Ah! Wickedone, said she, nor will that do neither! —Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a Lady of your Sense and Merit, to be slighted, if it was so; but I am sure my Lord loves you, as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happen'd.

She shook her Head, and said, That's like your Art! —This makes one amaz'd you should be so caught! —Who, my Lord caught! said he; no, no! he'll have more Wit than so! But I never heard you was jealous before.

Nor, said she, have you any Reason to think so now! Honest Friend, you need not wait, said she; my Woman will help us to what we want. Yes, let him, reply'd he. *Abraham*, fill me a Glass. Come, said my Master, Lord *Davers* to you, Madam: I hope he'll take care he is not found out! —You're very provoking, Brother, said she. I wish you was as good as Lord *Davers*. —But don't carry your Jest too far. Well, said he, 'tis a tender Point, I own. I've done!

By these kind Managements the Dinner passed over better than I expected. And when the Servants were withdrawn, my Master said, still keeping his Place between us, I have a Question to ask you, Lady *Davers*; and that is, If you'll bear me Company to *Bedfordshire*. I was intending to set out thither to-morrow. But I'll tarry your Pleasure, if you'll go with me.

Is thy Wife, as thou callest her, to go along with thee, Friend? said she. Yes, to be sure, answer'd he, my dear Quaker Sister, and took her Hand, and smil'd. And wouldst have me parade it with her on the Road? —Hay! —And make one to grace her Retinue? —Hay! —Tell me how thou'dst chalk it out, if I would do as thou wouldst have me, honest Friend!

He clasped his Arms about her, and kissed her: You are a dear saucy Sister, said he; but I must love you! —Why, I'll tell you how I'd have it. Here shall you, and my *Pamela*—Leave out *my*, I desire you, if you'd have me sit patiently. No, said he, I can't do that. Here shall you, and my *Pamela*, go together in your Chariot, if you please; and she will then appear as one of your Retinue; and your Nephew and I will sometimes ride, and sometimes go into my Chariot, to your Woman.

Shouldst thou like this, Creature? said she to me.— If your Ladyship think it not too great an Honour for me, Madam, said I. Yes, reply'd she, but my Ladyship does think it would be too great an Honour.

Now I think of it, said he, this must not be, neither; for without you'd give her the Hand, in your own Chariot, my Wife would be thought your Woman, and that must not be. Why, that would, may-be, said she, be the only Inducement for me to bear her near me, in my Chariot. —But, how then? —Why then, when we came home, we'd get Lord *Davers* to come to us, and stay a Month or two.

And what if he was to come? —Why I would have you, as I know you have a good Fancy, give *Pamela* your Judgment on some Patterns I expect from *London*, for Cloaths. —Provoking Wretch! said she; now I wish I may keep my Hands to myself. I don't say it to provoke you, said he, nor ought it to do so. But when I tell you, I am marry'd, Is it not a Consequence, that we must have new Cloaths?

Hast thou any more of these obliging things to say to me, Friend? said she. I will make you a Present, return'd he, worth your Acceptance, if you will grace us with your Company at Church, when we make our Appearance! —Take that, said she, if I die for't; Wretch that thou art! And was going to hit him a great Slap, but he held her Hand. Her Kinsman said, Dear Aunt, I wonder at you! why all these are things of Course.

I begg'd Leave to withdraw; and, as I went out, my good Master said, There's a Person! There's a Shape! There's a Sweetness! O Lady *Davers*! were you a Man, you would doat on her, as I do. Yes, said the naughty Lady, so I should, for my Harlot, but not for a Wife. I turn'd, on this, and said, Indeed your Ladyship is cruel; and well may Gentlemen take Liberties, when Ladies of Honour say such things! And I wept, and added, Your Ladyship's Influence, if your good Brother were not the most generous of Men, would make me very unhappy.

No Fear, Wench; no Fear, said she: Thou'lt hold him, as long as any body can, I see that! —Poor *Sally Godfrey* never had half the Interest in him, I'll assure you!

Stay, my *Pamela*, said he, in a Passion; stay, when I bid you. You have heard, this Day, two vile Charges upon me! I love you with such a Affection, that I ought to say something before this malicious Accuser, that you may not think your consummate Virtue link'd to too black a Villain.

Her Nephew seem'd uneasy, and blam'd her much; and I came back, but trembled as I stood; and he sit me down, and said, taking my Hand, I have been accused, my Dear, as a Dueller, and now as a Profligate, in another Sense! and there was a Time, I should not have received these Imputations with so much Concern as I now do, when I would wish, by degrees, by a Conformity of my Manners to your Virtue, to shew every one the Force your Example has upon me. But this briefly is the Case of the first.

I had a Friend, who had been basely attempted to be assassinated by Bravoës, hir'd by a Man of Title in *Italy*, who, like many other Persons of Title, had no Honour; and at *Padua*, I had the Fortune to disarm one of these Bravoës in my Friend's Defence, and made him confess his Employer; and him, I own, I challeng'd. At *Sienna* we met, and he dy'd in a Month after, of a Fever, but, I hope, not occasion'd by the slight Wounds he had receiv'd

from me, tho' I was obliged to leave *Italy* upon it, sooner than I intended, because of his numerous Relations, who looked upon me as the Cause of his Death. Tho' I pacify'd them by a Letter I wrote them from *Inspruck*, acquainting them with the Baseness of the Deceased; and they followed me not to *Munich*, as they had intended.

This is one of the good-natur'd Hints, that might shock your Sweetness on reflecting that you are yoked with a Murderer. The other—Nay, Brother, said she, say no more. 'Tis your own Fault if you go further. She shall know it all, said he; and I defy the utmost Stretch of your Malice.

When I was at College, I was well received by a Widow Lady, who had several Daughters, and but small Fortunes to give them; and the old Lady set one of them; a deserving good Girl she was; to draw me in to a Marriage with her, for the sake of the Fortune I was Heir to; and contriv'd many Opportunities to bring us and leave us together. I was not then of Age; and the young Lady, not half so artful as her Mother, yielded to my Addresses, before the Mother's Plot could be ripen'd, and so utterly disappointed it. This, my *Pamela*, is the *Sally Godfrey* this malicious Woman, with the worst Intentions, has inform'd you of. And whatever other Liberties I may have taken; for perhaps some more I have, which, had she known, you had heard of, as well as this; I desire Heaven will only forgive me till I revive its Vengeance by the like Offences, in Injury to my *Pamela*.

And now, my Dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy Sister of mine has said all the Bad she knows of me; and what, at a proper Opportunity, when I could have convinced you, that they were not my *Boast*, but my *Concern*, I should have acquainted you with, myself; for I am not fond of being thought better than I am: Tho', I hope, from the Hour I devoted myself to so much Virtue, to that of my Death, my Conduct shall be irreproachable.

She was greatly mov'd at this, and the noble Manner in which the dear Gentleman own'd and repented of his Faults; and gushed out into Tears, and said, No, don't yet go, *Pamela*, I beseech you. My Passion has carry'd me too far a great deal; and coming to me, she took my Hand, and said, You must stay to hear me beg his Pardon, and so took his Hand—But, to my Concern, (for I was grieved for her Ladyship's Grief) he burst from her; and went out of the Parlour into the Garden, in a violent Rage, that made me tremble. Her Ladyship sat down, and leaned her Head against my Bosom, and made my Neck wet with her Tears, holding me by my Hands; and I wept for Company. — Her Kinsman walked up and down the Parlour, in a sad Fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and said, The 'Squire has order'd his Chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoken to by any body. Where is he? said she—Walking in the Garden till 'tis ready, reply'd he.

Well, said she, I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitched! And now, said she, malicious as he calls me, will he not forgive me for a Twelvemonth: For I tell you, *Pamela*, if ever you offend, he will not easily forgive. I was all delighted, tho' sad, to see her Ladyship so good to me. Will you venture, said she, to accompany me to him! —Dare you follow a Lion in his Retreats? —I'll attend your Ladyship, said I, where-ever you command. Well, Wench, said she, *Pamela*, I mean, thou art very good in the main! —I should have lov'd thee as well as my Mother did—if—but 'tis all over now! Indeed you should not have marry'd my Brother! But come, I must love him! Let's find him out. And yet will he now use me worse than a Dog! —I should not, added she, have so much exasperated him: For whenever I have, I have always had the worst of it. He knows I love him!

In this manner her Ladyship talk'd to me, learning on my Arm, and walked into the Garden. I saw he was still in a Tumult, as it were; and he took another Walk to avoid us. —She call'd after him, and said, Brother, Brother, Let me speak to you!— One Word with you! And as we made haste towards him, and came near to him; I desire, said he, That you'll not oppress me more with your Follies and your Violence. I have borne too much with you. And I will vow for a Twelvemonth, from this Day— Hush, said she, don't vow, I beg you; for too well will you keep it, I know by Experience, if you do: You see, said she, I stoop to ask *Pamela* to be my Advocate. Sure that will pacify you!

Indeed, said he, I desire to see neither of you, on such an Occasion; and let me only be left to myself; for I will not be intruded upon thus; and was going away.— But she said, One Word first, I desire —If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you! — What, said the dear Man, haughtily, will you forgive me! —Why, said she, for she saw him too angry to mention his Marriage, as a Subject that requir'd her Pardon,— I will forgive you all your bad Usage of me this Day.

I will be serious with you, Sister, said he: I wish you most sincerely well; but let us, from this Time, study so much one another's Quiet, as never to come near one another more. —Never? said she. —And can you desire this, barbarous Brother! can you? — I can, I do, said he; and I have nothing to do, but hide from you, not a Brother, but

a Murderer, and a Profligate, unworthy of your Relation; and let me be consign'd to Penitence for my past Evils: A Penitence however, that shall not be broken in upon by so violent an Accuser.

*Pamela*, said he, and made me tremble, How dare you approach me, without Leave, when you see me thus disturb'd!— Never, for the future, come near me, while I am in these Tumults, unless I send for you.

Dear Sir! said I—Leave me, interrupted he. I will set out for *Bedfordshire* this Moment: What! Sir, said I, without me?— What have I done! You have too meanly, said he, for my Wife, stooped to this furious Sister of mine; and, till I can recollect, I am not pleased with you: But *Colbrand* shall attend you, and two other of my Servants; and Mrs. *Jewkes* shall wait upon you part of the Way. And I hope, you'll find me in a better Disposition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimidate my Lady, I believe I could not have borne it: But it was grievous to me; for I saw he was most sincerely in a Passion.

I was afraid, said she, he would be angry at you, as well as me; for well do I know his unreasonable Violence, when he is moved. But one Word, Sir, said she; Pardon *Pamela*, if you won't me; for she has committed no Offence, but that of Good-nature to me, and at my Request. I will begone myself, directly, as I was about to do, had you not prevented me.

I prevented you, said he, thro' Love; but you have stung me for it, thro' Hatred. But as for my *Pamela*, I know, besides the present Moment, I cannot be angry with her; and therefore I desire her never to see me on such Occasions, till I can see her in the Temper I ought to be in when so much Sweetness approaches me. 'Tis therefore, I say, my Dearest, leave me now.

But, Sir, said I, must I leave you, and let you go to *Bedford* without me! O dear Sir, how can I? —Said my Lady, You may go to-morrow, both of you, as you had design'd, and I will go away this Afternoon; and since I cannot be forgiven, I will try to forget I have a Brother.

May I, Sir, said I, beg all your Anger on myself, and to be reconciled to your good Sister? Presuming *Pamela!* reply'd he, and made me start, art thou then so hardy, so well able to sustain a Displeasure, which, of all things, I expected, from thy Affection and thy Tenderness, thou wouldst have wished to avoid?— Now, said he, and took my Hand, and, as it were, tost it from him, begone from my Presence, and reflect upon what you have said to me!

I was so frightened, for then I saw he took amiss what I said, that I took hold of his Knees, as he was turning from me, and I said, Forgive me, good Sir; you see I am not so hardy! I cannot bear your Displeasure! And was ready to sink.

His Sister said, Only forgive *Pamela*; 'tis all I ask! —You'll break her Spirit quite! —You'll carry your Passion as much too far as I have done! —I need not say, said he, how well I love her: but she must not intrude upon me at such times as these! —I had intended, as soon as I could have quell'd, by my Reason, the Tumults you had caused by your Violence, to have come in, and taken such a Leave of you both, as might become a Husband and a Brother; but she has, unbidden, broken in upon me, and must take the Consequence of a Passion, which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own.

Said she, Did I not love you so well, as Sister never loved a Brother, I should not have given you all this Trouble. And did I not, said he, love you better than you are resolv'd to deserve, I should be indifferent to all you say. But this last Instance, (after the Duelling-story, which you would not have mention'd, had you not known it is always matter of Concern for me to think upon) of poor *Sally Godfrey*, is a Piece of Spite and Meanness, that I can renounce you my Blood for.

Well, said she, I am convinced it was wrong. I am asham'd of it myself. 'Twas poor, 'twas mean, 'twas unworthy of your Sister: And 'tis for this Reason I stoop to follow you, to beg your Pardon, and even to procure for my Advocate one, that I thought had some Interest in you, if I might have believed your own Professions to her; which now I shall begin to think made purposely to insult me.

I care not what you think! —After the Meanness you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with Pity. For, indeed, you have fallen very low with me.

'Tis plain I have, said she. But, I'll begone. — And so, Brother, let me call you so this once! God bless you! And, *Pamela*, said her Ladyship, God bless you! And kissed me, and wept.

I durst say no more; and my Lady turning from him, he said, Your Sex is the D—I; how strangely can you discompose, calm, and turn, as you please, us poor Weathercocks of Men! Your last kind Blessing to my *Pamela*, I cannot stand! Kiss but each other again. And he then took both our Hands, and join'd them; and my Lady

saluting me again, with Tears on both sides, he put his kind Arms about each of our Waists, and saluted us with great Affection, saying, Now, God bless you both, the two dearest Creatures I have in the World.

Well, said she, you will quite forget my Fault about Miss—He stopt her, before she could speak the Name, and said, For ever forget it! —And, *Pamela*, I'll forgive you too, if you don't again make my Displeasure so light a thing to you, as you did just now!

Said my Lady, She did not make your Displeasure a light thing to her; but the heavier it was, the higher Compliment she made me, that she would bear it all, rather than not see you and me reconciled. No matter for that, said he: It was either an Absence of Thought, or a Slight, by Implication at least, that my Niceness could not bear from her Tenderness. For, looked it not presuming, that she could stand my Displeasure, or was sure of making her Terms when she pleas'd? Which, fond as I am of her, I assure her, will not be always, in wilful Faults, in her own Power.

Nay, said my Lady, I can tell you, *Pamela*, you have a Gentleman here in my Brother; and you may expect such Treatment from him, as that Character, and his known good Sense and Breeding, will always oblige him to shew: But *if* you offend, the Lord have Mercy upon you! —You see how it is by poor me! —And yet, I never knew him forgive so soon.

I am sure, said I, I will take care as much as I can! for I have been frighted out of my Wits, and had offended before I knew where I was.

So happily did this Storm blow over; and my Lady was quite subdu'd and pacify'd. When we came out of the Garden, his Chariot was ready; and he said, Well, Sister, I had most assuredly gone away towards my other House, if things had not taken this happy Turn; and if you please, instead of it, you and I will take an Airing: And pray, my Dear, said he to me, bid Mis. *Jewkes* order Supper by Eight o'Clock, and we shall then join you.

Sir, added he, to her Nephew, will you take your Horse, and escorte us? I will, said he; and am glad, at my Soul, to see you all so good Friends. —So my dear lordly Master (O my dear Parents! he is very dreadful when he pleases, I see! —But, I hope, I shall never incur his Anger) handed my Lady into his Chariot, and her Kinsman, and his Servant, rode after them; and I went up to my Closet, to ruminate on these things. And, foolish thing that I am, this poor Miss *Sally Godfrey* runs in my Head! —How soon the Name and Quality of a Wife gives one Privileges, in one's own Account! —Yet, methinks, I want to know more about her; for, is it not strange, that I, who lived Years in the Family, should have heard nothing of this? But I was so constantly with my Lady, that I might the less hear of it; for she, I dare say, never knew it, or she would have told me.

But I dare not ask him about the poor Lady— Yet I wonder what became of her? Whether she be living? And whether any thing came of it? —May—be I shall hear full soon enough: —But I hope not to any bad Purpose.

As to the other unhappy Case, I know it was talk'd of, that in his Travels, before I was taken into the Family long, he had one or two Broils; and, from a Youth, he was always remarkable for Courage, and is reckon'd a great Master of his Sword. God grant he may never be put to use it! And that he may be always preserved in Honour and Safety!

About Seven o'Clock, my Master sent word, that he would have me not expect him to Supper. For that he and my Lady his Sister, and Nephew, were prevailed upon to stay with Lady *Jones*; and that Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* Family, had promised to meet them there. I was glad that they did not send for me; and the rather, as I hoped those good Families, being my Friends, would confirm my Lady a little in my Favour; and so I follow'd my Writing closely.

About Eleven o'Clock they return'd. I had but just come down, having tir'd myself with my Pen, and was sitting talking with Mrs. *Jewkes* and Mrs. *Worden*, whom I would, tho' unwillingly on their Sides, make sit down over—against me. Mrs. *Worden* asked me Pardon, in a good deal of Confusion, for the Part she had acted against me; saying, That Things had been very differently represented to her; and that she little thought I had been marry'd, and that she was behaving so rudely to the Lady of the House.

I said, I took nothing amiss, and very freely forgave her; and hoped my new Condition would not make me forget how to behave properly to every one; but that I must endeavour to act not unworthy of it, for the Honour of the Gentleman who had so generously raised me to it.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said, that my Situation gave me great Opportunities of shewing the Excellency of my Nature, that I could forgive Offences against me so readily, as she for her own Part, must always, she said, acknowledge, with Confusion of Face.

People, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't know how they shall act, when their Wills are in the Power of their Superiors; and I always thought one should distinguish between Acts of Malice, and of implicit Obedience; tho', at the same time, a Person should know how to judge between Lawful and Unlawful. And even the Great, continued I, tho' at present angry they are not obey'd, will afterwards have no ill Opinion of a Person for withstanding them in their unlawful Commands.

Mrs. *Jewkes* seem'd a little concern'd at this; and I said, I spoke chiefly from my own Experience; for that I might say, as they both knew my Story, that I had not wanted both for Menaces and Temptations; and had I comply'd with the one, or been intimidated by the other, I should not have been what I was.

Ah! Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I never knew any body like you: And I think your Temper sweeter since the happy Day, than before; and that, if possible, you take less upon you than before.

Why, a good Reason, said I, may be assigned for that: I thought myself in Danger: I look'd upon every one as my Enemy; and it was impossible that I should not be fretful, uneasy, jealous. But when my dearest Sir had taken from me the Ground of my Uneasiness, and made me quite happy, I should have been very blameable if I had not shewn a satisfy'd and easy Mind, and a Temper that should engage every one's Respect and Love at the same time, if possible: And so much the more, as it was but justifying, in some sort, the Honour I had received; for the fewer Enemies I made myself, the more I engaged every one to think, that my good Benefactor had been less to blame in descending as he has done.

This way of talking pleas'd them both very much; and they made me many Compliments upon it, and wished me to be always happy, as, they said, I so well deserved.

We were thus engaged, when my Master and his Sister, and her Nephew, came in. And they made me quite alive, in the happy Humour in which they all return'd. The two Women would have withdrawn; but my Master said, Don't go, Mrs. *Worden*; Mrs. *Jewkes*, pray stay; I shall speak to you presently So he came to me, and saluting me, said, Well, my dear Love, I hope I have not trespass'd upon your Patience, by an Absence longer than we design'd. But it has not been to your Disadvantage; for tho' we had not your Company, we have talked of nobody else but you.

My Lady came up to me, and said, Ay, Child, you have been all our Subject. I don't know how it is; but you have made two or three whole Families, in this Neighbourhood, as much your Admirers, as your Friend here.

My Sister, said he, has been hearing your Praises, *Pamela*, from half a score Mouths, with more Pleasure than her Heart will easily let her express.

My good Lady *Davers's* Favour, said I, and the Continuance of yours, Sir, would give me more Pride than that of all the rest of the World put together.

Well, Child, said she, proud Hearts don't come down all at once; tho' my Brother here has, this Day, set mine a good many Pegs lower than I ever knew it: But I will say, I wish you Joy with my Brother; and so kissed me.

My dear Lady, said I, you for ever oblige me! —I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so! — And, I hope, I shall always, thro' my Life, shew your Ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful Sense of your Goodness.

But, Child, said she, I shall not give you my Company when you make your Appearance. Let your own Merit make all your *Bedfordshire* Neighbours your Friends, as it has done here, by your *Lincolnshire* ones; and you'll have no need of my Countenance, nor any body's else.

Now, said her Nephew, 'tis my Turn; I wish you Joy with all my Soul, Madam; and, by what I have seen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deserve; and so all the Company says, where we have been. And pray forgive all my Nonsense to you.

Sir, said I, I shall always, I hope, respect as I ought, so near a Relation of my good Lord and Lady *Davers*; and I thank you for your kind Compliment.

Gad, *Beck*, said he, I believe you've some Forgiveness too to ask; for we were all to blame, to make Madam, here, fly the Pit, as she did! Little did we think we made her quit her own House.

Thou always, said my Lady, say'st too much or too little.

Mrs. *Worden* said, I have been treated with so much Goodness and Condescension, since you went, that I have been beforehand, Sir, in asking Pardon for myself.

So my Lady sat down with me half an Hour, and told me how her Brother had carry'd her a fine Airing, and had quite charm'd her with his kind Treatment of her; and had much confirm'd her in the good Opinion she had

begun to entertain of my discreet and obliging Behaviour: But, continued she, when he would make me visit, without intending to stay, my old Neighbours, (for, said she, *Lady Jones* being nearest, we visited her first; and she scrap'd all the rest of the Company together) they were all so full of your Praises, that I was quite borne down; and, truly, it was *Saul* among the Prophets!

You may believe how much I was delighted with this; and I spar'd not my due Acknowledgments.

When her Ladyship took Leave, to go to-bed, she said, Good-night to you, heartily, and to your good Man. I kiss'd you when I came in, out of Form; but I now kiss you out of more than Form, I'll assure you.

Join with me, my dear Parents, in my Joy for this happy Turn; the contrary of which, I so much dreaded, and was the only Difficulty I had to labour with! —This poor Miss *Sally Godfrey*, I wonder what's become of her, poor Soul! —I wish he would, of his own Head, mention her again. —Not that I am *very* uneasy neither. —You'll say, I must be a little saucy, if I was.

My dear Master gave me an Account, when we went up, of the Pains he had taken with his beloved Sister, as he himself styled her; and of all the kind Things the good Families had said in my Behalf; and that he observ'd she was not so much displeas'd with hearing them, as she was at first; when she would not permit any body to speak of me as his Wife. And that my Health, as his Spouse, being put; when it came to her, she drank it; but said, Come, Brother, here's your *Pamela* to you. —But I shall not know how to stand this Affair, when the Countess ——— and the young Ladies come to visit me. It was with one of those young Ladies, that she was so fond of promoting a Match with her Brother. —*Lady Betty*, I know, said she, will rally me smartly upon it; and you know, Brother, she wants neither Wit, nor Satire. He said, I hope, *Lady Betty*, whenever she marries, will meet with a better Husband than I should have made her; for, on my Conscience, I think, I should hardly have made a tolerable one to any but *Pamela*.

He told me, That they rallied him on the Stateliness of his Temper; and said, They saw he would make an exceeding good Husband where he was; but it must be owing to my Meekness, more than his Complaisance; for, said Miss *Darnford*, I could see, well enough, when your Ladyship detained her, tho' he had but hinted his Desire of finding her at our House, he was so out of Humour at her supposed Non-complaisance, that mine and my Sister's Pity for her was much more engag'd than our Envy.

Ay, said my Lady, he is too lordly a Creature, by much, and can't bear Disappointment, and never could.

Said he, Well, *Lady Davers*, you should not, of all Persons, find Fault with me; for I bore a great deal from you, before I was at all angry.

Yes, reply'd she; but when I had gone a little too far, as I own I did, you made me pay for it severely enough! You know you did, Sauce-box. And the poor thing too, added she, that I took with me for my Advocate, so low had he brought me! he treated in such a manner, as made my Heart ach for her: But part was *Art*, I know, to make me think the better of her.

Indeed, Sister, said he, there was very little of that; for, at that time, I cared not what you thought, nor had Complaisance enough to have given a Shilling for your good or bad Opinion of her or me. And, I own, I was displeas'd to be broken in upon, after your Provocations, by either of you; and she must learn that Lesson, never to come near me, when I am in those Humours; which shall be as little as possible; for, after a-while, if let alone, I always come to myself, and am sorry for the Violence of a Temper so like my dear Sister's here: And, for this Reason, think it is no matter how few Witnesses I have of its Intemperance, while it lasts; especially since every Witness, whether they merit it or not, as you see in my *Pamela's* Case, must be a Sufferer by it, if, unsent for, they come in my Way.

He repeated the same Lesson to me again, and inforc'd it; and own'd, that he was angry with me in Earnest, just then; tho' more with himself, afterwards, for being so: But when, *Pamela*, said he, you wanted to transfer all my Displeasure upon yourself, it was so much braying me with your Merit, as if I must soon end my Anger, if placed there; or it was making it so light to you, that I was truly displeas'd. For, continued he, I cannot bear that you should wish, on any Occasion whatever, to have me angry with you, or not to value my Displeasure, as the heaviest Misfortune that could befall you.

But, Sir, said I, you know, that what I did was to try to reconcile my Lady, and as she herself observ'd, it was paying her a high Regard. It was so, reply'd he; but never think of making a Compliment to her, or any body living, at my Expence. Besides, she had behav'd herself so intolerably, that I began to think you had stooped too much, and more than I ought to permit my Wife to do; and Acts of Meanness are what I can't endure in any body,

but especially where I love; and as she had been guilty of a very signal one, I had much rather have renounced her, at that time, than have been reconciled to her.

Sir, said I, I hope I shall always comport myself so, as not wilfully to disoblige you for the future; and the rather do I hope this, as I am sure I shall want only to *know* your Pleasure, to *obey* it. But this Instance shews me, that I may *much* offend, without designing it in the *least*.

Now, *Pamela*, reply'd he, don't be too serious; I hope I shan't be a very tyrannical Husband to you. Yet do I not pretend to be perfect, or to be always govern'd by Reason in my first Transports; and I expect, from your Affection, that you will bear with me when you find me wrong. I have no ingrateful Spirit, and can, when cool, enter as impartially into myself, as most Men; and then I am always kind and acknowledging, in proportion as I have been out of the Way.

But, to convince you, my Dear, continued he, of your Fault, (I mean, with regard to the Impetuosity of my Temper; for there was no Fault in your Intention, *that* I acknowledge) I'll observe only, that you met, when you came to me, while I was so out of Humour, a Reception you did not expect, and a harsh Word or two, that you did not deserve. Now, had you not broken in upon me, while my Anger lasted, but stay'd till I had come to you, or sent to desire your Company, you'd have seen none of this; but that affectionate Behaviour, that, I doubt not, you'll always merit, and I shall always take Pleasure in expressing; and in *this Temper* shall you always find a *proper Influence* over me: But you must not suppose, whenever I am out of Humour, that, in opposing yourself to my Passion, you oppose a proper Butt to it; but when you are so good, like the slender Reed, to bend to the Hurricane, rather than, like the sturdy Oak, to resist it, you will always stand firm in my kind Opinion, while a contrary Conduct would uproot you, with all your Excellencies, from my Soul.

Sir, said I, I will endeavour to conform myself, in all things, to your Will. I make no Doubt, but you will: And I'll endeavour to make my Will as conformable to Reason as I can. And, let me tell you, that this Belief of you, is one of the Inducements I have had to marry at all. For nobody was more averse to this State than myself; and now we're upon this Subject, I'll tell you why I was so averse.

We People of Fortune, or such as are born to large Expectations, of both Sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occasionally touch'd upon this, *Pamela*, several times in your Journal, so justly, that I need say the less to you. We are usually so headstrong, so violent in our Wills, that we very little bear Controul.

Humour'd by our *Nurses*, thro' the Faults of our Parents, we practise first upon them; and shew the *Gratitude* of our Dispositions, in an Insolence that ought rather to be check'd and restrain'd, than encouraged.

Next, we are to be indulg'd in every thing at School; and our *Masters and Mistresses* are rewarded with further grateful Instances of our boisterous Behaviour.

But, in our wise Parents Eyes, all looks well, all is forgiven and excus'd; and for no other Reason, but because we are *Theirs*.

Our next Progression is, we exercise our Spirits, when brought home, to the Torment and Regret of our *Parents themselves*, and torture their Hearts by our undutiful and perverse Behaviour to them; which, however ingrateful in us, is but the natural Consequence of their culpable Indulgence to us, from Infancy upwards.

And then, next, after we have, perhaps, half broken their Hearts, a *Wife* is look'd out for: Convenience, or Birth and Fortune, are the first Motives, Affection the last (if it is at all consulted): And two People thus educated, thus trained up in a Course of unnatural Ingratitude, and who have been headstrong Torments to every one who has had a Share in their Education, as well as to those to whom they owe their Being, are brought together; and what can be expected, but that they should pursue, and carry on, the same comfortable Conduct, in Matrimony, and join most heartily to plague one another? And, in some measure, indeed, this is right, because hereby they tevenge the Cause of all those who have been aggrieved and insulted by them, upon one another.

The Gentleman has never been controuled: The Lady has never been contradicted.

He cannot bear it from one whose new Relation, he thinks, should oblige her to shew a quite contrary Conduct.

*She* thinks it very barbarous, now, for the *first* time, to be opposed by a Man, from whom she expected nothing but Tenderness.

So great is the Difference, between what they both expect *from* one another, and what they both find *in* each other, that no wonder Misunderstandings happen; that these ripen to Quarrels; that Acts of Unkindness pass, which, even had the first Motive to their Union been *Affection*, as usually it is not, would have effaced all manner of tender Impressions on both sides.

Appeals to Parents or Guardians often ensue: If, by Mediation of Friends, a Reconciliation takes place, it hardly ever holds; for why? The Fault is in the Minds of *both*, and *neither* of them will think so; so that the Wound (not permitted to be probed) is but skinn'd over, and rankles still at the Bottom, and at last breaks out with more Pain and Anguish than before. Separate Beds are often the Consequence; perhaps Elopements; if not, an unconquerable Indifference, possibly Aversion. And whenever, for Appearance—sake, they are obliged to be together, every one sees, that the yawning Husband, and the vapourish Wife, are truly insupportable to one another; but, separate, have freer Spirits, and can be tolerable Company.

Now, my Dear, I would have you think, and, I hope, you will have no other Reason, that had I marry'd the first Lady in the Land, I would not have treated her better than I will my *Pamela*. For my Wife *is* my Wife; and I was the longer in resolving on the State, because I knew its Requisites, and doubted my Conduct in it.

I believe I am more nice than many Gentlemen; but it is because I have been a close Observer of the Behaviour of wedded Folks, and hardly have ever seen it to be such as I could like in my own Case. I shall, possibly, give you Instances, of a more particular Nature, of this, as we are *longer*, and, perhaps, I might say, *better* acquainted.

Had I marry'd with the Views of most Gentlemen, and with such as my good Sister (supplying the Place of my Father and Mother) would have recommended, I had wedded a fine Lady, brought up pretty much in my own Manner, and used to have her Will in every thing.

Some Gentlemen can come into a Compromise; and, after a few Struggles, sit down tolerably contented. But, had I marry'd a Princess, I could not have done so. I must have loved her exceedingly well, before I had consented to knit the Knot with her, and prefer'd her to all her Sex; for without this, *Pamela*, Indifferences, if not Disgusts, will arise in every wedded Life, that could not have made me happy at home; and there are sewer Instances, I believe, of Mens loving better after Matrimony, than of Womens; the Reasons of which 'tis not my present Purpose to account for.

Then I must have been morally sure, that she prefer'd me to all Men; and, to convince me of this, she must have lessen'd, not aggravated, my Failings; she must have borne with my Imperfections; she must have watch'd and study'd my Temper; and if ever she had any Points to carry, any Desire of overcoming, it must have been by Sweetness and Complaisance; and yet not such a slavish one, as should make her Condescension seem to be rather the Effect of her Insensibility, than Judgment or Affection.

She should not have given Cause for any Part of my Conduct to her, to wear the least Aspect of Compulsion or Force. The Word *Command*, on my Side, or *Obedience*, on hers, I would have blotted from my Vocabulary. For this Reason I should have thought it my Duty to have desired nothing of her, that was not significant, reasonable, or just; and that then she should, on hers, have shewn no Reluctance, Uneasiness, or Doubt, to oblige me, even at half a Word.

I would not have excus'd her to let me twice injoin the same thing, while I took such care to make her Compliance with me reasonable, and such as should not destroy her own free Agency, in Points that ought to be allow'd her. And if I was not always right, that yet she would bear with me, if she saw me set upon it; and expostulate with me on the right side of Compliance; for that would shew me, (supposing *Small Points* in Dispute, from which the greatest Quarrels, among *Friends*, generally arise) that she differ'd from me, not for *Contradiction—Sake*, but desir'd to convince me for *my own*; and that I should, another time, take better Resolutions.

This would be so obliging a Conduct, that I should, in Justice, have doubled my Esteem for one, who, to humour me, could give up her own Judgment; and I should see she could have no other View in her Expostulations, after her Compliance had passed, than to rectify my Notions for the future; and it would have been impossible then, but I must have paid the greater Deference to her Opinion and Advice in more momentous Matters.

In all Companies she must have shewn, that she had, whether I deserved it altogether, or not, a high Regard and Opinion of me; and this the rather, as that such a Conduct in her, would be a Reputation and Security to herself; for if ever we Rakes attempt a marry'd Lady, our first Encouragement, exclusive of our own Vanity, arises from the indifferent Opinion, Slight, or Contempt she expresses for her Husband.

That therefore she would draw a kind Veil over my Faults; that such as she could not hide, she would extenuate: That she would place my better Actions in an advantageous Light, and shew, that I had *her* good Opinion, at least, whatever Liberties the *World* took with my Character.

She must have valued my Friends for *my* sake; been chearful and easy, whomever I had brought home with me; and whatever Faults she had observed in me, have never blamed me before Company; at least, with such an Air of Superiority as should have shewn she had a better Opinion of her own Judgment, than mine.

Now, my *Pamela*, this is but a faint Sketch of the Conduct I must have expected from my Wife, let her Quality have been what it would, or have lived with her on bad Terms. Judge then, if, to me, a Lady of the modish Taste could have been tolerable.

The Perverseness and Contradiction I have too often seen, in some of my Visits, even among People of Sense, as well as Condition, had prejudiced me to the marry'd State; and, as I knew I could not bear it, surely I was in the right to decline it; and you see, my Dear, that I have not gone among this Class of People for a Wife; nor know I indeed, where, in any Class, I could have sought one, or had one, suitable to my Mind, if not you. For here is my Misfortune; I could not have been contented to have been *but moderately happy* in a Wife.

Judge you, from all this, if I could very well bear, that you should think yourself so well secur'd of my Affection, that you could take the Faults of others upon yourself; and, by a supposed supererogatory Merit, think your Interposition sufficient to atone for the Faults of others.

Yet am I not perfect myself: No, I am greatly imperfect. Yet will I not allow, that my Imperfections shall excuse those of my Wife, or make her think I ought to bear Faults in her, that she can rectify, because she bears greater from me.

Upon the Whole, I may expect, that you will bear with me, and study my Temper, *till*, and only *till*, you see I am capable of returning Insult for Obligation; and till you think that I shall be of a gentler Deportment, if I am roughly used, than otherwise. One thing more I will add, That I should scorn myself, if there was one Privilege of your Sex, that a Princess might expect, as my Wise, to be indulg'd in, that I would not allow to my *Pamela*. For you are the Wife of my Affections: I never wish'd for one before you, nor ever do I hope to have another!

I hope, Sir, said I, my future Conduct—— Pardon me, said he, my Dear, for interrupting you; but it is to assure you, that I am so well convinc'd of your affectionate Regards for me, that I know I might have spared the greatest Part of what I have said: And indeed, it must be very bad for both of us, if I should have Reason to think it *necessary* to say so much. But one thing has brought on another; and I have rather spoken what my Niceness has made me *observe* in *other* Families, than what I *fear* in *my own*. And therefore, let me assure you, I am thoroughly satisfy'd with your Conduct hitherto. You shall have no Occasion to repent it. And you shall find, tho' greatly imperfect, and passionate, on particular Provocations, (which yet I will try to overcome) that you have not a brutal or ungenerous Husband, who is capable of offering Insult for Condescension, or returning Evil for Good.

I thank'd him for these kind Rules, and generous Assurances; and assured him, that they had made so much Impression on my Mind, that these, and his most agreeable Injunctions before given me, and such as he should hereafter be pleased to give me, should be so many Rules for my future Conduct.

And I am glad of the Method I have taken of making a Journal of all that passes in these first Stages of my Happiness, because it will sink the Impression still deeper; and I shall have recourse to them for my better Regulation, as often as I shall mistrust my Memory.

Let me see: What are the Rules I am to observe from this awful Lecture? Why, these:

1. That I must not, when he is in great Wrath with any body, break in upon him, without his Leave. — *Well, I'll remember it, I warrant. But yet I fancy this Rule is almost peculiar to himself.*
2. That I must think his Displeasure the heaviest thing that can befall me. *To be sure I shall.*
3. And so that I must not wish to incur it, to save any body else. *I'll be further if I do.*
4. That I must never make a Compliment to any body at his Expence.
5. That I must not be guilty of any Acts of wilful Meanness! *There is a great deal meant in this; and I'll endeavour to observe it all. To be sure, the Occasion on which he mentions this, explains it; that I must say nothing, tho' in Anger, that is spiteful or malicious; that is disrespectful or undutiful, and such-like.*

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6. That I must bear with him, even when I find him in the wrong. *This is a little hard, as the Case may be! I wonder whether poor Miss Sally Godfrey be living or dead!*
7. That I must be as flexible as the Reed in the Fable, lest, by resisting the Tempest, like the Oak, I be torn up by the Roots. *Well! I'll do the best I can! —There is no great Likelihood, I hope, I should be too perverse; yet, sure, the Tempest will not lay me quite level with the Ground neither.*
8. That the Education of young People of Condition is generally wrong. Memorandum, *That if any Part of Childrens Education fall to my Lot, I never indulge or humour them in things that they ought to be restrain'd in.*
9. That I accustom them to bear Disappointments and Controul.
10. That I suffer them not to be too much indulged in their Infancy.
11. Nor at School.
12. Nor spoil them when they come home.
13. For that Children generally extend their Perverseness from the Nurse to the Schoolmaster; from the Schoolmaster to the Parents.
14. And, in their next Step, as a proper Punishment for all, make their own Selves unhappy.
15. That undutiful and perverse Children make had Husbands and Wives: *And, collaterally, bad Masters and Mistresses.*
16. That not being subject to be controuled early, they cannot, when marry'd, bear one another.
17. That the Fault lying deep, and in the Minds of each, neither will mend it.
18. Whence follow Misunderstandings, Quarrels, Appeals, ineffectual Reconciliations, Separations, Elopements—or, at best, Indifference; perhaps, Aversion. —Memorandum, *A good Image of unhappy Wedlock, in the Words Yawning Husband and Vapourish Wife, when together:— But separate, both quite alive.*
19. Few marry'd Persons behave as he likes!— *Let me ponder this with Awe and Improvement.*
20. Some Gentlemen can compromise with their Wives for. Quietness—sake; but he can't.— *Indeed I believe that's! —I don't desire he should.*
21. That Love before Marriage is absolutely necessary.
22. That there are fewer Instances of Mens than Womens loving better after Marriage. —*But why so? I wish he had given his Reasons for this! I fancy they would not have been to the Advantage of his own Sex.*
23. That a Woman give her Husband Reason to think she prefers him before all Men. *Well, to be sure this should be so.*
24. That if she would overcome, it must be by Sweetness and Complaisance; *that is, by yielding, he means, no doubt.*

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25. Yet not such a slavish one neither, as should rather seem the Effect of her Insensibility, than Judgment or Affection!
26. That the Words Command and Obey shall be blotted out of his Vocabulary. *Very good!*
27. That a Man should desire nothing of his Wife but what is significant, reasonable, just. *To be sure that is right.*
28. But then, that she must not shew Reluctance, Uneasiness, or Doubt, to oblige him; and that too at half a Word; and must not be bid twice to do one thing. —*But may not there be some Occasions, where this may be a little dispens'd with? But he says afterwards, indeed,*
29. That this must be only while he took care to make her Compliance reasonable, and consistent with her free Agency, in Points that ought to be allow'd her. —*Come, this is pretty well, considering.*
30. That if the Husband be *set* upon a wrong Thing, she must not dispute with him, but do it, and expostulate afterwards. —*Good—sirs! I don't know what to say to this! —It looks a little hard, methinks! —This would bear a smart Debate, I fancy, in a Parliament of Women.* —But then he says,
31. Supposing they are only small Points that are in Dispute. —*Well, this mends it a little. For small Points, I think, should not be stood upon.*
32. That the greatest Quarrels among Friends, *and Wives and Husbands are or should be Friends*, arise from small Matters. —*I believe this is very ; for I had like to have had Anger here, when I intended very well.*
33. That a Wife should not desire to convince her Husband for Contradiction sake; but for his own. *As both will find their Account in this, if one does; I believe 'tis very just.*
34. That in all Companies a Wife must shew Respect and Love to her Husband.
35. And this for the sake of her own Reputation and Security; for,
36. That Rakes cannot have a greater Encouragement to attempt a marry'd Lady's Virtue, than her slight Opinion of her Husband. *To be sure, this stands to Reason, and is a fine Lesson.*
37. That a Wife should therefore draw a kind Veil over her Husband's Faults.
38. That such as she could not conceal, she should extenuate.
39. That his Virtues she should place in an Advantageous Light.
40. And shew the World, that he had her good Opinion at least.
41. That she must value his Friends for *his* sake.
42. That she must be chearful and easy in her Behaviour, to whomsoever he brings home with him.
43. That whatever Faults she sees in him, she never blames him before Company.
44. At least, with such an Air of Superiority, as if she had a less Opinion of his Judgment than her own.
45. That a Man of nice Observation cannot be contented to be only *moderately* happy in a Wife.

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46. That a Wife take care how she ascribe supererogatory Merit to herself; so as to take the Faults of others upon her. —*Indeed, I think it is well if we can bear our own! This is of the same Nature with the Third. And touches upon me on the present Occasion, for this wholesome Lecture.*

47. That *his* Imperfections must not be a Plea for *hers*. *To be sure, 'tis no matter how good the Women are; but 'tis to be hoped, Men will allow a little. But, indeed, he says,*

48. That a Husband who expects all this, is to be incapable of returning Insult for Obligation, or Evil for Good; and ought not to abridge her of any Privilege of her Sex.

Well, my dear Parents, I think this last Rule crowns the rest, and makes them all very tolerable; and a generous Man, and a Man of Sense, cannot be too much obliged. And, as I have this Happiness, I shall be very unworthy, if I do not always so *think*, and so *act*.

Yet, after all, you'll see I have not the easiest Task in the World. But I know my own Intentions, that I shall not wilfully err; and so fear the less.

Not one Hint did he give, that I durst lay hold of, about poor Miss *Sally Godfrey*. I wish my Lady had not spoken of it. For it has given me a Curiosity that is not quite so pretty in me; especially so early in my Nuptials, and in a Case so long ago past. Yet he intimated too, to his Sister, that he had had other Faults, (of this Sort, I suppose) that had not come to her Knowledge!————— But I make no Doubt, he has seen his Error, and will be very good for the future. I wish it, and pray it may be so, for his own dear sake!

**WEDNESDAY, the Seventh.**

When I arose in the Morning, I went to wait on Lady *Davers*, seeing her Door open; and she was in Bed, but awake, and talking to her Woman. I said, I hope I don't disturb your Ladyship: No, not at all, said she; I am glad to see you. How do you?—— Well, added she, when do you set out for *Bedfordshire*? I said, I can't tell, Madam. It was design'd as to-day; but I have heard no more of it.

Sit down, said she, on the Bed-side.—— I find, by the Talk we had Yesterday and last Night, you have had but a poor Time of it, *Pamela*, (I must call you so yet, said she) since you was brought to this House, till within these few Days. And Mrs. *Jewkes* too has given *Beck* such an Account, as makes me pity you.

Indeed, Madam, said I, if your Ladyship knew all, you *would* pity me; for never poor Creature was so hard put to it. But I ought to forget it all now, and be thankful.

Why, said she, as far as I can find, 'tis a Mercy you are here now. I was sadly moved with some part of your Story. And you have really made a noble Defence, and deserve the Praises of all our Sex.

It was God enabled me, Madam, reply'd I. Why, said she, 'tis the more extraordinary, because, I believe, if the Truth was known, you lov'd the Wretch not a little. While my Trials lasted, Madam, said I, I had not a *Thought of any thing*, but to preserve my Innocence; much less of Love.

But tell me truly, said she, Did you not love him all the time? I had always, Madam, answer'd I, a great Reverence for my Master, and thought all his good Actions doubly good; and for his naughty ones, tho' I abhorr'd his Attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wish'd him well; but I did not know that it was Love. Indeed I had not the Presumption!

Sweet Girl! said she; that's prettily said: But when he found he could not gain his Ends, and begun to be sorry for your Sufferings, and to admire your Virtue, and to profess honourable Love to you, What did you think?

Think, and please your Ladyship! I did not know what to think! I could neither hope, nor believe so great an Honour would fall to my Lot; and I fear'd more from his Kindness, for some time, than I had done from his Unkindness: And having had a private Intimation, from a kind Friend, of a Sham-marriage intended, by means of a Man who was to personate a Minister, it kept my Mind in too much Suspense, to be greatly overjoy'd at his kind Declaration.

Said she, I think he *did* make two or three Attempts upon you in *Bedfordshire*? Yes, Madam, said I, he was very naughty, to be sure!

And *here*, he proposed Articles to you, I understand? Yes, Madam, reply'd I; but I abhorr'd so much the Thoughts of being a kept Creature, that I rejected them with great Boldness; and was resolved to die before I would consent to them.

He after wards attempted you, I think; Did he not? O, yes, Madam! said I, a most sad Attempt he made; and I had like to have been lost; for Mrs. *Jewkes* was not so good as she should have been. And so I told her Ladyship that sad Offer, and how I fell into Fits; and that they, believing me dying, forbore. Any Attempts after this base one? said she.

He was not so good as he should have been, return'd I, once, in the Garden, afterwards; but I was *so* watchful, and *so* ready to take the Alarm!

But, said she, did he not threaten you, at times, and put on his stern Airs, every now-and-then? —— Threaten, Madam! reply'd I; yes, I had enough of that!—— I thought I should have dy'd for Fear, several times. How could you bear that? said she: For he is a most daring and majestick Mortal! He has none of your puny Hearts, but as courageous as a Lion; and, Boy and Man, never fear'd any thing. I myself, said she, have a pretty good Spirit; but when I have made him truly angry, I have always been forced to make it up with him, as well as I could. For, Child, he is not one that is easily reconciled, I'll assure you.

But, after he had profess'd honourable Love to you, Did he never attempt you again? No, indeed, Madam, he did not. But he was a good while struggling with himself, and with his Pride, as he called it, before he could stoop so low; and consider'd, and consider'd again: And once, upon my saying but two or three Words, that displeas'd him, when he was very kind to me, he turn'd me out of Doors; in a manner, at an Hour's Warning; for he sent me above a Day's Journey towards my Father's; and then sent a Man and Horse, Post-haste, to fetch me back again;

and has been exceedingly kind and gracious to me ever since, and made me happy.

That sending you away, said she, one Hour, and sending after you the next, is exactly like my Brother; and 'tis well if he don't turn you off twice or thrice before a Year come about, if you vex him: And he would have done the same by the first Lady in the Land, if he had been marry'd to her. Yet has he his Virtues, as well as his Faults; for he is generous, nay, he is noble in his Spirit; hates little dirty Actions; he delights in doing Good: But does not pass over a wilful Fault easily. He is wise, prudent, sober and magnanimous; and will not tell a Lye, nor disguise his Faults; but you must not expect to have him all to yourself, I doubt.

But I'll no more harp upon this String: You see how he was exasperated at me; and he seem'd to be angry at you too; tho' something of it was Art, I believe.

Indeed, Madam, said I, he has been pleased to give me a most noble Lecture; and I find he was angry with me in Earnest, and that it will not be an easy Task to behave unexceptionably to him: For he is very nice and delicate in his Notions, I perceive; but yet, as your Ladyship says, exceeding generous.

Well, says she, I'm glad thou hadst a little bit of his Anger, else I should have thought it Art; and I don't love to be treated with low Art, any more than he; and I should have been vex'd, if he had done it by me.

But I understand, Child, says she, that you keep a Journal of all Matters that pass, and he has several times found means to get at it: Should you care I should see it? It could not be to your Disadvantage; for I find it had no small Weight with *him* in your Favour; and I should take great Pleasure to read all his Stratagems, Attempts, Contrivances, Menaces, and Offers to you, on one hand; and all your pretty Counter-plottings, which he much praises, your resolute Resistance, and the noble Stand you have made to preserve your Virtue; and the Steps by which his Pride was subdued, and his Mind induced to honourable Love, till you were made what you now are: For it must be a rare, an uncommon Story; and will not only give me great Pleasure in reading, but will intirely reconcile me to the Step he has taken. And that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a Match with him and Lady *Betty* ———; and had said so much of it, that the Earl, her Father, approv'd of it; and so did the Duke of ———, her Uncle; and Lady *Betty* herself was not averse: And now shall I be hunted to Death about it; and this has made me so outrageous as you have seen me upon the Matter. But when I can find, by your Writings, that your Virtue is but suitably rewarded, it will be not only a good Excuse for me, but for him, and make me love you.

There is nothing that I would not do, said I, to oblige your Ladyship; but my poor Father and Mother (who would rather have seen me buried quick in the Earth, than to be seduced by the greatest of Princes) have them in their Hands at present; and your dear Brother has bespoken them, when they have done reading them; but if he gives me Leave, I will shew them to your Ladyship with all my Heart; not doubting your generous Allowances, as I have had his; tho' I have treated him very freely all the way, while he had naughty Views; and that your Ladyship would consider them as the naked Sentiments of my Heart, from Time to Time, deliver'd to those, whose Indulgence I was sure of; and for whose Sight, only, they were written.

Give me a Kiss now, said her Ladyship, for your chearful Compliance; for I make no doubt my Brother will consent I shall see them, because they must needs make for *your* Honour; and I see he loves you better than any one in the World.

I have heard, continued her Ladyship, a mighty good Character of your Parents, as industrious, honest, sensible, good Folks, who know the World; and, as I doubt not my Brother's Generosity, I am glad they will make no ill Figure in the World's Eye.

Madam, said I, they are the honestest, the loveingest, and the most conscientious Couple breathing. They once lived creditably; brought up a great Family, of which I am the youngest; but had Misfortunes, thro' their doing beyond their Power for two unhappy Brothers, who are both dead, and whose Debts they stood bound for, and so became reduced, and, by harsh Creditors, (where most of the Debts were not of their own contracting) turn'd out of all; and having, without Success, try'd to set up a little Country School, (for my Father understood a little of Accompts, and wrote a pretty good Hand) forced to take to hard Labour; but honest all the Time; contented; never repining and loving to one another; and, in the midst of their Poverty and Disappointments, above all Temptation; and all their Fear was, that I should be wicked, and yield to Temptation, for the sake of worldly Riches: And to God's Grace, and their good Lessons, and those I imbib'd from my dear good Lady, your Ladyship's Mother, it is that I owe the Preservation of my Innocence, and the happy Station I now am exalted to.

She was pleased to kiss me again, and said, There is such a noble Simplicity in thy Story, such an honest

Artlesness in thy Mind, and such a sweet Humility in thy Department, notwithstanding thy present Station, that I believe I shall be forced to love thee, whether I will or not: And the Sight of your Papers, I dare say, will crown the Work, will disarm my Pride, banish my Resentment on Lady *Betty's* account, and justify my Brother's Conduct; and, at the same time, redound to your own everlasting Honour, as well as to the Credit of our Sex: And so I make no doubt but my Brother will let me see them.

Mrs. *Worden*, said my Lady, I can say any thing before you; and you will take no Notice of our Conversation; but I see you are much touched with it: Did you ever hear any thing prettier, more unaffected, sincere, free, easy? ————— No, never, Madam, answer'd she, in my Life; and it is a great Pleasure, to see so happy a Reconciliation taking Place, where there is so much Merit.

I said, I have discover'd so much Prudence in Mrs. *Worden*, that, as well for that, as for the Confidence your Ladyship places in her, I have made no Scruple of speaking my Mind freely before her; and of blaming my dear Master, while he was blameworthy, as well as acknowledging his transcendent Goodness to me since; which, I am sure, exceeds all I can ever deserve. Maybe not, said my Lady. I hope you'll be very happy in one another; and I'll now rise, and tell him my Thoughts, and ask him to let me have the reading of your Papers; for I promise myself much Pleasure in them; and shall not grudge a Journey, and a Visit to you, to the other House, to fetch them.

Your Ladyship's Favour, said I, was all I had to wish for; and if I have that, and the Continuance of your dear Brother's Goodness to me, I shall be easy under whatever else may happen.

And so I took my Leave, and withdrew; and she let me hear her say to Mrs. *Worden*, 'Tis a charming Creature, Mrs. *Worden* !————— I know not which excels, her Person or her Mind!————— And so young a Creature too! — Well may my Brother love her!

I am afraid, my dear Father and Mother, I shall now be too proud indeed.————— I had once a good mind to have asked her Ladyship about Miss *Sally Godfrey*; but I thought it was better let alone, as she did not mention it herself. May-be, I shall hear it too soon. But I hope not!————— I wonder, tho', whether she be living or dead!

We breakfasted together with great good Temper; and my Lady was very kind, and asking my good Master, he gave Leave, very readily, she should see all my Papers, when you return'd them to me; and he said, He was sure, when she came to read them, she would say, that I had well deserv'd the Fortune I had met with, and would be of Opinion, that, all the Kindness of his future Life would hardly be a sufficient Reward for my Virtue, and make me Amends for my Sufferings.

My Lady resolving to set out the next Morning, to return to her Lord, my Master order'd every thing to be made ready for his doing the like, to *Bedfordshire*; and this Evening our good Neighbours will sup with us, to take Leave of my Lady and us.

**WEDNESDAY Night.**

Nothing particular having passed at Dinner and Supper, but the most condescending Goodness, on my Lady's side, to me; and the highest Civilities from Mr. *Peters's* Family; from Lady *Jones*, from Sir *Simon's* Family, &c. and reciprocal good Wishes all round; and a Promise obtain'd from my Benefactor, that he would endeavour to pass a Fortnight or three Weeks in these Parts, before the Winter set in; I shall conclude this Day with observing, that I disposed of the Money my Master was so good to put into my Hands, in the Method he was pleased to direct; and I gave Mrs. *Jewkes* hers, in such a manner, as highly pleased her; and she wished me, with Tears, all kind of Happiness; and pray'd me to forgive her all her past Wickedness to me, as she herself called it. I begg'd Leave of my Master to present Mrs. *Worden* with Five Guineas, for a Pair of Gloves; which he said was well thought of.

**SATURDAY.**

On *Thursday* Morning my Lady set out for her own Seat; and my good Sir and I, attended by Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham* and *Thomas*, for this dear House. Her Ladyship parted with her Brother and me with great Tenderness, and made me promise to send her my Papers; which I find she intends to entertain Lady *Betty* with, and another Lady or two, her Intimates, as also her Lord; and hopes to find, as I believe, in the Reading of them, some Excuse for her Brother's Choice.

My dearest Master has been all Love and Tenderness on the Road, as he is in every Place, and on every Occasion. And Oh! what a delightful Change was this Journey, to that which, so contrary to all my Wishes, and so much to my Apprehensions, carry'd me hence to the *Lincolnshire* House! And how did I bless God at every Turn, and at every Stage!

We did not arrive here till yesterday Noon. *Abraham* rode before, to let them know we were coming. And I had the Satisfaction to find every body there I wished to see. When the Chariot enter'd the Court-yard, I was so strongly impress'd with the Favour and Mercies of God Almighty, on remembering how I was sent away the last time I saw this House; the Leave I took; the Dangers I had encounter'd; a poor cast-off Servant Girl; and now returning a joyful Wife, and the Mistress, thro' his Favour, of the noble House I was turn'd out of; that I was hardly able to support the Joy I felt in my Mind on the Occasion. He saw how much I was moved, and tenderly ask'd me, why I seem'd so affected? I told him, and lifted his dear Hand to my Lips, and said, O, Sir! God's Mercies, and your Goodness to me, on entering this dear, dear Place, are above my Expression! I can hardly bear the Thoughts of them!—— He said, Welcome, thrice welcome, Joy of my Life! to your own House: And kissed my Hand in Return. All the common Servants stood at the Windows, as unseen as they could, to observe us. He took my Hand, with the most condescending Goodness in the World, and, with great Complaisance, led me into the Parlour, and kissed me with the greatest Ardour. Welcome again, my dearest Spouse, said he, a thousand times welcome, to the Possession of a House that is not more mine than yours.

I threw myself at his Feet: Permit me, dear Sir, thus to bless *God*, and thank *you*, for all *his* Mercies, and *your* Goodness. O may I so behave, as not to be *utterly unworthy*; and then how *happy* shall I be! God give me, my Dearest, said he, Life and Health to reward all your Sweetness: And no Man can be then so blest as I!

Where (said he to *Abraham*, who passed by the Door, Where) is Mrs. *Jervis*?—— She bolted in! Here, good Sir, said she, here, good Madam, am I, waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both!—— I ran to her, and clasp'd my Arms about her Neck, and kissed her: O my dear Mrs. *Jervis*! said I, my other dear Mother! receive your happy, happy *Pamela*: And join with me to bless God, and bless our Master, for all these great Things!—— I was ready to sink into her Arms thro' Excess of Joy, to see the dear good Woman, who had been so often a mournful Witness of my Distress, as now of my Triumph!—— Dearest Madam, said she, you do me too much Honour. Let my whole Life shew the Joy I take in your deserv'd good Fortune, and in my Duty to you, for the early Instance I received of your Goodness in your kind Letter. O, Mrs. *Jervis*, reply'd I, *There* all Thanks are due, both from you and me: For our dear Master granted me this Blessing, as I may justly call it, the very first Moment I begg'd it of him. Your Goodness, Sir, said she, I will for ever acknowledge; and I beg Pardon for the wrong Step I made, in applying to my Lady *Davers*.—— He was so good as to salute her, and said, All's over now, Mrs. *Jervis*; and I shall not remember you *ever* disoblig'd me. I always respected you, and shall now, more and more, value you, for the sake of that dear good Creature, that, with Joy unfeign'd, I can call my Wife. God bless your Honour, for ever! said she; and many, *many* happy Years may ye live together, the Envy and Wonder of all who know you!

But where, said my dear Master, is honest *Long-man*? and where is *Jonathan*? —Come, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, you shall shew me them, and all the good Folks, presently; and let me go up with you to behold the dear Apartments, which I have seen *before* with such different Emotions to what I shall *now* do.

We went up; and in every Room, the Chamber I took Refuge in, when my Master pursu'd me, my Lady's Chamber, her Dressing-room, Mrs. *Jervis*'s Room, not forgetting her Closet, my own little Bed-chamber, the Green-room, and in each of the others, I kneeled down severally, and blessed God for my past Escapes, and present Happiness; and the good Woman was quite affected with the Zeal and Pleasure with which I made my

thankful Acknowledgments to the Divine Goodness. O my excellent Lady! said she, you are still the same good, pious, humble Soul I knew you; and your Marriage has added to your Graces, as I hope it will to your Blessings.

Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, you know not what I have gone thro'! You know not what God has done for me! You know not what a happy Creature I am now! I have a thousand, thousand things to tell you; and a whole Week would be too little, every Moment of it spent in relating to you what has befallen me, to make you acquainted with it all. We shall be sweetly happy together, I make no doubt. But I charge you, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, whatever you call me before Strangers, that when we are by ourselves, you call me nothing but *your Pamela*. For what an ingrateful Creature should I be, who have receiv'd so many Mercies at the Hand of God, if I attributed them not to his Divine Goodness, but assumed to myself insolent Airs upon them! No, I hope, I shall be more and more thankful, as I am more and more blest; and more humble, as God, the Author of all my Happiness, shall more distinguish me.

We went down again to the Parlour, to my dear Master. Said he, Call in again Mr. *Longman*; he longs to see you, my Dear. He came in: God bless you, my sweet Lady, said he; as now, God be praised, I may call you. Did I not tell you, Madam, that Providence would find you out? O, Mr. *Longman*, said I, God be praised for all his Mercies!—— I am rejoiced to see you; and I laid my Hand on his, and said, Good Mr. *Longman*, how do you do!—— I must always value you; and you don't know how much of my present Happiness I owe to the Sheets of Paper, and Pens and Ink you furnish'd me with. I hope, my dear Sir and you are quite reconciled. —O Madam, said he, how good you are! —— Why, I cannot contain myself for Joy! and then he wiped his Eyes, good Man!

Said my Master, Yes, I have been telling Mr. *Longman*, that I am obliged to him for his ready Return to me; and that I will intirely forget his Appeal to Lady *Davers*; and I hope he'll find himself quite as easy and happy as he wishes.—— My Partner here, Mr. *Longman*, I dare promise you, will do all she can to make you so. God bless you both together! said he. 'Tis the Pride of my Heart to see this!—— I return'd with double Delight, when I heard the blessed News; and I am sure, Sir, said he, mark old *Longman's* Words, God will bless you for this every Year more and more!—— You don't know how many Hearts you have made happy by this generous Deed!—— I am glad of it, said my dear Master; I am sure I have made my own happy: And, Mr. *Longman*, tho' I must think you Somebody, yet, as you are not a young Man, and so won't make me jealous, I can allow you to wish my dear Wife Joy in the tenderest manner. Adad, Sir, said he, I am sure you rejoice me with your Favour: 'Twas what I long'd for, but durst not presume. My Dear, said my Master, receive the Compliment of one of the honestest Hearts in *England*, that always rever'd your Virtues!— And the good Man saluted me with great Respect; and said, God in Heaven bless you both, and kneeled on one Knee. I must quit your Presence! Indeed I must!—— And away he went.

Your Goodness, Sir, said I, knows no Bounds! O may my Gratitude never find any!—— I saw, said my Master, when the good Man approach'd you, that he did it with so much Awe and Love mingled together, that I fansied he long'd to salute my Angel; and I could not but indulge his honest Heart. How bless'd am I, said I, and kiss'd his Hand — And indeed I make nothing now of kissing his dear Hand, as if it was my own!

When honest old Mr. *Jonathan* came in to attend at Dinner, so clean, so sleek, and so neat, as he always is, with his silver Hair, I said, Well, Mr. *Jonathan*, how do you? I am glad to see you?— You look as well as ever, thank God! O dear, Madam! said he, better than ever, to have such a blessed Sight!—— God bless you and my good Master!— and I hope, Sir, said he, you'll excuse all my past Failings. Ay, that I will, *Jonathan*, said he; because you never had any, but what your Regard for my dear Spouse here was the Occasion of. And now I can tell you, you can never err, because you cannot respect her too much. O Sir, said he, your Honour is exceeding good. I'm sure I shall always pray for you both.

After Dinner Mr. *Longman* coming in, and talking of some Affairs under his Care, he said afterwards, All your Honour's Servants are now happy; for *Robert*, who left you, had a pretty little Fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your Service. He was here but Yesterday, to enquire when you and my Lady return'd hither; and hop'd he might have Leave to pay his Duty to you both. Ay, said my Master, I shall be glad to see honest *Robin*; for that's another of your Favourites, *Pamela*.— It was high time, I think, I should marry you, were it but to engage the Respects of all my Family to myself. There are, Sir, said I, ten thousand Reasons why I should rejoice in your Goodness.

But I was going to say, said Mr. *Longman*, That all your Honour's old Servants are now happy, but one. You

mean *John Arnold*? said my Master. I do, indeed, said he, if you'll excuse me, Sir. O said I, I have had my Prayer for poor *John* answer'd, as favourably as I could wish. ————— Why, said Mr. *Longman*, to be sure poor *John* has acted no very good Part, take it all together; but he so much honour'd you, Sir, and so much respected you, Madam, that he would have been glad to have been obedient to both; and so was faithful to neither. But indeed the poor Fellow's Heart's almost broke, and he won't look out for any other Place; and says, he must live in your Honour's Service, or he must die wretched very shortly. Mrs. *Jervis* was there when this was said; Indeed, says she, the poor Man has been here every Day since he heard the Tidings that have rejoiced us all; and he says, he hopes he shall yet be forgiven. Is he in the House now? said my Master. He is, Sir; and was here when your Honour came in, and play'd at hide-and-seek to have one Look at you both when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his Wits for Joy, when he saw your Honour hand my Lady in. *Pamela*, said my dear Master, you're to do with *John* as you please. You have full Power. Then pray Sir, said I, let poor *John* come in.

The poor Fellow came in, with so much Confusion, that I have never seen a Countenance that express'd so lively Consciousness of his Faults, and mingled Joy and Shame. How do you do, *John*? said I; I hope you're very well!— The poor Fellow could hardly speak, and look'd with Awe upon my Master, and Pleasure upon me. Said my Master, Well, *John*, there is no room to say any thing to a Man that has so much Concern already: I am told you will serve me whether I will or not; but I turn you over altogether to my Spouse here. And she is to do by you as she pleases. You see, *John*, said I, your good Master's Indulgence. Well may I forgive, that have so generous an Example. I was always persuaded of your honest Intentions, if you had known how to distinguish between your Duty to your Master, and your Good-will to me: You will now have no more Puzzles on that Account, from the Goodness of your dear Master. I shall be but too happy said the poor Man. God bless your Honour! God bless you, Madam! ————— I now have the Joy of my Soul, in serving you both; and I will make the best of Servants, to my Power. Well then, *John*, said I, your Wages will go on, as if you had not left your Master: May I not say so, Sir? said I. Yes, surely, my Dear, reply'd he, and augment them too, if you find his Duty to you deserves it. A thousand Million of Thanks, said the poor Man: I am very well satisfy'd, and desire no Augmentation; and so he withdrew overjoy'd; and Mrs. *Jervis* and Mr. *Longman* were highly pleas'd; for tho' they were incens'd against him for his Fault to me, when Matters look'd badly for me, yet they, and all his Fellow-servants, always lov'd *John*.

When Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis* had din'd, they came in again, to know if he had any Commands; and my dear Master filling a Glass of Wine, said, Mr. *Longman*, I am going to toast the happiest and honestest Couple in *England*, my dear *Pamela's* Father and Mother. —Thank you, dear Sir, said I.

Said he, I think that little *Kentish* Purchase wants a Manager; and as it is a little out of *your* Way, Mr. *Longman*, I have been purposing, if I thought Mr. *Andrews* would accept of it, that he should enter upon *Hodges's* Farm, that was, and so manage for me that whole little Affair; and we will well stock the Farm for him, and make it comfortable; and I think, if he will take that Trouble upon him, it will be an Ease to you, and a Favour to me.

Your Honour, said he, cannot do a better thing; and I have had some Inkling given me, that you might, if you pleased, augment that Estate, by a Purchase, of equal Amount, contiguous to it; and as you have so much Money to spare, I can't see your Honour can do better. Well, said he, let me have the Particulars another time, and we will consider about it. But my Dear, added he, you'll mention this to your Father, if you please.

I have too much Money, Mr. *Longman*, continu'd he, lies useless; tho', upon this Occasion, I shall not grudge laying out as much in Liveries, and other things, as if I had marry'd a Lady of a Fortune equal, if possible, to my *Pamela's* Merit; and I reckon you have a good deal in Hand. Yes, Sir, said he, more than I wish I had. But I have a Mortgage in View, if you don't buy that *Kentish* thing, that I believe will answer very well; and when Matters are riper, will mention it to your Honour.

I took with me to *Lincolnshire*, said my Master, upwards of Six hundred Guineas, and thought to have laid most of them out there (Thank God, thought I, you did not! for he offer'd me Five hundred of them, you know!) But I have not laid out above Two hundred and fifty of them; so Two hundred I left there in my *Escritoire*; because I shall go again for a Fortnight or so, before Winter; and Two hundred I have brought with me. And I have Money, I know not what, in three Places here; the Account of which is in my Pocketbook, in my Library.

You have made some little Presents, *Pamela*, to my Servants there, on our Nuptials; and these Two hundred that I have brought up, I will put into your Disposal, that, with some of them, you shall do here as you did there.

I am asham'd, good Sir, said I, to be so costly and so worthless! Pray, my Dear, said he, say not a Word of that.

Said Mr. *Longman*, Why, Madam, with Money in Stocks, and one thing or another, his Honour could buy half the Gentlemen round him. He wants not Money, and lays up every Year. And it would have been pity, but his Honour should have wedded just as he has. Very, Mr. *Longman*, said my Master; and pulling out his Purse, said, Tell out, my Dear, Two hundred Guineas, and give me the rest.— I did so. Now, said he, take them yourself, for the Purposes I mentioned. But, Mr. *Longman*, do you, before Sunset, bring my dear Girl Fifty Pounds, which is due to her this Day, by my Promise; and every three Months, from this Day, pay her Fifty Pounds more; which will be Two hundred Pounds *per Annum*; and this is for her to lay out at her own Discretion, and without Account, in such a way, as shall derive a Blessing upon us all: For she was my Mother's Almoner, and shall be mine, and her own too.— I'll go for it this Instant, said Mr. *Longman*.

When he was gone, I looked upon my dear generous Master, and on Mrs. *Jervis*; and he gave me a Nod of Assent; and I took Twenty Guineas, and said, Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, accept of this; which is no more than my generous Master order'd me to present to Mrs. *Jewkes*, for a pair of Gloves, on my happy Nuptials, and so you, who are so much better intitled to them, by the Love I bear you, must not refuse them.

Said she, Mrs. *Jewkes* was on the Spot, Madam, at the happy Time. Yes, said my Master, but *Pamela* would have rejoiced to have had you there instead of her. That I should, Sir, reply'd I, or instead of any body except my own Mother. She gratefully accepted them, and thank'd us both: But I don't know what she should thank *me* for; for I was not worth a fourth Part of them myself.

I'd have you, my Dear, said he, in some handsome manner, as you know how, oblige *Longman* to accept of the like Present.

Mr. *Longman* return'd from his Office, and brought me the fifty Pounds, saying, I have enter'd this new Article with great Pleasure. *To my Lady— Fifty Pounds, to be paid the same Sum quarterly*. O Sir, said I, what will become of me to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your Bounty. —It is a Shame to take all that your profuse Goodness would heap upon me thus: But indeed it shall not be without Account. —Make no Words, my Dear, said he. Are you not my Wife? And have I not endow'd you with my Goods? and, hitherto, this is a very small Part.

Mr. *Longman*, said I, and Mrs. *Jervis*, you both see how I am even oppress'd with unreturnable Obligations. God bless the Donor, and God bless the Receiver! said Mr. *Longman*; I am sure they will bring back good Interest; for, Madam, you had ever a bountiful Heart; and I have seen the Pleasure you used to take to dispense my late Lady's Alms and Donations.

I'll warrant, Mr. *Longman*, said I, notwithstanding you are so willing to have me take large Sums for nothing at all, I should affront you, if I asked you to accept from me a Pair of Gloves only, on Account of my happy Nuptials. He seem'd not readily to know how to answer, and my Master said, If Mr. *Longman* refuse you, my Dear, he may be said to refuse your first Favour, On that I put twenty Guineas in his Hand; but he insisted upon it, that he would take but Five. I said, I must desire you to oblige me, Mr. *Longman*, or I shall think I have affronted you. Well, if I must, said he, I know what I know. What is that, Mr. *Longman*, said I? — Why, Madam, said he, I will not lay it out till my young Master's Birth Day, which I hope will be within this Twelve-month.

Not expecting any thing like this from the old Gentleman, I look'd at my Master, and then blush'd so, I could not hold up my Head. Charmingly said, Mr. *Longman*, said my Master, and clasped me in his Arms; O my dear Life! God send it may be so. — You have quite delighted me, Mr. *Longman*! Tho' I durst not have said such a Thing for the World.— Madam, said the old Gentleman, I beg your Pardon; I hope no Offence. But I'd speak it ten times in a Breath to have it so, take it how you please, as long as my good Master takes it so well. Mrs. *Jervis*, said my Master, this is an over-nice dear Creature; you don't know what a Life I have had with her, even on this side Matrimony.— Said Mrs. *Jervis*, I think Mr. *Longman* says very well; I am sure I shall hope for it too.

Mr. *Longman*, who had struck me of a Heap, withdrawing soon after, my Master said, Why, My Dear, you can't look up! The old Man said nothing shocking. I did not expect it, tho', from him, said I. I was not aware but of some innocent Pleasantry. Why, so it was, said he, both innocent and pleasant. And I won't forgive you, if you don't say as he says. Come, speak before Mrs. *Jervis*. May every thing happen, Sir, said I, that will give you Delight! — That's my dear Love, said he, and kiss'd me with great Tenderness.

When the Servants had dined, I desired to see the Maidens, and all Four came up together. You are welcome home, Madam, said *Rachel*; We rejoice all to see you here, and more to see you our Lady. O my good old Acquaintances, said I, you see how good God, and the best of Gentlemen have been to me! O I joy to see you!

How do you do, *Rachel*? How do you, *Jane*? How do you do, *Hannah*? How do you do, *Cicely*? And I took each of them by the Hand, and could have kissed them. — For, said I to myself, I kissed you all last time I saw you, in Sorrow; why should I not kiss you all with Joy? But I forbore in Honour of their dear Master's Presence.

They seem'd quite transported with me; and my good Master was pleas'd with the Scene. See here, my Lasses, said he, your Mistress! I need not bid you respect her; for you always lov'd her; and she'll have it as much in her Power as Inclination to be kind to the Deserving. Indeed, said I, I shall always be a kind Friend to you; and your dear good Master, has order'd me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me, on my Happiness. And so I gave them five Guineas a-piece; and said God bless you every one. I am overjoy'd to see you!— And they withdrew with the greatest Gratitude and Pleasure, praying for us both.

I turn'd to my dear Master, 'Tis to you, dear Sir, said I, next to God, who put it into your generous Heart, that all my Happiness is owing! That my Mind thus overflows with Joy and Gratitude! And I would have kissed his Hand; but he clasped me in his Arms, and said, You deserve it, my Dear! You deserve it all. Mrs. *Jervis* came in; said she, I have seen a very affecting Sight; you have made your Maidens quite happy, Madam, with your Kindness and Condescension! I saw them all Four, as I came by the Hall Door, just got up from their Knees, praising and praying for you both! Dear good Bodies, said I; and did *Jane* pray too? God return their Prayers upon themselves, I say.

My Maste sent for *Jonathan*, and I held up all the Fingers of my two Hands; and my Master giving a Nod of Approbation as he came in, I said, Well, Mr. *Jonathan*, I could not be satisfy'd without seeing you in Form, as it were, and thanking you for all your past Good-will to me. You'll accept of *that* for a Pair of Gloves, on this happy Occasion; and I gave him ten Guineas, and took his honest Hand between both mine: God bless you, said I, with your Silver Hairs, so like my dear Father!— I shall always value such a good old Servant of the best of Masters! — He said, O such Goodness! Such kind Words! — It is Balm to my Heart! Blessed be God I have lived to this Day! — And his Eyes swam in Tears, and he withdrew. — My Dear, said my Master, you make every one happy! — O Sir, said I, 'tis you, 'tis you; and let my grateful Heart always spring to my Lips, to acknowledge the Blessings you heap upon me.

Then in came *Harry*, and *Isaac*, and *Benjamin*, and the two Grooms of this House, and *Arthur* the Gardener, for my dear Master had order'd them by Mrs. *Jervis* thus to be marshall'd out; and he said, Where's *John*? Poor *John* was asham'd, and did not come in till he heard himself call'd for. I said to them, How do you do, *Henry*? How do you do, *Isaac*? How do you do, *Benjamin*? How do you do, *Arthur*? And you, and you, *Rithard* and *Roger*? God bless you every one. My Master said, I have given you a Mistress, my Lads, that is the Joy of my Heart. You see her Goodness and Condescension! Let your Respects to her be but answerable, and she'll be proportionably as great a Blessing to you all as she is to me. *Harry* said, In the Names of all your Servants, Sir, I bless your Honour and your good Lady: And it shall be all our Studies to deserve her Ladyship's Favour, as well as your Honour's. And so I gave every one five Guineas, to rejoice, as I said, in my Happiness.

When I came to *John*, I said, I saw you before, *John*; but I again tell you, I am glad to see you. He said, he was quite asham'd and confounded. O, said I, forget every thing that's past, *John*!— Your dear good Master will, and so will I For God has wonderfully brought about all these Things, by the very Means I once thought most grievous. Let us therefore look forward, and be only asham'd to commit Faults for the Time to come. For they may not always be attended with like happy Consequences.

*Arthur*, said my Master, I have brought you a Mistress that is a great Gardener. She'll shew you a new Way to plant Beans. And never anybody had such a Hand at improving a Sunflower, as she! — O Sir, Sir, said I; but yet a little dash'd; all my Improvements in every kind of Thing are owing to you, I am sure! — And so I think I was even with the dear Man, and yet appear'd grateful before his Servants They withdrew, blessing us both, as the rest had done.

And then came in the Postilion, and two Helpers, (for my Master has both here, and at *Lincolnshire*, fine Hunting horses, and it is the chief Sport he takes Delight in) as also the Scullion-boy; And I said, How do you, all of you? And how dost do, *Tommy*? I hope you're very good. Here, your dear Master has order'd you something a piece, in Honour of me. And my Master holding three Fingers to me, I gave the Postilion and Helpers three Guineas each, and the little Boy two; and bid him let his poor Mother lay it out for him, for he must not spend it idly. Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abrabam* and *Thomas*, I had before presented at t'other House.

And when they were all gone, but Mrs. *Jervis*, I said, And now, dearest Sir, permit me on my Knees, thus, to

bless you, and pray for you. And Oh, may God crown you with Length of Days, and Increase of Honour; and may your happy, happy *Pamela*, by her grateful Heart, appear always worthy in your dear Eyes, tho' she cannot be so in her own, nor in those of any others!

Mrs. *Jervis*, said my Master, you see the Excellency of this sweet Creature! And when I tell you, that the Charms of her Person, all lovely as she is, bind me not so strongly to her as the Graces of her Mind, congratulate me, that my Happiness is built on so stable a Basis!— Indeed I do, most sincerely, Sir, said she!— This is a happy Day to me.

I stept into the Library, while he was thus pouring out his Kindness for me to Mrs. *Jervis*; and bless'd God there on my Knees, for the Difference I now found to what I had once known in it. — And when I have done the same in the first Scene of my Fears, the once frightful Summer-house, I shall have gone thro' most of my distressful Scenes with Gratitude; but shall never forbear thanking God in my Mind, for his Goodness to me in every one. Mrs. *Jervis* I find, had whisper'd him what I had done above, and he saw me on my Knees, with my Back towards him, unknown to me; but softly put to the Door again, as he had open'd it a little Way. And I said, not knowing he had seen me, You have some charming Pictures here, Sir:— Yes, said he, my dear Life, so I have; but none equal to that, which your Piety affords me!— And may the God you delight to serve bless more and more my dear Angel. Sir, said I, you are all Goodness!— I hope, reply'd he, after your sweet Example, I shall be better and better! — Do you think, my dear Father and Mother, there ever was so happy a Creature as I! To be sure it would be very ingrateful to think with Uneasiness, or any thing but Compassion, of poor Miss *Sally Godfrey*.

He order'd *Jonathan* to let the Evening be pass'd merrily, but wisely, as he said, with what every one liked, whether Wine or October.

He was pleas'd afterwards to lead me up Stairs, and gave me Possession of my Lady's Dressingroom and Cabinet, and her fine Repeating-watch and Equipage; and in short of a complete Set of Diamonds, that were his good Mother's; as also of the two Pair of Diamond Earrings, the two Diamond Rings, and Diamond Necklace he mention'd in his naughty Articles, which her Ladyship had intended for Presents to Miss *Tomlins*, a rich Heiress that was propos'd for his Wife, when he was just come from his Travels; but which went off, after all was agreed upon on both the Friends Sides, because he approv'd not her Conversation; and she had, as he told his Mother, too masculine an Air; and he never could be brought to see her but once, tho' the Lady lik'd him very well. He presented me also with her Ladyship's Books, Pictures, Linnen, Laces, &c. that were in her Apartments, and bid me call those Apartments mine. O give me, my good God, Humility and Gratitude!

**SUNDAY Night.**

This day, as Matters could not be ready for our Appearance at a better Place, we staid at home; and my dear Master employ'd himself a good deal in his Library. And I have been taken up pretty much, I hope, as I ought to be, in Thankfulness, Prayer, and Meditation in my newly presented Closet: And I hope God will be pleas'd to give a Blessing to me; for I have the Pleasure to think I am not puffed up with this great Alteration; and yet am not wanting to look upon all these Favours and Blessings in the Light wherein I ought to receive them, both at the Hands of God, and my dear Benefactor.

We din'd together with great Pleasure, and I had in every Word and Action, all the Instances of Kindness and Affection that the most indulg'd Heart could with. He said he would return to his Closet again; and at Five o' Clock would come and take a Walk with me in the Garden, and so retir'd as soon as he had din'd; and I went up to mine.

About Six he was pleas'd to come up to me, and said, Now, my Dear, I will attend you for a little Walk in the Garden; and I gave him my Hand with great Pleasure. This Garden is much better cultivated than the *Lincolnshire* one; but that is larger; and has nobler Walks in it; and yet here is a pretty Canal in this, and a Fountain, and Cascade. We had a deal of sweet Conversation as we walk'd; and, after we had taken a Turn round, I bent towards the little Garden, and when I came near the Summer-house, took the Opportunity to slip from him, and just whipt up the Steps of this once frightful Place; and kneeled down, and said, I bless thee, O God, for my Escapes, and for thy Mercies! O let me always possess a grateful and humble Heart! And I whipt down again, and join'd him; and he hardly missed me.

Several of the neighbouring Gentry sent their Compliments to him on his Return, but not a Word about his Marriage, particularly 'Squire *Arthur*, 'Squire *Towers*, 'Squire *Brooks*, and 'Squire *Martin* of the Grove.

**MONDAY.**

I Had a good deal of Employment in chusing Patterns for my new Cloaths. He thought nothing too good; but I thought everything I saw was; and he was so kind, to pick out Six of the richest, for me to chuse three Suits out of, saying, we would furnish ourselves with more in Town, when we went thither. One was a white flower'd with Gold most richly; and he was pleased to say, that as I was a Bride, I should make my Appearance in that the following *Sunday*. And so we shall have in two or three Days, from several Places, nothing but Mantuamakers and Taylors at Work. Bless me! what a chargeable, and what a worthless Hussy I am, to the dear Gentleman! —But his Fortune and Station require a great deal of it; and his Value for me, will not let him do less than if he had marry'd a Fortune equal to his own; and then, as he says, it would be a Reflection upon him if he did. —And so I doubt it will be as it is: For, either way, the World will have something to say. He made me also chuse some very fine Laces, and Linen; and has sent a Message on purpose, with his Orders, to hasten all down; what can be done in Town, as the Millenary Matters, &c. to be completed there, and sent by particular Messengers, as done. All to be here, and finished by *Saturday* Afternoon without fail.

I send away *John* this Morning, with some more of my Papers to you, and with the few he will give you, separate. My Desire is, that you will send me all the Papers you have done with, that I may keep my Word with Lady *Davers*; to beg the Continuance of your Prayers and Blessings; to hope you will give me your Answer about my dear Benefactor's Proposal of the *Kentish* Farm; to beg you to buy two Suits of Cloaths, each, of the finest Cloth for you, my dear Father, and of a creditable Silk for my dear Mother; and good Linen, and every thing answerable; and that you will, as my dearest Sir bid me say, let us see you here, as soon as possible, and he will have his Chariot come for you, when you tell *John* the Day. Oh! how I long to see you both, my dear good Parents, and to share with you my Felicities!

You will have, I am sure, the Goodness to go to all your Creditors, which are chiefly those of my poor unhappy Brothers, and get an Account of all you are bound for; and every one shall be paid to the utmost Farthing, and Interest beside, tho' some of them have been very cruel and unrelenting. —But they are all intitled to their own, and shall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, *John* shall take my Papers down to this Place; that you may have something to amuse you of your dear Child's, instead of those you part with; and I will continue writing till I am settled, and you are determin'd; and then I shall apply myself to the Duties of the Family, in order to become as useful to my dear Benefactor, as my small Abilities will let me.

If you think a Couple of Guineas will be of Use to Mrs. *Mumford*, who I doubt has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me, (and I will return them to you) as for a Pair of Gloves on my Nuptials: And look thro' your poor Acquaintance, and Neighbours, and let me have a List of such honest, industrious Poor, as may be Objects of Charity; and have no other Afsistance; particularly such as are blind, lame, or sickly, with their particular Cases; and also, such poor Families and House-keepers as are reduced by Misfortunes, as ours was, and where a great Number of Children may keep them from rising to a State of tolerable Comfort: And I will chuse as well as I can; for I long to be making a Beginning, with the kind Quarterly Benevolence my dear good Benefactor has bestowed on me for such good Purposes.

I am resolv'd to keep Account of all these Matters, and Mr. *Longman* has already furnish'd me with a Vellum-book of all white Paper; some Sides of which I hope soon to fill, with the Names of proper Objects: And tho' my dear Master has given me all this without Account, yet shall he see, (but nobody else) how I lay it out, from Quarter to Quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an Accomptant, to the next Quarter, and strike a Ballance four times a Year, and a general Ballance at every Year's End. — And I have written in it, *Humble* Returns for Diyine Mercies; and lock it up safe in my newly presented Cabinet.

I intend to let Lady *Davers* see no further of my Papers, than to her own angry Letter to her Brother; for I would not have her see my Reflections upon it; and she'll know, down to that Place, all that's necessary for her Curiosity, as to my Sufferings, and the Stratagems used against me, and the honest Part God enabled me to act: And I hope, when she sees them all, she will be quite reconcil'd; for she will see it is all God Almighty's Doings; and that a Gentleman of his Parts and Knowledge was not to be drawin by such a poor young Body as me. I will

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detain *John* no longer. He will tell you to read this last Part first, and while he stays. And so with my humble Duty to you both, and my dear Sir's kind Remembrance, I rest,

Your ever dutiful and gratefully happy Daughter.

**WEDNESDAY Evening.**

*Honoured Father and Mother*, I will now proceed with my Journal.

On *Tuesday* Morning, my dear Sir rode out, attended by *Abraham*; and he brought with him to Dinner Mr. *Martin* of the Grove, and Mr. *Arthur*, and Mr. *Brooks*, and one Mr. *Chambers*; and he stepped up to me, and said he had rode out too far to return to Breakfast; but he had brought with him some of his old Acquaintance, to dine with me. Are you sorry for it, *Pamela*, said he? I remembered his Lessons, and said, No, sure, Sir; I can't be angry at any thing you are pleas'd to do. Said he, you know Mr. *Martin's* Character, and have severely censur'd him in one of your Letters, as one of my Brother Rakes, and for his three Lyings—in.—

He then gave me the following Account, how he came to bring them. Said he, 'I met them all at Mr. *Arthur's*, and his Lady asked me, if I was really marry'd? I said, Yes, really. And to who, said Mr. *Martin*? Why, reply'd I, bluntly, to my Mother's Waiting—maid. They could not tell what to say to me, hereupon, and look'd one upon another. And I saw I had spoil'd a Jest, from each. Mrs. *Arthur* said, You have indeed, Sir, a charming Creature as ever I saw, and she has mighty good Luck. Ay, said I; and so have I. But I shall say the less, because a Man never did any thing of this Nature, that he did not think he ought, if it were but in Policy, to make the best of it. Nay, said Mr. *Arthur*, if you have sinn'd, it is with your Eyes open: For you know the World as well as any Gentleman of your Years in it.

'Why, really, Gentlemen, said I, I should be glad to please all my Friends; but I can't expect, till they know my Motives and Inducements, that it will be so immediately. But I do assure you, I am exceedingly pleased myself; and, that, you know, is most to the Purpose.

'Said Mr. *Brooks*, I have heard my Wife praise your Spouse that is, so much, for Beauty and Shape, that I wanted to see her of all Things. Why, reply'd I, if you'll all go and take a Dinner with me, you shall see her with all my Heart. And, Mrs. *Arthur*, will you bear us Company? No, indeed, Sir, said she. What, I'll warrant, my Wife will not be able to reconcile you to my *Mother's Waiting—maid*; is not that it? Tell Truth, Mrs. *Arthur*. Nay, said she, I shan't be backward to pay your Spouse a Visit, in Company of the neighbouring Ladies; but for one single Woman to go, on such a sudden Motion too, with so many Gentlemen, is not right. But that need not hinder you, Gentlemen. So, said he, the rest sent, that they should not dine at home; and they, and Mr. *Chambers*, a Gentleman lately settled in these Parts, one and all came with me: And so, my Dear, concluded he, when you make your Appearance next *Sunday*, you're sure of a Party in your Favour; for all that see you must esteem you.'

He went to them; and when I came down to Dinner, he was pleased to take me by the Hand, at my Entrance into the Parlour, and said, My dear Love, I have brought some of my good Neighbours to take a Dinner with you. I said, You are very good, Sir! —My Dear, this Gentleman is Mr. *Chambers*; and so he presented every one, to me; and they saluted me, and wish'd us both Joy.

Mr. *Brooks* said, I, for my Part, wish you Joy most heartily. My Wife told me a good deal of the Beauties of your Person; but I did not think we had such a Flower in our County. Sir, said I, your Lady is very partial to me; and you are so polite a Gentleman, that you will not contradict your good Lady.

I'll assure you, Madam, return'd he, you have not hit the Matter at all; for we contradict one another twice or thrice a Day. But the Devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a Case.

Said Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Brooks* says very, Madam, in both respects (meaning his Wife's and his own Contradiction to one another, as well as in my Favour); for, added he, they have been marry'd some Years.

As I had not the best Opinion of this Gentleman, nor his Jest, I said, I am almost sorry, Sir, for the Gentleman's Jest upon himself and his Lady; but I think it should have reliev'd him from a greater Jest, your pleasant Confirmation of it. —But still, the Reason you give that it may be so, I hope, is the Reason that may be given that it is not so. —to wit, That they have been married some Years.

Said Mr. *Arthur*, Mr. *Martin*, I think the Lady has very handsomely reprov'd you, I think so too, said Mr. *Chambers*; and it was but a very indifferent Compliment to a Bride. Said Mr. *Martin*, Compliment or not, Gentlemen, I have never seen a Matrimony of any time standing, that it was not so, little or much. But I dare say, it will never be so here.

To be sure, Sir, said I, if it was, I must be the ungratefulest Person in the World, because I am the most

obliged Person in it. That Notion, said Mr. *Arthur*, is so excellent, that it gives a moral Certainty, that it never can.

Sir, said Mr. *Brooks*, to my dear Sir, softly, You have a most accomplish'd Lady, I do assure you, as well in her Behaviour and Wit, as in her Person, call her what you please. Why, my dear Friend, said my Master, I must tell you, That her Person made me her Lover; but her Mind made her my Wife.

The first Course coming in, my dear Sir led me himself to my Place; and set Mr. *Chambers*, as the greatest Stranger, at my Right-hand, and Mr. *Brooks* at my Left; and Mr. *Arthur* was pleased to observe, much to my Advantage, on the Ease and Freedom with which I behav'd myself, and helped them; and said, He would bring his Lady to be a Witness, and a Learner both, of my Manner. I said, I should be proud of any Honour Lady *Arthur* would vouchsafe to do me; and if I once could promise myself the Opportunity of his good Lady's Example, and those of the other Gentlemen present, I should have the greater Opinion of my Worthiness to sit in the Place I fill'd, at present, with much Insufficiency.

Mr. *Arthur* drank to my Health and Happiness, and said, my Wife told your Spouse, Madam, You had very good Luck in such a Husband; but I now see who has the best of it. Said Mr. *Brooks*, Come, come, let's make no Compliments; for the plain Truth of the Matter is, our good Neighbour's Generosity and Judgment have met with so equal a Match, in his Lady's Beauty and Merit, that I know not which has the best Luck. But may you be both long happy together, say I! And so he drank a Glass of Wine.

My dear Sir, who always takes Delight to have me praised, seemed much pleased with our Conversation; and he said the kindest, tenderest, and most respectful Things in the World to me. Insomuch, that the rough Mr. *Martin* said, Did you ever think our good Friend here, who used to ridicule Matrimony so much, would have made so complaisant a Husband? How long do you intend, Sir, that this shall hold? As long as my good Girl deserves it, said he, and that I hope will be for ever. But, continued he, you need not wonder I have changed my Mind as to Wedlock; for I never expected to meet with one whose Behaviour and Sweetness of Temper was so well adapted to make me happy.

After Dinner, and having drank good Healths to each of their Ladies, I withdrew; and they sat and drank two Bottles of Claret apiece, and were very merry; and went away, full of my Praises, and vowing to bring their Ladies to see me.

*John* having brought me your kind Letter, my dear Father, I told my good Master, after his Friends were gone, how gratefully you received his generous Intentions as to the *Kentish* Farm, and promised your best Endeavours to serve him in that Estate; and that you hoped your Industry and Care would be so well employ'd in it, that you should be very little troublesome to him as to the liberal Manner in which he had intended to add to a Provision, that of itself exceeded all your Wishes. He was very well pleased with your cheerful Acceptance of it.

I am glad your Engagements in the World lie in so small a Compass: As soon as you have gotten an Account of them exactly, you will be pleased to send it me, with the List of the poor Folks you are so kind to promise to procure me.

I think, as my dear Master is so generous, you should think nothing that is plain too good. Pray, don't be afraid of laying out upon yourselves. My dear Sir intends that you shall not, when you come to us, return to your old Abode, but stay with us, till you set out for *Kent*; and so you must dispose of yourselves accordingly. And, I hope, my dear Father, you have quite left off all Slavish Business. As Farmer *Jones* has been kind to you, as I have heard you say, pray, when you take Leave of them, present them with three Guineas worth of good Books, such as a Family-Bible, a Common-Prayer, a Whole Duty of Man, or any other you think will be acceptable; for they live a great way from Church; and in Winter, the Ways from their Farm thither are impassable.

He has brought me my Papers safe: And I will send them to Lady *Davers* the first Opportunity, down to the Place I mentioned in my last.

My dear Sir, just now tells me, that he will carry me in the Morning a little Airing, about ten Miles off, in his Chariot and Four, to Breakfast at a Farmhouse, noted for a fine Dairy, and where, now-and-then, the neighbouring Gentry of both Sexes resort, for that Purpose. And he will send *Abraham* on Horse-back, before us; to let the good Folks know it.

**THURSDAY.**

We set out at about half an Hour after Six, accordingly, and driving pretty smartly, got at this truly neat House at half an Hour after Eight, and found *Abraham* there; and I was much pleas'd with the Neatness of the good Woman, and Daughter, and Maid; and he was so good as to say he would now—and—then take a Turn with me to the same Place, and on the same Occasion, as I seem'd to like it; for that it would be a pretty Exercise, and procure us Appetites to our Breakfasts, as well as our Return would to our Dinners. But I find this was not (tho' a very good Reason) the only one for which he gave me this agreeable Airing; as I shall acquaint you.

We were prettily receiv'd and entertain'd here, and an Elegance ran through every thing, Persons as well as Furniture, yet all plain. And my Master said to the good Housewife, Do your young Boarding—school Ladies still at times continue their Visits to you, Mrs. *Dobson* ? Yes, Sir, said she, I expect three or four of them every Minute.

There is, my Dear, said he, within three Miles of this Farm, a very good Boarding—school for Ladies: The Governess of it keeps a Chaise and Pair, which is to be made a double Chaise at Pleasure; and in Summer—time, when the Misses perform their Tasks to Satisfaction, she favours them with an Airing to this Place, three or four at a Time; and after they have breakfasted, they are carried back: And this serves both for a Reward, and for Exercise; and the Misses who have this Favour are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their respective Tasks.

A very good Method, Sir, said I. And just as we were talking, the Chaise came in with four Misses, all pretty much of a Size, and a Maid—servant to attend them. They were shewn another little neat Apartment, that went thro' ours, and made their Honours very prettily, as they passed by us. I went into the Room to them, and asked them Questions about their Work, and their Lessons; and what they had done to deserve such a fine Airing and Breakfasting; and they all answer'd me very prettily. And pray, little Ladies, said I, what may I call your Names? One was called Miss *Burdoff*, one Miss *Nugent*, one Miss *Booth*, and the fourth Miss *Goodwin*. I don't know which, said I, is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little Dears; and you have a very good Governess to indulge you with such a fine Airing, and such delicate Cream, and Bread and Butter. I hope you think so too.

My Master came in, and I had no Mistrust in the World; and he kissed each of them; but look'd more wistfully on Miss *Goodwin*, than any of the others; but I thought nothing just then: Had she been called Miss *Godfrey*, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we went from them, he said, Which do you think the prettiest of those Misses? Really, Sir, reply'd I, it is hard to say; Miss—*Booth* is a pretty brown Girl, and has a fine Eye; Miss *Burdoff* has a great deal of Sweetness in her Countenance, but not so regularly featur'd. Miss *Nugent* is very fair: And Miss *Goodwin* has a fine black Eye, and is besides, I think, the genteelest shap'd Child; but they are all pretty.

The Maid led them into the Garden, to shew them the Bee—hives; and Miss *Goodwin* made a particular fine Curchee to my Master; and I said, I believ'd Miss knows you, Sir; and taking her by the Hand, I said, Do you know this Gentleman, my pretty Dear?— Yes, Madam, said she, It is my own dear Uncle. I clasp'd her in my Arms, O why did you not tell me, Sir, said I, that you had a Niece among these little Ladies? And I killed her, and away she tript, after the others.

But pray, Sir, said I; How can this be? — You have no Sister nor Brother, but Lady *Davers*!—— How can this be?

He smiled; and then I said, O my dear Sir, tell me now of a Truth, Does not this pretty Miss stand in a nearer Relation to you, than as a Niece? — I know she does! I know she does! And I embrac'd him as he stood.

'Tis even so, my Dear, reply'd he; and you remember my Sister's good—natur'd Hint of Miss *Sally Godfrey*! I do well, Sir! answer'd I. But this is Miss *Goodwin*. Her Mother chose that for her, said he, because she should not be called by her own.

Well, said I, excuse me, Sir, I must go and have a little Prattle with her. I'll send for her in again, reply'd he; and in she came, in a Moment. I took her in my Arms, and said, O my charming Dear! will you love me? — Will you let me be your Aunt? Yes, Madam, answer'd she, with all my Heart! And I will love *you* dearly! But I mustn't love my Uncle! Why so? said he. Because, reply'd she, you would not speak to me at first! — And because you

would not let me call you, Uncle; (for it seems she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently) and yet, said the pretty Dear, I had not seen you a great while, so I hadn't!

Well, *Pamela*, said he, now can you allow me to love this little Innocent? Allow you, Sir! reply'd I; you would be very barbarous if you did not; and I should be more so, if I did not further it all I could, and love the little Lamb myself, for your sake, and for her own sake; and in Compassion to her poor dear Mother, tho' unknown to me. And Tears stood in my Eyes.

Said he, Why, my Love, are your Words so kind, and your Countenance so sad? — I drew to the Window, from the Child, and said, Sad it is not, Sir; but I have a strange Grief and Pleasure mingled at once in my Breast, on this Occasion: It is indeed a twofold Grief, and a twofold Pleasure. As how, my Dear? said he. — Why, Sir, said I, I cannot help being grieved for the poor Mother of this sweet Babe, to think, if she be living, that she must call her chiefest Delight her Shame; if she be no more, that she must have sad Remorses on her poor Mind; when she came to leave the World, and her little Babe: And, in the second Place, I grieve, that it must be thought a Kindness, to the dear little Soul, not to let her know how near the dearest Relation she has in the World is to her! — Forgive me, dear Sir, I say not this to reproach you, in the least. Indeed, I don't. And I have a twofold Cause of Joy; first, That I have had the Grace to escape the like Unhappiness with this poor Gentlewoman; and next, That this Discovery has given me an Opportunity to shew the Sincerity of my grateful Affection for you, Sir, in the Love I will always express to this dear Child!

And then I step to her again, and kissed her; and said, Join with me, my pretty Love, to beg your dear Uncle to let you come home, and live with your new Aunt! Indeed, my little Precious, I'll love you dearly!

Will you, Sir, said the little Charmer, will you let me go and live with my Aunt?

You are very good, my *Pamela*, said he.— And I have not once been deceived in the Hopes my fond Heart had entertained of your Prudence.— But will you, Sir, said I, will you grant me this Favour! — I shall most sincerely love the little Charmer; and all I am capable of doing for her, both by Example and Affection, shall most cordially be done. — My dearest Sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my Heart is set upon it!— What a sweet Employment and Companionship shall I have!

We'll talk of this some other Time, reply'd he; but I must, in Prudence, put some Bounds to your amiable Generosity. I had always intended to surprize you into this Discovery; but my Sister led the Way to it, out of a Poorness in her Spite, that I could not brook; and tho' you have pleased me beyond Expression, in your Behaviour on this Occasion; yet I can't say, that you have gone much beyond my Expectations; for I have such an high Opinion of you, that I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary Conduct to this you have express'd on so tender a Circumstance.

Well, Sir, said the dear little Miss, then you won't let me go home with my Aunt, will you? I'm sure she'll loves me! When you break up next, my Dear, said he, if you're a good Girl, you shall make your new Aunt a Visit. She made a low Curchee, Thank you, Sir, said she. Yes, my Dear, said I, and I'll get you some fine things against the Time. I'd have brought you some now, had I known I should have seen my pretty Love! Thank you, Madam, return'd she.

How old, Sir, said I, is Miss? Between Six and Seven, answer'd he. Was she ever, Sir, said I, at your House? My Sister, reply'd he, carry'd her there once, as a little Relation of her Lord's. I remember, Sir, said I, a little Miss; and Mrs. *Jervis* and I took her to be a Relation of Lord *Davers's*.

My Sister, said he, knew the whole Secret from the Beginning; and it made her a great Merit with me, that she kept it from the Knowledge of my Father, who was then living, and of my Mother, to her Dying day; tho' she descended so low, in her Rage, to hint the Matter to you.

The little Misses took their Leaves soon after; and I know not how, but I am strangely affected with this dear Child. I wish he would be so good as to let me have her home. It would be a great Pleasure to have such a fine Opportunity, oblig'd as I am, to shew my Love for himself, in my Fondness for this dear Miss.

As we came home together in the Chariot, he gave me the following Particulars of this Affair, additional to what he had before mention'd.

That this Lady was of a good Family, and the Flower of it: But that her Mother was a Person of great Art and Address, and not altogether so nice in the Particular between himself and Miss, as she ought to have been. That, particularly, when she had Reason to find him unsettled and wild, and her Daughter in more Danger from him, than he was from her; yet she encouraged their Privacies; and even, at last, when she had Reason to apprehend,

from their being surpriz'd together, in a way not so creditable to the Lady, that she was far from forbidding their private Meetings; on the contrary, that on a certain Time, she had set one, that had formerly been her Footman, and a Half-pay Officer, her Relation, to watch an Opportunity, and to frighten him into a Marriage with the Lady. That accordingly, when they had surpriz'd him in her Chamber, just as he had been let in, they drew their Swords upon him, and threaten'd instantly to kill him, if he did not promise Marriage on the Spot; and that they had a Parson ready below Stairs, as he found afterwards. That then he suspected, from some strong Circumstances, that Miss was in the Plot; which so enraged him, with their Menaces together, that he drew, and stood upon his Defence, and was so much in Earnest, that the Man he push'd into the Arm, and disabled; and pressing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he rushed in upon him, near the Top of the Stairs, and push'd him down one Pair, and he was much hurt with the Fall:— Not but that, he said, he might have paid for his Rashness; but that the Business of his Antagonists was rather to frighten than kill him. That, upon this, in the Sight of the old Lady, the Parson she had provided, and her other Daughters, he went out of their House, with bitter Execrations against them all.

That after this, designing to break off all Correspondence with the whole Family, and Miss too, she found means to engage him to give her a Meeting at *Woodstock*, in order to clear herself. That, poor Lady! she there was obliged, naughty Creature as he was! to make herself, quite guilty of a worse Fault, in order to clear herself of a lighter. That they afterwards met at *Godstow* often, at *Woodstock*, and every neighbouring Place to *Oxford*; where he was then studying, as it prov'd, guilty Lessons, instead of improving ones; till, at last, the Effect of their frequent Interviews grew too obvious to be concealed. That the young Lady then, when she was not fit to be seen, for the Credit of the Family, was confin'd, and all manner of Means were used, to induce him to marry her. That, finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his Father and Mother. But that he made his Sister acquainted with the Matter, who then happen'd to be at home, and, by her Management and Spirit, their Intentions of that sort, were frustrated; and seeing no Hopes, they agreed to Lady *Davers's* Proposals, and sent poor Miss down to *Marlborough*, where, at her Expence, which he answer'd to her again, she was provided for, and privately lay-in. That Lady *Davers* took upon herself the Care of the Little-one, till it came to be fit to be put to the Boarding-school, where it now is; and that he had settled upon the dear little Miss such a Sum of Money, as the Interest of it would handsomely provide for her; and the Principal would be a tolerable Fortune, fit for a Gentlewoman, when she came to be marriageable. And this, my Dear, said he, is the Story in brief. And I do assure you, *Pamela*, added he, I am far from making a Boast of, or taking a Pride in, this Affair: But since it has happen'd, I can't say, but I wish the poor Child to live, and be happy; and I must endeavour to make her so.

Sir, said I, to be sure you should; and I shall take a very great Pride to contribute to the dear little Soul's Felicity, if you will permit me to have her home. — But, added I, does not Miss know any thing who are her Father and Mother? —I wanted him to say, if the poor Lady was living or dead. —No, answer'd he. Her Governess has been told, by my Sister, That she is the Daughter of a Gentleman and his Lady, who are related, at a Distance, to Lord *Davers*, and now live in *Jamaica*; and she calls me Uncle, only because I am the Brother to Lady *Davers*, whom she calls Aunt, and who is very fond of her; as is also my Lord, who knows the whole Matter; and they have her, at all her little School Recesses, at their House, and are very kind to her.

I believe, added he, the Truth of the Matter is very little known or suspected; for as her Mother *is* of no mean Family, her Friends endeavour to keep it secret, as much as I; and Lady *Davers*, till her Wrath boil'd over, t'other Day, has manag'd the Matter very dexterously and kindly.

The Words, Mother *is* of no mean Family, gave me not to doubt the poor Lady was living. And I said, But how, Sir, can the dear Miss's poor Mother be content to deny herself the Enjoyment of so sweet a Child? —Ay, *Pamela*, reply'd he, now *you* come in; I see you want to know what's become of the poor Mother! —'Tis natural enough you should; but I was willing to see how the little Suspence would operate upon you. —Dear Sir, said I—Nay, reply'd he, 'tis very natural, my Dear! I think you have had a great deal of Patience, and are come at this Question so fairly, that you deserve to be answer'd.

You must know then, there is some Foundation for saying, That her Mother, at least, lives in *Jamaica*; for there she does live, and very happily too. For you must know, that she suffer'd so much in Childbed, that nobody expected her Life; and this, when she was up, made such an Impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing so much as the Thoughts of returning to her former Fault; and to say the Truth, I had intended to make her a Visit as soon as her Month was well up. And so, unknown to me, she engaged herself to go to *Jamaica*, with two young

Ladies, who were born there; but were returning to their Friends, after they had been four Years in *England* for their Education; and recommending to me, by a very moving Letter, her little Baby, and that I would not suffer it to be called by her Name, but *Goodwin*, that her Shame might be the less known, for hers and her Family's sake; she got her Friends to assign her Five hundred Pounds, in full of all her Demands upon her Family, and went up to *London*, and embarked, with her Companions, at *Gravesend*, and so sailed to *Jamaica*; where she is since well and happily marry'd; passing, to her Husband, for a young Widow, with one Daughter, which her first Husband's Friends take care of, and provide for. And so, you see, *Pamela*, that in the whole Story on both sides, the Truth is as much preserv'd as possible.

Poor Lady! said I; how her Story moves me! —I am glad she is so happy at last! And, my Dear, said he, Are you not glad she is so far off too? —As to that, Sir, said I, I cannot be sorry, to be sure, as she is so happy; which she could not have been here. For, Sir, I doubt, you would have proceeded with your Temptations, if she had not gone; and it shew'd she was much in Earnest to be good, that she could leave her native Country, leave all her Relations, leave you that she so well lov'd, leave her dear Baby, and try a new Fortune, in a new World, among quite Strangers, and hazard the Seas; and all to preserve herself from further Guiltiness! —Indeed, indeed, Sir, said I, I bleed for what her Distresses must be in this Life: I am grieved for her poor Mind's Remorse, thro' her Childbed Terrors, which could have so great and so worthy an Effect upon her afterwards; and I honour her Resolution; and should rank such a returning dear Lady in the Class of those who are most virtuous, and doubt not God Almighty's Mercies to her; and that her present Happiness is the Result of his gracious Providence, blessing her Penitence and Reformation. —But, Sir, said I, Did you not once see the poor Lady after her Lying—in?

I did not believe her so much in Earnest, answer'd he; and I went down to *Marlborough*, and heard she was gone from thence to *Calne*. I went to *Calne*, and heard she was gone to *Reading*, to a Relation's there. Thither I went, and heard she was gone to *Oxford*. I follow'd; and there she was; but I could not come at her Speech.

She at last received a Letter from me, begging a Meeting with her; for I found her Departure with the Ladies was resolved on; and that she was with her Friends only to take Leave of them, and receive her agreed-on Portion: And she appointed the *Saturday* following, and that was *Wednesday*, to give me a Meeting at the old Place, at *Woodstock*.

Then, added he, I thought I was sure of her, and doubted not I should spoil her intended Voyage. I set out on *Thursday* to *Gloucester*, on a Party of Pleasure; and on *Saturday* I went to the Place appointed, at *Woodstock*; but when I came there, I found a Letter instead of my Lady; and when I open'd it, it was to beg my Pardon for deceiving me. Expressing her Concern for her past Fault; her Affection to me; and the Apprehension she had, that she should be unable to keep her good Resolves if she met me: That she had set out the *Thursday* for her Embarkation; for that she fear'd nothing else could save her; and had appointed this Meeting on *Saturday*, at the Place of her former Guilt, that I might be suitably impress'd upon the Occasion, and pity and allow for her; and that she might get three or four Days start of me, and be quite out of my Reach. She recommended again, as upon the Spot where the poor Little one ow'd its Being, my Tenderness to it, for her sake: and that was all she had to request of me, she said; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own Dangers, and in every Difficulty she was going to encounter.

I wept at this moving Tale: And did not this impress you much, my dear Sir, said I? Surely, such an affecting Lesson as this, on the very guilty Spot too, (I admire the dear Lady's pious Contrivance!) must have had a great Effect upon you. One would have thought, Sir, it was enough to reclaim you for ever. All your naughty Purposes, I make no Doubt, were quite chang'd. Why, my Dear, said he, I was much mov'd, you may be sure, when I came to reflect: But, at first, I was so assur'd of being a successful Tempter, and spoiling her Voyage, that I was vexed, and much out of Humour; but when I came to reflect, as I said, I was quite overcome with this Instance of her Prudence, her Penitence, and her Resolution; and more admir'd her than I had ever done. Yet I could not bear she should so escape me neither; so much overcome me, as it were, in an heroic Bravery; and I hasten'd away, and got a Bill of Credit of Lord *Davers*, upon his Banker in *London*, for Five hundred Pounds, and set out for that Place; having called at *Oxford*, and got what Light I could, as to where I might hear of her there.

When I arriv'd in Town, which was not till *Monday* Morning, I went to a Place called *Crosbysquare*, where the Friends of the two Ladies liv'd. She had set out, in the Flying-coach, on *Tuesday*; got to the two Ladies that very Night; and, on *Saturday*, had set out, with them, for *Gravesend*, much about the Time I was expecting her at *Woodstock*.

You may suppose, that I was much affected, my Dear, with this. However, I got my Bill of Credit converted into Money; and I set out, with my Servant, on *Monday* Afternoon, and reached *Gravesend* that Night; and there I understood that she and the two Ladies had gone on Board from the very Inn I put up at, in the Morning; and the Ship waited only for the Wind, which then was turning about in its Favour.

I got a Boat directly, and put on Board the Ship, and asked for Mrs. *Godfrey*. But judge you, my dear *Pamela*, her Surprize and Confusion when she saw me. She had like to have fainted away. I offer'd any Money to put off the Sailing till next Day, but it would not be comply'd with; and fain would I have got her on Shore, and promised to attend her, if she would go over Land, to any Part of *England* the Ship would touch at. But she was immoveable.

Every one concluded me her humble Servant; and were touched at the moving Interview; the young Ladies, and their Female Attendants especially. With great Difficulty, upon my solemn Assurances of Honour, she trusted herself with me in one of the Cabins; and there I try'd, what I could, to prevail upon her to quit her Purpose: But all in vain: She said, I had made her quite unhappy by this Interview! She had Difficulties enough upon her Mind before; but now I had imbitter'd all her Voyage, and given her the deepest Distress.

I could prevail upon her, but for one Favour, and that with the greatest Reluctance; which was, to accept of the Five hundred Pounds, as a Present from me; and she promised, at my earnest Desire, to draw upon me for a greater Sum, as a Person that had her Effects in my Hands, when she arriv'd, if she should find it convenient for her. In short, this was all the Favour I could procure; for she would not promise so much as to correspond with me; and was determin'd on going; and, I believe, if I would have marry'd her, which yet I had not in my Head, she would not have been diverted from her Purpose.

But how, Sir, said I, did you part? I would have failed with her, answer'd he, and been landed at the first Port in *England*, or *Ireland*, I cared not which, they should put in at. But she was too full of Apprehensions to admit it; and the rough Fellow of a Master, Captain they call'd him, (but, in my Mind, I could have thrown him overboard) would not stay a Moment, the Wind and Tide being quite fair, and was very urgent with me to go ashore, or to go the Voyage; and being impetuous in my Temper, *spoilt, you know, my Dear, by my Mother*, and not used to Controul, I thought it very strange that Wind and Tide, or any thing else, should be preferr'd to me, and my Money: But so it was, I was forced to go, and so took Leave of the Ladies and the other Passengers; wish'd them a good Voyage; gave Five Guineas among the Ship's Crew, to be good to the Ladies; and took such a Leave as you may better imagine, than I express. She recommended, once more, to me, the dear Guest, as she called her, the Ladies being present, and thanked me for all these Instances of my Regard, which, she said, would leave a strong Impression on her Mind; and, at parting, she threw her Arms about my Neck, and we took such a Leave, as affected every one present, Men, as well as Ladies.

So, with a truly heavy Heart, I went down the Ship's Side to my Boat; and stood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could see her, and she at me, with her Handkerchief at her Eyes; and then I gaz'd at the Ship, *till* and *after* I had landed, as long as I could discern the least Appearance of it; for she was under Sail, in a manner, when I left her: And so I return'd, highly disturb'd, to my Inn.

I went to-bed, but rested not; return'd to *London* the next Morning; and set out that Afternoon again, for the Country. And so much, my Dear, for poor *Sally Godfrey*.— She sends, I understand, by all Opportunities, with the Knowledge of her Husband, to learn how her Child, by her first Husband, does; and has the Satisfaction to know she is happily provided for. And, about half a Year ago, her Spouse sent a little Negro Boy, of about ten Years old, as a Present, to wait upon her. But he was taken ill of the Small-pox, and died in a Month after he was landed.

Sure, Sir, said I, your generous Mind must have been long affected with this melancholy Case, and all its Circumstances. It hung upon me, indeed, some time, said he; but I was full of Spirits and Inconsideration. I went soon after to travel; a hundred new Objects danced before my Eyes, and kept Reflection from me. And, you see, I had, five or six Years afterwards, and even before that, so thoroughly lost all the Impressions you talk of, that I doubted not to make my *Pamela* change her Name, without either Act of Parliament or Wedlock, and be *Sally Godfrey* the Second.

O you dear naughty Gentleman! said I, this seems but too ! But I bless God that it is not so! — I bless God for your Reformation, and that for your own dear sake, as well as mine!

Well, my Dear, said he, and I bless God for it too! — I do most sincerely! — And 'tis my greater Pleasure,

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because I have, as I hope, seen my Error so early; and that, with such a Stock of Youth and Health of my Side, in all Appearance, I can truly abhor my past Liberties, and pity poor *Sally Godfrey*, from the same Motives that I admire my *Pamela's* Virtues; and resolve, by the Grace of God, to make myself as worthy of them as possible: And I will hope, my Dear, your Prayers for my Pardon and my Perseverance, will be of no small Efficacy on this Occasion.

These agreeable Reflections, on this melancholy, but instructive, Story, brought us in View of his own House; and we alighted, and took a Walk in the Garden till Dinner was ready. And now we are so busy about making ready for our Appearance, that I shall hardly have time to write till that be over.

**MONDAY Morning.**

Yesterday we set out, attended by *John, Abraham, Benjamin* and *Isaac*, in fine new Liveries, in the best Chariot, which had been new clean'd, and lin'd, and new harness'd; so that it look'd like a quite new one: But I had no Arms to quarter with my dear Spouse's; tho' he jocularly, upon my taking Notice of my Obscurity, said, that he had a good mind to have the Olive-branch, which would allude to his Hopes, quarter'd for mine. I was dress'd in the Suit I mention'd, of White flower'd with Gold, and a rich Head-dress, and the Diamond Necklace, Ear-rings, &c. I also mention'd before. And my dear Sir, in a fine laced silk Waistcoat, of blue Paduasoy, and his Coat a pearlcolour'd fine Cloth, with gold Buttons and Buttonholes, and lin'd with white Silk; and he look'd charmingly indeed. I said, I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the Jewels; but he said, It would be thought a Slight to me from him, as his Wife; and tho', as I apprehended, it might be, that People would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say any thing, than that I was not put upon an equal Foot, as his Wife, with any Lady he might have marry'd.

It seems, the neighbouring Gentry had expected us; and there was a great Congregation; for (against my Wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the Church to his Seat, we had abundance of Gazers, and Whisperers: But my dear Master behav'd with so intrepid an Air, and was so chearful and complaisant to me, that he did Credit to his kind Choice, instead of shewing as if he was asham'd of it; and as I was resolved to busy my Mind intirely with the Duties of the Day, my Intentness on that Occasion, and my Thankfulness to God, for his unspeakable Mercies to me, so took up my Attention, that I was much less concern'd than I should otherwise have been, at the Gazings and Whisperings of the Ladies and Gentlemen, as well as of the rest of the Congregation; whose Eyes were all turn'd to our Seat.

When the Sermon was ended, we staid the longer, because the Church should be pretty empty; but we found great Numbers at the Church Doors, and in the Church Porch; and I had the Pleasure of hearing many Commendations, as well of my Person, as my Dress and Behaviour, and not one Reflection, or Mark of Disrespect. 'Squire *Martin*, who is single, Mr. *Chambers*, Mr. *Arthur*, and Mr. *Brooks*, with their Families, were all there: And the four Gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the Chariot, and, in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented me, and my dear Sir; and Mrs. *Arthur*, and Mrs. *Brooks*, were so kind as to wish me Joy; and Mrs. *Brooks* said, You sent my Spouse, Madam, home, t'other Day, quite charm'd with that easy and sweet Manner, which you have convinced a thousand Persons, this Day, is so natural to you.

You do me great Honour, Madam, reply'd I. Such a good Lady's Approbation must make me too sensible of my Happiness. My dear Master handed me into the Chariot, and stood talking with Sir *Thomas Atkyns*, at the Door of it, (who was making him abundance of Compliments, and is a very ceremonious Gentleman, a little to Extremes) and I believe, to familiarize me to the Gazers, which concern'd me a little. For I was dash'd to hear the Praises of the Country People, and to see how they croud'd about the Chariot. Several poor People begg'd my Charity, and I beckon'd *John* with my Fan, and said, Divide, in the further Church-Porch, that Money to the Poor, and let them come tomorrow Morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now.— So I gave him all the Silver I had, which happen'd to be between twenty and thirty Shillings; and this drew away from me, their clamorous Prayers for Charity.

Mr. *Martin* came up to me on the other side of the Chariot, and lean'd on the Door, while my Master was talking to Sir *Thomas*, from whom he could not get away, and said, By all that's good, you have charm'd the whole Congregation: Not a Soul but is full of your Praises. My Neighbour knew, better than any body could tell him, how to chuse for himself. Why, said he, the Dean himself look'd more upon you than his Book.

O Sir, said I, you are very encouraging to a weak Mind! I vow, said he, I say no more than's Truth: I'd marry to-morrow, if I was sure of meeting with a Person of but one half of the Merit you have. You are, said he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an Ornament to your Sex, an Honour to your Spouse, and a Credit to Religion! — Every body is saying so, added he; for you have, by your Piety, edified the whole Church.

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me, that the Behaviour of so sweet a Bride would be very edifying to his Congregation, and encouraging to himself. Sir, said I, you are very kind. I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good Instructions I shall have the Pleasure to receive from so worthy a Divine. He bow'd,

and went on.

Sir *Thomas* then apply'd to me, my Master stepping into the Chariot, and said, I beg Pardon, Madam, for detaining your good Spouse from you. But I have been saying, he is the happiest Man in the World. I bow'd to him; but I could have wish'd him further, to make me sit so in the Notice of every one; which, for all I could do, dash'd me not a little.

Mr. *Martin* said to my Master, If you'll come to Church every *Sunday*, with your charming Lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good Example to all the Neighbourhood. O, my dear Sir, said I, to my Master, You know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. *Martin*. He has, by his kind Expressions, made me dare to look up with Pleasure and Gratitude.

Said my Master, My dear Love, I am very much oblig'd, as well as you, to my good Friend Mr. *Martin*. And he said to him, We will constantly go to Church, and to every other Place, where we can have the Pleasure of seeing Mr. *Martin*.

Mr. *Martin* said, Gad, Sir, you are a happy Man; and I think your Lady's Example has made you more polite, and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, tho' we never thought you unpolite neither. And so he bow'd, and went to his own Chariot; and as we drove away, the People kindly blessed us, and called us a charming Pair. As I have no other Pride, I hope, in repeating these things, than in the Countenance the general Approbation gives to my dear Master for his stooping so low, you will excuse me for it, I know.

In the Afternoon, we went again to Church, and a little early, at my Request; but the Church was quite full, and soon after even crowded; so much does Novelty, the more's the Pity! attract the Eyes of Mankind. 'Squire *Martin* came in, after us, and made up to our Seat, and said, If you please, my dear Friend, I will take my Seat with you this Afternoon. With all my Heart, said my Master. I was sorry for it; but was resolved my Duty should not be made second to Bashfulness, or any other Consideration, and when Divine Service began, I withdrew to the further End of the Pew, and left the Gentlemen in the Front; and they behav'd quite suitably, both of them, to the Occasion. I mention this the rather, because Mr. *Martin* was not very noted for coming to Church, or Attention when there, before.

The Dean preached again, which he was not used to do, out of Compliment to us; and an excellent Sermon he made on the relative Duties of Christianity; and it took my peculiar Attention; for he made many fine Observations on the Subject. Mr. *Martin* address'd himself twice or thrice to me, during the Sermon; but he saw me so wholly engross'd with hearkening to the good Preacher, that he forbore interrupting me; yet I took care, according to my dear Sir's Lesson, formerly, to observe to him a chearful and obliging Behaviour, as one of his Friends and Intimates. My Master ask'd him to give him his Company to Supper; and he said, I am so taken with your Lady, that you must not give me too much Encouragement; for I shall be always with you, if you do. He was pleased to say, You cannot favour us with too much of your Company; and as I have left you in the Lurch, in your single State, I think you will do well to oblige us as much as you can; and who knows but my Happiness may reform another Rake? *Who* knows? — said Mr. *Martin*— Why, I know!— for I am more than half reform'd already.

At the Chariot-door, Mrs. *Arthur*, Mrs. *Brooks*, Mrs. *Chambers*, were brought to me, by their respective Spouses; and presently, the witty Lady *Iowers*, who banter'd me before, (as I once told you) join'd them; and Mrs. *Arthur* said, She wished me Joy: And that all the good Ladies, my Neighbours, would collect themselves together, and make me a Visit. This, said I, will be an Honour, Madam, that I can never enough acknowledge. It will be very kind so to countenance a Person, who will always study to deserve your Favour, by the most respectful Behaviour.

Lady *Towers* said, My dear Neighbour, you want no Countenance; your own Merit is sufficient. I had a slight Cold, that kept me at home in the Morning; but I heard you so much talk'd of, and prais'd, that I resolved not to stay away in the Afternoon. And I join in the Joy every one gives you. She turn'd to my Master, and said, You are a sly Thief, as I always thought you. Where have you stolen this Lady! And now, how barbarous is it, thus, unawares in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all! — You are very kind, Madam, said he, that you, and all my worthy Neighbours, see with my Eyes. But had I not known she had so much Excellency of Mind and Behaviour, as would strike every body in her Favour at first Sight, I should not have dared to class her with such of my worthy Neighbours, as now so kindly congratulate us both.

I own, said she, softly, I was one of your Censurers; but I never lik'd you so well in my Life, as for this Action,

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now I see how capable your Bride is of giving Distinction to any Condition.— And coming to me, My dear Neighbour, said she, excuse me for having but in my Thought, the Remembrance that I have *seen you formerly*, when, by your sweet Air, and easy Deportment, you so much surpass us all, and give Credit to your present happy Condition.

Dear good Madam, said I, how shall I suitably return my Acknowledgments! But it will never be a Pain to me to look back upon my *former Days*, now I have the kind Allowance and Example of so many worthy Ladies to support me in the Honours to which the most generous of Men has raised me.

Sweetly said! she was pleased to say. If I was in another Place, I would kiss you for that Answer. Oh! happy, happy, Mr. *B.* said she to my Master; what Reputation have you not brought upon your Judgment! — I won't be long before I see you, added she, I'll assure you, if I come by myself. That shall be your own Fault, Madam, said Mrs. *Brooks*, if you do.

And so they took Leave; and I gave my Hand to my dear Sir, and said, How happy have you made me, generous Sir! — And the Dean, who was just come up, heard me, and said, And how happy you have made your Spouse, I'll venture to pronounce, is hard to say, from what I observe of you both. I curt'sy'd, and blush'd, not thinking any body heard me. And my Master telling him he should be glad of the Honour of a Visit from him; he said, He would pay his Respects to us, the first Opportunity, and would bring his Wife and Daughter to attend me. I said, That was doubly kind; and I should be very proud of cultivating so worthy an Acquaintance. I thanked him for his fine Discourse; and he thanked me for my Attention to it, which he called Exemplary: And so my dear Sir handed me into the Chariot; and we were carried home, *both* happy, and *both* pleased, thank God!

Mr. *Martin* came in the Evening, with another Gentleman, his Friend, one Mr. *Dormer*; and he entertained us with the favourable Opinion, he said, every one had of me, and of the Choice my good Benefactor had made.

This Morning the Poor came, according to my Invitation; and I sent them away with glad Hearts, to the Number of Twenty-five. They were not above Twelve or Fourteen, on *Sunday*, that *John* divided the Silver I gave among them; but others got hold of the Matter, and made up to the above Number.

**TUESDAY.**

My generous Master has given me, this Morning, a most considerate, but yet, from the Nature of it, melancholy Instance of his great Regard for my Unworthiness, which I never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of.

He took a Walk with me, after Breakfast, into the Garden; and a little Shower falling, he led me, for Shelter, into the little Summer-house, in the private Garden, where he formerly gave me Apprehensions; and sitting down by me, he said, I have now finish'd all that lies on my Mind, my Dear, and am very easy: For have you not wonder'd, that I have so much employ'd myself in my Library? Been so much at home, and yet not in your Company?— No, Sir, said I, I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing you please to employ yourself about; nor would give way to a Curiosity that should be troublesome to you: And besides, I know your large Possessions, and the Method you take of looking yourself into your Affairs, must needs take up some Portions of your Time, that I ought to be very careful how I invade.

Well, said he, but I'll tell you what has been my last Work: I have taken it into my Consideration, that, at present, my Line is almost extinct; and a great Part of my Estate, in case I die without Issue, will go to another Line; and other Parts of my personal Estate, will go into such Hands, as I should not care my *Pamela* should lie at their Mercy. I have therefore, as human Life is uncertain, made such a Disposition of my Affairs, as will make you absolutely independent and happy; as will secure to you the Power of doing a great deal of Good; and living as a Person ought to do, who is my Relict; and shall put it out of any body's Power to molest your Father and Mother, in the Provision I design them, for the Remainder of their Days: And I have finish'd all this very Morning, except to naming Trustees for you; and if you have any body you would confide in more than another, I would have you speak.

I was so touch'd with this mournful Instance of his excessive Goodness to me, and the Thoughts necessarily flowing from the solemn Occasion, that I was unable to speak, and at last reliev'd my Mind by a violent Fit of weeping; and could only say, clasping my Arms around the dear generous Gentleman! How shall I support this! So very cruel, yet so very kind!

Don't, my Dear, said he, be concern'd at what gives me Pleasure. I am not the nearer my End, for having made this Disposition; but I think the putting off these material Points, when so many Accidents every Day happen, and Life is so precarious, is one of the most inexcusable Things in the World. And there are so many important Points to be thought of, when Life is drawing to its utmost Verge; and the Mind may be so agitated and unfit, that it is a most sad thing to put off, to that Time, any of those Concerns, which more especially require a considerate and composed Frame of Temper, and perfect Health and Vigor to manage. My poor Friend, Mr. *Carlton*, who died in my Arms so lately, and had a Mind disturb'd by worldly Considerations on one side, a Weakness of Body, thro' his Distemper's Violence, on another, and the Concerns of still as much more Moment, as the Soul is to the Body, on a third, made so great an Impression upon me then, that I was the more impatient to come to this House, where were most of my Writings, in order to make the Disposition I have now perfected: And since it is grievous to my dear Girl, I will think myself of such Trustees, as shall be most for her Benefit. I have only therefore to assure you, my Dear, that in this Instance, as I will do in every other I can think of, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent. And because I shall avoid all Occasions, for the future, which may discompose you, I have but one Request to make; which is, That if it please God, for my Sins, to separate me from my dearest *Pamela*, that you will only resolve not to marry *one* Person; for I would not be such an *Herod*, as to restrict you from a Change of Condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other Person succeeding me in your Esteem.

I could not answer, and thought my Heart would have burst. And he continued, To conclude at once, a Subject that is so grievous to you, I will tell you, my *Pamela*, that this Person is Mr. *Williams*: And now I will acquaint you with my Motive for this Request; which is wholly owing to my Niceness, and to no Dislike I have for him, or Apprehension of any Likelihood that it will be so: But, methinks, it would reflect a little upon my *Pamela*, if she was to give way to such a Conduct, as if she had marry'd a Man for his *Estate*, when she had rather have had *another*, had it not been for *that*; and that now, the World will say, she is at Liberty to pursue her Inclination, the

Parson is the Man!— And I cannot bear even the most distant Apprehension, that I had not the Preference with you, of any Man living, let me have been what I would; as I have shewn my dear Life, that I have preferr'd her to all her Sex, of whatever Degree.

I could not speak, might I have had the World; and he took me in his Arms, and said, I have now spoken all my Mind, and expect no Answer; and I see you too much mov'd to give me one.— Only forgive me the Mention, as I have told you my Motive; which as much affects your Reputation as my Niceness; and offer not at an Answer;— only say, You forgive me. And I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my Dearest, for the rest of my Life; which, I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy Years.

Grief still choaked up the Passage of my Words; and he said, The Shower is over, my Dear, let us walk out again. — He led me by the Hand, and I would have spoke; but he said, I will not hear my dear Creature say any thing: To hearken to your Assurance of complying with my Request, would look as if I doubted you, and wanted it. I am confident I needed only to speak my Mind, to be observed by you; and I shall never more think of the Subject, if you don't remind me of it. He then most sweetly chang'd the Discourse.

Don't you with Pleasure, my Dear, said he, take in the delightful Fragrance that this sweet Shower has given to these Banks of Flowers? Your *Presence* is so enlivening to me, that I could almost fancy, that what we owe to the *Shower*, is owing to *That*: And all Nature, methinks, blooms around me, when I have my *Pamela* by my Side. You are a Poetess, my Dear; and I will give you a few Lines, that I made myself on such an Occasion as this I am speaking of, the Presence of a sweet Companion, and the fresh Verdure, that, after a Shower succeeding a long Draught, shew'd itself throughout all vegetable Nature. And then in a sweet and easy Accent, (with his dear Arms about me as we walk'd) he sung me the following Verses; of which he afterwards favour'd me with a Copy.

I.

*All Nature blooms when you appear;  
The Fields their richest Liv'ries wear;  
Oaks, Elms and Pines, blest with your View,  
Shoot out fresh Greens, and bud anew.  
The varying Seasons you supply;  
And when you're gone, they fade and die.*

II.

*Sweet Philomel, in mournful Strains,  
To you appeals, to you complains.  
The tow'ring Lark, on rising Wing,  
Warbles to you, your Praise does sing;  
He cuts the yielding Air, and flies  
To Heav'n, to type your future Joys.*

III.

*The purple Violet, damask Rose,  
Each to delight your Senses blows.  
The Lilies ope', as you appear,  
And all the Beauties of the Year  
Diffuse their Odors at your Feet,  
Who give to ev'ry Flow'r its Sweet.*

IV.

*For Flow'rs and Women are ally'd;  
Both, Nature's Glory, and her Pride!  
Of ev'ry fragrant Sweet possess,  
They bloom but for the Fair One's Breast;  
And to the swelling Bosom born,  
Each other mutually adorn.*

Thus sweetly did he palliate the Woes, which the Generosity of his Actions, mix'd with the Solemnness of the Occasion, and the strange Request he had vouchsafed to make me, had occasion'd. And all he would permit me to say, was, That I was not displeas'd with him!— Displeas'd with you, dearest Sir! said I: Let me thus testify my Obligations, and the Force all your Commands shall have upon me. And I took the Liberty to clasp my Arms about his Neck, and kissed him.

But yet my Mind was pained at times, and has been to this Hour.— God grant that I may never see the dreadful Moment, that shall shut up the precious Life of this excellently generous Benefactor of mine! And — but I cannot bear to suppose — I cannot say more on such a deep Subject!

Oh! what a poor thing is human Life in its best Enjoyments!— subjected to *imaginary* Evils, when it has no *real* ones to disturb it! and that can be made as effectually unhappy by its Apprehensions of remote Contingencies, as if it was struggling with the Pangs of a present Distress! This, duly reflected upon, methinks, should convince every one, that this World is not a Place for the immortal Mind to be confin'd to; and that there must be an Hereafter, where the *whole* Soul shall be satisfy'd.

But I shall get out of my Depth; my shallow Mind cannot comprehend, as it ought, these weighty Subjects: Let me, therefore, only pray, that after having made a grateful Use of God's Mercies here, I may, with my dear Benefactor, rejoice in that happy State, where is no Mixture, no Unsatisfiedness; and where all is Joy, and Peace, and Love, for evermore!

I said, when we sat at Supper, The charming Taste you gave me, Sir, of your poetical Fancy, makes me sure you have more Favours of this Kind, to delight me with, if you please; and may I beg to be indulg'd on this agreeable Head? — Hitherto, said he, my Life has been too much a Life of Gaiety and Action, to be busy'd so innocently. Some little Essays I have now—and—then attempted; but very few have I completed. Indeed I had not Patience nor Attention enough to hold me long to any one thing. Now—and—then, perhaps, I may occasionally shew you what I have attempted. But I never could please myself in this way.

**FRIDAY.**

We were Yesterday favour'd with the Company of almost all the neighbouring Gentry, and their good Ladies, who, by Appointment with one another, met to congratulate our Happiness. Nothing could be more obliging, more free and affectionate, than the Ladies; nothing more polite than the Gentlemen. All was perform'd, (for they came to Supper,) with Decency and Order, and much to every one's Satisfaction, which was principally owing to good Mrs. *Jervis's* Care and Skill; who is an excellent Manager.

For my part, I was dress'd out, only to be admir'd, as it seems; and truly, if I had not known, that I did not make *myself*, as you, my dear Father, once hinted to me; and if I had had the Vanity to think as well of myself, as the good Company was pleased to do, I might possibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady *Davers* said, tho' in Anger, yet in Truth, that I am but a *poor Bit of painted Dirt*. All that I value myself upon, is, that God has raised me to a Condition to be useful in my Generation, to better Persons than myself. This is my Pride: And I hope this will be *all* my Pride. For what was I of myself!— All the Good I can do, is but a poor third-hand Good; for my dearest Master himself is but the Second-hand. God, the All-gracious, the All-good, the All-bountiful, the All-mighty, the All-merciful God, is the First: To HIM, therefore, be all the Glory!

As I expect the Happiness, the unspeakable Happiness, my ever-dear and ever-honour'd Father and Mother, of enjoying you both here, under this Roof, so soon, (and pray let it be as soon as you can) I will not enter into the Particulars of the last agreeable Evening: For I shall have a thousand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tir'd with my Prattle when I see you!

I am to return these Visits singly; and there were Eight Ladies here, of different Families. Dear Heart, I shall find enough to do!— I doubt my Time will not be so well filled up, as I once promised my dear Sir!— But he is pleas'd, cheerful, kind, affectionate! O what a happy Creature am I!— May I be always thankful to God, and grateful to *him*!— When all these tumultuous Visitings are over, I shall have my Mind, I hope, subside into a Family Calm, that I may make myself a little useful to the Household of my dear Master; or else I shall be an unprofitable Servant indeed!

Lady *Davers* sent this Morning her Compliments to us both, very affectionately; and her Lord's good Wishes and Congratulations. And she desir'd my Writings *per* Bearer; and says, she will herself bring them to me again, with Thanks, as soon as she has read them; and she and her Lord will come and be *my* Guests (that was her particularly kind Word) for a Fortnight.

I have now but one thing to wish for, and then, methinks, I shall be all Ecstasy; and that is, Your Presence, both of you, and your Blessings; which I hope you will bestow upon me every Morning and Night, till you are settled in the happy manner my dear Spouse has intended.

Methinks I want sadly your List of the honest and worthy Poor; for the Money lies by me, and brings me no Interest. You see I am become a mere Usurer; and want to make Use upon Use: And yet, when I have done all, I cannot do so much as I ought. God forgive my Imperfections!

I tell my dear Sir, I want another Dairy-house Visit. To be sure, if he won't, at *present*, permit it, I shall, if it please God to spare us, tieze him like any over-indulged Wife, if, as the dear Charmer grows *older*, he won't let me have the Pleasure of forming her tender Mind, as well as I am able, lest, poor little Soul! she fall into such Snares as her unhappy dear Mother fell into. I am providing a Power of pretty Things for her, against I see her next, that I may make her love me, if I can.

Just now I have the blessed News, that you will set out, for this happy House, on *Tuesday* Morning. The Chariot shall be with you without fail. God give us a happy Meeting! O, how I long for it! Forgive your impatient Daughter, who sends this, to amuse you on your Journey; and desires to be

*Ever most dutifully Yours.*

## Conclusion

Here end the Letters of the incomparable Pamela to her Father and Mother. For, as they arriv'd at their Daughter's House on *Tuesday* Evening in the following Week, she had no Occasion to continue her Journal longer.

The good old Couple were receiv'd, by her, with the utmost Joy and Duty; and with great Goodness and Complaisance by her generous Spouse. And having resided there till every thing was put in Order for them at the *Kentish* Estate, they were carried down thither by the 'Squire himself, and their Daughter, and put into Possession of the pretty Farm he had designed for them. In which they long liv'd comfortably, doing Good by their Examples, and their judicious Charities, to all about them.

They constantly, twice in every Year, for a Fortnight together, so long as they liv'd, visited their dear Daughter; and once a Year, at least, for a Week at a time, were visited by them again: And the 'Squire having added, by new Purchases, to that Estate, they, by their Diligence, augmented the Value of it, and deserved of him the Kindness he shew'd them.

As for the excellent Pamela; she enjoy'd, for many Years, the Reward of her Virtue, Piety and Charity; exceedingly beloved by both Sexes, and by all Degrees; and was look'd upon as the Mirror of her Age and Sex.

She made her beloved Spouse happy in a numerous and hopeful Progeny. And he made her the best and fondest of Husbands; and, after her Example, became remarkable for Piety, Virtue, and all the Social Duties of a Man and a Christian. And they charm'd every one within the Circle of their Acquaintance, by the Sweetness of their Manners, the regular Order and Oeconomy of their Household; by their chearful Hospitality, and a diffusive Charity to all worthy Objects within the Compass of their Knowledge.

She was regularly visited by the principal Ladies in the Neighbourhood; who were fond of her Acquaintance, and better'd by her Example.

Lady *Davers* became one of her sincerest and most affectionate Admirers. And her Lord, in a manner, doated upon her.

The poor little Miss *Goodwin* was, after a while, given up to her Wishes and Importunities, in order to be form'd by her Example; and, in Process of Time, was joined in Marriage with a Gentleman of Merit and Fortune, to whom she made an excellent Wife.

## Appendix

Having thus brought this little History to a happy Period, the Reader will indulge us in a few brief Observations, which naturally result from it; and which will serve as so many Applications, of its most material Incidents, to the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes.

First, then, in the Character of the Gentleman, may be seen that of a fashionable Libertine, who allow'd himself in the free Indulgence of his Passions, especially as to the Fair Sex; and found himself supported in his daring Attempts, by an affluent Fortune in Possession, a personal Bravery, as it is called, readier to give than take Offence, and an imperious Will; yet as he betimes sees his Errors, and reforms in the Bloom of Youth, an edifying Lesson may be drawn from it, for the Use of such as are born to large Fortunes; and who may be taught, by his Example, the inexpressible Difference between the Hazards and Remorse which attend a profligate Course of Life; and the Pleasures which flow from virtuous Love, and virtuous Actions.

The Generosity of his Mind; his Sobriety, as to *Wine* and *Hours*; his prudent Oeconomy and Hospitality; the Purity and Constancy of his Affection, after his Change; his polite Behaviour to his *Pamela*; his generous Provision for her, in case he had died; his Bounty to her Parents, attended with such Marks of Prudence as made them useful to *himself*, as well as render'd *them* happy; and shew'd he was not acted merely by a blind and partial Passion; are so many Instances worthy of being remember'd in his Favour, and of being imitated, in Degree, by all such as are circumstanced as he was.

In the Character of Lady Davers, let the Proud and the High-born see the Deformity of unreasonableness Passion, and how weak and ridiculous such Persons must appear, who suffer themselves, as is usually the Case, to be hurried from one Extreme to another; from the Height of Violence, to the most abject Submission; and subject themselves to be out-done by the humble Virtue they so much despise.

Let good Clergymen, in Mr. Williams, see that whatever Displeasure the doing of their Duty may give, for a Time, to their proud Patrons, Providence will, at last, reward their Piety, and turn their Distresses to Triumph; and make them even *more* valued for a Conduct that gave Offence while the Violence of Passion lasted, than if they had meanly stoop'd to flatter or sooth the Vices of the Great.

In the Examples of good old Andrews, and his Wife, let those, who are reduced to a low Estate, see, that Providence never fails to reward their Honesty and Integrity; and that God will, in his own good Time, extricate them, by means unforeseen, out of their present Difficulties, and reward them with Benefits unhop'd-for.

The Upper Servants of great Families may, from the odious Character of Mrs *Jewkes*, and the amiable ones of Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, &c. learn what to avoid, and what to chuse, to make themselves valued and esteem'd by all who know them.

And, from the double Conduct of poor *John*, the Lower Servants may learn Fidelity, and how to distinguish between the lawful and unlawful Commands of a Superior.

The poor deluded Female, who, like the once unhappy Miss Godfrey, has given up her Honour, and yielded to the Allurements of her designing Lover, may learn from her Story, to stop at the *first Fault*; and, by resolving to repent and amend, see the Pardon and Blessing which await her Penitence, and a kind Providence ready to extend the Arms of its Mercy to receive and reward her returning Duty. While the abandon'd Prostitute, pursuing the wicked Courses, into which, perhaps, she was at first *inadvertently* drawn, hurries herself into filthy Diseases, and an untimely Death; and, too probably, into everlasting Perdition afterwards.

Let the *desponding Heart* be comforted by the happy Issue which the Troubles and Trials of the lovely Pamela met with, when they see, in her Case, that no Danger nor Distress, however inevitable or deep to their Apprehensions, can be out of the Power of Providence to obviate or relieve; and which, as in various Instances in her Story, can turn the most seemingly grievous Things to its own Glory, and the Reward of suffering Innocence; and that, too, at a Time when all human Prospects seem to fail.

Let the *Rich*, and those who are *exalted* from a *low* to a *high Estate*, learn from her, that they are not promoted only for a *single Good*; but that Providence has raised them, that they should dispense to all within their Reach, the Blessings it has heaped upon them; and that the greater the Power is to which God has raised them, the greater is the Good that will be expected from them.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

From the low Opinion she every-where shews of herself, and her attributing all her Excellencies to her pious Education, and her Lady's virtuous Instructions and Bounty; let Persons, even of *Genius* and *Piety*, learn, not to arrogate to themselves those Gists and Graces, which they owe least of all to themselves: Since the Beauties of Person are frail, and it is not in our Power to give them to ourselves, or to be either prudent, wise, or good, without the Assistance of Divine Grace.

From the same good Example, let *Children* see what a Blessing awaits their Duty to their Parents, tho' ever so low in the World: And that the only Disgrace is to be dishonest; but none at all to be poor.

From the *Oeconomy* she purposes to observe in her Elevation, let even *Ladies of Condition* learn, that there are Family Employments in which they may, and ought to, make themselves useful, and give good Examples to their Inferiors, as well as Equals. And that their Duty to God, Charity to the Poor and Sick, and the different Branches of Household Management, ought to take up the most considerable Portions of their Time.

From her signal *Veracity*, which she never forfeited, in all the Hardships she was try'd with, tho' her Answers, as she had Reason to apprehend, would often make against her; and the Innocence she preserved throughout all her Stratagems and Contrivances to save herself from Violation; Persons, even *sorely tempted*, may learn to preserve a sacred Regard to *Truth*; which always begets a Reverence for them, even in the corruptest Minds.

In short,

Her obliging Behaviour to her Equals, before her Exaltation; her Kindness to them afterwards; her forgiving Spirit, and her Generosity;

Her Meekness, in every Circumstance where her Virtue was not concern'd;

Her charitable Allowances for others, as in the Case of Miss *Godfrey*, for Faults she would not have forgiven in herself.

Her Kindness and Prudence to the Offspring of that melancholy Adventure;

Her Maiden and Bridal Purity, which extended as well to her Thoughts as to her Words and Actions;

Her signal Affiance in God;

Her thankful Spirit;

Her grateful Heart;

Her diffusive Charity to the Poor, which made her blessed by them whenever she appear'd abroad;

The chearful Ease and Freedom of her Deportment;

Her Parental, Conjugal and Maternal Duty;

Her Social Virtues;

Are all so many signal Instances of the Excellency of her Mind; which may make her Character worthy of the Imitation of her Sex, from low to high Life. And the Editor of these Sheets will have his End, if it inspires a laudable Emulation in the Minds of any worthy Persons, who may thereby intitle themselves to the Rewards, the Praises, and the Blessings, by which she was so deservedly distinguished.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

**Vol. 3**

## PREFACE.

*The Two former Volumes of Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded, met with a Success greatly exceeding the most sanguine Expectations: And the Editor hopes, that the Letters which compose these, will be found equally written to Nature, avoiding all romantick Flights, improbable Surprizes, and irrational Machinery; and that the Passions are touched, where requisite, and Rules, equally New and Practicable, inculcated throughout the Whole, for the General Conduct of Life: And, therefore he flatters himself, that they may expect the good Fortune, which few Continuations have met with, to be judg'd not unworthy the First; nor disproportion'd to the more exalted Condition in which Pamela was destin'd to shine, as an affectionate Wife, a faithful Friend, a polite and kind Neighbour, an indulgent Mother, and a beneficent Mistress; after having in the Two former Volumes supported the Character of a dutiful Child, a spotless Virgin, and a modest and amiable Bride.*

*The Reader will easily see, that, in so great a Choice of Materials, as must arise from a Multitude of important Subjects in a married Life, to such Genius's and Friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B. the Editor's greatest Difficulty was, how to bring them within the Compass which he was determin'd not to exceed. And it having been left to his own Choice, in what manner to digest and publish the Letters, and where to close the Work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other Avocations, and some Designs of another Nature in which he was engaged, to have carry'd the Piece no farther than the Two former Volumes; as may be gather'd from the Conclusion of the First Five Editions.*

*It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an Explanation of the Reasons whereby he was provoked into a Necessity of altering his Intention. But he is willing to decline saying Any-thing upon so well-known a Subject; lest his Interest might appear more concern'd, than the Satisfaction of the Publick.*

*The Editor has been much press'd with Importunities and Conjectures in relation to the Person and Family of the incomparable Lady, who is the Subject of these Volumes: All that he thinks himself at Liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has been already hinted, That the Story has its Foundation in Truth: That the most material Incidents (as will be collected from several Passages in the Letters) happen'd between the Years 1717 and 1730: And that there was a Necessity, for obvious Reasons, to vary and disguise some Facts and Circumstances, as also the Names of Persons, Places, &c.*

LETTER I.

*My dear Father and Mother,* We arrived here last Night, highly pleased with our Journey, and the Occasion of it. May God bless you both with long Life and Health, to enjoy your sweet Farm, and pretty Dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful Hearts too uneasy in the Possesston of it, by your modest Diffidence of your own Worthiness: For, at the same time that it is what will do Honour to the best of Gentlemen, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his Condition, as that it will give any one Cause to censure it as the Effect of a too partial and injudicious Kindness for the Parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear Master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every Light that he can shine in to the most obliged and sensible Heart?) holds his kind Purpose of fitting up the large Parlour and three Apartments in the commodious Dwelling he calls yours, for his Entertainment and mine, when he shall permit me to pay my Duty to you both, for a few happy Days together; and he has actually given Orders for that Purpose; and that the three Apartments be so fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* Condition, than his *own*; for, he says, the plain simple Elegance which he will have to be observed in the Rooms as well as the Furniture, will be a Variety in his Retirement to this Place, that will make him return to his own with the greater Pleasure; and at the same time, when we are not there, will be of Use for the Reception of any of your Friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good Couple of any of their Accommodations.

The old Bow-windows he will have preserv'd, but will not have them sash'd, nor the Woodbinds, Jessamines and Vines that run up against them, destroyed; only he will have larger Panes of Glass, and convenienter Casements, to let in more of the sweet Air and Light, to make amends for that obstructed by the Shades of those fragrant Climbers. For he has mention'd three or four times, how gratefully they dispens'd their intermingled Odours to us, when, the last Evening, we stood at the Window in our Bed-chamber, to hear the responsive Songs of two warbling Nightingales, one at a Distance, the other near, which took up our delighted Attention for above two Hours, and charm'd us the more, as we thought their Season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, and called me for it, the sweetest of all Nightingales, saying, How greatly do the innocent Pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty Tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal Mind! Never talk, my *Pamela*, as you frequently do, of Obligation to me: One such Hour as I now enjoy, is an ample Reward for all the Benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole Life!

The Parlour indeed will be more elegant, tho' that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its Wainscot as Furniture, and to be new floor'd. The dear Gentleman has already given Orders about it, and you will soon have Workmen with you to put them in Execution. The Parlour Doors are to have Brass Hinges and Locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a Watch-case: For who knows, said he, my Dear, but we shall have still added Blessings, in two or three charming Boys and Girls, to place there in their Infancy, before they can be of Age to be benefited by your Lessons and Example? And besides, I make no doubt, but I shall entertain there some of my chosen Friends, in their Excursions, for a Day or so.

How am I, every Hour of my Life, overwhelm'd with Instances of God Almighty's Goodness and his! —O spare, blessed Father of Mercies, the precious Life of this excellent Gentleman! and increase my Thankfulness, and my Worthiness; and then— But what shall I say? —Only that then I may *continue* to be what I am; for more bless'd and more happy, in my own Mind, surely I cannot be.

The Beds he will have of Cloth, because he thinks the Situation a little cold, especially when the Wind is Easterly, and because he purposes to be down in the early Spring Season now—and—then, as well as in the latter Autumn; and the Window Curtains of the same, in one Room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The Carpets for them will come down with the other Furniture; for he will not alter the old Oaken Floors of the Bed-chamber, nor yet of the little Room he intends for my Use, to withdraw to, when I chuse not to join in such Company as may happen to fall in: Which, my Dear, says he, shall be as little as is possible, only particular Friends, who may be disposed once in a Year or two, to see, when I am there, how I live with my *Pamela*, and her Parents, and how I pass my Time in my Retirement, as I shall call this: For otherwise, perhaps, they will be apt to think I am asham'd of Company I shall always bepleas'd with. —Nor are you, my Dear, continued he, to take this as a Compliment to yourself, but a Piece of requisite Policy in me; for

who will offer to reproach me for marrying, as the World thinks, below me, when they shall see, that such a Reproach, as they would intend it, is so far from being so to me, that every Day of my Life, I not only pride myself in my *Pamela*, but take Pleasure in owning her Relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving Visits from them; and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring Light, as if I would have the World forget (who in that Case would always take the more Pleasure in remembering) what they were? And how will it anticipate low Reflection, when they shall see, I can bend my Mind to partake with them the Pleasures of their humble, but decent Life? —Ay, continued he, and be rewarded for it too, with better Health, better Spirits, and a better Mind; so that, my Dear, added he, I shall reap more Benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.

In this generous manner does this best of Gentlemen endeavour to disclaim tho' I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not inhanse the proper Merit of a Beneficence that is natural to him; and which indeed, as I tell him, may be in one respect depreciated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his Nature) he cannot help it, if he would. —O that it was in my Power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but Will—and that is *wholly* his:—And what a Happiness is it to me, a Happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without *Reserve*; since the dear Gentleman requires nothing of me, but what is consistent with my Duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first Mover and Cause of all his own Happiness, of my Happiness, and of that of my dear, my ever dear Parents!

But whither does the enchanting Subject lead me! I am running on to my usual Length, tho' I have not the same Excuse for it; for heretofore I had nothing to do but to write. Yet, I am sure, if I do exceed a little, *you* will be pleased with it; and you have moreover a Right to rejoice with me in the Days of my Felicity, after your indulgent Hearts had been so much pained by a long Succession of my Fears and my Dangers, which only ought to be remember'd now, as Subjects of thankful Exultation, by

*Your dutiful and happy Daughter.*

LETTER II.

*My dearest Daughter*, I Need not repeat to you the Sense your good Mother and I have of our Happiness, and of our Obligations to your honoured Spouse: You both were pleased Witnesses of it every Hour of the happy Fortnight you passed with us. But still, my Dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *You*, much less to the 'Squire, with the Freedom he so often invited us to take: For, I don't know how it is, but tho' you are our Daughter, and are so far from being lifted up by your high Condition, that we see no Difference in your Behaviour to us your poor Parents; yet, when we look upon you as the Lady of so fine a Gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of Respect, and—I don't know what to call it,— that lays a little Restraint upon us! And yet we would not, methinks, let our Minds be run away with the Admiration of worldly Grandeur, so, as to set too much by it.

But your Merit, and your Prudence, my dear Daughter, is so much above all we could ever have any Notion of it:—And to have Gentry come only to behold you, and admire you, not so much for your Genteelness and Amiableness neither, as for your Behaviour, and your Affability to Poor as well as Rich, and to hear every one calling you an Angel, and saying, you *deserve* to be what you are; makes us hardly know how to look upon you but as an Angel—indeed! I am sure you have been a good Angel to us!— Since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honour'd Husband's Heart, to make us the happiest Couple in the World: But little less, indeed, we should have been, had we only, in some far distant Land, heard of our dear Child's Happiness, and never partaken of the Benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for!— Thus kindly to be owned, and called Father and Mother by such a brave Gentleman, and thus to be placed, that we have nothing to do, but to bless God, and bless him, and bless you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is such a Providence, my dear Child, as is too mighty to be borne by us, with Equalness of Temper; and we kneel together every Morning, Noon and Night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our Unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter Days, when all we had to fear, was, that as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard Labour, we should be troublesome, where, not our Pride, but our industrious Wills, would have made us wish not to be so;—but to be intitled to a happier Lot: For this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear Child, and your unhappy Brother's Children; for it is well known, that, tho' we pretend not to boast of our Family, and indeed had no Reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was:—To be sure, partly by my own Fault; for had it been for your poor aged Mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for *John* and *William*; for, so unhappy were they, poor Lads, that what I could do, was but as a Drop of Water to a Bucket.

But yet the Issue has shewn, that (if I may presume to say so) what I did, was not displeasing to God; inasmuch as I have the Comfort to see, that my Reliance on Him, while I was doing what though some thought *imprudent* Things, yet not *wrong* Things, is so abundantly rewarded, beyond Expectation and Desert. Blessed be his holy Name for it!

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. *B.*'s Lady, say *command*, tho', as to my dear *Daughter*, I will only say *desire*: And indeed I will not, as you wish'd me not to do, let the one Condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my Thought: You spoke it in better Words, but this was the Sense—But you have the Gift of Utterance; and Education is a fine thing, where it meets with such Talents to improve upon as God has given you. —But let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long Letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy Dwelling, and this well-stock'd Farm, in these rich Meadows, and well-cropt Acres, we look around us, and, which Way soever we turn our Heads, see Blessings—upon Blessings, and Plenty upon Plenty; see Barns well-stor'd, Poultry increasing, the Kine lowing and crouding about us, and all fruitful; and are bid to call all these our own—And then think; that all is the Reward of our Child's Virtue!— O my dear Daughter, who can bear these Things!— Excuse me— I must break off a little, for my Eyes are as full as my Heart; and I will retire to bless God and your honoured Husband.

So—my dear Child—I now again take up my Pen —But reading what I had written, in order to carry on the Thread, I can hardly forbear again being in like sort affected.— But do you think I will call all these Things my own!— Do you think I will live Rent-free!— Do you think I would? Can the honoured 'Squire believe, that

having such a generous Example before me, if I had no Gratitude in my Temper before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me?— If his Goodness makes him know no Mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving?— Come, come, my dear Child, your poor Father is not so sordid a Wretch neither. He will shew the World, that all these Benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his Temper, as by his Condition: What tho' I cannot be as worthy of all these Favours as I wish? I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear Child, if the King and his Royal Family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive Taxes and Duties from his Subjects; if Dukes and Earls, and all the top Gentry, cannot support their Bravery, without having their Rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'Squire, to pay to his Steward, what any other Person would pay for this noble Stock and improving Farm: And I will do it, an' it please God to bless me with Life and Health.— I should not be worthy to crawl on the Earth, if I did not. And what did I say to Mr. *Longman*, the faithful Mr. *Longman*? sure no Gentleman had ever a more worthy Steward than he: It was as we were walking over the Grounds together—and observing in what good Order every thing was; he was praising some little Contrivances of my own, for the Improvement of the Farm, and saying how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. Ay, Mr. *Longman*, said I, comfortably indeed: But do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much Rent for it as another?— I can tell you, said he, the 'Squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman *Andrews*. —Why, Man, he has no Occasion for it: He's worth a Power of Money, besides a noble and clear Estate in Land. —Adsheartlikins, you must not affront him, I can tell you that: For he's as generous as a Prince where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way. —Why, for that Reason, Mr. *Longman*, said I, I was thinking to make *you* my Friend. —Make *me* your Friend! You have not a better in the World, to my Power, I can tell you that; nor your Dame neither; for I love such honest Hearts: I wish my own Brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass. —What I can do for you, I will, and here's my Hand upon it.

Well then, said I, it is this: Let me account to you at the Rent Farmer *Dickins* offered, and let me know what the Stock cost, and what the Crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other Quarterly; and not let the 'Squire know it till you can't chuse; and I shall be as happy as a Prince; for I doubt not, by God's Blessing, to make a comfortable Livelihood of it, besides. —Why, dost believe, Goodman *Andrews*, said he, I would do such a thing? —Would not his Honour think, if I hid one thing from him, I might not hide another? —Go to, go to, honest Heart, I love thee dearly: But can the 'Squire do too much for his Lady, think'st thou? Come, come, (and he jeer'd me so, I could not tell what to say to him) I wish at Bottom there is not some Pride in this;—what, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his Honour, would you? —No, good Mr. *Longman*, said I,—it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any Pride, it is only in my dear Child—to whom, under God, all this is owing! —But some how or other it shall be so.

And so, my dear Daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest Pleasures to me, to do the good 'Squire Service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest Grandson *Thomas* is very desirous to come and live with us: The Boy is honest, and, they tell me, industrious. And Cousin *Burroughs* wants me to employ his Son *Roger*, who understands the Business of a Farm very well. It is no wonder, that all one's Relations should wish to partake of our happy Lot; and if they *can* and *will* do their Business as well as others, I see not why Relationship should be an Objection: But yet, I think, one would not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured Husband with one's Relations. You, my best Child, will give me always your Advice, as to my Carriage in this my new Lot; for I would not for the World be thought an Incroacher. And I am sure you have so much Prudence, that there is nobody's Advice fitter to be followed than yours.

Our Blessings (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest Child; and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no Notion how it can be in this Life) conclude us,  
*Your ever loving Father and Mother, John and Eliz. Andrews.*

May we not hope to be favour'd now—and—then with a Letter from you, my dear Child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great Joy to us: Indeed it would. —But we know you'll have enough to do, without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

## LETTER III.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I have shew'd your Letter to my Best-beloved. —Don't be uneasy that I have;—for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my Pride to have such honest and grateful Parents: And I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best Argument I can use why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy without Pain or Anxiety all the Benefits of your happy Lot.

Dear, good Souls! said he, how does every thing they say, and every thing they write, manifest the Worthiness of their Hearts! No Wonder, *Pamela*, you love and revere such honest Minds; for that you would do, were they not your Parents: And tell them, that I am so far from having them believe that what I have done for them, is only the Effect of my Affection for their Daughter, that let 'em find out another Couple, as worthy as themselves, and I will do as much for them. Indeed I would not place them, continued the dear Obliger, in the *same* County, because I would wish *two* Counties to be blest for their sakes. Tell them, my Dear, that they have a Right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* Merit; and *bid* them enjoy it as their Patrimony: And if there can any thing arise, that is more than they themselves can wish for, in the way of Life they chuse to live, let them look round among their own Relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid Reasons for rejoicing in the Situation they are pleased with: And do you, my Dear, continued he, still further enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged Hearts, for fear they should deny any Comfort to themselves, in order to do good to others.

I could only fly to his generous Bosom, (for this is a Subject which most affects me) and, with my Eyes swimming in Tears of grateful Joy, and which overflow'd as soon as my bold Lips touch'd his dear Face, bless God and him with my whole Heart; for speak I could not! —But, almost choak'd with my Joy, sobb'd to him my grateful Acknowledgment— He clasped me in his Arms; and said, How, my Dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your Parents! If it be thus to be bless'd for conferring Benefits so insignificant to a Man of my Fortune, what Joys is it not in the Power of rich Men to give themselves, whenever they please! —Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for; which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all Intellect, and better fitted to receive them! —'Tis too much!—too much! said I, in broken Accents: —How am I oppress'd with the Pleasure you give me! — Oh, Sir,—bless me more gradually, and more cautiously—for I cannot bear it! And indeed, my Heart went flutter, flutter, flutter, at his dear Breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow Prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, surely, my dear, my beloved Parents, nobody's Happiness is so great as mine!— If it proceeds thus from Degree to Degree, and is to be augmented by the Hope, the charming Hope, that the dear second Author of your Blessings and mine, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind Man to us, what a Felicity will this be! And if our Prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the Pleasure to think, that his Advances in Piety are owing not a little to them, and to the Example God shall give us Grace to set; then, indeed, may we take the Pride to think, we have repaid his Goodness to us, and that we have satisfied the Debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Thus, then, do I set before you imperfectly, as I am forced to do, the Delight your grateful, your honest Hearts give us. I say, imperfectly, and well I may; for I might as easily paint Sound, as describe the noble, the sublime Pleasures that wind up my Affections to even a painful Height of Rapture, on such Occasions as this: And I desire, as he often bids *me*, that *you* will take to yourselves the Merit of thus delighting us both, and then think with less Uneasiness of the Obligation you are under to the best of Friends!— And indeed it is but doing Justice to his beneficent Temper, to think, that we have given him an Opportunity of exercising it, in a way so agreeable to it; and I can tell by the Ardour of his Speech, by the additional Lustre that it lights up in his Eyes, naturally so lively, and by the virtuous Endearments, refined on these Occasions above what Sense can know, that he has a Pleasure, a Joy, a Transport, in doing what he does of this sort, that is its own Reward; as every virtuous and noble Action must be to a Mind that can be delighted with Virtue for its own sake, and can find itself enlarged by the Power of doing Good to worthy Objects. Even I, my dear Parents, know this by Experience, when I can be an humble Means to make an honest Creature happy, tho' not related to myself; and yet I am but a Third-hand Dispenser, as I have elsewhere said, of these Comforts; and all the Light I can communicate, as I once before

observed†, like that of the Moon, is but borrowed from his sunny Radiance.

Forgive me, my dear, my worthy Parents, if my Style on this Subject be raised above that natural Simplicity which is more suited to my humble Talents. But how can I help it? For when the Mind is elevated, ought not the Sense we have of our Happiness, to make our Expression soar equally? Can the Affections be so highly raised as mine are on these Occasions, and the Thoughts creep, groveling, like one's ordinary Self? No, indeed! —Call not this, therefore, the Gift of Utterance, if it should appear to you in a better Light than it deserves. It is the Gift of Gratitude! A Gift which makes you and me too, *speaking* and *writing*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves! —And thus will our Gratitude be the Inspirer of Joy to our common Benefactor; and his Joy will heighten our Gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as Cause and Effect to each other's Happiness, to bless; the dear Gentleman that blesses us. —And will it be right then to say, you are so uneasy under such (at least as to your Wills) returned and discharged Obligations? God Almighty requires only a thankful Heart for all the Mercies he heaps upon the Children of Men: My dear Mr. *B.* who, in these Particulars, imitates Divinity, desires no more:—You *have* this thankful Heart;—yes, you have; and that to such a high Degree of Gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, my dear Parents, when your worthy Minds would be too much affected with your Gratitude, so as to lay you under the Restraints you mention, to the dear Gentleman, and, for his sake, to your dependent Daughter; then let me humbly advise you, that you will at such Times, with more particular, more abstracted Aspirations, than at others, raise your Thoughts upwards, and consider who it is that gives *him* the Opportunity; and pray for him, and for me; for *him*, that all his future Actions may be of a Piece with this noble Disposition of Mind; for *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blest for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a Rewarder in the Hands of Providence of this its dear excellent Agent; and then we shall look forward all of us with Pleasure indeed to that State, where there is no Distinction of Degree, and where the humble Cottager shall be upon a Par with the proudest Monarch.

O my dear, dear Parents! how can you, as in your *Postscript*, say—May we not be *favoured* now—and—then with a Letter? Call *me* your Daughter, your *Pamela* — I am no Lady to you.— I have more Pleasure to be called your Comfort, and to be thought to act worthy of the Sentiments with which your Examples, Cautions and Instructions have inspired me, than in any one thing in this Life, my determined Duty to our common Benefactor, the best of Gentlemen and Husbands, excepted. And I am sure, God has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered for me all your Prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous: And see, O see, my excellent Parents! how we are crown'd with Blessings upon Blessings, till we are the Talk of all that know us:—You for your Honesty! I for my Humility and Virtue!—that Virtue which God's Grace inspired, and your Examples and Lessons, with those of my dear good Lady, cultivated; and which now have left me nothing to do but to reap all the Rewards which this Life can afford; and if I walk humbly, and improve my blessed Opportunities, will heighten and perfect all in a still more joyful futurity!—

Hence, my dear Parents, (I mean, from the Delight I have in writing to you, a Delight which transports me so much above my own Sphere) you'll see that I *must* write to you, and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great Joy to you!— And is there any thing that can add to your Joy, think you, that is in the Power of your *Pamela*, that she would not *do!*— O that the Lives and Healths of my dearest Mr. *B.* and my dearest Parents, may be continued to me! And who then can be so blest as your *Pamela*?

I *will* write; *depend* upon it, I will—on every Occasion:—And you augment my Joys, to think it is in my Power to add to your Comforts. Nor can you conceive the Pleasure I have in hoping, that this your new happy Lot, may, by relieving you from corroding Care, and the too wearing Effects of hard Labour, add, in these your advanced Years, to both your Days! —For so happy am I, I can have no Grief, no Pain, in looking forward, but from such Thoughts as remind me, that one Day, either you from me, or I from you, must be separated.

But 'tis fit that we so comport ourselves, as that we should not imbitter our present Happiness with Prospects too gloomy — but bring our Minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along, — and at last, when all is to be wound up, lie down, and say, *Not mine, but thy Will be done!*

But I have written a great deal; yet have much still to say, relating to other Parts of your kind, your acceptable Letter; and so will soon write again: For I must think every Opportunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any Addition to my Name, if that will make you easier,

*Your dutiful Pamela.*

## LETTER IV.

*My dearest Father and Mother*, I Now write again, as I told you I should in my last —But I am half afraid to look back on the Copy of it; for your worthy Hearts, so visible in your Letter, and my best Beloved's kind Deportment upon shewing it to him, raised me into a Frame of Mind, that was bordering on Ecstasy: Yet am I sure, I wrote my Heart. But you must not, my dear Father, write to your poor *Pamela* so affectingly. Your *steadier* Mind could hardly bear your own moving Strain, and you was forced to lay down your Pen, and retire: How then could I, who love you so dearly, if you had not, if I may so say, *increased* that Love by fresh and stronger Instances of your Worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself?— But I will not again touch upon this Subject.

You must know then, that my dearest Spouse commands me, with his kind Respects, to tell you, that he has thought of a Method to make your *worthy Hearts* easy; those were his Words—And this is, said he, by putting that whole Estate, with the new Purchase, under your Father's Care, as I at first intended; and he shall receive and pay, and order every thing as he pleases, and *Longman*, who grows in Years, shall be eased of that Burden. Your Father writes, said he, a very legible Hand, and he shall take what Assistants he pleases: And do you, *Pamela*, see to that, that this new Task may be made as easy and pleasant to him as possible. He shall make up his Accounts only to you, my Dear. And there will be several Pleasures arise to me upon it, continued he: First, That it will be a Relief to honest *Longman*, who has Business enough on his Hands besides. Next, It will make the good Couple easy, that they have an Opportunity of enjoying that as their Due, which now their too grateful Hearts give them so many causeless Scruples about Thirdly, it will employ your Father's Time, more suitably to *your* Liking, and *mine*, because with more Ease to himself; for you see his industrious Will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In the fourth Place, the Management of this Estate will gain him more Respect and Reverence among the Tenants and his Neighbours; and yet be all in his own way. —For, my Dear, added he, you'll see, that it is always one Point in View with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own intrinsick Merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any other Light than that in which they have been accustomed to appear.

So, my dear Father, the Instrument will be drawn and brought you by honest Mr. *Longman*, who will be with you in a few Days, to put the last Hand to the new Purchase, and to give you Possession of your new Commission, if you please to accept it; as I hope you will; and the rather, for my dear Mr. *B's* third Reason; and because I know, that this Trust will be discharged as worthily and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. *Longman* himself was in it—And better it cannot be Mr. *Longman* is very fond of this Relief, and longs to be down to settle every thing with you, as to the proper Powers, the Method, &c. — and he says, in his usual way of Phrasing, that he'll make it as easy to you as a Glove.

If you do accept it, my best Beloved will leave every thing to you, as to Rent, where not already fixed, and likewise as to Acts of Kindness and Favour to be done where you think proper; and he is pleased to say, That, with all his bad Qualities, he was ever deemed a kind Landlord; and this I can confirm in fifty Instances to his Honour: So that the old Gentleman, said he, need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh Methods of Proceeding, where Things will do without; and he'll always have it in his Power to befriend an honest Man: So that the Province will be intirely such a one as suits with his Inclination. If any thing difficult or perplexing arises, continued he, or where a little Knowledge in Law-matters is necessary, *Longman* shall do all that: And your Father will see, that he will not have in those Points a Coadjutor that will be too hardhearted for his Wish: For it was a Rule my Father set me, and I have strictly followed, that tho' I have a Lawyer for my Steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* Things, than *oppressive* ones; and *Longman* has so well answered this Intention, that he was always more noted for composing Differences, than promoting Law-suits.

I dare say, my dear Father, this will be an acceptable Employment to you, on the several Accounts my dearest Mr. *B.* was pleased to mention: And what a charming Contrivance is here!— God forever bless his considerate Heart for it!— To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself; as well as respected by, and even a Benefactor to all around you! What can one say to all these Things?— But what signifies exulting in one's Gratitude for *one* Benefit!— Every Hour the dear Gentleman heaps new ones upon us, and we have hardly Time to thank him for

one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless Degrees, confound one, and throw back one's Words upon one's Heart before they are well formed, and oblige one to sit down under all with profound Silence and Admiration.

As to what you mention of the Desire of Cousin *Thomas*, and *Roger*, to come to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our dear Benefactor's Opinion was. He was pleased to say, I have nothing to chuse in this Case, my Dear. Your Father is his own Master: He may employ whom he pleases; and, if they are not wanting in Respect to him and your Mother, I think, as he rightly observes, Relationship should rather have the Preference; and as he can remedy Inconveniences, if he finds any, by all means let every Branch of your Family have Reason to rejoice with him.

But I have thought of this Matter a good deal, since I had the Favour of your Letter; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my Advice, you will excuse me, if I give it freely; yet intirely submitting all to your own Liking.

In the first Place, then, I think it would be better to have *any body* than Relations; and that for these Reasons: One is apt to expect more Regard from Relations, and they more Indulgence, than Strangers can have Reason for.

That where there is such a Difference in the Expectations of both, it is hardly possible but Uneasiness must arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, and to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no End of Impositions: If you dismiss them, it will occasion Ill-will. They will call you unkind; and you them ungrateful; and as, it may be, your prosperous Lot will raise you Enviars, such will be apt to believe *them*, rather than *you*.

Then the World will be inclined to think, that we are crowding upon a generous Gentleman, a numerous Family of indigent People; and tho' they may be ever so deserving, yet it will be said, The Girl is filling every Place with her Relations, and *beleaguering*, as you significantly express it, a worthy Gentleman. And this will be said, perhaps, should one's Kindred behave ever so worthily; And so,

In the next Place, one would not, for *their* Sakes, that this should be done; who may live with *less* Reproach, and *equal* Benefit, any-where else: For I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his Station, and made independent, at Mr. *B.*'s Expence, if their Industry will not do it; altho' I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that Industry, in the way of their Callings.

Then it will possibly put others of our Relations upon the same Expectations, of living with you; and this may occasion Ill-will among them, if some be preferred to others in your Favour.

Then, my dear Father, I apprehend, that our beloved and honoured Benefactor would be under some Difficulty, from his natural Politeness, and Regard for you and me. —You see how kindly, on all Occasions, he treats you both, not only as the Father and Mother of his *Pamela*, but as if you were his own Father and Mother: And if you had any body as your Servants there, who called you Cousin, or Grandfather, or Uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the Foot of common Servants, tho' *they* might nevertheless think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I am sure I shall always think *myself*) with his Commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a Difficulty upon *them*, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him*, and to *me*, for *his* sake? For otherwise, (believe me, I hope you will, my dear Father and Mother) I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest Relation I have. But in the World's Eye, to every body but my best of Parents, I must, if I have ever so much Reluctance to it, appear in a Light that may not give Discredit to his Choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will have it in your Power, without the least Injury to our common Benefactor, to do kinder Things by any of our Relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little Money, to put them in a way, if any thing offers that you think will be to their Advantage. You can fit out my She-Cousins to good reputable Places. —The younger you can put to School, or, when fit, to Trades, according to their Talents, and so they will be of course in a way to get an honest and creditable Livelihood.

But, above all things, one would as much discourage as one could, such a proud and ambitious Spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by Favour instead of Merit; and this the rather, for that, undoubtedly, there are many more happy Persons in low than in high Life, take Number for Number, all the World over.

I am sure, altho' four or five Years of different Life had passed with me, I had so much Pride and Pleasure in

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the Thought of working for my Living with you, my dear Parents, if I could but get honest to you, that it made my Confinement the more grievous to me, and even, if possible, aggravated the Apprehensions attending it.

But I must beg of you, not to harbour a Thought, that these my Reasons proceed from the bad Motives of a Heart tainted with Pride on its high Condition. Indeed there can be no Reason for it, to one who thinks after this manner:—The greatest Families on Earth have some among them who are unhappy, and low in Life; and shall such an one reproach me with having twenty low Relations, because they have, peradventure, not above Five? or with Ten, because they have but one, or two, or three? —Or should I, on the other hand, be ashamed of Relations who had done nothing blame-worthy, and whose Poverty (a very necessary State in the Scale of Beings) was all their Crime; when there is hardly any great Family but has produced Instances of Persons guilty of bad Actions, *really* bad, which have reduced them to a Distress we never knew? Let the Person who would reproach me with *low Birth*, which is *no* Disgrace, and what I *cannot help*, give me no Cause to retort upon him *low Actions*, which *are* a Disgrace to any Station, the more so, the higher it is, and which he *can help*; or else I shall smile with Contempt at his empty Reproach: And could I be half so proud *with* Cause, as he is *without*, glory in my Advantage over him.

Let us then, my dear Father and Mother, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last Day, will judge of us all: And then the honest Peasant will stand fairer in our Esteem, than the guilty Peer.

In short, this shall be my own Rule—Every one who acts justly and honestly, I will look upon as my Relation, whether he be so or not, and the more he want my Assistance, the more intitled to it he shall be, as well as to my Esteem: While those who deserve it not, must expect nothing but Compassion from me, and my Prayers, were they my Brothers or Sisters. 'Tis, had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus: But if it be a right way of Thinking, it is a Blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of Reproach to me, which one Day will be matter of Justification.

Upon the Whole then, I should think it adviseable, my dear Father and Mother, to make such kind Excuses to the offered Services of my Cousins, as your better Reason shall suggest to you; and to do any thing else for them of *more* Value, as their Circumstances may require, or Occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing them, and having them about you, will add any one Comfort to your Lives, I give up intirely my own Opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of, that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever-dear Parents,  
*Your dutiful and happy Daughter.*

The Copy of this Letter I will keep to myself, till I have your Answer to it, that you may be under no Difficulty how to act in either of the Cases mentioned in it.

## LETTER V.

*My dearest Daughter*, How shall I do to answer, as they deserve, your two last Letters? Surely no happy Couple ever had such a Child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at Words like your Words; and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the Thankfulness of our Hearts, on the kind Office your honoured Husband has given us; for no Reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our Minds in the Notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so! —Happy shall I be if I can! But I see the generous Drift of his Proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the Nature of my Employment, and in my Mind too, overladen, as I may say, with Benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new Neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind Offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. *Longman*, shall with still greater Pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall be wanting in Ability; I doubt I shall: But I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's Grace, will be within my own Capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my Power to do good to those who shall deserve it: And I will take *double* Pains to find out the Merit of such as I shall recommend to Favour, and that their Circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing, my dear Daughter, let me desire, that I may make up my Accounts to Mr. *Longman*, or to his Honour himself, when he shall make us so happy as to be here with us. I don't know how—but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my Accounts to you: For so well known is your Love to us, that tho' you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's Grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing World might think it was like making up Accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest Child, get me off of this Difficulty, and I *can* have no other; for already I am in Hopes I have hit upon a Contrivance to improve the Estate, and to better the Condition of the Tenants at the same time, at least, not to worst them, and which, I hope, will please every body: But I will acquaint Mr. *Longman* with this, and take his Advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear Child, or to your Spouse. —If I could act so for his Interest, as not to be a Burden, what happy Creatures should we both be in our own Minds! We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and, so far as shall be consistent with our new Trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good Wishes and Prayers for both your Happiness.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by the Reasons you give for not taking to us any of our Relations. Every one of those Reasons has its Force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a Daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the Amount of forty Shillings at one Time, I will take your Direction in it, that your wise Hints of making every one continue their Industry, and not to rely upon Favour instead of Merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier*, as well as *better* Men and Women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred Pounds a Year in good Comingsin, it would not do without Industry; and with it, one may do with a Quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear Child, your Reasons are so good, that I wonder they came not into my Head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the Matter: But yet it ran in my own Thought, that I could not like to be an Incroacher:—For I hate a dirty thing; and in the midst of my Distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it.

You rejoice our Hearts beyond Expression at the Hope you give us of receiving Letters from you now—and—then: To be sure it will be the chief Comfort of our Lives, next to seeing you, as we are put in hope we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear Child, don't let us put you to Inconvenience neither. Pray don't! You'll have enough upon your Hands without—To be sure you will.

The Workmen have made a good Progress, and wish for Mr. *Longman* to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your Condition. You have weathered the first Dangers, and but for your fine Cloaths and Jewels, we should not see any Difference, indeed we should not, between our dear *Pamela*, and the much-respected Mrs. *B.*—But God has given you too much Sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember in your former Writings, a Saying of the Squire's, speaking of you, my dear Child, That it

was for Persons who were not used to Praise, and did not deserve it, to be proud of it: In like sort one may say, it is for Persons of little Sense to be proud; but you, my dear Child, every one sees, are *above* it: And that methinks is a proud Word; is it not? If one was not—I don't know how—half—stupid, I believe—one would be raised by your high Style of Writing. But I should be more than half—stupid, I'm sure, to aim at it.

Every Day brings us Instances of the good Name his Honour and you, my dear Child, have left behind you in this Country. Here comes one, and here comes another, and a third and a fourth; and, Goodman *Andrews*, cries one, and, Goody *Andrews*, cries another—(and some call us Mr. and Mrs. but we like the other full as well) When heard you from his Honour? How does his Lady do? —What a charming Couple are they! —How lovingly they live! —What an Example do they give to all about them! —Then one cries, God bless 'em both; and another cries, *Amen*; and so says a third and a fourth; and all say, But when do you expect them down again? —Such—a—one longs to see 'em;—and such—a—one will ride a Day's Journey, to have but a Sight of 'em at Church. — And then they say, how this Gentleman praises them, and that Lady admires them. —O my dear Child! what a Happiness is this! How do your poor Mother and I stand fixed to the Earth to hear both your Praises, our Tears trickling down our Cheeks, and our Hearts heaving as if they would burst with Joy, till we are forced to take Leave in half Words, and hand—in—hand go in together, to bless God, and bless you both. —O my Daughter! what a happy Couple have God and you made us!

Your poor Mother is very anxious about her dear Child. I will not touch upon a Matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, tho' the Time may be some Months off, she every Hour prays for your Safety and Happiness, and for all the Increase of Felicity that his Honour's generous Heart can wish for. This is all we will say at present: Only, that we are, with continued Prayers and Blessings, my dearest Child,

*Your loving Father and Mother, J. and E. Andrews.*

Yet one Word more! — and that is, — Our *Duty* to your honoured Husband. We must say so now; tho' he forbid us so often before. You cannot, my dear Child, imagine how I was ashamed to have my poor Letter shewn to him. I hardly remember what I wrote; but it was from my Heart, I'm sure; so I needed not to keep a Copy; for an honest Mind must always be the same, in Cases that cannot admit of Change, such as those of my Thankfulness to God and to him. But don't shew him all I write; for I shall be afraid of what I say, if I think any body but our Daughter sees it, who knows how to allow for her poor Parents Defects.

LETTER VI.

*From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.*

*My dear Pamela*, I had intended to have been with you before this; but my Lord has been a little indisposed with the Gout, and *Jackey* too has had an Intermittent Fever; but they are pretty well recovered, and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are return'd from your *Kentish* Expedition.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your Papers. You have given us, by their Means, many a delightful Hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charm'd with you. *Lady Betty*, as well as her noble Mamma, has always been of our Party, whenever we have read your Accounts. She is a dear generous Lady, and has shed many a Tear over them, as indeed we all have; and my Lord has not been unmov'd, nor *Jackey* neither, at some of your Distresses and Reflections. Indeed, *Pamela*, you are a charming Creature, and an Ornament to our Sex. We wanted to have had you among us an hundred times, as we read, that we might have lov'd, and kiss'd, and thank'd you.

But after all, my Brother, generous and noble as he was, when your Trials were over, was a strange wicked young Fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the Trap he had laid for your Virtue.

I can assure you, my Lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint Idea of your Person. I tell him, and tell them all, that you are the finest Girl, and the most improv'd in Person and Mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid, altho' they should imagine all they can in your Favour, from my Account of you, that they will be disappointed when they see you, and converse with you. But one thing more you must do for us, and then we will love you still more; and that is, you must send us the rest of your Papers, down to your Marriage at least, and further, if you have written further; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, tho' we know in general what has passed.

You leave off with an Account of an angry Letter I wrote to my Brother, to persuade him to give you your Liberty, and a Sum of Money; not doubting but his Designs would end in your Ruin, and, I own it, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your Merit and Excellence, nor could I, but for your Letters so lately sent me, have had any Notion of either. —I don't question but, if you have recited my passionate Behaviour to you, when I was at the Hall, I shall make a ridiculous Figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the Pleasure you *have* given me, and will still further give me, if you comply with my Request.

*Lady Betty* says, it is the best Story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the Conclusion of it in your own Words. She says now—and—then, What a hopeful Brother you have, *Lady Davers!* —O these intriguing Gentlemen! —What Rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine Husband of him, had I receiv'd your Proposal! The *dear Pamela* would have run in his Head, and had I been the first Lady in the Kingdom, I should have stood but a poor Chance in his Esteem; for, you see, his Designs upon her began† early.

She says, you had a good Heart to go back again to him, when the violent Wretch had driven you from him on such a slight Occasion: But yet, she thinks, the Reasons you give in your Relation, and your Love for him, (which then you began to discover was your Case) as well as the Event, shew'd you did right.

But we'll tell you all our Judgments, when we hav read the rest of your Accounts. So pray send them, as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself Sister till then)

*Your affectionate, &c. Davers.*

LETTER VII.

*My dear good Lady*, You have done me great Honour in the Letter your Ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high Pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor Papers were in the least diverting to you and to such honourable and worthy Persons as your Ladyship is pleased to mention. I could wish, my dear Lady, I might be favour'd with such Remarks on my Conduct, (so nakedly set forth, without any Imagination that they would ever appear in such an Assembly) as may be of Use to me in my future Life, and make me, by that means, more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be, of the Honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest Lady, favour me so far: I am prepared to receive Blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect Praise so much from my *Actions* as from my *Intentions*; for, indeed, *these* were always just and honourable: But why even for these do I talk of Praise, since, being prompted by Impulses I could not resist, it can be no Merit in me to have been govern'd by them?

As to the Papers following those in your Ladyship's Hands, when I say, that they must needs appear impertinent to such Judges, after what you know, I dare say your Ladyship will not insist upon them; yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my Dangers and Trials were happily at an End; So that they only contain "the Conversations that passed between your Ladyship's generous Brother and me; his kind Assurances of honourable Love to me; my Acknowledgments of Unworthiness to him; Mrs. *Jewkes's* respectful Change of Behaviour towards me; Mr. *B.'s* Reconciliation to Mr. *Williams*; his introducing me to the good Families in the Neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable Intentions. A Visit from my honest Father, who (not knowing what to conclude from the Letter I wrote to him before I returned to your honoured Brother, desiring my Papers from him) came in great Anxiety of Heart to know the worst, doubting I had at last been caught by a Stratagem that had ended in my Ruin. His joyful Surprise to find how happy I was likely to be. All the Hopes given me, answer'd, by the private Celebration of our Nuptials—An Honour so much above all that my utmost Ambition could make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your Ladyship's Arrival, and Anger, not knowing I was actually marry'd, but supposing me a vile wicked Creature; in which Case I should have deserved the worst of Usage. Mr. *B.'s* angry Lessons to me, for daring to interfere, tho' I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful Manner, between your Ladyship and himself. The most acceptable Goodness and Favour of your Ladyship afterwards to me, of which, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful Sense. My Return to this sweet Mansion in a manner so different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy for four Years, in paying my Duty to the best of Mistresses, your Ladyship's excellent Mother, to whose Goodness in taking me from my poor honest Parents, and giving me what Education I have, I owe, under God, my Happiness. The Joy of good Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, and all the Servants, on this Occasion. Mr. *B.'s* acquainting me with Miss *Godfrey's* Affair, and presenting to me the pretty Miss *Goodwin*, at the Dairy-house. Our Appearance at Church; the Favour of the Gentry in the Neighbourhood, who, knowing your Ladyship had not disdain'd to look upon me, and to be favourable to me, came the more readily into a neighbourly Intimacy with me, and still so much the more readily, as the continued Kindness of my dear Benefactor, and his condescending Deportment to me before them, (as if I had been worthy of the Honour done me) did Credit to his own generous Act."

These, my Lady, down to my good Parents setting out to this Place, in order to be settled, by my honoured Benefactor's Bounty, in the *Kentish* Farm, are the most material Contents of my remaining Papers: And tho' they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally Matters of course, after what your Ladyship has with you; *as* the Joy of my fond Heart can be better judg'd of by your Ladyship, than described by me; and *as* your Ladyship is acquainted with all the Particulars that can be worthy of any other Person's Notice but my dear Parents; I am sure your Ladyship will dispense with your Commands: and I make it my humble Request, that you will.

For, Madam, you must needs think, that when my Doubts were dispell'd; when I was confident all my Trials were over; when I had a Prospect before me of being so abundantly rewarded for what I had suffer'd; when every Hour rose upon me with new Delight, and fraught with fresh Instances of generous Kindness from such a dear Gentleman, my Master, my Benefactor, the Son of my honoured Lady; your Ladyship must needs think, I say,

that I must be *too* much affected, my Heart must be *too* much open'd; and especially as it then (reliev'd from its past Anxieties and Fears, which had kept down and damp'd the latent Flame) first discover'd to me Impressions of which before I hardly thought it susceptible. — So that it is scarce possible, that my *Joy* and my *Prudence*, if I were to be try'd by such Judges of Delicacy and Decorum, as Lord and Lady *Davers*, the honoured Countess, and Lady *Betty*, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled, as were to be wish'd: Altho' indeed the continued Sense of my Unworthiness, and the Disgrace the dear Gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous Goodness to me, always went hand—in—hand with that my *Joy* and my *Prudence*; and what these Considerations took from the *former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier and more equal to myself than otherwise it was possible such a young Creature as I could have been.

Wherefore, my dear good Lady, I hope I stand excus'd, and shall not bring upon myself the Censure of being disobedient to your Commands.

Besides, Madam, as you inform me, that my good Lord *Davers* will attend your Ladyship hither, I should never dare to look his Lordship in the Face, if all the Emotions of my Heart on such affecting Occasions, stood confess'd to his Lordship; and, indeed, if I am ashamed they should to your Ladyship, and to the Countess, and Lady *Betty*, whose Goodness might induce you all three to think favourably, in such Circumstances, of one who is of your own Sex, how would it concern me, that the same should appear before such Gentlemen as my Lord and his Nephew? —Indeed I could not look up to either of them, in the Sense of this. —And give me Leave to hope, that some of the Scenes, in the Letters your Ladyship had, were not read to Gentlemen: Your Ladyship must needs know which I mean, and will think of my two grand Trials of all. —For tho' I was the innocent Subject of wicked Attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's Opinion, for what I could not help; yet, for your dear Brother's sake, as well as for the Decency of the Matter, one would not, when one shall have the Honour to appear before my Lord and his Nephew, be looked upon, methinks, with that Levity of Eye and Thought, which perhaps hard-hearted Gentlemen may pass upon one, by reason of those very Scenes, which would move Pity and Concern, in a good Lady's Breast, for a poor Creature so attempted.

So, my dear Lady, be pleased to let me know, if the Gentlemen *have* heard all. —I hope they have not. —And be pleased also to point out to me such Parts of my Conduct as deserve Blame: Indeed, I will try to make a good Use of your Censure, and am sure I shall be thankful for it; —for it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the Honour I have, of being exalted into such a distinguished Family, and the Right the best of Gentlemen has given me to style myself

*Your Ladyship's most humble and most obliged Servant, P. B.*

LETTER VIII.

*From Lady Davers, in Reply.*

*My dear Pamela,* You have given us all a great Disappointment, in declining to oblige me with the Sequel of your Papers. I was a little out of Humour with you at first;—I must own I was:—For I cannot bear Denial, when my Heart is set upon any thing. But Lady *Betty* became your Advocate, and said, She thought you very excusable; since, no doubt, there might be many tender Things, circumstanced as you was, which might be well enough for your Parents to see, but for nobody else; and Relations of our Side least of all, whose future Intimacy and frequent Visits, might give Occasions for Raillery and Remarks, that might not be always agreeable. I regarded her Apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great Balk to her, that you did not comply with my Request. But now, Child, when you know me more, you'll find, that if I am oblig'd to give up one Point, I always insist upon another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing; in which last Case I know how to take my Measures, and resent.

Now then, this is what I insist on; That you correspond with me in the same manner you did with your Parents, and acquaint me with every Passage that is of Concern to you; beginning with your Accounts how you spent your Time, both of you, when you were in *Kent*; for, you must know, we are all taken with your Duty to your Parents, and the Discretion of the good Couple, and think you have given a very edifying Example of filial Piety to all who shall hear your Story; for if so much Duty is owing to Parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is a Power to add to the natural Obligation, all the Comforts and Conveniencies of Life? We People in upper Life, you must know, love to hear how Gratitude and unexpected Benefits operate upon honest Minds, who have little more than plain artless Nature for their Guide; and we flatter ourselves with the Hopes of many a delightful Hour, by your Means, in this our solitary Situation, as it will be, if we are obliged to pass the next Winter in it, as my Lord and the Earl threaten me, and the Countess, and Lady *Betty*, that we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you Joy and Trouble: And if my Brother carries you to Town, for the Winter, while he attends Parliament, the Advices you will be able to give us of what passes in *London*, and of the public Entertainments and Diversions he will take you to, as you will relate them from your own artless and natural Observations, will be as diverting to us, as if we were at them ourselves. For a young Creature, of your good Understanding, to whom all these Things will be quite new, will give us, perhaps, a better Taste of them, their Beauties and Defects, than we might have before. For we People of Quality go to those Places, dress'd out and adorn'd, in such Manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many Parts of the public Entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right Judgment of it: And, indeed, we, some of us, behave with so much Indifference to the Entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see, and as if our View was rather to trifle away our Time, than to improve ourselves, by attending to the Story or the Action.

See, *Pamela*, I shall not make an unworthy Correspondent altogether; for I can get into thy grave Way, and moralize a little now—and—then: And if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant Correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all Restraint, as if you was writing to your Parents, (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be) then I am sure we shall have Truth and Nature from you; and these are Things which we are generally so much lifted above, by our Conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one Letter: And yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your Answer, which you may give to both together; and am, mean time,

*Yours, &c. Davers.*

LETTER IX.

*Dear Pamela*, I am very glad thy honest Man has let thee into the Affair of *Sally Godfrey*. But pr'ythee, *Pamela*, give us an Account of the Manner in which he did it, and of thy Thoughts upon it; for that is a critical Case; and according as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him: For I would not make Mischief between you for the World.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying Part of your Conduct. For he loves the Child; and will judge of you by your Conduct towards it. He dearly loved her Mother; and, notwithstanding her Fault, she well deserv'd it: For she was a sensible, ay, and a modest Lady, and of an ancient and genteel Family. But he was Heir to a noble Estate, was of a bold and enterprising Spirit, fond of Intrigue— Don't let this concern you.— You'll have the greater Happiness and Merit too, if you can hold him—And 'tis my Opinion, if any body can, you will. —Then he did not like the young Lady's Mother, who sought artfully to intrap him. So that the poor Girl, divided between her Inclination for him, and her Duty to her designing Mother, gave into the Plot upon him; and he thought himself, vile Wretch as he was, for all that!—at Liberty to set up Plot against Plot, and the poor Lady's Honour was the Sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him. I hope you received the Child kindly. —I hope you had Presence of Mind to do this. —For it was a nice Part to act; and all his Observations were up, I dare say, on the Occasion. —Do, let me hear how it was. There's my good *Pamela*, do. And write, I charge you, freely and without Restraint; for altho' I am not your Mother, yet am I *his* elder Sister, you know— and, as such—come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me—*your* Sister, and so intituled to expect a Compliance with my Request: For is there not a Duty, in degree, to elder Sisters from younger?

As to our Remarks upon your Behaviour, they have been very much to your Credit, I can tell you that: But, nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested Correspondence with me, consult Lady *Betty*, and will go over your Papers again, and try to find fault with your Conduct; and if we can see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our Minds.

But, before-hand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one Opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the Whole.

So, *Pamela*, you see I put myself upon the same Foot of Correspondence with you. —Not that I will promise to answer every Letter: No, you must not expect that. —Your Part will be a kind of Narrative purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight or ten Letters, as it may happen, before I return one: But such a Part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our Opinion of your Proceedings, and Relations of Things. —And as you wish to be found fault with, as you say, you shall freely have it, (tho' not in a splenetic or illnatur'd way) as often as you give Occasion. Now, you must know, *Pamela*, I have two Views in this: One is, to see how a Man of my Brother's Spirit, who has not deny'd himself any genteel Liberties, (for, it must be own'd, he never was a common Town Rake, and had always Dignity in his Roguery) will behave himself to you, and in Wedlock, which used to be very freely sneered by him: The next, that I may love you more and more, which it will be enough to make me do, I dare say, as by your Letters I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by Conversation; so that you can't be off, if you would.

I know, however, you will have one Objection to this; and that is, that your Family Affairs will require your Attention, and not give you the Time you used to have for this Employment. But consider, Child, the Station you are raised to, does not require you to be quite a domestic Animal. You are lifted up to the Rank of a Lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an Example, as will derive upon you the Ill-will and Censure of other Ladies. —For will any of our Sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such Works as either must be a Reproach to herself, or to them? —You'll have nothing to do but to give Orders. You will consider yourself as the Task-mistress, and the common Herd of Female Servants as so many Negroes directing themselves by your Nod; or yourself as the Master-wheel, in some beautiful Piece of Mechanism, whose dignify'd grave Motion is to set a going all the Under-wheels, with a Velocity suitable to their respective Parts. —Let your Servants, under your Direction; do all that relates to Houshold Oeconomy: They cannot write to entertain and instruct as you can. So what will you have to do? —I'll answer my own Question: In the first Place,

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Endeavour to please your Sovereign Lord and Master; and, let me tell you, any other Woman in *England*, be her Quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, To receive and pay Visits, in order, for his Credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable Neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, You will have Time upon your Hands (as your Monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a Brazen-face as he has been) to write to me, in the manner I have mentioned, and expect; and I see plainly, by your Style, that nothing can be easier for you, than to do this.

And thus, and with Reading, may your Time be filled up with Reputation to yourself, and Delight to others, till a fourth Employment puts itself upon you; and that is, (shall I tell you in one Word, without mincing the Matter?) a Succession of brave Boys, to perpetuate a Family that has for many hundred Years been esteemed worthy and eminent, and which, being now reduced, in the direct Line, to him and me, *expects* it from you; or else, let me tell you, (nor will I balk it) my Brother, by descending to the wholesome Cot—Excuse me, *Pamela*, — will want one Apology for his Conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this, Child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more — but to let you know what is expected from you, and to encourage you in the Prospect that is already opening to you both, and to me, who have the Welfare of the Family I sprung from so much at Heart, altho' I know this will be attended with some Anxieties to a Mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as yours seems to be.

O but this puts me in mind of your Solicitude for fear the Gentlemen should have seen every thing contained in your Letters. —But this I will particularly speak to in a third Letter, having fill'd my Paper on all Sides: And am  
*Yours, &c. Davers.*

You see, and I hope will take it as a Favour, that I break the Ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected Correspondence between us.

LETTER X.

*From the same.*

And so, *Pamela*, you are very solicitous to know if the Gentlemen have seen every Part of your Papers. I can't say but they have. Nor, except in regard to the Reputation of your saucy Man, do I see why the Parts you hint at, might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shewn.

I can tell you, Lady *Betty*, who is a very nice and delicate Lady, had no Objections to any Part, tho' read before Men: Only now and then, crying out— O the vile Man! —See, Lord *Davers*, what Wretches you Men are! —And, commiserating you, Ah! the poor *Pamela*! —And expressing her Impatience to hear on, how you escap'd at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your Escape. —And now—and—then, O Lady *Davers*! what a vile Brother you have! —I hate him perfectly. —The poor Girl cannot be made Amends for all this, tho' he has marry'd her. Who, that knows these Things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his Advantages of Person, Mind and Fortune? —And such—like Expressions in your Praise, and condemning him and his wicked Attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every Tittle of your Danger; how near you were to Ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any Measures to effect his vile Purposes, even daring to attempt you in the Presence of a *good* Woman, which was a Wickedness that every *wicked* Man could not be guilty of;—I say, except one had known these things, one should not have been able to judge of the Merit of your Resistance, and how shocking those Attempts were to your Virtue, insomuch that Life itself was indanger'd by them: Nor, let me tell you, could I in particular, have so well justify'd him for marrying you (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty Temper of Mind) if there had been Room to think he could have had you upon easier Terms.

It was necessary, Child, on twenty Accounts, that we, your and his Well-wishers and Relations, should know that he had try'd every Stratagem, and made use of every Contrivance, to subdue you to his Purpose, before he marry'd you: And how would it have answer'd to his intrepid Character, and Pride of Heart, had we not been particularly let into the Nature of those Attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all, that you have deserv'd the good Fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful Treatment he can possibly shew you?

Nor ought you to be concern'd who sees any the most tender Parts of your Story, except, as I said, for *his* sake; for it must be a very unvirtuous Mind, that can form any other Ideas from what you relate, than those of Terror and Pity for you. Your Expressions are too delicate to give the nicest Ear Offence, except at him. —You paint no Scenes but such as make his Wickedness odious; and that Gentleman, much more Lady, must have a very corrupt Heart, who could, from such Circumstances of Distress, make any Reflections but what should be to your Honour, and in Abhorrence of such Actions. Indeed, Child, I am so convinced of this, that by this Rule I would judge of any Man's Heart in the World, better than by a thousand Declarations and Protestations. I do assure you, rakish as *Jackey* is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord *Davers* has formerly lived, (for he has been a Man of Pleasure) they gave me, by their Behaviour on these tenderer Occasions, Reason to think they had more Virtue than not to be very apprehensive for your Safety; and my Lord several times exclaim'd, that he could not have thought his Brother such a Libertine neither.

Besides, Child, were not these things written in Confidence to your Mother? And bad as his Actions were to you, if you had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been Room for any one who should have seen what you writ, to imagine they had been still worse? —And how could the Terror be supposed to have had such Effects upon you, as to indanger your Life, without imagining you had undergone the worst that a vile Man *could* offer, unless you had told us, what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a Bound, as it were, to one's apprehensive Imaginations of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your Purity, tho' you could not help it?

Moreover, *Pamela*, it was but doing Justice to the Libertine himself, to tell your Mother the whole Truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but that he could stop short of the Execution of his wicked Purposes, which, he apprehended, if pursu'd, would destroy the Life, that, of all Lives, he would chuse to preserve; and you ow'd also thus much to your Parents Peace of Mind, that after all their distracting Fears for you, they might see they had Reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated Daughter. And one cannot but reflect, now all is

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over, and he has made you his Wife, that it must be a Satisfaction to the wicked Man, as well as to yourself, that he was not more guilty than he *was*, and that he took no more Liberties than he *did*.

For my own Part, I must say, that I could not have accounted for your Fits, by any Description short of those you give; and had you been less particular in the Circumstances, I should have judg'd he had been still *worse*, and your Person, tho' not your Mind, less pure, than his Pride would expect from the Woman he should marry: For this is the Case of all Rakes, that tho' they indulge in all manner of Libertinism themselves, there is no Class of Men who exact greater Delicacy than they, from the Persons they marry; tho' they care not how bad they make the Wives, the Sisters, and Daughters of others.

I have run into Length again; so will only add, (and send all my three Letters together) that we all blame you in some degree for bearing the wicked *Jewkes* in your Sight, after the most impudent Assistance she gave to his lewd Attempt; much less, we think, ought you to have left her in her Place, and rewarded her for her Vileness, which could hardly be equalled by the worst Actions of the most abandoned Procuress.

I know the Difficulties you lay under, in his arbitrary Will, and in his Intercession for her: But Lady *Betty* rightly observes, that he knew what a vile Woman she was, when he put you into her Power, and no doubt employ'd her, because he was sure she would answer all his Purposes; and that therefore she should have had very little Opinion of the Sincerity of his Reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there, and in having her put on a foot, in the Present on your Nuptials, with honest *Jervis*.

She would, she says, had she been in your Case, have had one Struggle for her Dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your Virtue, must have thought this a natural Consequence of it, if he was in earnest to reclaim.

I know not whether you shew him all I write, or not: But I have written this last Part in the Cover, as well for want of Room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please. Tho', if you think it will serve any good End, I am not against shewing to him all I write. For I must ever speak my Mind, tho' I were to smart for it; and that nobody can, or has the Heart to make me do, but my bold Brother. So, *Pamela*, for this time,

*Adieu.*

## LETTER XI.

*My good Lady*, I am honoured with your Ladyship's Three Letters, the Contents of which are highly obliging to me: And I should be inexcusable, if I did not comply with your Injunctions, and be very proud and thankful for your Ladyship's Condescension in accepting of my poor Scribble, and promising me such a rich and invaluable Return; of which you have given me already such ample and such delightful Instances. I will not plead my Defects, to excuse my Obedience. I only fear, that the Awe which will be always upon me, when I write to your Ladyship, will lay me under so great a Restraint, that I shall fall short even of the Merit my Papers have already made for me, thro' your kind Indulgence. But nevertheless, sheltering myself under your Goodness, I will chearfully comply with every thing your Ladyship expects from me, that is in my Power to do.

You will give me Leave, Madam, to put into some little Method, the Particulars of what you desire of me; that I may speak to them all: For since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my Papers, (which indeed would not bear in many Places) I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my Readiness to obey you in every thing else.

First, then, your Ladyship would have the Particulars of the happy Fortnight we passed in *Kent*, on one of the most agreeable Occasions that could befall me.

Secondly, An Account of the Manner in which your dear Brother acquainted me with the affecting Story of Miss *Godfrey*, and my Behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your Ladyship, and Lady *Betty*, expect that I should say something upon your welcome Remarks on my Conduct towards Mrs. *Jewkes*.

The other Particulars contained in your Ladyship's kind Letters will naturally fall under one or other of these three Heads. —But expect not, my Lady, tho' I begin in Method thus, that I shall keep up to it; If your Ladyship will not allow for me, and keep in View the poor *Pamela Andrews* in all I write, but will have Mrs. *B.* in your Eye, what will become of me? —But, indeed, I promise myself so much Improvement from this Correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater Delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled Awe and Diffidence that will accompany me, in every Part of the agreeable Task.

To begin with the first Article;

Your dear Brother, and my honest Parents — (I know your Ladyship will expect from me, that on all Occasions I should speak of them with the Duty that becomes a good Child) —I say, then, your dear Brother, and they, and myself, set out on the *Monday Morning* for *Kent*, passing thro' *St. Albans* to *London*, at both which Places we stopp'd a Night; for our dear Benefactor would make us take easy Journeys; and on *Wednesday Evening* we arrived at the sweet Place allotted for the good Couple. We were attended only by *Abraham* and *John*, on Horseback; for Mr. *Colbrand*, having sprain'd his Foot, was in the Travelling—Coach with the Cook and House—Maid, and *Polly Barlow*, a genteel new Servant, whom Mrs. *Brooks* recommended to wait on me.

Mr. *Longman* had been down there for a Fortnight, employ'd in settling the Terms of an additional Purchase to this pretty well—wooded and well—watered Estate; and the Account he gave of his Proceedings was very satisfactory to his honour'd Principal. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the Tenants from pursuing a form'd Resolution of meeting their Landlord on Horseback, at some Miles Distance; for he had inform'd them when he expected us: But knowing how desirous Mr. *B.* was of being retired while he staid here this time, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was settled, and the new Purchase actually enter'd upon, they would have his Presence among them now—and—then; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy Landlord, before we left the Country.

The House, my good Lady, is large and very commodious; and we found every thing about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; which was owing to the worthy Mr. *Longman's* Care and Direction. The Ground is well—stock'd, the Barns and Out—houses in excellent Repair, and my poor Father and Mother have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the Goodnes; we experience from the bountiful Mind of your good Brother.

But indeed, my Lady, I have the Pleasure of discovering every Day more and more, that there is not a better dispos'd and more generous Gentleman in the World than himself, insomuch that, I verily think, he has not been

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so careful to conceal his *bad* Actions as his *good* ones. His Heart is naturally beneficent, and his Beneficence is the Gift of God to him, as I have been so free as to tell him, to serve for excellent Purposes, even for a Foundation to the noblest Superstructure, whenever the Rubbish of Sense shall be clear'd from it, and the Divine Workmen be properly employ'd to build a Temple for the Deity to reside in. —Pardon me, my dear Lady; I wish I may not be impertinently grave: But I find a great many Instances of his considerate Charity, which hardly any body knew of, and which, since I have been his Almoner, could not avoid coming to my Knowledge. —But this, possibly, is no News to your Ladyship. Every body knows the generous Goodness of your own Heart: Every one that wanted Relief tasted the Bounty of your excellent Mother, my late honour'd Lady: So that 'tis a *Family Grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to you, Madam.

This cannot, my dear Lady, I hope, be consid as if I would hereby suppose ourselves less oblig'd. Indeed I know nothing so God-like in Human Nature as this Disposition to do Good to our Fellow-Creatures; for is it not following immediately the Example of that gracious Providence which every Minute is conferring Blessings on us all, and by giving Power to the Rich, makes them but the Dispensers of its Benefits to those that want them? But yet, as there are but too many Objects of Compassion, and as the most beneficent Mind in the World cannot, like Omnipotence, do Good to all, how much are they oblig'd who are distinguished from others? And this, kept in Mind, will always contribute to make the Benefited receive as they ought the Favours of the Obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood in all I mean; but my grateful Heart is so over-fill'd when it is employ'd on this Subject, that methinks I want to say a great deal more, at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much. —Yet, perhaps, the Copies of the Letters I here inclose to your Ladyship, (that mark'd I. written by me to my Father and Mother, on our Return hither from *Kent*; that mark'd II. from my dear Father in Answer to it, and that mark'd III. mine in Reply to his will, (at the same time that they may convince your Ladyship, that I will conceal nothing from you, in the Course of this Correspondence, that may in the least amuse and divert you, or that may better explain our grateful Sentiments) in a great measure, answer what your Ladyship expects from me, as to the happy Fortnight we pass'd in *Kent*.

And here I will conclude this Letter, chusing to suspend the Correspondence, till I know from your Ladyship, whether it will not be too low, too idle for your Attention; whether you will not dispense with your own Commands for my writing to you, when you see it is so little likely to answer what you may possibly expect from me; or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other Way, be less tedious, less serious— in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my Power, your Ladyship may command from,

*Madam, Your obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.*

Your dearest Brother, from whose Knowledge I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable Portion of my Time, gives me Leave to proceed in this Correspondence, if you command it; and is pleas'd to say, He will content himself to see such Parts of it, and *only* such Parts, as I shall shew him, or read to him.— Is not this very good, Madam? —O my Lady, you don't know how happy I am!

## LETTER XII.

*My dear Pamela*, You very much oblige me by your chearful Compliance with my Request. I leave it intirely to you to write in what Manner you please, and as you shall be in the Humour to write, when you take up your Pen; for then I shall have you write with less Restraint: For, you must know, that what we admire in you, are Truth and Nature, and not studied or elaborate Sentiments. We can hear at Church, or we can read in our Closets, fifty good Things that we expect not from you; but we cannot receive from any body else the Pleasure of Sentiments flowing with that artless Ease, which so much affects us when we read your Letters. Then, my sweet Girl, your Gratitude, your Prudence, your Integrity of Heart, your Humility, shine so much in all your Letters and Sentiments, that no Wonder my Brother loves you as he does: But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by Praise ruin those Graces which we admire, and, but for that, cannot praise too much. —In my Conscience, if thou canst hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have him *all to thyself*, and that was once, more than I thought ever any Woman on this Side the Seventieth Year of his Age would ever be able to say. The Letters to and from your Parents we are charm'd with, and the communicating of them to me, I take to be as great an Instance of your Confidence in me, as it is of your Judgment and Prudence; for you cannot but think, that we his Relations are a little watchful over your Conduct, and have our Eyes upon you, to observe what Use you are likely to make of the Power you have over your Man, with respect to your own Relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled Prudence, and you take the right Method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your Marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your Parents, because their Honesty will, I perceive, be their distinguishing Character, and they will not forget themselves, nor their former Condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were to be an *Incroacher*, as the good old Man calls it, my Brother would be one of the first to see it, and he would gradually think less and less of you, till possibly he might come to despise you, and to repent of his Choice: For the least Shadow of an Imposition, or low Cunning, or mean Selfishness, he cannot bear.

In short, you're a charming Girl; and Lady *Betty* says so too; and, moreover, adds, That if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of Husbands, he cannot deserve you, for all his Fortune and Birth. —And, in my Heart, I begin to think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the Sequel of your Letter to your Father? for you promise, my dear charming Scribbler, in that you sent to me, to write again to his Letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter Part of it, about your Relations desiring already to come and live with him. I know what I *expect* from you. But, let it be what it will, send it to me, exactly as you wrote it; and I shall see whether I have Reason to praise or to reprove you. For surely, *Pamela*, you must leave one Room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the Thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more Prudence by Intuition, as it were, than the best of us have in a Series of the genteelest Education, and with fifty Advantages at least in Conversation that *you* could not have, by reason of my Mother's retired Life, while you were with her, and your close Attendance on her Person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great Improvement to you: It is your own Writings. This Itch of Scribbling has been a charming Help to you. For here, having a natural Fund of good Sense, and a Prudence above your Years, you have, with the Observations those Advantages have inabled you to make, been Flint and Steel too, as I may say, to yourself: So that you have struck *Fire* when you pleas'd, wanting nothing but a few dry'd Leaves, like the first Pair in old *Du Bartas*, to serve as Tinder to catch your animating Sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, which impress'd you more than Reading could, and enjoying besides the Benefit of a good Memory, every thing you heard or read became your own; and not only so, but improved by passing thro' more salubrious Ducts and Vehicles; like some fine Fruit grafted upon a common Free-stock, whose more exuberant Juices serve to bring to quicker and greater Perfection the downy Peach, or the smooth Nectarine with its crimson Blush.

Really, *Pamela*, I believe I, too, shall improve by writing to you. —Why, you dear Saucy-face, at this Rate, you'll make every one that converses with you, better, and wiser, and *wittier* too, as far as I know, than they ever before thought there was *Room* for 'em to be.

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As to my own Part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your Correspondence will possibly make me resume the poetical Ideas that used to be strong upon me, before I entered into the drowsy married Life; for my good Lord *Davers's* Turn happens not to be to Books; and so, by Degrees, my Imagination was in a manner quench'd, and I, as a dutiful Wife should, endeavour'd to form my Taste by that of the Man I chose.

But after all, *Pamela*, you are not to be a little proud (I can tell you that) of my Correspondence; and I could not have thought it e'er would have come to this: But you'll have the Penetration to observe, that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without Restraint: For already you have made us a Family of Writers and Readers; so that Lord *Davers* himself is become inamour'd of your Letters, and desires of all things he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, *Jackey*, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering Fellow you ever knew, and whose Delight in a Book ran no higher than a Song or a Catch, now comes in with an inquiring Face, and vows he'll set Pen to Paper, and turn Letter-writer himself; and intends (if my Brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an Answer.

I have twenty Things still to say; for you have unlocked all our Bosoms: And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen Lines when I began; only to tell you, that I would have you take your own Way, in your Subjects, and in your Style. —And if you will but give me Hope, that you are in the Way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate Sister; but, till then, it shall only barely be

*Your Correspondent, Davers.*

You'll proceed with the Account of your *Kentish* Affair, I doubt not.

### LETTER XIII.

*My dear good Lady*, What kind, what generous things, are you pleased to say of your happy Correspondent! And what Reason have I to value myself on such an Advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought, from a Correspondence with so noble and so admired a Lady! I wish I be not now proud indeed! —To be praised by such a Genius, and by the noble Sister of my honoured Benefactor, whose Favour, next to his own, it was always my chief Ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill with Vanity a steadier and a more equal Mind than mine.

I have heard from my late honoured Lady, what a fine Pen her beloved Daughter was Mistress of, when she pleased to take it up: But I never could have had the Presumption, but from your Ladyship's own Motion, to hope to be in any manner the Subject of it, much less to be called your Correspondent.

Indeed, Madam, I *am* proud, *very* proud of this Honour, and consider it as such a Heightening to my Pleasures, as only *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your Ladyship without Reserve.

But permit me, in the first Place, to disclaim any Merit, from my own poor Writings, to that Improvement which your Goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast of that Sort, is owing principally, if it deserves Commendation, to my late excellent Lady. It is hardly to be imagined what Pains her Ladyship took with her poor Servant. Besides making me keep a Book of her Charities dispensed by my Hands, she caused me always to set down, in my Way, the Cases of the Distressed, their Grievs from their Misfortunes, and their Joys in her bountiful Relief; and so I was enter'd early into the various Turns that affected worthy Hearts, and was taught the better to regulate my own, especially by the Help of the fine Observations which my good Lady used to make to me, when I read to her what I wrote. For many a time has her worthy Heart run over with Pleasure at my Remarks, and with Praises; and I was her good Girl, her dear *Pamela*, her hopeful Maiden; and she would sometimes snatch my Hand with Transport, and draw me to her, and vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying, what she would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to be deserving.

O my dear Lady! you cannot think what an Encouragement this condescending Behaviour and Goodness was to me. Indeed, Madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her Feet, and embrace her Knees; and, my Eyes streaming with Tears of Joy, would often cry, O continue to me, my dearest Lady, the Blessing of your Favour and kind Instructions, and it is all your happy, happy *Pamela* can wish for!

But I will proceed to obey your Ladyship, and write with as much Freedom as I possibly *can*: For you must not expect, that I can be intirely divested of that Awe, which will lay me under more Restraint, than if I was writing to my Father and Mother, whose Partiality for their Daughter made me in a manner secure of their good Opinions.

And now, that I may shorten the Work before me, in the Account I am to give of the sweet Fortnight that we passed in *Kent*, I inclose not only the Copy of the Letter your Ladyship desired me to send you, but my Father's Answer to it, which, with those you have already, will set before your Ladyship all you want to see in relation to the Desire some of my Kindred had to live with my Father, and my own Advice on the Occasion. And I am humbly confident you will join in Sentiment with me: For Persons are less doubtful of Approbation, when their Minds are incapable of dark Reserves, or such Views as they would be afraid should be detected by the most watchful Observer of their Conduct: And your Ladyship gives me double Pleasure, that you are pleased to have an Eye upon mine; first, Because I hope it will be such as will, generally, bear the strictest Scrutiny; and next, Because, when my Actions fall short of my Intentions, I presume to hope your Ladyship will be as kind a Monitor to me, as you are a Correspondent; and then I shall have an Opportunity to correct myself, and be, as near as my slender Talents will permit, what your Ladyship would have me to be.

As the Letters I sent before, and those I now send, will let your Ladyship into several Particulars, such as a brief Description of the House and Farm, and your honoured Brother's Intentions of retiring thither now—and—then; of the Happiness and Gratitude of my dear Parents, and their Wishes to be able to deserve the Comforts his Goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger Lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest: And, particularly,

That the Behaviour of my dear Benefactor to me, to my Parents, to Mr. *Longman*, and to the Tenants, was one

continued Series of Benignity and Condescension. He endeavoured, in every kind and generous way, to encourage the good Couple to be free and chearful with him; and seeing them unable to get over that Awe and Respect which they owe him above all Mankind, and which they sought to pay him on all Occasions, he would take their Hands, and more than once called them by the nearest and dearest Names of Relationship, as if they were his own Parents; and I believe would have distinguish'd them oftener in this manner, but that he saw them too much affected with his Goodness to bear the Honour (as my dear Father says in his first Letter) with *Equalness of Temper*; and he seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before Strangers, and before the Tenants, and before Mr. *Sorby*, and Mr. *Bennet*, and Mr. *Shepherd*, three of the principal Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, who, with their Ladies, came to visit us, and whose Visits we *all* returned; for your dear Brother would not permit my Father and Mother to decline the Invitation of those worthy Families.

Judge you, my dear Lady, with what a Joy these kind Distinctions, and this sweet Behaviour, must fill their honest Hearts: Judge of my grateful Sentiments and Acknowledgements on these hourly Instances of his Goodness; and judge of the Respect and Esteem with which this must inspire every one to the good Couple. And when once Mrs. *Bennet* had like to have said something of their former Condition, which she would have recalled in some Confusion, and when she could not, apologized for it, the dear Gentleman said,—All is well, Mrs. *Bennet*: No Apologies are necessary; and to shew you they are not, I'll tell you myself what you cannot have heard so particularly from others, and which were I to endeavour to conceal, would be a Piece of Pride as stupid as despicable: So, in a concise manner, he gave them an Account of my Story, so much to my Advantage, and so little to his own, in the ingenuous Relation of his Attempts upon me, that you can't imagine, Madam, how much the Gentry were affected by it, and how much, in particular, they applauded him for the Generosity of his Actions to me and to my dear Parents. And your Ladyship will permit me to observe, that since the Matter is circumstanced as it is, Policy, as well as Nobleness of Mind, obliged from the dear Gentleman this Frankness and Acknowledgement; for having said *worse* of himself, and as mean of our Fortunes, as they could think, what remained for the Hearers but to *applaud*, when he had left them no Room to *reproach*, not so much as in Thought?

Every Day we rode out, or walked a little about the Grounds; and while we were there, he employ'd Hands to cut a Vista thro' a Coppice, as they call it, but rather a little Wood, to a rising Ground, which fronting an old-fashion'd Balcony in the Middle of the House, he ordered it to be planted like a Grove, and a little Building to be erected on its Summit, in the Fashion of an antient *Greek* Temple, of which he has sent them a Draught, drawn by his own Hand, from one he had seen Abroad; and this, and a few other Alterations mentioned in my Letter to my Father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear Gentleman was every Hour pressing me, while there, to take one Diversion or other, frequently apbraiding me, that I seemed not to chuse any thing; urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to chuse for me; saying he was half-afraid, that my constant Compliance with every thing he proposed, laid me sometimes under a Restraint; and he would have me have a Will of my own, since it was impossible, that it could be such as he should not take a Delight in conforming to it.

But, when (as I told him) his Favour for me made him rather study what was obliging to me, than himself, and that he prevented all my Wishes by his Goodness, how was it possible for me not to receive with Pleasure and Gratitude every Intimation from him, in such a manner, as that tho' it might seem to be the Effect of an implicit Obedience to his Will, yet was it (nor could it be otherwise) intirely my own?

I will not trouble your Ladyship with any further Particulars relating to this happy Fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded Days, to the very last; and your Ladyship will judge, better than I can describe, what a Parting there was between my dear Parents, and their honoured Benefactor, and me.

We set out, attended with the good Wishes of Crouds of Persons of all Degrees; for your dear Brother left behind him noble Instances of his Bounty; it being the *first* Time, as he bid Mr. *Longman* say, that he had been down among them since that Estate had been in his Hands.

But permit me, Madam, to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy Period, thanking God in private, for the blessed Terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which once were tender'd to me; for your Ladyship will remember, that the *Kentish* Estate was to be Part of the Purchase of my Infamy.

We return'd thro' *London* again, by the like easy Journeys, but tarry'd not to see any thing of that vast

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Metropolis, any more than we did in going through it before; your beloved Brother only stopping at his Banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome House, which he purposes to take for his Winter Residence: He chuses it to be about *Soho-Square*, or the new Buildings called *Hanover-Square*; and he left Mr. *Longman* there, to see one, which his Banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear good Lady, I have answer'd your first Commands, by the Help of the Letters which passed between my dear Parents and me; and conclude this, with the Assurance, that I am, with high Respect,

*Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XIV.

*My dearest Lady*, I now set myself to obey your Ladyship's second Command, which is, To give an Account in what manner your dear Brother broke to me the Affair of the unfortunate Miss *Godfrey*, with my Behaviour upon it: And this I cannot do better, than by transcribing the Relation I gave at the Time, in those Letters to my dear Parents which your Ladyship has not seen, in these very Words.

Thus far, my dear Lady, the Relation I gave to my Parents, at the Time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy Affair.

It is a great Pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself, from the Hints you kindly give me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, Madam, I could not help it; for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy Lady; and tho' I could not but rejoice, that I had had the Grace to escape the dangerous Attempts of the dear Intriguer, yet never did the Story of any unfortunate Lady make such an Impression upon me as hers did: She loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous Advantages of her soft Passion for him; and so, by Degrees, put herself in his Power, and too seldom, alas! have the noblest-minded of the seducing Sex the Mercy or the Goodness to spare the poor Creatures that do! —And then this Love, to be sure, is a sad Thing, when once it is suffer'd to reign! —A perfect Tyrant!—requiring an unconditional Obedience to its arbitrary Dictates, and deeming every Instance of Discretion, and Prudence, and Virtue itself, too often, but as so many Acts of Rebellion to its usurped Authority.

And then, how do even Blemishes become Perfections in those we love? Crimes themselves too often, to inconsiderate Minds, appear but as human Failings; and human Failings are a *common Cause*, and always pardonable by human Frailty.

Then 'tis another Misfortune of People in Love, they always think highly of the beloved Object, and lowly of themselves; such a dismal Mortifier is Love!

I say not this, Madam, to excuse the poor Lady's Fall: Nothing can do that; because Virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all Considerations, and to Life itself. But methinks I love this dear Lady so well, for the sake of her edifying Penitence, that I would fain extenuate her Crime, if I could; and the rather, as, in all Probability, it was a *first Love* on *both* Sides; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* Deceiver.

Your Ladyship will see by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss *Goodwin*; and I am so fond of the little Charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy Mother, tho' personally unknown to me, as for the Relation she bears to the dear Gentleman whom I am bound to love and honour, that I must beg your Ladyship's Interest to procure her to be given up to my Care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly, as if I was her own Mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaultry Baby is so justly beloved by Mr. *B*. But I will here conclude this Letter, with assuring your Ladyship, that I am,

*Your obliged and humble Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XV.

*My good Lady*, I now come to your Ladyship's Remarks on my Conduct to Mrs. *Jewkes*; which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving, considering the poor Woman's Baseness.

Your Ladyship says, "That I ought not to have borne her in my Sight, after the impudent Assistance she gave to his lewd Attempts; much less to have left her in her Place, and rewarded her for her Vileness." Alas! my dear Lady, what could I do; a poor Prisoner, as I was made, for Weeks together, in Breach of all the Laws of Civil Society; not a Soul who durst be my Friend; and every Day expecting to be ruin'd and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determin'd Spirits in *England*? —And when it pleased God to turn his Heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked Attempts, and to profess honourable Love to me, his poor Servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon Conditions with such a Gentleman, who had me in his Power; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked Purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoy'd, after all my Dangers past, (which were so great, that I could not go to Rest, nor rise, but with such Apprehensions, that I wish'd for Death rather than Life) to think of refusing any Terms that I could yield to, and keep my Honour.

And tho' such noble Ladies, as your Ladyship and Lady *Betty*, who are born to Independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a Foot with the highest—descended Gentleman in the Land, might have exerted Spirit, and would have had a Right to pick and chuse your own Servants, and distribute Rewards and Punishments to the Deserving and Undeserving, at your own good Pleasure; yet what had I, a poor Girl, who ow'd my Title even to common Notice, to the Bounty of my late good Lady, and a kind of imputed Sightliness of Person, which had made me only the Subject of vile Attempts; who from a Situation of Terror and Apprehension was lifted up to a Hope, beyond my highest Ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad Woman, as an Instance, that I could forgive his own hard Usage of me; who had experienced so often the Violence and Impetuosity of his Temper, which even his beloved Mother never resisted till it subsided; and then indeed he was all Goodness and Acknowledgement, (of which I could give your Ladyship more than one Instance) what, I say, had I to do, to take upon me Lady—Airs, and resent?

But, my dear Ladies, (let me, in this Instance, bespeak both your Ladyships Attention) I should be inexcusable, if I did not tell you all the Truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor Wretch, in regard to *his Commands*, but from *my own Inclination*.

If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your Ladyships; and, as I pretend not to Perfection, am ready to take the Blame I shall be found to deserve in your Ladyships Judgment; but indeed, were it to do again, I verily think, I could not help forgiving her. And were I not able to say this, I should be thought to have made a mean Court to my Master's Passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my Eyes open: Which, I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When this poor Creature was put into my Power, (seemingly at least, tho' it might possibly have been resum'd, and I might have been re—committed to hers, had I given him Reason to think I made an arrogant Use of it) you cannot imagine what a Triumph I had in my Mind on the mortify'd Guilt, which (from the highest Degree of Insolence and Imperiousness, that before harden'd her masculine Features) appear'd in her Countenance, when she found the Tables likely to be soon turn'd upon her.

This Change of Behaviour, which at first operated in sullen Awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent Respect, shew'd me, what an Influence Power had over her; and that when she could treat her late Prisoner, when taken into Favour, so obsequiously, it was the less Wonder the bad Woman could think it her Duty to obey Commands so unjust, when her Obedience to them was required from her Master.

To be sure, if a Look could have killed her, after some of her bad Treatment, she had been slain over and over, as I may say: But to me, who always was taught to distinguish between the Person and the Action, I could not hold my Resentment against the poor passive Machine of Mischief, one Day together, tho' her Actions were so odious to me.

I should indeed except that Time of my grand Trial, when she appear'd so much a Wretch to me, that I saw her not (even after two Days that she was kept from my Sight) without great Flutter and Emotion of Heart; and I had

represented to your Brother before, how hard a Condition it was for me to forgive so much unwomanly Wickedness† .

But, my dear Ladies, when I consider'd the Matter in *one* particular Light, I could the more easily forgive her; and *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my Sight*, and act by her (as a Consequence of that Forgiveness) as if she had not so horridly offended. — Else, how would it have been Forgiveness? Especially as she was ashamed of her Crime, and there was no Fear of a Repetition of it.

Thus then I thought on the Occasion: Poor wretched Agent, for Purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* Master and *my* Master will have it so. And indeed thou art beneath the Resentment even of such a poor Girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject, as thou art. And she who is the Object of my *Pity*, is surely beneath my *Anger*. My Eye, that used to quiver and tremble at thy haughty Eye, shall now, with conscious Worthiness, take a superior Steadiness, and look down thy scouling guilty one into Self-Condernation, the State thou couldst never cast mine into, nor from it wilt be able to raise thine own! Bear the Reproach of thy own wicked Heart, low, vile Woman, unworthy as thou art of the *Name*, and chosen, as it should seem, for a Foil to the Innocent, and to make Purity shine forth the brighter, the *only* good Use such Wretches as thou can be of to others (except for Examples of Penitence and Mercy): This will be Punishment enough for thee, without my exposing myself to the Imputation of descending so near to a Level with thee, as to resent thy Baseness, when thou hast no Power to hurt me!—

Such were then my Thoughts, my proud Thoughts, so far was I in my Heart, and, I hoped, in the very Act that proceeded from that Heart, from *intentional* Meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B.'s Interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject, *Self*-mortify'd, and *Master*-mortify'd Mrs. *Jewkes!*—

And do you think, Ladies, when you revolve in your Thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I was designed to be; when you revolve the amazing Turn in my Favour, and the Prospects before me (Prospects so much above my Hopes, that I left them intirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those Prospects seemed naturally to tend); when I could see my haughty Persecutor become my repentant Protector; the lofty Spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without Awe, except in those animating Cases, where his Guilt, and my Innocence, gave me a Courage, more than natural to my otherwise dastardly Heart: When this impetuous Spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low Character of his Servant, and was his Prisoner, under Sentence of a Ruin worse than Death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very Purpose, could stoop to acknowledge the Vileness of those Purposes: Could say, at one time, "That my Forgiveness of Mrs. *Jewkes* should stand me in greater Stead than I was aware of:" Could tell her, before me, "That she must for the future shew me all the Respect that was due to one he must love:" At another, acknowlege before her, "That he had been stark naught, and that I was very forgiving† : " Again†† , to Mrs. *Jewkes*, putting himself on a Level with her, as to Guilt, "We are both in generous Hands: and indeed, if *Pamela* did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, because you acted by my Instructions:" Another time to the same§ , "We have been both Sinners, and must be both included in one Act of Grace:"

When I say, I was thus lifted up to the State of a sovereign Forgiver, and my lordly Master became a Petitioner for himself, and for the guilty Creature, whom he put under my Feet; what a Triumph was here for the poor *Pamela!* And could I have been guilty of so mean a Pride, as to trample upon the poor abject Creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortify'd, and so much in my Power? For so she actually was, while I seemed to think so: And would it have been good Manners with regard to my Master, or Policy with respect to myself, to doubt it, after he had so declared?—

Then, my dear Ladies, while I was enjoying the Soul-charming Fruits of that Innocence which the Divine Grace had inabled me to preserve, in spite of so many Plots and Contrivances on my *Master's* Side, and such wicked Instigations, and Assistances on hers, and all my Prospects were improving upon me beyond my Wishes; when all was Sunshine, unclouded Sunshine, and I possessed my Mind in Peace, and had nothing to do but to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my Unworthiness; when I saw, as I said above, my Persecutor become my Protector, my active Enemy, no longer my Enemy, but creeping, with slow, doubtful Feet, and speaking to me, with awful hesitating Doubt of my Acceptation; a Stamp of an insolent Foot, turned into court'sying half-bent Knees; threatening Hands into supplicating Folds; and the Eye unpitying to Innocence, running over with the Sense of her own Guilt, a faltering Accent on her late menacing Tongue, and uplifted

Handkerchief,—“I see she will be my Lady: And then I know how it will go with me;”—Was not this, my Ladies, a Triumph of Triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted *Pamela*?— Could I do less than pardon her? And having declared, that I did so, was I not to shew the Sincerity of my Declaration?

Indeed, indeed, my dear good Ladies, I found such a Subject for Exultation in this providential Change of my Condition, that I had much ado to subdue my rising Pride, and thought there was more Danger of being lifted up, (every Moment, to see such improving Contrition on the poor Creature's Part) than to be supposed guilty of a Meanness of Heart, in *stooping* (yes, Madam, that was then the proudly proper Word, in the Elevation wherein I found myself) to forgive her! —And, what! should I not forgive a Creature for that very Baseness, which, happily withstood, had so largely contributed to exalt me? Indeed, my dear good Ladies, permit me to repeat, I could not chuse but to forgive her! —How could I? —And would it not have been out of Character in me, and against all Expectation of my high-soul'd (tho' sometimes, as in my Case, for a great while together, meanly-acting) Master, if I had not?—

Would it not have shewn him, that the lowborn *Pamela* was incapable of a generous Action, had she refused the *only* Request her humble Condition had given her the Opportunity of granting, at that time, with Innocence? Would he not have thought the humble Cottager as capable of Insolence, and Vengeance too, in her Turn, as the betterborn? And that she wanted but the Power, to shew that unrelenting Temper by which she had so grievously suffer'd? —And might not this have given him Room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his Purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept Mistress, than an humble and obliged Wife?—

I see, (might he not have said?) the Girl has strong Passions and Resentments; and she that has, will be *acted*, and sometimes *govern'd*, by them. —I will improve upon the Hint she herself has now given me, by her inexorable Temper:—I will gratify her Revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her Pride, till I make it administer to her Fall: For a Wife I cannot think of, in the lowborn Cottager; especially when she has lurking in her all the Pride and Arrogance (you know, my Ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our Sex) of the better-descended. —And by a little Perseverance, and watching her unguarded Hours, and applying Temptations to her Passions, I shall first discover them, and then make my Advantage of them.—

Might not this have been the Language, and this the Resolution, of such a dear wicked Intriguer? —For, my Lady, you can hardly conceive the Struggles he apparently had to bring down his high Spirit to so humble a Level. And tho', I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* Case, ineffectual, thro' Divine Grace, yet how do I know what lurking Vileness might have appeared by Degrees in this frail Heart, to have encouraged his Designs, and to have augmented my Trials and my Dangers? And perhaps downright Violence might have been used, if he could not on one hand have subdu'd his Passion, nor on the other, have overcome his Pride. A Pride, that every one, reflecting upon the Disparity of Birth and Condition between us, would have dignify'd with the Name of *Decency*; a Pride that was become such an essential Part of the dear Gentleman's Character, in this Instance of a Wife, that altho' he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small Motive in his chusing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more Humility, more Submission, than he thought he had Reason to flatter himself would be paid him, by a Lady equally born and educated: And of this I will send your Ladyship an Instance, in a Transcription from that Part of my Journal you have not seen, of his Lessons to me, on the Occasion your Ladyship so well remembers, of my incurring his Displeasure by interposing between yourself and him†, in your Misunderstanding at the Hall; for, Madam, I intend to send, at times, any thing I think worthy of your Ladyship's Attention, out of those Papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in the Lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such Judges.

Thus, could your Ladyship have thought it?— have I ventur'd upon a strange Paradox, that even this strongest Instance of his Debasing himself, is not the weakest Instance of his Pride; and he ventured once at Sir *Simon Darnford's* to say, in your Ladyship's Hearing, as you may remember, that in his Conscience he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable Husband to any body but *Pamela*: And why? For the Reasons you will see in the inclosed Papers, which give an Account of the noblest and earliest Curtain-lecture that ever Girl had: One of which is, That he expects to be *borne* with, (*comply'd* with, he meant) even when in the wrong: Another, That a Wife should never so much as expostulate with him, tho' he *was* in the wrong, till by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shewn him, she designed rather to convince him for his *own* sake, than for *Contradiction's* sake: And then, another time, perhaps he might take better Resolutions†.

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your Ladyship, and to Lady *Betty* too, that I am justify'd, or at

least excusable, in pardoning Mrs. *Jewkes*: And I have yet another Reason behind, for doing so, had she been as absolutely in my Power, as the Wish of the most resenting Person in the World could have made her; and that is, the Hope I had, that the poor Creature, by being continued in a Family where the Gentleman gave Hopes of so desirable a Reformation, and where the Example of the Person he was about to honour in so eminent a Degree, beyond all that could have been hoped for by her a few Days before, might, possibly contribute to make her change her Manner of Thinking, as well as Acting.

I looked upon the poor Wretch, in all her Deportment to me, in my Days of Trial, as one devoted to Perdition, by her own Act and Deed; as one who had no Regard to a future State; and who, while she could live in Ease and Plenty for a wretched poor Term of Years, the Remainder of an ill-spent Life, cared not what she did, and was ready to undertake any thing which Persons of Power and Riches would put her upon: That even were she to be turned off disgracefully, at my Desire, besides shewing myself to be of an implacable Spirit, which some People would have imputed to right, some to wrong Motives, as they favoured me or not, she might be entertained by some profligate Persons, to whose Baseness such a Woman might be useful; and that then her Power to do Mischief might be augmented, and she might go on more successfully to do the Devil's Work, and several innocent Creatures might be intangled, like so many thoughtless Flies, in the insnaring Web of this venomous-hearted Spider, which I had so happily escaped. Is it not better then, thought I, if I can impress *Conviction* upon the poor Wretch, whom its hopeful Forerunner *Shame* had already taken hold of, and add the delightful Hope of Mischiefs prevented, to that of a Soul reclaimed? And may not I, who have been so hardly used by her, for *that* very Reason, have more Influence upon her, than any other Person, even the best of Divines, could have? ———When I talk to her in a virtuous Way, will she not see, that I talk from *Example*, (pardon my Presumption, Madam, in saying so) as well as *Precept*? Will she not see, that those Principles must proceed from a right Direction, a Direction *worthy* of being followed, which could make a Sufferer by her, forgive as readily as she could err; and in Hopes of reclaiming her to the Paths of Virtue, forget that she was either her Enemy or her Superior, tho' the one she had Reason to apprehend, and the other she saw I was become?

Nay, would not this Behaviour of mine, very probably, operate on a much higher and nobler Subject, her dear naughty Master, and let *him* see the Force and Amiability of a virtuous Habit? that there must be something in those Laws, that could make so young a Creature pursue them, in an Instance so difficult to some Minds, (and especially to the Passionate and High-born) that of forgiving Injuries, when in one's Power to resent, and of returning Good for Evil?

And then, when no sullen Behaviour to the poor Wretch, on my Side, took Place; no distant Airs were affected, no angry Brow put on, nor Sharpness of Speech, to one who might expect all these from me; would it not shew him, that I was sincere in my Forgiveness? that I was not able to bear Malice? was a Stranger to Revenge? had truly that Softness of Nature, and Placableness of Disposition, which he would wish for in a Person he thought to honour; which he holds to be the greatest Merit in our Sex; and which, I dare say, your Ladyship will join with me in Opinion, is indispensably necessary for a happy Life in the Person who is his Wife?

Then I have no Notion of that slight Distinction I have so often heard, between *forgive* and *forget*, when Persons have a mind to split Hairs, and to distinguish away their Christian Duties by a Word, and say, *I must forgive such an Action, but I will never forget it*: When I would rather say, *I will remember such an Action, in order for my future Guard*; but *I will forgive it as often as I remember it, or else I will try to forget it for ever, if it will occasion a Breach in my Christian Charity*.

After what I have said, I will not name lesser Considerations, such as that of my being forced to accompany with the poor Woman, and my being destitute of the Company of my own Sex, but of such as were too inferior and stupid for me to take Notice of, in the Prospect before me.

But one thing I may mention further: Might it not, Ladies, be right, that by keeping her, I should make the World think, that Mr. B. had not gone such very wicked Lengths, as would have been imagin'd, if she had not been supportable to me in the same House? Which, moreover, those Persons, who might not know those Reasons which it was not to your dear Brother's Credit to give, might have imputed to me as Arrogance, or Revenge; and so brought still greater Disgrace upon the Choice he had made of me, as if I would take as much upon me, as tho' I were to be the Obliger instead of the Obliged; and who knows, besides, what she might have reported of both, had she been dismissed?

How then, dearest Ladies, if these Considerations have any Weight, could I act otherwise than I did, either

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with respect to your honoured Brother, myself, or the poor Woman? And when I tell your Ladyship, that I have all the Reason in the World to be pleased with this Manner of Acting, in the Confidence it has given me with Mr. B. and his good Opinion of the Sincerity of my Charity, and (in what I was very desirous of) its Effects upon the poor Woman, I dare say, both your Ladyships Opinions will be in my Favour on this Head.

But your dear Brother has just sent me Word, that Supper waits for me; and the Post, moreover, being going off, I defer till the next Opportunity what I have to say as to these good Effects; and am, mean time,

*Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.*

**LETTER XVI.**

*My dear Lady*, I will now acquaint you with the good Effect my Behaviour to Mrs. *Jewkes* has had upon her, as a further Justification of my Conduct towards the poor Woman.

That she began to be affected as I wish'd, appeared to me before I left the Hall, not only in the Conversations I had with her after my Happiness was completed; but it still appears in her general Demeanor to the Servants, to the Neighbours, and in her devout Behaviour at Church; but still more particularly in a Letter I have received from Miss *Darnford*. I dare say, your Ladyship will be pleased with the Perusal of the whole Letter, altho' a Part of it would answer my present Design: And in Confidence that you will excuse, for the sake of its other Beauties, the high and undeserved Praises which Miss's Goodness makes her so lavishly to bestow upon me, I will transcribe it all.

**From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.**

'My dear Neighbour that was, I must depend upon your known Goodness, to excuse me for not writing before now, in Answer to your Letter of Compliment to us, for the Civilities and Favours, as you call them, which you received from us in *Lincolnshire*, where we were infinitely more obliged to you, than you to us.

'The Truth is, my Papa has been much disordered with a kind of rambling Rheumatism, to which the Physicians, learnedly speaking, give the Name of *Arthritica vaga*, or the Flying Gout; and when he ails ever so little, (It signifies nothing concealing his Infirmities, where they are so well known, and when he cares not who knows them) he is so peevish, and wants so much Attendance, that my Mamma, and her two Girls, (one of which is as waspish as her Papa; you may be sure I don't mean myself) have much ado to make his Worship keep the Peace: And I being his Favourite, when he is indisposed, because I have most Patience, if I may give myself a good Word, he calls upon me continually, to read to him when he is grave, which is not often indeed, and to tell him Stories, and sing to him, when he is merry; and so I have been employ'd as a principal Person about him, till I have frequently become sad to make him chearful, and happy when I could do it at any Rate. For once, in a Pet, he flung a Book at my Head, because I had not attended him for Two Hours, and he could not bear to be slighted by little Bastards, that was his Word, that were father'd upon him for his Vexation! ;—Ah!—thought I, but I durst not say it—if thy Lady had been half as lively as thou hast been in thy Day, my worthy Vather, thou mightest have had some Reasons for the Epithet!

'Forgive me, dear Friend; you know I'm a bold Girl: But I love him dearly for all that, and honour him too; and he knows I do;—————and, what's strange, if he did not love me again, would not have flung his Book at my Head. —O these Men! Fathers or Husbands, much alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent; so that, between one and t'other, a poor Girl has nothing for it, but a few Weeks Courtship, and perhaps a first Month's Bridalry, if that; and then she's as much a Slave to a Husband, as she was a Vassal to her Father—I mean, if the Father be a Sir *Simon Darnsord*, and the Spouse a Mr. B.

'But I will be a little more grave; for a graver Occasion calls for it; and yet an Occasion that will give you real Pleasure. It is the very great Change that the Example you have left behind you has had upon your Housekeeper.

'You desired her to keep up as much Regularity as she could among the Servants there; and she is next to exemplary in it; so that she has every one's good Word. She speaks of her Lady not only with Respect, but Reverence, and calls it a blessed Day for all the Family, and particularly for herself, that you came into *Lincolnshire*. She reads Prayers, or makes one of the Servants read them, every *Sunday* Night, and never misses being at Church, Morning and Afternoon, and is preparing herself by Mr. *Peters's* Advice and Direction, for receiving the Sacrament, which she earnestly longs to receive, and says it will be the Seal of her Reformation.

'Mr. *Peters* gives us this Account of her, and says she is full of Contrition for her past mis-spent Life, and is often asking him, If such and such Sins can be forgiven? and among them names her vile Behaviour to her Angel-Lady, as she calls you.

'It seems, she has written a Letter to you, which passed Mr. *Peters's* Revisal before she had the Courage to send it; and prides herself, that you have favoured her with an Answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will be found in a Cover of black Silk next her Heart; for any thing from your Hand, she is sure, will be efficacious to her to make her keep her good Purposes; and for that Reason she places it there: And when she has any bad Thoughts, or is guilty of any faulty Word or passionate Expression, she recollects her Lady's Letter, and that recovers her to a Calm, and puts her again into a better Frame.

'As she has written to you, 'tis possible I might have spar'd you the Trouble of reading this Account of her; but yet you will not be displeas'd, that so free a Liver and Speaker, should have some Testimonial besides her own Assurances, to vouch for the Sincerity of her Reformation.

'What a happy Lady are you, that Persuasion dwells upon your Tongue, and Reformation follows your Example! We all hear continually of your Excellencies. Every body is proud of speaking of you, and of having something to say of what they observe in you. This makes us long more and more to see you here again. My Papa t'other Day said, he wish'd you'd undertake him.

'This is not the least of what is admirable in you, that profess'd Rakes and Libertines, who take upon

themselves to ridicule Seriousness in every body else, speak of you with Reverence; and while they attribute Phariſaical Pride, or Affectation, or Hypocriſy, to other good Perſons, they ſay you are a Credit to Religion, and that adorns you, and you that.

'Happy, thrice happy Mrs. *B.*! May you long live the Ornament of your Sex, and a Credit to all your Acquaintance! Such Examples as you ſet, how are they wanted in an Age ſo deprav'd! I fear not making you proud, ſince Praise but puts the Worthy upon enlarging their Deſervings: For who, as I heard you once ſay, can ſit down eaſy under imputed Attributes they do not deſerve? — If they will not diſclaim Praise they have not merited, when apply'd to their Conduct, they give an Earneſt, by receiving it, that they will *endeavour* to do it, and ought never to reſt till they have made themſelves a Title to it.

'Happy Mr. *B.*! —But why ſay I ſo; ſince, with more Propriety, I may ſay, Happy Every-one who ſees, who knows, who converſes with Mrs. *B.* not more the Glory of the humble Cot, than ſhe is capable of adorning the princely Palace!

'If you knew how I love you, you would favour me with your Preſence and Converſation, if it was in your own Power to do ſo; and then I would rank myſelf among the *Happies*, and call myſelf,

*'The Happy Polly Darnford.'*

Your Ladyſhip will, as I ſaid, forgive me what may appear like Vanity in this Communication. Miſs *Darnford* is a charming young Lady. I always admir'd her; but her Letters are the ſweeteſt, kindeſt! —But I am too much the Subject of *their* Encomiums, and ſo will ſay no more; but add here the Copy of the poor Woman's Letter to me; and your Ladyſhip will ſee what an ample Correſpondence you have open'd to yourſelf, if you go on to countenance it.

*'Honoured Madam,* I have been long labouring under two Difficulties; the Deſire I had to write to you, and the Fear of being thought preſumptuous, if I did. But I will depend on your Goodneſs, ſo often try'd; and put Pen to Paper, in that very Cloſet, and on that very Desk, which once were ſo much uſed by your dear Self, when I was acting a Part, that now cuts me to the Heart, to think of. But you forgave me, Madam, and ſhew'd me you had too much Goodneſs to revoke your Forgiveness. And could I have ſilenc'd the Reproaches of my own Heart, I ſhould have had no Cauſe to think I had ever offended.

'But, oh! Madam, how has your Goodneſs to me, which once fill'd me with ſo much Gladneſs, now, on Reflection, made me ſorrowful, and at times miſerable! —To think I ſhould act ſo barbarouſly as I did, by ſo much Sweetneſs, and ſo much Forgivingneſs! Every Place that I remember to have uſed you hardly in, how does it now fill me with Sadneſs, and makes me often ſmite my Breſt, and ſit down with Tears and Groans, bemoaning my vile Actions, and my hard Heart! How many Places are there in this melancholy fine Houſe, that call one thing or other to my Remembrance, that gives me Remorſe! But the Pond, and the Woodhouſe, whence I dragg'd you ſo mercileſly, after I had driven you to Deſpair almoſt, what Thoughts do they bring to my Remembrance! —Then my wicked Inſtigations;— What an odious Wretch was I!

'Had his Honour been as abandoned as myſelf, what a Virtue had been deſtroy'd between *his* Orders, and *my* too rigorous Execution of them; nay, ſtretching them, to ſhew my wicked Zeal, to ſerve a Maſter, that tho' I honour'd, I ſhould not, (as you more than once hinted to me, but with no Effect at all, ſo impenetrably wicked was my Heart) have ſo well obey'd in his unlawful Purpoſes.

'His Honour has made you Amends, has done Juſtice to your Merits, and ſo aton'd *his* Fault. But as for *me*, it is out of my Power ever to make Reparation! All that is left me, is, to let your Ladyſhip ſee, that your pious Example has made ſuch an Impreſſion upon me, that I am miſerable now in the Reflection upon my paſt Guilt!—

'*You* have forgiven me, and *GOD* will, I hope; for the Creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator; that is all my Hope! —Yet ſometimes, I dread, that I am forgiven here, at leaſt not puniſh'd, in order to be puniſh'd the more here—after! — What will then become of the unhappy Wretch, that has thus lived in a State of Sin, and had ſo qualify'd herſelf by a Courſe of Wickedneſs, as to be thought a proper Inſtrument for the worſt Purpoſes that any one could be employ'd in?

'Good your Ladyſhip, let not my honour'd Maſter ſee this Letter. He will think I have the Boldneſs to reflect upon him; when, God knows my Heart, I only write to condemn myſelf, and my *unwomanly* Actions, as you were pleas'd often moſt juſtly to call them.

'But I might go on thus for ever accusing myſelf, not conſidering who I am writing to; and whoſe precious Time I am taking up. —But what I chiefly write for, I am not come to yet; that is, to beg your Ladyſhip's Prayers

for me. For oh, Madam, I fear I shall else be for ever miserable! We every Week hear of the Good you do, and the Charity you extend to the Bodies of the Miserable. Extend, I beseech you, good Madam, to the unhappy *Jewkes*, the Mercy of your Prayers, and tell me, if you think I have not sinned beyond Hope of Pardon; for there is a Woe denounced against the presumptuous Sinner.

'Your Ladyship assured me, at your Departure, on the Confession of my Remorse for my Misdoings, and my Promise of Amendment, that you would take it for a Proof of my being in Earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up a Regularity among the Servants here; if I would subdue them with Kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; and if I would endeavour to make every one think, that the best Security they could give of their doing their Duty to their Master in his *Absence*, was by doing it to God Almighty, whose Omniscience made him always *present*. This, I remember, your Ladyship told me, was the best Test of Fidelity and Duty, that any Servants could shew; since it was impossible without Religion, but that worldly Convenience, or Self-Interest, must be the main Tye; and when that failed, the worst Actions might succeed, if Servants thought they should find their sordid Advantage in sacrificing their Duty.

'So well am I convinced of this Truth, that I hope I have begun the Example to good Effect; and as no one in the Family was so wicked as I, and so they had less Pains to take to be reformed, you will take Pleasure to know, that you have now Servants here, whom you need not be ashamed to call yours.

"Tis, I found it a little difficult at first to keep them within Sight of their Duty, after your Ladyship departed: But when they saw I was in Earnest, and used them courteously, as you advised, and as your Usage of me convinced me was the rightest Usage; when they were told I had your Commands to acquaint you, how they conformed to your Injunctions; the Task became easy; and I hope we shall all be still more and more worthy of the Favour of so good a Lady, and so bountiful a Master.

'I dare not presume upon the Honour of a Line to your unworthy Servant. Yet it would pride me much, if I could have it. But I shall ever pray for your Ladyship's and his Honour's Felicity, as becomes

*'Your undeserving Servant, K. Jewkes.'*

I have already, with these transcribed Letters of Miss *Darnford* and Mrs. *Jewkes*, written a great deal: But nevertheless, as there yet remains one Passage in your Ladyship's Letter, relating to Mrs. *Jewkes*, that seems to require an Answer, I will take Notice of it, if I shall not quite tire your Patience.

That Passage is this; "Lady *Betty* rightly observes, says your Ladyship, That he knew what a vile Woman she was, when he put you into her Power; and, no doubt, employ'd her, because he was sure, she would answer all his Purposes: And that therefore she should have had very little Opinion of the Sincerity of his Reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her there."

I make no doubt, Madam, that Mrs. *Jewkes* was placed there, as one who would be subservient to every bad Design; and that this was the Reason of Mr. *B.*'s causing me to be carried off to that House: But then this was a Proof too of my hopeless Condition, and of my want of Power to make his Reformation any Part of my Terms.

Alas! Madam, I was to take him as I found him, as I have already hinted, glad of my own Safety; and had only to hope, that God (and HE only could do it; for neither Law nor Justice had stood in the naughty Gentleman's Way) would perfect the good Work already begun in him; and having first made him refrain from what he had absolutely determin'd upon, would next let him see his Error, and at last give him Grace to reform.

But Lady *Betty* adds, "That had she been in my Case, she would have had one Struggle for Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with my Virtue, must have thought this a natural Consequence of it, if he was in Earnest to reclaim."

But, alas! Madam, he was not so well pleased with my Virtue for Sake's sake, as Lady *Betty* thinks he was. He would have been glad, at that very Time, to have found me less resolved on that score. He did not so much as *pretend* to be in Earnest to reclaim: No, not he!

He had entertained, as it proved, a strong Passion for me. This Passion had been heighten'd by *my* resisting of it. His Pride, and the Advantages he had both of Person and Fortune, would not let him brook Controul; and when he could not have me upon his own Terms, God turn'd his evil Purposes to good ones, and he resolved to submit to my own, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to him without. For all this time, I had no Terms to propose. Neither my low Fortunes, my unjust Captivity, nor my Sex, nor unexperienc'd Youth, (not a Soul near me, whom I could call my Friend, or whose Advice I could ask) permitted me to offer at making Terms with him, had I been disposed to have disputed his Will, or his Intercession for the Woman; which, as I have said, I was not.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

I had but one steady Purpose to adhere to, and having Grace given me to adhere to that, he resolved, since he could not conquer his Passion for me, to make me his with Honour. But still, I doubt, as I said, this was not for the Love of Virtue at that time. That came afterwards, and I hope will be always his governing Motive, in his future Actions; and then I shall be happy indeed!

But Lady *Betty* thinks, "I was to blame to put Mrs. *Jewkes* upon a Foot, in the Present I made on my Nuptials, with Mrs. *Jervis*." But the Case was rather this, That I put Mrs. *Jervis* on a Foot with Mrs. *Jewkes*; for the dear Gentleman had *named* the Sum he would have me give Mrs. *Jewkes* and I would not give Mrs. *Jervis* *less*, because I loved her better; nor *more* could I give her, on that Occasion, without making such a Difference between two Persons equal in Station, on a Solemnity too where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shewn such a Partiality, as might have induced their Master to conclude, I was not so sincere in my Forgiveness as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger Reason still was behind; that I could, in a much more agreeable manner, both to Mrs. *Jervis* and myself, shew my Love and my Gratitude to the dear good Woman: And this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your Ladyship; at the Tribunal of whose Judgment I am willing all my Actions, respecting your dear Brother, shall be try'd: And I hope, your Ladyship will not think me a too profuse or lavish Creature; I hope you won't have Reason for it: Yet if you think you have, pray, my dear Lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one Article, I will endeavour to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this Head the Subject of a Letter by itself. And am, mean time,  
*Your Ladyship's most obliged and obedient Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XVII.

*My dear Lady*, It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the Subject where I left off in my last, that your Ladyship should know, that your generous Brother has made me his Almoner, as I was my late dear Lady's; and has order'd Mr. *Longman* to pay me 50*l.* Quarterly, for Purposes of which he requires no Account, tho' I have one always† ready to produce; and he has given me other Sums to enable me to do all the Good I can to distressed Objects, at my first setting out. Thus enabled, your Ladyship knows not how many honest Hearts I have made glad already, and how many I hope to rejoice before a Year is at an End, and yet come within my Limits.

Now, Madam, as I knew Mrs. *Jervis* was far from being easy in her Circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay old†† Debts for two extravagant Children who are both dead; and maintaining in Schooling and Cloaths three of their Children, which always keeps her bare; I took upon me one Day, as she and I sat together, at our Needles, to say to her, (as we are always running over old Stories, when we are alone) My good Mrs. *Jervis*, will you allow me to ask you after your own private Affairs, and if you are tolerably easy in them?

You are very good, Madam, said she, to concern yourself about my poor Matters, so much as you have to employ your Thoughts about, and so much as every Moment of your Time is taken up from the Hour you rise, to the Time of your Rest. But I can with great Pleasure attribute it to your Bounty, and that of my honoured Master, that I am easier and easier every Day.

But tell me, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, how your Matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle Concerns with my Friends, and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll treat *me* with equal Freedom; for I always loved you, and always will; and nothing but Death shall divide our Friendship.

She had Tears of Gratitude in her Eyes, and taking off her Spectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much Goodness! —Oh! my Lady!—

Oh! my *Pamela*, say, reply'd I. —How often must I chide you for calling me anything but your *Pamela*, when we are alone together?—

My Heart, said she, will burst with your Goodness! —I cannot bear it!—

But you *must* bear it, and bear still worse Exercises to your grateful Heart, I can tell you that: A pretty thing, truly! Here, I a poor helpless Girl, raised from Poverty and Distress, by the Generosity of the best of Gentlemen, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on Lady-Airs to a Gentlewoman born, the Wisdom of whose Years, and her faithful Services, and good Management, make her a much greater Merit in this Family, than I can pretend to have! ———And return, shall I? in the Day of my Power, Insult and Haughiness for the Kindness and Benevolence I received from her in that of my Indigence! ———Indeed, I won't forgive you my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other Light than as your Daughter; for you have been a Mother to me, when the Absence of my own could not afford me the Comfort, and good Counsel, I received every Day from you.—

Then moving my Chair nearer her, and taking her Hand, and wiping, with my Handkerchief in my other, her reverend Cheek, Come, come, my dear second Mother, said I, call me your Daughter, your *Pamela*: I have passed many sweet Hours with you under that Name: And as I have but too seldom such an Opportunity as this, open to me your worthy Heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* Mother as easy and happy, as our dear Master has made my *first*? —

She hung her Head on her Shoulder, and I waited till the Discharge of her Tears gave Time for Utterance to her Words; provoking only her Speech, by saying, You used to have Three Grandchildren to provide for in Cloaths and Schooling. They are all living, I hope?

Yes, Madam, they are living: And your last Bounty (Twenty Guineas was a great Sum, and all at once!) made me very easy, and very happy!—

How easy, and how happy, Mrs. *Jervis*?

Why, my dear Lady, I paid Five to one old Creditor of my unhappy Sons; Five to a second; and Two—and—an—half to two others, in Proportion to their respective Demands; and with the other Five I paid off all Arrears of the poor Childrens Schooling and Maintenance, and every one is satisfy'd and easy, and all declare they will never do harsh Things by me, if they are paid no more.

But, tell me, Mrs. *Jervis*, what you owe in the World, put all together; and you and I will contrive, with Justice to our best Friend, to do all we can, to make you quite easy; for, at your Time of Life, I cannot bear, that you shall have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove; and so my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, let me know all.

Come, I know your Debts, (dear, just, good Woman, as you are!) like *David's Sins*, are ever before you: So come, putting my Hand in her Pocket, let me be a friendly Pick-pocket: Let me take out your Memorandum-Book, and we will see how all Matters stand, and what can be done. Come, I see you are too much moved; your worthy Heart is too much affected (pulling out her Book, which she always has about her): I will go to my Closet, and return presently.

So I left her to recover her Spirits, and retir'd with the good Woman's Book to my Closet.

Your dear Brother stepping into the Parlour just after I had gone out, Where's your Lady, Mrs. *Jervis*? said he; and being told, came up to me, What ails the good Woman below, my Dear? said he: I hope, you and she have had no Words!

No, indeed, Sir, answer'd I. —If we had, I am sure it would have been my Fault: But I have picked her Pocket of her Memorandum-Book, in order to look into her private Affairs, to see if I cannot, with Justice to our common Benefactor, make her as easy as you, Sir, have made my other dear Parents.

A Blessing, said the dear Gentleman, upon my Charmer's benevolent Heart! —I will leave every thing to your Discretion, my Dear! —Do all the Good you prudently can to your Mrs. *Jervis*.

I clasped my bold Arms about him, the starting Tear testifying my Gratitude: Dearest, dear Sir, said I, you affect me as much, as I did Mrs. *Jervis*: And if any one but you had a Right to ask, What ails your *Pamela*? as you do, What ails Mrs. *Jervis*? I must say, I am hourly so much oppress'd by your Goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one's own Joy.

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging Creature. But, said he, I came to tell you, that after we have din'd, we'll take a Turn, if you please, to Lady *Arthur's*: She has a Family of *London* Friends for her Guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your Company, and attend you myself, only to drink Tea with her; for I have told her, we are to have Friends to sup with us.

I will attend you, Sir, reply'd I, most willingly; altho' I doubt I am to be made a Shew of.

Something like it, said he — For she has promis'd them this Favour.

I need not dress otherwise than I am?

No, he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

So he left me to my *good Works*, (those were his kind Words) and I ran over Mrs. *Jervis's* Accounts, and found a Balance drawn of all her Matters, in one Leaf, in a very clear manner, and a thankful Acknowledgement to God, for her Master's last Bounty, "which had inabled her to give Satisfaction to others, and do herself great Pleasure," as she had written underneath.

The Balance of all was 35*l.* II *s.* and odd Pence; and I went to my *Escritoire*, and took out 40*l.* and down I hasted to my good Mrs. *Jervis*. And I said, to her, Here, my dear good Friend, is your Pocket-Book; but are 35 or 36*l.* all you owe or are bound for in the World?

It is, Madam, said she, and enough too. It is a great Sum; but 'tis in Four Hands, and they are all in pretty good Circumstances; and so convinced of my Honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the Debt every Year something, since I have been in my Master's Service.

Nor shall it ever be in any Body's *Power*, said I, to trouble you. I'll tell you how we'll order it.

So I sat down and made her sit down by me, Here, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, is 40*l.* It is not so much to me now, as the Two Guineas were to you, that you would have given me, if I would have accepted of them, at my going away from this House, to my Father's, as I thought. But I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear: Indeed I won't make you so uneasy as that comes to. But here take this, and pay the Thirty-five Pounds odd Money to the utmost Farthing; and the remaining Four Pounds odd will be a little Fund in Advance towards the Childrens Schooling. And thus you shall repay it. I always designed, as our dear Master added Five Guineas *per Annum* to your Salary, in Acknowledgment of the Pleasure he took in your Services, when I was *Pamela Andrews*, to add Five Pounds *per Annum* to it from the Time I became Mrs. B. But from that time, for so many Years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole Forty Pounds be repaid. And so, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, you won't have any Obligation to me, you know, but for the Advance; and that is a poor Matter, not to be spoken of: And I will have Leave for it, for fear I should die.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Had your Ladyship seen the good dear Woman's Behaviour on this Occasion, you would never have forgot it. She could not speak: Tears ran down her Cheeks in plentiful Currents: her modest Hand put gently from her my offering Hand, and her Bosom heav'd, and she sobb'd with the painful Tumult that seem'd to struggle within her, and, which for some few Moments, made her incapable of speaking.

At last, I rising, and putting my Arm round her Neck, and wiping her Eyes, and kissing her Cheek, she cry'd, My dear, my excellent Lady! 'tis too much! too much! I cannot bear all this — And then she threw herself at my Feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it, and with uplifted Hands, May God Almighty, said she —— I kneeled by her, and clasping her Hands in mine, both uplifted together — May God Almighty, said I, drowning her Voice with my louder Voice, bless us both together, for many happy Years! and may He bless and reward the dear Gentleman who has thus inabled me to make *the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy!*

Dear, good Woman, said I, rising, and raising her, Do you think you shall outdo me in Prayers and Praises to the Fountain of all our Mercies? — Do you think you shall? — And while I am impower'd to do Good to so many worthy Objects *abroad*, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs. *Jervis* happy at *home*?

And thus, my Lady, did I force upon the good Woman's Acceptance the Forty Pounds.

Permit me, Madam, to close this Letter here, and to resume the Subject in my next; till when I have the Honour to be,

*Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XVIII.

*My dear Lady*, I now resume my last Subject where I left off, that your Ladyship may have the Whole before you at one View.

I went, after Dinner, with my dear Benefactor, to Lady *Arthur's*; and met with fresh Calls upon me for Humility, having the too natural Effects of the Praises and professed Admiration of that Lady's Guests, as well as my dear Mr. *B.'s*, and those of Mr. and Mrs. *Arthur*, to guard myself against: And your good Brother was pleased to entertain me in the Chariot, going and coming, with an Account of the Orders he had given in relation to the *London House*, which is actually taken, and the Furniture he should direct for it; so that I had no Opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. *Jervis*.

But after Supper, retiring from Company to my Closet, when his Friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual Bed-time: He inquired kindly after my Employment, which was trying to read in the *French Telemachus*: For, my Lady, I am learning *French*, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my Master? —Why, the best I *could* have in the World, your dearest Brother, who is pleased to say I am no Dunce: How inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a Master, who teaches me on his Knee, and rewards me with a Kiss whenever I do well, and says, I have already nearly master'd the Accent and Pronunciation, which he tells me is a great Difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into *English* two or three Places that were beyond my Reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in *French*, What I had done for Mrs. *Jervis*?

I said, Permit me, Sir, (for I am not Proficient enough to answer you in my new Tongue) in *English*, to say, I have made the good Woman quite happy; and if I have your Approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this Instance, as I am in all others.

I dare answer for your Prudence, my Dear, he was pleased to say; but this is your Favourite: Let me know, when you have so bountiful a Heart to Strangers, what you do for your Favourites?

I then said, Permit my bold Eye, Sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must turn from me then, or else how shall I look you in the Face? how see, as I proceed, whether you are displeas'd? for you will not chide me in Words, so partial have you the Goodness to be to all my Foibles.

He put his Arm round my Waist, and looked down now—and—then, as I desired; for, O Madam, he is all Condescension and Goodness to his unworthy yet grateful *Pamela!* And I told him all I have written to your Ladyship about the Forty Pounds. —And now, dear Sir, said I, half hiding my Face on his Bosom, you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your *Pamela*, if you please: It shall be all kind from you, and Matter of future Direction and Caution.

He raised my Head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, Thus then I chide, I beat, my Angel! —And yet I have one Fault to find with you; and let Mrs. *Jervis*, if not in Bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you as you deserve before her. My *Polly* being in Hearing, attending to know if I wanted her Assistance to undress, I bad her call Mrs. *Jervis*. And tho' I thought from his kind Looks, and kind Words, as well as tender Behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my Fault was, for which I was so to be exposed.

The good Woman came, and as she enter'd with all that Modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his Chair further from me, and, with a set Aspect, but not unpleasant, said,——Step in, Mrs. *Jervis*: Your Lady (for so, Madam, he will always call me to Mrs. *Jervis* and the Servants) has incurred my Censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you Face to Face.

She look'd surpris'd— now on me, now on her dear Master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive. —I am sorry — I am very sorry for it, Sir! said she, court'sying low. —But should be more sorry, if I were the unhappy Occasion.

Why, Mrs. *Jervis*, I can't say but it is on your Account that I must blame her.

This gave us both Confusion, but especially the good Woman; for still I hoped much from his kind Behaviour to me just before. —And she said, Indeed Sir, I could never deserve—

He interrupted her, My Charge against you, *Pamela*, said he, is that of Niggardliness, and no other; for I will

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put you both out of your Pain: You ought not to have found out the Method of Repayment.

The dear Creature, said he, to Mrs. *Jervis*, seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think, when your good Conduct deserved an annual Acknowledgement from me, in Addition to your Salary, the Lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your Service, than the Gentleman. — Had it been for old Acquaintance—sake, for Sex—sake, she should not have given me Cause to upbraid her on this Head. —But I will tell you, that you must look upon the Forty Pounds you have, as the Effect of a just Distinction on many Accounts; and your Salary from last Quarter—day shall be advanced, as the dear Niggard intended it some Years hence; and let me only add, that when my *Pamela* first begins to shew a Coldness to her Mrs. *Jervis*, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble Virtue which is now peculiar to herself, and makes her the Delight of all who converse with her.

This was what he was pleased to *say*: Thus, with the most graceful Generosity, and a Nobleness of Mind *truly* peculiar to himself, was he pleased to *act*: And what, does your Ladyship think, could Mrs. *Jervis* or I say to him? —Why indeed nothing at all! —We could only look upon one another, with our Eyes full, and our Hearts full, of a Gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but which express'd itself at last in a Manner he was pleased to call more elegant than Words, and that was, with uplifted folded Hands, and Tears of Joy.

Oh my dear Lady! how many Opportunities have the beneficent *Rich* to make *themselves*, as well as their *Fellow—creatures*, happy! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my Duty before; what a Sense of Obligation then must I lie under to this most generous of Men!

But here let me put an End to this tedious Subject; the principal Part of which can have no Excuse, if it may not serve as a Proof of my chearful Compliance with your Ladyship's Commands, That I recite *every* thing that is of Concern to me, and with the same Freedom as I was wont to do to my dear Parents.

I have done it, and at the same time have offer'd what I had to plead in Behalf of my Conduct to the two Housekeepers, which you expected from me; and I shall therefore close this my humble Defence, if I may so call it, with the Assurance that I am,

*My dearest Lady, Your obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.*

## LETTER XIX.

*From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. In Answer to the Six last Letters.*

"Where she had it, I can't tell; but I think I never met with the Fellow of her in my Life, at any Age;" are, as I remember, my Brother's Words, speaking of his *Pamela*, in the early Part of your Papers. In Truth, thou'rt a surprising Creature; and every Letter we have from you, we have new Subjects to admire you for.— Do you think, Lady *Betty*, said I, when I had read to the End of the Subject about Mrs. *Jervis*, I will not soon set out to hit this charming Girl a Box of the Ear or two?

For what, Lady *Davers*? said she.

For what! reply'd I. —Why, don't you see how many Slaps of the Face the bold Slut hits me? —*I'll* Lady—Airs her! I will! — *I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her Betters, with her Cottage Excellencies, and Improvements that shame our Education.

Why, you dear charming *Pamela*, did you only exceed me in *Words*, I could forgive you; for there may be a Knack, and a Volubility, as to *Words*, that a natural Talent may supply; but to be thus outdone in *Thought* and in *Deed*, who can bear it? and in so young an Insulter too!

Well, *Pamela*, look to it, when I see you: You shall feel the Weight of my Hand, or —the Pressure of my Lip, one or t'other, depend on it, very quickly: For here, instead of my stooping, as I had thought it would be, to call you Sister, I shall be forced to think in a little while, that you ought not to own *me as yours*, till I am nearer your Standard.

But to come to Business. I will summarily take Notice of the following Particulars in all your obliging Letters, in order to convince you of my Friendship, by the Freedom of my Observations on the Subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the Advantages you received from the Favour of my dear Mother; and as you know many Things of her by your Attendance upon her, in the last three or four Years of her Life, I must desire you will give me, as Opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured Lady, and of her Behaviour and Kindness to you, and with a Retrospect to your own early Beginnings, the Dawnings of this your bright Day of Excellence: And this not only I, but the Countess, and Lady *Betty*, (her Sister Lady *Jenny* too) with whom I am going over your Papers again, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your *Kentish* Account; tho' we wished you had been more particular in some Parts of it; for we are greatly taken with your Descriptions, and your Conversation Pieces: Yet I own, your honest Father's Letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *Defect*, as our Pleasure in reading your Relations makes us call it. Your Parents are honest, discreet Folks, I see that: I have a Value for them. And you're the prudentest Creature I ever knew, in all your Ways; particularly in the Advice you give them about your more distant Relations, and to aim at nothing beyond their natural Sphere. —Every Tittle is right, and as it should be. On these Accounts it is, that all the World will allow, that you, and your Parents too, merit the Fortune you have met with.

3. I am highly delighted with the Account you give me of my Brother's breaking to you the Affair of *Sally Godfrey*, and your Conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet Story, as he brought it on, and as you relate it. The Wretch has been very just in his Account of it. But don't you think he was a sad young Fellow! Well may you be thankful for your Escape; well may you!— Your Behaviour was what I admire; and so we do all; but none of us think we could have imitated it in all its Parts. We are in Love with your charitable Reflections in favour of the poor Lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them; and a better Mother too than she had, and a faithfuller Lover, than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his Temper, in your declared Love of Miss. I see, Child, you know your Man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and outdo your Sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having Miss with you; for the Girl may be pert, perhaps insolent (you know who is her Father); you'd not care to check her, for several Reasons, and this may make you uneasy; for, if you *did*, he might take it amiss, let your Motives be ever so good: So I think you'd better see her now—and—then at the Dairy—house, or at School, than have her with you.— But this I leave to your own Discretion, and *his* good Pleasure, to determine upon; for in the latter it must rest, let you, or me, or any body, say what we will.

5. You have fully, and to our Satisfaction, answer'd our Objections to your Behaviour to Mrs. *Jewkes*. We had

not considered your Circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming Girl, and all your Motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautions for the future how we censure you. We are particularly pleased with the Triumphs of your Innocence over his and her Guilt; and agree, that they are the rightest and best—to-be-defended Motives for Pride that ever were set before us.

In short, I say with the Countess, This good Girl is not without her Pride; but it is the Pride that becomes, and can only attend, the innocent Heart; and I'll warrant, said her Ladyship, nobody will become her Station so well as one who is capable of so worthy a Pride as this.

But what a Curtain-Lecture hadst thou, *Pamela!* A noble one, dost thou call it! —Why, what a Wretch hast thou got, to expect thou shouldst never expostulate against his lordly Will, even when in the Wrong, till thou hast obey'd it, and of consequence join'd in the Evil he imposes! He says, indeed, in *small* Points; but I suppose he is to judge which are and which are not small.

Thus, I remember, my Brother himself took Notice once of a Proposal in the House of Commons, to grant the Crown a very great Sum to answer Civil-List Deficiencies, which being opposed by the Minority, the Minister found out an Expedient, that they would give the Money *first*, and examine into the Merits of the Demand *afterwards*. So we read, that, in some Countries, an accused Person is put to Death, and try'd afterwards; and all he has to hope for while he lives, is, that his Relations, and his own Family, will be released from Obloquy, if an Acquittal ensues.

Much good may do you with such an Husband, says Lady *Betty!* —Every body will *admire* you, but no one will have Reason to *envy* you upon those Principles. Yet, I don't know how it is, but this is evident, that at present there is not a happier Couple in the World than you two are.

6. I am pleased with your Promise of sending me what you think I shall like to see, out of those Papers you chuse not to shew me collectedly: This is very obliging. You're a good Girl, and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your Paradox, *Pamela*, that his marrying *you* was an Instance of his Pride. The Thought, tho', is pretty enough, and ingenious: But whether it will hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your Observation on the *Forget* and *Forgive* we are much pleased with, and think you have distinguished well on that Head.

9. You are a very good Girl for sending me a Copy of Miss *Darnford's* Letter. She is a charming young Lady. I always had a great Opinion of her Merit; her Letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every Letter that passes between you; and pray send me in your next a Copy of your Answer to her Letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad with all my Heart to hear of poor *Jewkes's* Reformation. Your Example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your Answer to her Letter. Don't think me unreasonable: 'Tis all for your sake. You must needs know that, or you know nothing. For I think you deserve all Miss *Darnford* says of you; and that's a great deal too.

Pray —have you shewn *Jewkes's* Letter to your good Friend?— Lady *Betty* wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it? for, she says, it cuts him to the Quick; and I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: But, as you say, he's above loving Virtue for *Virtue's sake*, I warrant him. He likes it in a Wife, because 'tis a Husband's Security against the *Lex Talionis*. There's a great deal in that, I can tell you. I once heard the Wretch hold an Argument, that Women had no Souls. I asked him, If he was to marry, whether he'd have his Wife *act* as if she believ'd this Doctrine to be good? That was another thing he said: He was for having his Wife think she had, he must own: Such a Belief could do her no Harm. Ah! *Pamela*, Theory and Practice, never was such a Rake, for one not quite a Town Debauchee!

11. Your Manner of Acting by Mrs. *Jervis*, with so handsome a Regard to my Brother's Interest, her Behaviour upon it, and your Relation of the Whole, and of his generous Spirit in approving, reproofing, and improving your prudent Generosity, make no inconsiderable Figure in your Papers. And Lady *Betty* says, Hang him, he has some excellent Qualities too!— It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good Actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad. But you, *Pamela*, have the Glory of all! We desire particularly, that you will never omit any of those moving Scenes, which you so well describe, be the Occasion what it will: For they are Nature, and that's your Excellence. Keep to that; for one more learned, I verily think, could not write as you do, nor instruct, and delight, and *move*, all at once, so very engagingly.

12. I am glad you are learning *French*: Thou art a happy Girl in thy Teacher, and he is a happy Man in his

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Scholar. We are pleased with the pretty Account you give us of his Method of Instructing and Rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not learn any Language quickly under such Methods, and with such Encouragements, from the Man you love, were your Genius less apt than it is. But we wish'd you had enlarged on that Subject: For such Fondness of Men to their Wives, who have been any time marry'd, is so rare and so unexpected from my Brother, that we thought you should have written a Side upon that Subject at least.

What a bewitching Girl art thou! What an Exemplar to Wives now, as well as thou wast before to Maidens! Thou canst tame Lions, I dare say, if thou'dst try!— Reclaim a Rake in the Meridian of his Libertinism, and make such an one as my Brother not only marry thee, but love thee better at several Months End, than he did the first Day, if possible! Wonderful Girl! Yet usest thou no Arts but honest ones, such as Prudence directs, Nature points out, and such as make Duty delightful, even commanding most, when thou seemest most to submit.

It must be owned indeed, that thou hast no brutal Mind to deal with: Bad as he is, it must be said, that thou hast a sensible and a generous Heart to work upon; one who takes no Glory in the blind Submission of a Slave; but, like a *British* Monarch, delights to reign in a free, rather than in an abject Mind. Yet is he jealous as a Tyrant of his Prerogative: But you have found the way to lay that watchful Dragon asleep, and so possess the golden Fruits of Content and Pleasure, the due Reward of your matchless Conduct.

Now, my dear *Pamela*, I think I have taken Notice of the most material Articles in your Letters, and have no more to say to you; but, Write on, and oblige us; and mind to send me the Copy of your Letter to Miss *Darnford*, of that you wrote to poor penitent *Jewkes*, and every Article I have written about, and all that comes into your Head, or that passes, and you'll oblige

*Yours, &c. B. Davers.*

LETTER XX.

*My dear Lady*, I Read with Pleasure your Commands, in your last kind and obliging Letter, and you may be sure of a ready Obedience in every one of them that is in my Power.

That which I can most easily do, I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the Answer I sent to Miss *Darnford*, and that to Mrs. *Jewkes*, the former of which (and a long one it is) is as follows :

*Dear Miss*, I Begin now to be afraid I shall not have the Pleasure and Benefit I promised myself, of passing a Fortnight or three Weeks at the Hall, in your sweet Conversation, and that of your worthy Family, as well as those others in your agreeable Neighbourhood, whom I must always remember with equal Honour and Delight.

'The Occasion will be principally, that we expect very soon a Visit from Lord and Lady *Davers*, who propose to tarry here a Fortnight at least; and after that, the advanc'd Season will carry us to *London*, where Mr. *B.* has taken a House for his Winter Residence, and in order to attend Parliament: A Service, he says, which he has been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer to his Constituents, or to his own Conscience; for tho', he says, he is but One, yet if any good Motion should be lost by *one*, every absent Member, who is independent, has it to reproach himself with the Consequences that may follow, on the Loss of that Good which might otherwise redound to the Commonwealth. And besides, he says, such Excuses as *he* could make, *every one* might plead, and then publick Affairs might as well be left to the Administration, and no Parliament be chosen.

'He observed further on this Subject, that every absent Member, in such Cases, indirectly abets the Minister, be he *who* he will, in all his Designs, be they *what* they will, and has even less Excuse to his Country, than the Man, who, for a transitory Benefit to his private Family, takes a Pension or Reward for his Vote; since the Difference is only, that the one passively ruins his Country by Neglect and Indolence, which can do nobody good, and the other more actively by Corruption, which, tho' ruinous in the End to the whole Publick, in which his own Private is included, yet serves to answer some present Turn or Benefit to himself or Family.

'See you, my dear Miss, from the humble Cottager, what a publick Person your favour'd Friend is grown! And behold how easy it is for a bold Mind to look forward, and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now she imagines she has a Stake in the Country, takes upon herself, to be as important, as significant, as if, like my dear Miss *Darnford*, she had been born to it! But if, nevertheless, I am censur'd for troubling my Head with Politicks, let me answer, That I am at Liberty, I hope, to tell you Mr. *B.*'s Sentiments of these high Matters, and that is all I have done.

'Well, but, my dearest Miss, may I not presume to ask, Whether, if the Mountain cannot come to *Mahomet*, *Mahomet* will not come to the Mountain? Since Lady *Davers*'s Visit is so uncertain as to its Beginning and Duration, and so great a Favour, as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being her first Visit to *me*; — and since we must go and take Possession of our *London* Residence; why can't Sir *Simon* spare to us the dear Lady, whom he could use so hardly; and whose Attendance (tho' he is indeed intitled to all her Duty) he did not, just in that Instance, quite so much deserve?

"Well, but, after all, Sir *Simon*," 'would I say, if I had been in Presence at his peevish Hour, "you are a fine Gentleman, are you not? to shew your good Daughter, that because she did not come *soon enough* to you, she came *too soon*! And did ever Papa, before you, put a *good Book* (for such I doubt not it was, *because* you were in Affliction, tho' so little affected by its Precepts) to such a *bad Use*? As Parents Examples are so prevalent, suppose Miss had taken this very Book, and flung it at her Sister; Miss *Nanny* at her Waiting-Maid; and so it had gone thro' the Family; would it not have been an Excuse for every one, to say, that the Father and Head of the Family had set the Example?

"But again, Sir *Simon*, Suppose you had hurt the sweet Dove-like Eyes of my dear Miss *Darnford* — Suppose you had bruise'd or broken the fine Skin of any Part of that fine Face, which gives, at first Sight, so bright a Promise of her still finer Mind, what, let me ask you, Sir, could you have said for yourself? How would the dear Miss's Appearance, with one sweet Eye, perhaps, muffled up, with a plaister'd Forehead, or a veiled Check, hiding herself from every body else but you, and her grieved Mamma, and pitying Sister, reproach'd you for so rash an Act? — nay, reproach'd you the more, by her unreproaching Obligingness, and chearful Duty, than if (were she capable of it) she could have spoken in sharp Complaints, and expostulatory Wailings?—

"You almost wish, my dear Miss tells me, that I would undertake *you!* —This is very good of you, Sir *Simon*," 'might I (would his indulgent Patience suffer me to run on thus) have added— But I hope, (since you are so sensible, that you *want* to be undertaken, and since this peevish Rashness convinces me, that you *do*) that you will undertake *yourself*; that you will not, when your Indisposition makes the Attendance and Duty of my dear Lady and Misses necessary, make it *more* uncomfortable to them, by *adding* a Difficulty of being pleas'd, and an Impatience of Spirit, to the Concern their Duty and Affection make them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to take a Book into your Hand again, if you cannot make a better Use of it, than you did then."

'Pray, my dear Miss, tell your Papa, that I beg the Favour of him, to present *me* this Book, and I will put a Mark upon it, and it shall never more either give or receive such Disgrace, I warrant it! Be it what it will, I will present him with as good a one.

'I will write in it, "Memorandum, This Book, reversing the Author's good Intention, had like to have done Mischief next to unpardonable!"— 'Or, "This Book, instead of subduing the Reader's Passions, (I take it for granted, you see, Miss, it was *Seneca's* Morals, or some such good Book) had like to have been the Cause of a violent and peevish Evil. —Henceforth, be thou condemned, unavailing Teacher, to stand by thyself, on a lone Shelf, in my Closet; a Shelf most out of mine or any other Person's Reach, for pretending to prescribe Rules for subduing the Passions in so inefficacious a Manner! And, consign'd to Dust and Cobwebs, not once presume (in hope to hide thy conscious Guilt) to squeeze thyself into Rank with better, or, at least, with more convincing Teachers!"

'But do you think, my dear Miss, Sir *Simon* would be angry, if Opportunity had offer'd, and I had been thus bold? If you think so, don't let him see I had such Thoughts in my Head. But after all, if he were to have been thus freely treated by me, and if he should have *blush'd* with *Anger* at my Freedom, 'tis but what he ought to bear from me; for, more than once has he made me *blush* for *Shame*, at much greater on his Part; nay, and that too, in Presence of his virtuous Daughters: So, that I have but half my Revenge upon him yet. —And will you bear Malice, will he say, Mrs. *B.*? — Yes, Sir *Simon*, I will; and nothing but your amending the Evil can make me forgive a Gentleman, that is *really* a Gentleman, who can so sadly forego his Character, and, before any Company, not scruple to expose a modest Virgin to the forward Leer, and loud Laugh, of younger Gentlemen, who durst not take such Liberties of Speech, as they would saucily chuckle at, from those taken by one of Sir *Simon's* authenticating, but better promising Time of Life.

'But Sir *Simon* will say, I have *already undertaken* him, were he to see this. Yet my Lady *Darnford* once begg'd I would give him a Hint or two on this Subject, which, she was pleased to say, would be better received from me than from any body: And if it be a little too severe, it is but a just Reprifal from one, whose Ears if he had not cruelly wounded, more than once, or twice, or three times, besides what he calls his *innocent* double Entendres,—she must have been believed by him, to be neither more nor less than an Hypocrite. — There's for you, Sir *Simon*, and so here ends all my Malice; for now I have spoken my Mind.

'Yet I hope, your dear Papa will not be so angry with me neither, as to deny me, for this my Freedom, the Request I make to *him*, to your honoured *Mamma*, and to your *dear Self*, for your beloved Company, for a Month or two, in *Bedfordshire*, and at *London*: And if you might be permitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be! It will be half done, the Moment you desire it. Sir *Simon* loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in it. Your honoured *Mamma* is always indulgent to your Requests: And Mr. *B.* as well in Kindness to me, as for the great Respect he bears you, joins with me to beg this Favour of you, and of Sir *Simon*, and my Lady.

'If it can be obtain'd, what Pleasure and Improvement may I not propose to myself, with so polite a Companion, when we are carried by Mr. *B.* to the Play, to the Opera, and other of the Town Diversions! We will work together, visit together, read together, sing together; and improve one another; you *me*, in every Word you shall speak, in every thing you shall do; I *you*, by my Questions, and Desire of Information, which will make you open all your Breast to me; and so, unlocking that dear Storehouse of virtuous Knowledge, improve your own Ideas the more for communicating them. O my dear Miss *Darnford!* how happy is it in your Power to make me!

'I am much affected with the Account you give me of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Reformation. I could have wished, had I not other and stronger Inducements, (in the Pleasure of so agreeable a Neighbourhood, and so sweet a Companion) that on her Account, I could have been down at the Hall, in hope to have confirm'd the poor Woman in her newly-assum'd Penitence. God give her Grace to persevere in it!— To be an humble Means of saving a Soul from Perdition! O my dear Miss *Darnford*, let me enjoy the Heart-ravishing Hope!— To pluck such a Brand

as this out of the Fire, and to assist to quench its flaming Susceptibility for Mischief, and make it useful to edifying Purposes! what a Pleasure does this afford one! How does it incourage one to proceed in the Way one has been guided to pursue! How does it make me hope, that I am raised to my present Condition, in order to be an humble Instrument in the Hand of Providence to communicate great Good to others, and so extend to many, those Benefits I have receiv'd, which were they to go no further than myself, what a vile, what an ingrateful Creature should I be!

'I see, my dearest Miss *Darnford*, how useful in every Condition of Life a virtuous and a serious Turn of Mind may be!

'How have I seen some Ladies in upper Life behave as if they thought good Actions, and a pious Turn of Thought, would be so unfashionable, as to make them the Subjects of Ridicule to the lighter-dispos'd World, and so they are shamed out of their Duty. But let me make it my Boast, that here is such a poor Girl as I, raised from the Cottage to the Palace, as I may say, persevering in the good Purposes which had been instilled into her, by worthy, tho' poor Parents, and the best of Ladies, her Mistress, and resolving to be obstinate in Goodness, having stood the Tests of Libertinism; has brought the World to expect good Actions from her, to respect her for doing them, and has even found her Example efficacious, thro' Divine Grace, to bring over to Penitence and Imitation a poor Creature, who used to ridicule her for nothing so much as her Innocence and Virtue, which, Word and Thing, were the constant Subjects of her Scorn, as well as the Cause of her Persecution.

'But let me not too much dwell upon the dear Thought, lest I fall into the Snare that, of all others, Persons meaning well, have Reason to dread; that of *Spiritual Pride*, the most dangerous of all Pride.

'In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on several agreeable Subjects, that I could touch upon with Pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former (of my Reception here, and of the Kindness of our genteel Neighbours; such, particularly; as the Arrival here of my dear Father and Mother, and the kind, the generous Entertainment they met with from my best Friend: His Condescension in not only permitting me to attend them to *Kent*, but accompanying us thither, and settling them in a most happy Manner, beyond their Wishes and my own; but yet so much in Character, as I may say, that every one must approve his judicious Benevolence: The Favours of my good Lady *Davers* to me, who, pleas'd with my Letters, has vouchsaf'd to become my Correspondent; and a thousand, thousand Things, that I want personally to communicate to my dear Miss *Darnford*.

'Be pleased to present my humble Respects to Lady *Darnford*, and to Miss *Nanny*; to good Madam *Jones*, and to your kind Friends at *Stamford*; to Mr. and Mrs. *Peters* likewise, and their Kinswoman: And beg of that good Gentleman from me, to incourage his new Proselyte all he can; and I doubt not, she will do Credit, poor Woman! to the Pains he shall take with her. In hopes of your kind Compliance with my Wishes, for your Company, I remain,

*'Dearest Miss, Your faithful and obliged Friend and Servant, P. B.'*

This, my good Lady *Davers*, is the long Letter I sent to Miss *Darnford*, who, at parting, engag'd me to keep up a Correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a Month or two with us, at the Hall, if we came down, and she could persuade Sir *Simon* and her Mamma to spare her to my Wishes. Your Ladyship will excuse me for so faintly mentioning the Honours you confer upon me; but I would not either add or diminish in the Communications I make to you.

The following is the Copy of what I wrote to Mrs. *Jewkes*.

'You give me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, very great Pleasure, to find that at length God Almighty has touch'd your Heart, and let you see, while Health and Strength lasted, the Error of your Ways. — Many an unhappy one has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy Afflictions, or till they have been confin'd to the Bed of Sickness, when, perhaps, they have made Vows and Resolutions, that have held them no longer than the Discipline lasted: But you give me much better Hopes of the Sincerity of your Conversion; as you are so well convinced, before some sore Evil has overtaken you: And it ought to be an Earnest to you of the Divine Favour, and should keep you from Despondency.

'As for me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cordially did, since your Usage of me, as it prov'd, was but a necessary Means in the Hand of Providence, to exalt me to that State of Happiness, in which I have every Day more and more Cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest and most generous of Gentlemen.

'As I have often pray'd for you, even when you used me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard my Prayers, and with high Delight look upon you as a reclaimed Soul given to my Supplications. May the Divine

Goodness inable you to persevere in the Course you have entered upon! And when you can taste the all-surpassing Pleasure that fills the worthy Breast, at the being placed in such a Station, where your Example may be of Advantage to the Souls of others, as well as to your own Soul; a Pleasure that every good Mind glories in, and none else can worthily taste; then may you be assured, that nothing but your Perseverance, and the consequential Improvement resulting from it, is wanted, to convince you, that you are in a right Way, and that the Woe, that is pronounced against the presumptuous Sinner, belongs not to you.

'But, dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, (for now *indeed* you are dear to me) let me caution you against two Things; the one, that you return not to your former Ways, and wilfully err after this Repentance; for, in this Case, the Divine Goodness will look upon itself as mocked by you, and will withdraw itself from you, and more fearful will your State then be, than if you had never repented: The other, that you don't despair of the Divine Mercy, which has so evidently manifested itself in your Favour, and has awakened you out of your deplorable Lethargy, without those sharp Medicines and Operations that others, and perhaps *not more faulty* Persons, have suffer'd. But go on cheerfully in the happy Path which you have begun to tread. Depend upon it, you are now in the right Way, and turn not either to the Right-hand or to the Left: For the Reward is before you, in Reputation and a good Fame in this Life, and everlasting Felicity beyond it.

'Your Letter is that of a sensible Woman, as I always thought you, and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you will approve yourself to be; and I the rather hope it, because I shall be always desirous then of taking every Opportunity that offers to me of doing you real Service, as well with regard to your present as future Life; and pleased shall I be, to contribute to the one, and happy to advance the other: For I am, *good Mrs. Jewkes*, as I now hope I may call you,

*Your loving Friend to serve you, P. B.*

'Whatever good Books the worthy Mr. *Peters* will be so kind to recommend to you, and for those under your Direction, send for them either to *Lincoln*, or *Stamford*, or *Grantham*, as you can get them, and place them to my Account: And may they be the efficacious Means of confirming you and them in the worthy Way you are in! I have done as much for all here before; and I hope to no bad Effect: For I shall now tell them by Mrs. *Jervis*, if there be Occasion, that I hope they will not let me be outdone in *Bedfordshire* by Mrs. *Jewkes* in *Lincolnshire*; but that the Servants of both Houses may do Credit to the best of Masters. Adieu, *good Woman!* as once more I take Pleasure to style you.'

Thus, my good Lady, have I obey'd you, in transcribing these two Letters. I will now proceed to your Ladyship's twelve Articles. As to the

1. I will oblige your Ladyship, as I have Opportunity, in my future Letters, with such Accounts of my dear Lady's Favour and Goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable to you, and the noble Ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted, that your Ladyship thinks so well of my dear honest Parents: Indeed they are good People, and ever had Minds that set them above low and sordid Actions; and God and your good Brother has rewarded them most amply in this World, which is more than they ever expected, after a Series of Unprosperousness in all they undertook.

Your Ladyship is pleased to say, that People in upper Life love to see how plain Nature operates in honest Minds, who have hardly any thing else for their Guide; and if I might not be thought to descend too low for your Ladyship's Attention, (for as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look back with Pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase my Thankfulness for what I *am*) I would give you a Scene of Resignation, and contented Poverty, of which otherwise your Ladyship can hardly have a Notion. I *will* give it, because it will be a Scene of Nature, however low, which your Ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its Length.

It was upon Occasion of a great Loss and Disappointment which happened to my dear Parents (for tho' they were never high in Life, yet were they not always so low as my honoured Lady found them, when she took me): My poor Father came home; and as the Loss was of such a Nature, as that he could not keep it from my Mother, he took her Hand, I remember well, and said, after he had acquainted her with it, "Come, my Dear, let us take Comfort, that we did for the best. We left the Issue to Providence, as we ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must be content, tho' not favoured as we wished. All the Business is, our Lot is not cast for this Life. Let us resign ourselves to the Divine Will, and continue to do our Duty, and this short Life will soon be past. Our Troubles will be quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a better, I make no Doubt."

Then my dear Mother threw her kind Arms about his Neck, and said with Tears, "God's Will be done, my dear Love! —All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented; and had rather say, I have a poor honest Husband, than a guilty rich one. What signifies repining? Let the World go as it will, we shall have our Length and our Breadth at last. And Providence, I make no Doubt, will be a better Friend to our good Girl here, because she is good, than we could be, if this had not happened," — pointing to me, who, then about Eleven Years old, (for it was before my Lady took me) sat weeping in the Chimney Corner, over a few dying Embers of a Fire, at their moving Expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their Hands, and blessing them, said, "And this Length and Breadth, my dear Parents, will be, one Day, all the Rich and the Great can possess; and, it may be, their ungracious Heirs will trample upon their Ashes, and rejoice they are gone: While such a poor Girl as I, am honouring the Memories of mine, who in their good Names, and good Lessons, will have left me the best of Portions."

And then they both hugg'd their prating Girl to their fond Bosoms, by Turns; and all three were so filled with Comfort in one another, that after joining in a grateful Hymn, we went to Bed (what tho' supperless, perhaps?) with such Joy, that very few of the Rich and Great can have any Idea of it; I to my Loft, and they to their Rush-floor'd cleanly Bed-Room. And we have had sweet Sleep, and Dreams so pleasant, that we have reaped greater Pleasures, in repeating them to one another, at our next Leisure-Hour, than, possibly, we should have received, had we enjoy'd the Comforts we wanted.

And, truly, my Lady, I must needs say, that while the virtuous Poor can be bless'd with such sweet Injoymments as these, in contented Minds all Day, and in Dreams and Visions at Night, I don't know whether they have not more, even of *this* World's Pleasures, than the abounding Rich: And while the Hours of Night bear so near a Proportion to those of the Day, may not such be said, even at the worst, to pass at least half their Lives with more Comfort than many times the distemper'd Great can pretend to know?

For a further Instance, that honest Poverty is not such a deplorable State, let me ask, What Pleasure can those over-happy People taste, who never knew that of Hunger or Thirst? Like the Eastern Monarch I have read of, who marching at the Head of a vast Army, thro' a desert Place, where was no Water, nor any thing to quench his craving Thirst, at last one of his Soldiers bringing him in his nasty Helmet a little dirty Water, he greedily swallowed it, and cry'd out, That he never in all his Life had tasted so sweet a Draught! Having always before eaten before he was hungry, and drank before he was thirsty.

But when I talk or write of my dear worthy Parents, how I run on! —Excuse me, my good Lady; and don't think me, in this respect, too much like the Cat in the Fable, turn'd into a fine Lady; for, methinks, tho' I would never forget what I was, yet I would be thought to know *how*, gratefully to enjoy my present Happiness, as well with regard to my Obligations to God, as to your dear Brother. But let me proceed to your Ladyship's third Particular.

3. And you cannot imagine, Madam, how much you have set my Heart at Rest when you tell me, that my dear Mr. *B.* gave me a just Narrative of hi Affair with Miss *Godfrey*: For, when your Ladyship desir'd to know, how he had recounted that Story, lest you should make a Misunderstanding between us unawares, I did not know what to think. I was afraid some Blood had been shed on the Occasion by the dear Gentleman: For Miss was ruin'd, and, as to her, nothing could have happened worse. And the Regard I have for his future Happiness, which costs me in my constant Supplications for him in private, many a Tear, gave me great Apprehensions, and not a little Uneasiness. But as your Ladyship tells me, that he gave me a just Account, I am very happy again.

What makes one, my dear Lady, in our most prosperous Condition, be always intermingling one's Fears and one's Anxieties of what *may be*; and by that Means rob one's self of the Prime of one's best worldly Injoymments? —Is this Apprehensiveness, does your Ladyship think, implanted in our Natures (for I know I am not vapourish, nor the only Person who is thus constituted) for wise and good Ends, that we may not think ourselves so happy here, as to make us forget, that there is a better and more perfectly happy State, which we ought to aspire after? I believe it is: And if so, what an useful Monitor do we carry about us, that shall make us consider and reflect, when in Prosperity; and in Adversity teach us to bear up to Hopes of a happier Lot! Thus is it prettily said by a Translator of one of *Horace's* Odes, *Be Life and Spirit when Fortune proves unkind, And summon up the Vigour of thy Mind; But when thou'rt driv'n by too officious Gales, Be wise, and gather in the swelling Sails.*

I now come to your Ladyship's fourth Particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained your Approbation of my Conduct to the Child, as well as of my

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Behaviour to the dear Gentleman on the unhappy Lady's Score. Your Ladyship's wise Intimations about having the Child with me, make due Impression upon me; and I see in them, with grateful Pleasure, your kind and unmerited Consideration for me. Yet I don't know how it is, but I have conceived a strange Passion for this dear Baby: I cannot but look upon her poor Mamma as my Sister in point of Trial: And shall not the prosperous Sister pity and love the poor dear Sister, that, in so slippery a Path, has *fallen*, while *she* had the Happiness to keep her Feet?

No doubt, Miss *Godfrey* loved Virtue, and preferred it to all Considerations: 'Tis plain she did even after her Fall—when, as I have observed in the Papers I sent your Ladyship, she could leave Country, Parents, Friends, and the Man of all others she loved best, and seek a new Fortune, run the Danger of the Seas, and perhaps the Hazards of meeting with worse Men, rather than trust to her own Strength, where it had once so unhappily failed her.—What a Love of Virtue for Virtue's Sake is this? I know not who could have acted up to this Part of her Character.

The rest of your Ladyship's Articles give me the greatest Pleasure and Satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself in the Favour of your dear Brother, and improve in that of his noble Sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can to deserve both. And I hope your Ladyship will take as an Instance that I would, the chearful Obedience which I pay to your Commands, in writing to so fine a Judge, such crude and indigested Stuff, as otherwise I ought to be ashamed to lay before you.

I am impatient for the Honour, which your Ladyship makes me hope for, of your Presence here: And yet I perplex myself with the Fear of appearing so unworthy in your Eyes, when near you, as to suffer in your Opinion; but I promise myself, that however this may be the Case on your *first* Visit, I shall be so much improved by the Benefits I shall reap from your Lessons and good Example, that whenever I shall be favoured with a *Second*, you shall have less Faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more favoured, I shall in time be just what your Ladyship will wish me to be, and of Consequence more worthy than I am of the Honour of styling myself,

*Your Ladyship's most humble and obedient Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXI.

*From Miss Darnford. In Answer to Mrs. B.'s, p. 106. My dear Mrs. B.*

You are highly obliging to me in expressing so warmly your Wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this World, out of our own Family, in whose Company I should be happier: But my Papa won't part with me, I think; tho' I had secur'd my Mamma in my Interest; and I know *Nancy* would be glad of my Absence, because the dear perversly Envious thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish Girl, she don't consider, that if her Envy be well-grounded, I should return with more than double Advantages to what I now have, improv'd by your charming Example and Conversation.

My Papa affects to be in a fearful Pet at your lecturing of him so justly; for my Mamma would shew it him; and he says he will positively demand Satisfaction of Mr. *B.* for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a Rank with him, unless Mr. *B.* will, on Occasion of the new Commission, take out his *Dedimus*: And then if he will bring you down to *Lincolnshire*, and join with him to commit you Prisoner for a Month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. *B.* to join in your kind Invitation: But — yet I am loth to say it to you — But the Character of your worthy Gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the Way with my Papa: For he will have it, that he is just such a Rake as is to be liked by a Lady; one that saves common Appearances, and that's all; and is too handsome, too witty, and too enterprizing, for any *honest Man*, that's Sir *Simon's* Phrase, *to trust his Daughter with.*

My Mamma pleaded his being marry'd. — Adsdines, Madam, said he, what of all that! What married Man, when a pretty Girl's in the Way, minds his Wife, except she has made him stand in Fear of her? and that's far from the Case here. Why I tell you, added his peevish Highness, if our *Polly* should happen to slip, (I thank him for his Supposition) he'd make his Lady nurse both *her* and the *Bastard*, (another of his polite Expressions) if he had a mind to it, and she durst not refuse him. And would you trust such a spritely Girl as *Polly*, in the House with such a Fellow as that?

These, it seems, were his Words and Reasonings: I thank him for his Opinion of his Daughter. It becomes not me to say, by what Rules my Papa judges of Mankind; Rules, however, that are not much to the Credit of his Sex: — But it made me put on very grave Airs when I came to Supper, (for after this Repulse, and the Reasons given for it, I pretended Indisposition, not to dine with my Papa, being half-vex'd, and half-afraid of his Raillery) and he said, Why, how now, *Polly!* What! in the Sullens, Girl? I said, I should have hoped, that I never gave my Papa Cause to suspect my Conduct, and that he would have had a better Opinion of the Force which the Example and Precepts of my good Mamma had upon me.

Not your *Papa's* Example then. — Very well, Saucebox: I understand you.

But, Sir, said I, I hope, if I may not go to *Bedfordshire*, you'll permit me to go to *London* when Mrs. *B.* goes.

No, said he, positively no!

Well, Sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would inable me to give a better Reason to good Mrs. *B.* why I am not permitted to accept of her kind Invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign.

He stuck his Hands in his Sides, with his usual humourous Positiveness, Why then tell her, she is a very saucy Lady, for her, last Letter to you; and that her Lord and Master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute Will and Pleasure, that you ask me no more Questions about it.

I will very faithfully make this Report, Sir. Do so. — And so I have. — And your poor *Polly Darnford* is disappointed of one of the greatest Pleasures she could have had.

I can't help it. — And if you truly pity me, I can put you in a Way to make me easier under the Disappointment, than otherwise I can possibly be; and that is, to favour me with an Epistolary Conversation, since I am deny'd a Personal one; and this my Mamma joins to request of you; and particularly, to let us know how Lady *Davers's* first Visit passes; which Mrs. *Peters* and Mrs. *Jones*, who know my Lady so well, likewise long to hear: And this will make us the best Amends in your Power for the Loss of your good Neighbourhood, which we had all promis'd to ourselves.

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This Denial of my Papa comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a Proposal made him of an humble Servant to one of his Daughters: He won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humourous Way, lest we should fall out about it.

I suppose, I tell him, the young Gentleman is to pick and chuse which of the two he likes best. But be he a Duke, 'tis all one to *Polly*, if he is not something above our common *Lincolnshire* Class of Foxhunters.

I have shewn Mr. and Mrs. *Peters* your Letter. They admire you beyond Expression; and Mr. *Peters* says, He does not know that ever he did any thing in all his Life, that ever gave him so much inward Reproach, as his denying you the Protection of his Family, which Mr. *Williams* sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined at the Hall, before Mr. *B.* came down to you, with his Heart bent on Mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that that very Denial, as well as the other Hardships you met with, were necessary to bring about that Work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled Virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in your own Duty, as he had the Unhappiness to lose such an Opportunity to have done Honour to his Function, had he had the Fortitude to have done *his*; and he begg'd of me, some how or other, and at some time or other, to hint his Concern to you on this Head; and to hope, in his Name, that neither Religion nor his Cloth may suffer in your Opinion, for the Fault of one of its Professors, who never was wanting in his Duty so much before.

He had it often upon his Mind, he says, to write to you on this very Subject; but he had not the Courage; and besides, did not know how Mr. *B.* might take it, if he should see that Letter, as the Cale had such delicate Circumstances in it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by Implication, have cast still greater Blame upon him.

Mr. *Peters* is certainly a very good Man, and my Favourite for that Reason; and I hope *you*, that could so easily forgive the late wicked, but now penitent *Jewkes*, will overlook with Kindness a Fault in a good Man, that proceeded more from Pusillanimity and Constitution, than from Want of Principle: And once, talking of it to my Mamma and me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with Tears in his Eyes. She, good Lady, would have given you this Protection, at Mr. *William's* Desire; but wanted the Power to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. *B.* how your Virtue has shamed every one into such a Sense of what they ought to have done, that Good, Bad and Indifferent are seeking to make Excuses for past Misbehaviour, and to promise future Amendment, like penitent Subjects returning to their Duty to their conquering Sovereign, after some unworthy Defection.

Happy, happy Lady! may you be ever so! May you always convert your Enemies, confirm the Lukewarm, and every Day multiply your Friends, prays,

*Your most affectionate Polly Darnford.*

P. S. How I rejoice in the Joy of your honest Parents! God bless'em! I am glad Lady *Davers* is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best Respects. Let me hear from you oftener, and omit not the minutest Thing: For every Line of yours carries Instruction with it.

LETTER XXII.

*From Sir Darnford Mr. B.*

Sir, Little did I think I should ever have Occasion to make a formal Complaint against a Person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let them be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make them not care how they affront every body else.

The Person is no other than the Wife of your Bosom, who has taken such Liberties with me as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own Child against me, and make a dutiful Girl a Rebel.

If People will set up for Virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a Farthing for their Pretences to it.

Here I have been plagued with Gouts, Rheumatisms, and nameless Disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more Attendance than ordinary; and I had Reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent Father can least bear to be slighted, that is, where he most loves; and that by young Upstarts, who are growing up to the Enjoyment of those Pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting Rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung, and, Where's *Polly*? (for I honour the Slut with too much of my Notice) Where's *Polly*? was all my Cry, to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And at last in burst the pert Slut, with an Air of Assurance, as if she thought all must be well the Moment she appeared, with, Do you want me, Papa?

Do I want you, Confidence! Yes, I do. Where have you been these two Hours, and never came near me, when you knew 'twas my Time to have my Foot rubbed, which gives me mortal Pain? For you must understand, Mr. *B.* that nobody's Hand's so soft as *Polly's*.

She gave me a saucy Answer, as I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a Twinge, that I could scarce bear; for Pain is a plaguy thing to a Man of my lively Spirits. Why, with a P—x to it, cannot it go and rouse up some stupid lethargic Rascal, whose Blood is ready to stagnate? There it might do some Good; and not make an honest Man miserable, as it does me, who want none of its pungent Helps to Feeling.

She gave me, I say, a pert Answer, and turn'd upon her Heel; and not coming near me at my first Word, I flung a Book I had in my Hand at her Head.

This the saucy Slut (Girls now—a—days make nothing of exposing their indulgent Parents) has mentioned in a Letter to your Lady; and she has abused me upon it in *such* a Manner — Well, if you don't take some Course with her, I must with you, that's positive; and young as you are, and a Cripple as I am, I'll stump to an appointed Place, to procure to myself the Satisfaction of a Man of Honour.

Your Lady has written to *Polly* what *she* would have said to me on this Occasion. She has reflected upon me for not reading a Book of Mortification, when I was labouring under so great a Sense of it, and confin'd to my Elbow—Chair in one Room, whom lately half a Dozen Counties could hardly contain; She has put it into *Polly's* Head to fling this very Book at her Sister's Head, in Imitation of my Example, and hopes *Nancy* will fling it at somebody's else, till it goes all round the House: She reproaches me for making no better Use of a *good* Book, as she calls *Rabelais's Pantagruel*, which I innocently was reading to make me the more chearfully bear my Misfortune; and runs on a Pack of Stuff about my *Polly's* Eyes, and Skin, and I don't know what, on Purpose to fill the Girl with Notions that don't belong to her, in order to make her proud and saucy; and then to inspire her with Insolence to me, runs on with Suppositions of what Harm I might have done her, had the Book bruised her Face, or Eyes, and so forth: As if our Daughters Eyes were not our own Eyes, their brazen Faces our brazen Faces; at least till we can find somebody to take them, and all the rest of their Trumpery, off of our Hands.—Saucy Baggages! who have neither Souls nor Senses, but what they have borrowed from us; and whose very Bones, and the Skin that covers them, so much their Pride and their Ornament, are so many Parts of our own undervalued Skin and Bones; and ours only are more wrinkled, by taking Pains to make theirs smooth.

Nay, this fine Lady of yours, this Paragon of Meekness and Humility, in so many Words, bids me, or tells my own Daughter to bid me, which is worse, never to take a Book in my Hands again, if I won't make a better Use of it:—And yet, what better Use can an offended Father make of the best Books, than to correct a rebellious Child with them, and oblige a saucy Daughter to jump into her Duty all at once?

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Then, pray, Sir, do you allow your Lady to beg Presents from Gentlemen? —This is a tender Point to touch upon: But you shall know all, I am resolv'd. —For here she sends to desire me to make her a Present of this very Book, and promises to send me another as good.

Come, come, Sir, these are no jesting Matters; for, is it not a sad thing to think, that Ladies, let them be young or old, well-marry'd or ill-marry'd, cannot live without Intrigue? And here, if I were not a very honest Man, and your Friend, and *resolv'd* to be a virtuous Man too, in spite of Temptation, one does not know what might be the Consequence of such a Correspondence as is here begun, or rather *desired* to be begun; for I have too much *Honour* to give into it, for your sake, and I hope you'll think yourself much oblig'd to me. —I know the Time that I have improv'd a more mysterious Hint than this, into all that I had a Mind to make of it. And it may be very happy for you, Neighbour, that I *must* and *will* be virtuous, let the Temptation be from whom it will: For the finest Lady in the World is nothing to me now — in this my Reformed State.

But this is not all: Mrs. *B.* goes on to reflect upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying Things before my Daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed to say; and then avows Malice and Revenge, and all that. Why, Sir, why, Neighbour, are these Things to be borne? —Do you allow your Lady to set up for a general Corrector of every body's Morals but your own? Do you allow her to condemn the only Instances of Wit that remain to this Generation, that dear polite *Double Entendre*; which keeps alive the Attention, and quickens the Apprehension of the best Companies in the World, and is the Salt, the Sauce, which gives a Poignancy to all our genteeler Entertainments?

Very fine, truly! that more than half the World shall be shut out of Society, shall be precluded their Share of Conversation among the Gay and Polite of both Sexes, were your Lady to have her Will! Let her first find People that can support a Conversation with Wit and good Sense like her own, and then something might be said: But, till then, I positively say, and will swear upon Occasion, that *Double Entendre* shall not be banished from our Tables; and where this won't raise a Blush, or create a Laugh, we will be at Liberty, if we please, for all Mrs. *B.* and her new-fangled Notions, to force the one and the other by still plainer Hints, and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, Sir, you find my Complaints are of a high Nature, regarding the Quiet of a Family, the Duty of a Child to a Parent, the Advances of a married Lady to a Gentleman who is resolv'd to be virtuous, and the Freedom of Conversation; in all which Points your Lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon Satisfaction from you, or such a Correction of the fair Transgressor, as is in your Power to inflict, and which may prevent worse Consequences, from

*Your offended Friend and Servant, Simon Darnford.*

LETTER XXIII.

*From Mr. B. In Answer to the preceding.*

Dear Sir Simon, You cannot but believe, that I was much surprised at your Letter, complaining of the Behaviour of my Wife. I could no more have expected such a Complaint from such a Gentleman, than I could, that *she* would have deserved it: And I am very sorry on *both* Accounts. I have talked to her in such a Manner, that, I dare say, she will never give you like Cause to appeal to me.

It happened, that the Criminal herself received your Letter from her Servant, and brought it to me in my Closet, and, making her Honours, (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, tho' she takes such saucy Freedoms with my Friends) away she tripp'd; and I, inquiring for her, when, with Surprize, as you may believe, I had read your Charge, found she was gone to visit a poor sick Neighbour, of which indeed she had before appris'd me, because she took the Chariot; but I had forgot it in my Wrath.

'Twas well for her, that she was not in the Way; perhaps I should have taken more severe Methods with her in my first Emotions; and I long'd for her Return: And there is another *Well-for-her* too in her Case; for one would be loth to spoil a Son and Heir, you know, Sir *Simon*, before we see whether the little Varlet may deserve one's Consideration.

I mention these Things, that you may observe, it was not owing to any Regard for the Offender herself, that I did not punish her as much as injur'd Friendship requir'd at my Hands.

At last, in she came, with that sweet Composure in her Face which results from a Consciousness of doing *generally* just and generous Things; altho' in this Instance she has so egregiously err'd, that it behoves me (as well in Justice to my Friend, as Policy to myself; for who knows whither first Faults may lead, if not checked in time?) to nip such Boldness in the Bud. And indeed the Moment I beheld the Charmer of my Heart, (for I do love her too well, that's certain) all my Anger was disarm'd; and had the Offence regarded *myself*, I must have forgiven her, in spite of all my meditated Wrath. But it behov'd me in a *Friend's* Case not to be soon subdu'd by a too partial Fondness: I resumed therefore that Sternness and Displeasure which her Entrance had almost dissipated. I took her Hand: Her charming Eye (you know what an Eye she has, Sir *Simon* ) quivered at my over-clouded Aspect, and her Lips, half-drawn to a Smile, trembled with Apprehension of a Countenance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost her: Come along with me, *Pamela*, to my Closet. I want to talk with you.

Dear Sir! good Sir! what's the Matter? what have I done?

We entered. I sat down, still holding her unsteady Hand, and her Pulse fluttering under my Finger, like a dying Bird.

'Tis *well*, said I, 'tis *well*, your present Condition pleads for you; and I must not carry what I have to say too far, for Considerations less in your Favour, than for one unseen: But I have great Complaints against you.

Against me, Sir! —What have I done? Let me know, dear good Sir! looking round, with her half-affrighted Eyes, this way and that, on the Books, and Pictures, and on me, by Turns.

You shall know soon, said I, the Crime you have been guilty of.

Pray let me, Sir! —This Closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* Time Witness to the Flutter you put me in.

*There* hangs a Tale, Sir *Simon*, that I am not very fond of relating, since it gave Beginning to the Triumphs of this little Sorceress.

I still held one Hand, and she stood before me, as Criminals ought to do before their Judge; but said, I see, Sir, sure I do, or what will else become of me! less Severity in your Eyes than you affect to put on in your Countenance. Dear Sir, let me know my Fault! I will repent, acknowledge and amend: Let me *but* know it.

You must have great Presence of Mind, *Pamela*, reply'd I, such is the Nature of your Fault, if you can look me in the Face, when I tell it you.

Then let me, said the irresistible Charmer, hiding her Face in my Bosom, and putting her other Arm about my Neck; let me thus, my Mr. *B.* hide this guilty Face, while I hear my Fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, but by my Tears, and my Penitence.

I could hardly hold out. What insatiating Creatures are these Women, when they can think it thus worth their while to sooth and calm the Tumults of an angry Heart! When, instead of *scornful* Looks darted in Return for *angry* ones, Words of *Defiance* for Words of *Peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* Error by *another*, and returning *vehement Wrath* for *slight Indignation*, and all the hostile Provocations of the Marriage Warfare; they can thus hide their dear Faces in our Bosoms, and wish but to *know* their Faults, to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet Girl's Behaviour; nay, I believe I did, unawares to myself, and in Defiance of my resolv'd Displeasure, press her Fore-head with my Lips, as the rest of her Face was hid on my Breast: But, considering it was the Cause of my *Friend* that I was to assert, my *injured* Friend, wounded and insulted, in so various a Manner, by the fair Offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling Mischief, in a Pomp of Style theatrically tragick:

I will not, too inadvertent and undistinguishing *Pamela*, keep you long in Suspense, for the sake of a Circumstance, that, on this Occasion, ought to give you as much Joy, as it has, till now, given me—Since it becomes an Advocate in your Favour, when otherwise you might expect a very severe Treatment. Know then, that the Letter you gave me before you went out, is a Letter from a Friend, a Neighbour, a worthy Neighbour, complaining of your Behaviour to him; —no other than Sir *Simon Darnford*, (for I would not amuse her too much) a Gentleman I must always respect, and whom, as *my* Friend, I expected *you* should: Since by the Value a Wife expresses for one esteemed by her Husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself, or not, a Man ought always to judge of the Sincerity of her Regards to himself.

She raised her Head at once on this: Thank Heav'n! said she, it is no worse! —I was at my Wits End almost, in Apprehension: But I know how this must be. —Dear Sir, How could you frighten me so. —I know how all this is I—I can now look you in the Face, and hear all that Sir *Simon* can charge me with: For I am sure, I have not so affronted him, as to make him angry indeed. And truly, (ran she on, secure of Pardon, as she seem'd to think) I should respect Sir *Simon*, not only as your Friend, but on his own Account, if he was not so sad a Rake at a Time of Life—

Then I interrupted her, you must needs think, Sir *Simon*; for how could I bear to hear my worthy Friend so freely treated? —How now, *Pamela!* said I; and is it thus, by *repeating* your Fault, that you *atone* for it? Do you think I can bear to hear my Friend so freely treated?

Indeed, said she, I do respect Sir *Simon* very much, as your *Friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful Failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty Conversation, if one can hear it, and not discourage it, when the Occasion comes in so pat? —And, indeed, I was glad of an Opportunity, continued she, to give him a little Rub; I must needs own it: But if it displeases you, or has made him angry in Earnest, I am sorry for it, and will be less bold for the future.

Read then, said I, the heavy Charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your Answer to it. So I went from her, for a few Minutes.

But, would you believe it, Sir *Simon*? she seem'd, on my Return, very little concerned at your just Complaints. —What self-justifying Minds have the meekest of these Women! —Instead of finding her in repentant Tears, as one might have expected, she took your angry Letter for a jocular one, and I had great Difficulty to convince her of the Heinousness of *her* Fault, or the Reality of *your* Anger. Upon which, being determin'd to have Justice done to my Friend, and a due Sense of her own great Error impress'd upon her, I began thus:

*Pamela, Pamela*, take heed, that you do not suffer the Purity of your own Mind, in Breach of your Charity, to make you too rigorous a Censurer of other Peoples Actions: Don't be so puff'd up with your own Perfections, as to imagine, that, because other Persons allow themselves Liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir *Simon* is a Gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant Vein, and, I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great Rake and Libertine (you'll excuse me, Sir *Simon*, because I am taking your Part): But what then? You see it is all over with him now: You see, he says himself, that he *must*, and therefore he *will*, be virtuous: And is a Man for ever to hear of the Faults of his Youth, when he himself is so willing to forget them?

Ah! but, Sir, Sir, said the bold Slut, can you say he is *willing* to forget them? —Does he not repine here in this very Letter, that he *must* forsake them; and does he not plainly cherish the *Inclination*, when he owns—She hesitated—Owns what? —You know what I mean, Sir; and I need not speak it: And can there well be a more censurable Character? —Then, dear Sir, *before* his Maiden Daughters! *before* his virtuous Lady! *before* Any-body!— What a sad thing is this, at a Time of Life, which should afford a better Example!

But, dear Sir, continu'd the bold Prattler, (taking Advantage of a Silence that was more owing to Displeasure than Approbation) let me, for I would not be *ensorious*, (No, not she! In the very Act of Censoriousness to say this! let me) offer but one thing: Don't you think, Sir *Simon* himself would be loth to be thought a reform'd Gentleman? Don't you see the Delight he takes, when he speaks of his former Pranks, as if he was sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *injoys*, as one may say, the Relations of his own rakish Actions, when he tells a bad Story!— And have you not seen how often he has been forced to take his Handker—chief to wipe the Outside of his Mouth, tho' the Inside wanted it most, when he has wounded a Lady's Ears, and turn'd, as it were, his own faulty Heart inside out? —Indeed, Sir, I am afraid, so bad in this way is your worthy Neighbour, that he would account it a Disgrace to him to be thought reform'd: And how then can I abuse the Gentleman, by representing him in a Light in which he loves to be considered?

But, said I, were this the Case, (for I profess, Sir *Simon*, I was at a grievous Loss to defend you) for you to write all these free things against a Father to his Daughter, is that right, *Pamela*?

O Sir! the *good* Gentleman himself has taken care, that such a Character as I presum'd to draw to Miss of her Papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. *B.* whenever his arch Leers, and the humourous Attitude in which he puts himself on those Occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking Story, how his Lady and Daughters (us'd to him, as they are) have suffer'd in their Apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it: How, particularly, dear Miss *Darnford* has look'd at me with Concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her Papa from the Censure, which his faulty Expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear Sir, is it not a sad thing for a young Lady, who loves and honours her Papa, to observe that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the Example he ought to *give*? And, pardon me, Sir, for smiling on so serious an Occasion, continu'd she; but is it not a fine Sight, do you think, to see a Gentleman, as we have more than once seen Sir *Simon*, when he has thought proper to read a Passage or so, in some bad Book, pulling off *his Spectacles*, to talk filthily? Methinks, I see him now, added the bold Slut, splitting his arch Face, with a broad Laugh, shewing a Mouth, with hardly a Tooth in it, while he is making obscene Remarks upon what he has read.—

And then the dear Saucyface laugh'd out, to bear *me* Company; for I could not, for the Soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the Figure she brought to my Mind, which I have seen my old Friend make, on two or three Occasions of this sort, with his dismounted Spectacles, his arch Mouth, and Gums of shining Jet, succeeding those of polish'd Ivory, of which he often boasts, as one Ornament of his youthful Days. —And I the rather in my Heart, Sir *Simon*, gave you up, because, when I was a sad Fellow, it was always a Maxim with me, to endeavour to touch a Lady's Heart without wounding her Ears. And, indeed, I found my Account sometimes in observing it.

But, resuming my Gravity, Hussy, said I, do you think I will have my old Friend thus made the Subject of your Ridicule? —Suppose a Challenge should have ensu'd between us on your Account—What might have been the Issue of it? To see an old Gentleman, stumping, as he says, on Crutches, to sight a Duel in Defence of his wounded Honour! A pretty Sight this would have afforded, would it not? And what (had any one met him on the Way) could he have said he was going to do? Don't you consider, that a Man is answerable for the Faults of his Wife? And, if my Fondness for you would have made me deny doing Justice to my Friend, and, on the contrary, to resolve in your behalf to give him a Meeting, and he had flung his Crutch at my Head, as he did the Book at his Daughter's, what might have been the Consequence, think you?

Very bad, Sir, said she, to be sure; I see that, and am sorry for it: For had you carry'd off Sir *Simon's* Crutch as a Trophy, the poor Gentleman must have lain sighing and groaning, like a wounded Soldier in the Field of Battle, till another had been brought him, to have stump'd home with.

But, dear Sir *Simon*, I have brought this Matter to an Issue, that will, I hope, make all easy: And that is this — Miss *Polly*, and my *Pamela*, shall both be punish'd as they deserve, if it be not your own Fault. I am told, that the Sins of your Youth don't sit so heavily upon your Limbs, as they do in your Imagination; and I believe Change of Air, and the Gratification of your Revenge, a fine Help to such lively Spirits as yours! will set you up. You shall then take Coach, and bring your pretty Criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and it shall be in your Power to absolve or punish them, as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy Friend insulted in so heinous a manner by a couple of saucy Girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from Fault to Fault, till there will be no Living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your Lady and you will lend Miss *Darnford* to my *Pamela's* Wishes, whose Heart is set upon the Hope of her wintering with us in Town, you will lay an Obligation upon us both; which will be

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acknowledged with great Gratitude, by, Dear Sir,  
*Your affectionate and humble Servant.*

LETTER XXIV.

*From Sir Simon Darnford, in Reply.*

Hark ye me, 'Squire B.—A Word in your Ear!—— I like neither you, nor your Wife, to be plain with you, well enough to trust my *Polly* with you. What! you are to shew her, in your Lady's Case, all the Game of a Lying—in, I suppose; and, at least, set the Girl a longing to make one in the Dance, before I have found out the proper Man for her Partner!

But here's War declar'd against my poor Gums, it seems. Well, I will never open my Mouth before your Lady, as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these Ten Years avoided to put on my Cravat; and for what Reason, do you think? —Why, because I could not bear to see what Ruins a few Years have made in a Visage, that us'd to inspire Love and Terror as it pleas'd. —And here your —What—shall—I—call—her of a Wife, with all the Insolence of Youth and Beauty on her Side, follows me with a Glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good—humour'd old Fellow—if I *am* an old Fellow—or I should not bear the Insults contain'd in your Letter. Between you and your Lady, you make a wretched Figure of me, that's certain— And yet, 'tis *taking my Part*, with a P—x to you, Mr. B. I would have said; but on your Lady's Account —You see I have as much more Charity than her, as she has Purity than me; or I should not have put in that Saving Clause in her Behalf.

*Dismounted Spectacles, arch Mouth, Gums of shining Jet*, and such—like fine Descriptions, are these yours, or your Lady's? I'd be glad to know that, Mr. B.—

Well but, What a D—I must a Man do?— I'd be glad at any Rate to stand in your Lady's Graces, that I would: Nor would I be the last Rake and Libertine unreform'd by her Example, which I suppose will make Virtue the Fashion, if she goes on at the Rate she does. But here I have been us'd to cut a Joke, and toss the Squib about; and, as far as I know, it has help'd to keep me alive in the midst of Pains and Aches, and with two Women—grown Girls, and the rest of the Mortifications that will attend on *advanced Years*; for I won't (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *Old—age!*——

I love, I own it, to make a pretty Woman blush; it is double—damasking a fine Rose, as it were; and till I saw your— Do, let me call her some free Name or other! I always lov'd to be free with pretty Women! Till I saw your——Methinks I like her *Arcadian* Name, tho' I'm so old a Swain, as not to merit any thing but Rebuke at her Hands —— Well then, till I saw your —— *Pamela* —— I thought all Ladies, in their Hearts, lov'd a little Squib of that kind. For why should they not, when it adds so much Grace to their Features, and improves their native Charms? —And often have I toss'd the Joke about, as much, in my Intention, to oblige *them as myself*.— Yet no one can say, but that I always wrapt it up in clean Linen, as the Saying is — Only suiting myself to my Company, till I had made the dear Rogues *sensible*, and shew they could apprehend.

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortify'd with a Looking—glass held before me, and every Wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a Cable—rope. —And what, pray, is to succeed to this Reformation? —I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt. —And besides, if my Stomach and my Jest depart from me, farewell, Sir *Simon Darnford!*

But cannot I pass as one necessary Character, do you think; as a Foil (as by—the—bye some of your own Actions have been to your Lady's Virtue) to set off some more edifying Example, where Variety of Characters make up a Feast in Conversation?

I beseech you, Mr. B.'s *Pamela*, stick me into some Posy among your finer Flowers—And if you won't put me in your Bosom, let me stand in some gay Flower—pot in your Chimney Corner: I may serve for Shew, if not for Smell. Or, let me be the Bass in your Musick, or permit my humorous Humdrum to serve as a pardonable kind of Discord to set off your own Harmony. —I verily think, I cannot be so good as you'd have me to be: So pray let your poor *Anacreon* go off with what he loves. It will be very cruel, if you won't.

Well but, after all, I believe I might have trusted you with my Daughter, under your Lady's Eye, Rake as you have been yourself. And Fame says wrong, if you have not been for your Time, a bolder Sinner than ever I was, (with your Maxim of touching Ladies Hearts, without wounding their Ears, which made surer Work with them, that was all) tho' 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed; and if you are, the whole Country round you, East, West, North and South, owe great Obligations to your fair Reclaimer. But here is a fine prim young Fellow coming out

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of *Norfolk*, with one Estate in one County, another in another, and Jointures and Settlements in his Hands, and more Wit in his Head, as well as more Money in his Pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our *Polly*; tho' I tell her I much question the former Quality, his Wit, if he is for marrying. —And would you have her be attending your Wife's Nursery, when she may possibly be put in a Way to have a Raree—shew of her *own*?

Here then is the Reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. *B.*'s Request. But if this Matter should go off; if he should not like *her*, or she *him*; or if I should not like *his* Terms, or he *mine*; —or, still another *Or*, if he should like *Nancy* better — why, then, perhaps, if *Polly* be a good Girl, I may trust to her Virtue, and to your Honour, and let her go for a Month or two (for the Devil's in you, if you'd attempt to abuse such a generous Confidence) —As to the Superiority of Beauty in your own Lady, I depend nothing on that, with you young Fellows, to whom Variety has generally greater Charms.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say further, that I can forgive your severe Lady, and yourself too, (who, however, are less to be excus'd in the Airs you assume, which looks like one Chimney—sweeper calling another sooty Rascal) I give a Proof of my Charity, which I hope with Mrs. *B.* will cover a Multitude of Faults; and the rather, since, tho' I cannot be a *Follower* of her Virtue in the strictest Sense, I can be an *Admirer* of it; and that is some little Merit: And indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than

*Your humble Servant, Simon Darnford.*

## LETTER XXV.

*My honoured and dear Parents*, I Hope you will excuse my long Silence, which has been owing to several Causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with: And yet this last is but a poor Excuse neither to you, who think every trifling Subject agreeable from your Daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady *Davers*. This gives me no small Pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some Uneasiness at times, lest I should not, when view'd so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her Ladyship's Expectations. But this I resolve upon, I will not endeavour to move out of the Sphere of my own Capacity, in order to emulate her Ladyship. She has, and must have, Advantages, by Conversation, as well as Education, which it would be Arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to shew such a respectful Obligingness to my Lady, as shall be consistent with the Condition to which I am raised; that so her Ladyship may not have Reason to reproach me of Pride in my Exaltation, nor her dear Brother to rebuke me for Meanness in condescending: And, as to my Family Management, I am the less afraid of Inspection, because by the natural Byass of my own Mind, I bless God, I am above dark Reserves, and have not one selsish or sordid View, that should make me wish to avoid the most scrutinizing Eye.

I have begun a Correspondence with Miss *Darnford*, a young Lady of uncommon Merit. But you know her Character from my former Writings. She is very solicitous to hear of every thing that concerns me, and particularly how Lady *Davers* and I agree together. I loved her from the Moment I saw her first; for she has the least Pride, and the most Benevolence and solid Thought, I ever knew in a young Lady, and knows not what it is to envy any one. I shall write to her often: And as I shall have so many Avocations besides to fill up my Time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from Miss, as I hope to do, the Return of my Letters to her, for your Perusal, and the Entertainment of your Leisure Hours. This will give you, from time to time, the Accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own Particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest Delights, that I have such dear, such worthy Parents, (as, I hope in God, I long shall) to bless me, and to correspond with me.

The Papers I send herewith will afford you some Diversion; particularly, those relating to Sir *Simon Darnford*; and I must desire, that when you have perused them, (as well as what I shall send for the future) you will return them to me.

Mr. *Longman* gave me great Pleasure, on his last Return from you, in his Account of your Health, and the Satisfaction you take in your happy Lot; and I must recite to you a brief Conversation, on this Occasion, that, I dare say, will please you as much as it did me.

After he had been adjusting some Affairs with his dear Principal, which took them up two Hours, my best Beloved sent for me. —My Dear, said he, taking my Hand, and seating me down by him, and making the good old Gentleman sit down, (for he will always rise at my Approach) Mr. *Longman* and I have settled in two Hours some Accounts, which would have taken up as many Months with some Persons. But never was an exacter or more methodical Accomptant than Mr. *Longman*: He gives me, (greatly to my Satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an Account of the *Kentish* Concern, and of the Pleasure your Father and Mother take in it. —Now, my Charmer, said he, I see your sweet Eyes begin to glisten:— O how this Subject raises your whole Soul to the Windows of it!— Never was so dutiful a Daughter, Mr. *Longman*, and never did Parents better deserve a Daughter's Duty!

I endeavour'd before Mr. *Longman* to rein in a Gratitude, that my throbbing Heart confessed thro' my Handkerchief, as I could perceive: But the good old Gentleman could not hinder his from shewing itself at his worthy Eyes, to see how much I was favour'd — *oppress'd*, I should say, with the dearest Gentleman's tender Goodness to me, and kind expressions. Excuse me, Sir, excuse me, Madam, said he, wiping his Cheeks: My Delight to see such Merit so justly rewarded, will not be contained, I think.— And so he got up, and walked to the Window.

Well, good Mr. *Longman*, said I, as he returned towards us, you give me the Pleasure to know, that my Father and Mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a Goodness and Bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in.

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Well and happy, Madam! —Ay that they are indeed! And a worthier Couple never lived, I assure you. Most nobly do they go on, in the Farm. Your Honour's one of the happiest Gentlemen in the World. All the Good you do, returns upon you in a Trice. It may well be said, *You cast your Bread upon the Waters*; for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the *Kentish* Tenants, Madam, are hugely delighted with their good Steward: Every thing prospers under his Management: The Gentry love both him and my Dame; and the poor People adore them. Indeed they do a Pow'r of Good, in visiting their poor Neighbours, and giving them Cordials, and such-like; insomuch that Colicks, Agues, and twenty Distempers, nipp'd in the Bud, fly before them. So that I reckon the Doctors will soon be the only Enemies they have in the World: For, in a while, there will be no Occasion for one within ten Miles of their Habitation.

In this manner ran on Mr. *Longman*, to my inexpressible Delight, you may believe; and when he withdrew, 'Tis an honest Soul, said my dear Mr. *B*. I love him for his respectful Love to my Angel, and his Value for the worthy Pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* Wishes. May they long live, and be happy!

The dear Gentleman makes me spring to his Arms, whenever he touches this String: For he speaks always thus generously and kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you don't live only to yourselves: And now—and—then adds, That your Prudence and mine do more Credit to his Choice, than might have been done him by an Alliance with the first Quality: Since every Mouth, he is pleased to say, is full of our Merits. How pleasing, how transporting rather, my dear Parents, must this Goodness be to your happy Daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind Things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do?

When the expected Visit from Lord and Lady *Davers* is over, the approaching Winter will carry us to *London*; and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may more frequently hear from one another, which, to be sure, will be a great Heightening to my Pleasures.

But I have such an Account given me of the Immoralities to which Persons are exposed there, along with the publick Diversions, that it takes off a little from the Satisfaction I should otherwise have in the Thought of going thither. For they say, Quarrels, and Duels, and Gallantries, as they are called, so often happen at *London*, that those Enormities are heard of without the least Wonder or Surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest Benefactor, and continue to me his Affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your Healths and Felicity confirm and crown the Delights of

*Your ever dutiful Daughter, P. B.*

LETTER XXVI.

*My dearest Child*, It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the Nature of the Kindnesses is which we confer on our poor Neighbours, and the labouring People, lest it should be surmised by any body, that we are lavishing away Wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either your honoured Husband or you will suspect any such Matter, or that the worthy Mr. *Longman* would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a Report of it as you write he did. What we do is in small Things, tho' the Good we hope from them is not small perhaps: And if a very distressful Case should happen among our poor Neighbours, that would require any thing considerable, and the Objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God shall direct you.

But this, indeed, we have done, and continue to do; We have furnished ourselves with simple Waters and Cordials of several Sorts; and when in a hot sultry Day, I see poor labouring Creatures ready to faint and drop down, if they are only fatigued, I order them a Mouthful of Bread or so, and a Cup of good Ale or Beer, and this makes them go about their Business with new Spirits; and when they bless me for it, I tell them they must bless the good 'Squire, from whose Bounty, next to God, it all proceeds. If any are ill, I give them a Cordial; and we have been the Means of setting up several poor Creatures who have labour'd under Colicky and Aguish Disorders, or have been taken with slight Stomach Ailments. And nothing is lost by it, my dear Child; for poor People have as grateful Souls as any body; and it would delight your dear Heart to see how many drooping Spirits we have raised, and how, in an Hour or two, some of them, after a little cordial Refreshment, from languishing under an Hedge, or behind a Hay—stack, have skipped about, as nimble as Deer, whistling and singing, and pursuing with Alacrity their several Employments; and instead of cursing and swearing, as is the Manner of some wicked Wretches, nothing but Blessings and Praises poured out of their glad Hearts upon his Honour and you; calling me their Father and Friend, and telling me, they will live and die for me, and my Wife; and that we shall never want an industrious Servant to do his Honour's Business, or to cultivate the Farm I am blessed in. And in like sort, we communicate to our sick or wanting Neighbours, even altho' they be not Tenants to the Estate.

Come, my dear Child, you are happy, very happy, to be sure you are; and, if it *can* be, may you be yet happier and happier! But still I verily think you cannot be more happy than your Father and Mother, except in this one thing, That all *our* Happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other Parents bless their Children with Plenty and Benefits, you have bless'd your Parents (or your honoured Husband rather for your sake) with all the good Things this World can afford.

The Papers you send us are the Joy of our Leisure Hours; and you are kind, beyond all Expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your Time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now—and—then you let us hear of your Health and Welfare. But it is not enough with such a good Daughter, that you have made our Lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us all that befalls you: And then you write so piously, and with such a Sense of God's Goodness to you, and intermix such good Reflections in your Writings, that, whether it be our partial Love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you: And you make our Hearts and our Eyes so often overflow, as we read, that we join Hand in Hand together, and I say to her, Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my Dear; and she in the same Breath, Blessed be God, and you, my Love — For such a Daughter, says the one — For such a Daughter, says the other — And she has your own sweet Temper, cry I — And she has your own honest Heart, cries she: And so we go on, blessing God, and blessing you, and blessing your Spouse, and blessing ourselves! — Is any Happiness like our Happiness, my dear Daughter!

Really and indeed, we are so inraptur'd with your Writings, that when our Spirits flag, thro' the Infirmary of Years, that have begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to some of your Papers: Come, my Dear, cry I, what say you to a Banquet now? — She knows what I mean. With all my Heart, says she. — So I read, altho' it be on a *Sunday*, so good are your Letters; and, you must know, I have Copies of a many of them: And after a little while, we are as much alive and brisk, as if we had had no Flagging at all, and return to the Duties of the Day with double Delight.

Consider then, my dear Child, what Joy your Writings give us: And yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who

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have so much to do of other Kinds; and we are heartily glad you have found out a way to save Trouble to yourself, and rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young Lady as Miss *Darnford*, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear Goodness to me, and the Notice she took of me at the Hall kindly pressing my rough Hands with her fine Hands, and looking in my Face with *so* much Kindness in her Eyes! — to be sure I never shall. —What good People, as well as bad, there are in high Stations!— Thank God there are; else our poor Child would have had a sad Time of it too often, when she was obliged to *step out of herself*, as once I heard you phrase it, into Company you could not *live with*.

Well, but how shall I end? And yet, what shall I say more? —Only, with my Prayers, that God will continue to you the Blessings and Comforts you are in Possession of! —And pray now, be not over—thoughtful about what may happen at *London*; for why should you let the Dread of future Evils lessen your present Joys? There is no absolute Perfection in this Life, that's ; but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis Time enough to be troubled when Troubles come: — *Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof*.

Rejoice then, my dear Child, as you have often said you would, in your present Blessings, and leave the Event of Things to the Supreme Disposer of all Events. And what have *you* to do, but rejoice? *You*, who cannot see a Sun rise, but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their Beds Numbers to join in the Blessing! *You* who can bless your high—born Friends, and your low—born Parents, and obscure Relations! who can bless the Rich by your Example, and the Poor by your Bounty; and bless besides so good and so brave a Husband! —O my dear Child, what, let me repeat it, have *you* to do, but rejoice? —*For many Daughters have done wisely, but you have excelled them all*.

I will only add, that every thing the 'Squire order'd is just upon the Point of being finished. And when the good Time comes, that we shall be again favoured with his Presence and yours, what a still greater Joy will this afford to the already overflowing Hearts of

*Your ever loving Father and Mother, J. and E. Andrews!*

LETTER XXVII.

*My dear Miss Darnford*, The Interest I take in every thing that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the Gentleman, whom some of his best Friends and Well—wishers have recommended to your Favour. I hope he will deserve your good Opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried Gentlemen in *England*.

Your Papa, in his humourous Manner, mentions his large Possessions and Riches: But, indeed, were he as rich as *Croesus*, he should not have my Consent, if he has no *greater* Merit; tho' that is what the Generality of Parents look out for first: And indeed an easy Fortune is so far from being disregardable, that, when attended with *equal* Merit, I think it ought to have a *Preference* given to it, supposing Affections disingaged. For 'tis certain, that a Gentleman or Lady may stand as good a Chance for Happiness in Marriage with a Person of Fortune, as with one who has not that Advantage; and notwithstanding I had neither Riches nor Descent to boast of, I must be of Opinion with those, who say, that they never knew any body despise either, that had them. But to permit Riches to be the *principal* Inducement, to the Neglect of superior Merit, that is the Fault which many a one smarts for, whether the Choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a Title to their Obedience.

Here is a saucy Body, might some, who have not *Miss Darnford's* kind Consideration for her Friend, be apt to say, who being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes to give her Opinion, in these high Cases, unasked. But I have one thing, my dear Miss, to say; and that is, that I think myself so intirely divested of Partiality to my own Case, that, as far as my Judgment shall permit, I will never have that in View, when I am presuming to hint my Opinion of general Rules. For, most surely, the Honours I have received, and the Debasement to which my best Friend has subjected himself, have, for their principal Excuse, that the Gentleman was intirely independent, had no Questions to ask, and had a Fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the Person he chose, happy, tho' she brought him nothing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a Character for good Sense, and Knowledge of the World, that nobody could impute to him any other Inducement, but that of a noble Resolution to reward a Virtue he had so frequently, and, I will say, so wickedly, try'd, and could not subdue.

But why do I thus run on to *Miss Darnford*, whose partial Friendship attributes to me Merits I cannot claim? I will, therefore, quit this Subject, as a needless one to her, and proceed to what was principally in my View, when I began to write; and that is, to complain of your Papa, who has, let me say it, done his Endeavour to set at Variance a Gentleman and his Wife.

I will not enter into the Particulars, because the Appeal is to *Coesar*, and it would look like invading his Prerogative, to take it into my own Hands. But I can tell *Sir Simon*, that he is the only Gentleman, I hope, who, when a young Person of my Sex asked him to make her a Present of a Book, would put such a mischievous Turn as he has done upon it, to her Husband! —Indeed, from the *Beginning*, I had Reason to call him a Tell—tale—But, no more of that—Yet I must say, I had rather he should have flung this Book at *my* Head too, than to have made a so much worse Use of it. But I came off tolerably, no Thanks to *Sir Simon*, however! —And *but* tolerably neither: For, my dear *Mr. B.* kept me in Suspense a good while, and put me in great Flutters, before he let me into the Matter.

But I was very much concerned, my dear Miss, at first, till you gave a Reason I better liked afterwards, for *Sir Simon's* denying your Company to me, after I had obtain'd the Favour of your Mamma's Consent, and you were kindly inclin'd yourself to oblige me: And that was, that *Sir Simon* had a bad Opinion of the Honour of my dear *Mr. B.* For, as to that Part of his Doubt, which reflected Dishonour upon his dear Daughter, it was all but the Effect of his strange free Humour, on purpose to vex you.

That Gentleman must be the most abandon'd of Men, who would attempt any thing against the Virtue of a Lady intrusted to his Protection: And I am grieved, methinks, that the dear Gentleman, who is the better Part of myself, and has, to his own Debasement, acted so honourably by me, should be thought capable of so much Vileness. But forgive me, Miss; it is only *Sir Simon*, I dare say, who could think so hardly of him: And I am in great Hope, for the Honour of the *present* Age, (quite contrary to the Aspersion, that every Age grows worse and worse) that the *last*, if it produc'd People capable of such Attempts, was wickeder than this.

Bad as my dear *Mr. B.'s* Designs and Attempts were upon me, I can, now I am set above fearing them, and am

inabled to reflect upon them with less Terror and Apprehension, be earnest, for his own dear sake, to think him not, even *then*, the worst of Men, tho' bad enough in all Conscience: For have we not heard of those that have had no Remorse or Compunction at all, and have actually executed all their vile Purposes, when a poor Creature was in their Power? —Yet (indeed, after sore Trials, that's !) did not God turn his Heart? And altho' I was still helpless, and without any Friend in the World, and in the Hands of a poor vile Woman, who, to be sure, was worse than he, provoking him to ruin me, and so wholly in his Power, that I durst not disobey him, whether he bid me come to him, or be gone from him, as he was pleased, or displeas'd with me; yet, I say, for all this, did he not overcome his criminal Passion, and entertain an honourable one, tho' to his poor Servant Girl; and brave the World, and the World's Censures, and marry me?

And does not this shew, that the Seeds of Honour were kept alive in his Heart, tho' choaked or kept from sprouting forth, for a Time, by the Weeds of Sensuality, Pride, and youthful Impetuosity? And by cutting down the latter, have not the former taken Root, have they not shot out, and, in their turn, *kept down* at least, the depressed Weeds? And who now lives more virtuously than Mr. B.?

Let me tell you, my dear Miss, that I have not heard of many Instances of Gentlemen, who, having designed vilely, have stopt short, and acted so honourably; and who continue to act so nobly: And I have great Confidence, that he will, in time, be as pious, as he is now moral; for tho' he has a few bad Notions, which he talks of now—and—then, as Polygamy, and such—like, which indeed give me a little serious Thought sometimes, because a Man is too apt to practise what he has persuaded himself to believe is no Crime; yet, I hope, they are owing more to the Liveliness of his Wit, (a wild Quality, which does not always confine itself to proper Exercises) than to his Judgment. And if I can but see the first three or four Months Residence over in that wicked *London*, (which, they say, is so seducing a Place) without adding to my Apprehensions, how happy shall I be!

So much, slightly, have I thought proper to say in behalf of my dear Mr. B. For a good Wife cannot but hope for a sweeter and more elevated Companionship, (if her presumptuous Heart makes her look upward with Hope herself) than this transitory State can afford us. And what a sad Case is hers, who being as exemplary as human Frailty will permit her to be, looks forward upon the Partner of her adverse and of her prosperous Estate, the Husband of her Bosom, the Father of her Children, the Head of her Family, as a poor unhappy Soul, destin'd to a separate and a miserable Existence for ever! —O my dear Miss! —How can such a Thought be supportable! —But what high Consolation, what Transport rather, at times, must hers be, who shall be bless'd with the Hope of being an humble Instrument to reclaim such a dear, dear, thrice dear Partner! —And that, Heart in Heart, and Hand in Hand, they shall one Day issue forth from this incumbred State into a blessed Eternity, benefited by each other's Example — I will lay down my Pen, and enjoy the rich Thought for a few Moments!

Now, my dear Miss, let me, as a Subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind Mention of the worthy Mr. *Peters's* Sentiments in relation to that Part of his Conduct to me, which (oppress'd by the Terrors and Apprehensions to which I was subjected) once indeed I censur'd; and so much the readier, as I had ever so great an Honour for his Cloth, that I thought, to be a Clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. *Peters*, I had a high Opinion of his Worthiness; and as no one can be perfect in this Life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my Lot, to be a Cause of Stumbling to so worthy a Heart! To be sure, a Gentleman, who knows so well, and practises so well, his Duty, in every other Instance, and preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one Day* sensible, that it would not have misbecome his Function and Character to have afforded that Protection to oppressed Innocence, which was requested of him; and how would it have grieved his considerate Mind, had my Ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a Name—sake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater Instance, let not my Want of Charity exceed his Fault; but let me look upon it as an Infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable: I was a Stranger to him; a Servant Girl carry'd off by her Master, a young Gentleman of violent and lawless Passions; who, in this very Instance, shew'd how much in Earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile Purposes; and whose Heart altho' *God* might touch, it was not probable any lesser Influence could.

Then he was not sure, that tho' he might assist my Escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the Hands of so determin'd a Violator; and that Difficulty would not, with such an one, inance his Resolution to overcome all Obstacles.

Moreover, he might think, that the Person, who was moving him to this worthy Measure, might possibly be

seeking to gratify a View of his own; and that while he was endeavouring to save, to outward Appearance, a Virtue in Danger, he was, in reality, only helping (at the Hazard of exposing himself to the Vindictiveness of a violent Temper, and a rich Neighbour, who had Power as well as Will to resent) another to a Wife; for such was his Apprehension, groundless, intirely groundless as it was, tho' not improbable, as it might seem to him.

Then again, the sad Examples set by too many *European* Sovereigns, in whom the *Royal* and *Priestly Offices* are united (for are not Kings the *Lord's Anointed?*); and the little Scruple which many Persons, Right Reverend by their Functions and Characters, too generally make, to pay sordid Court and Visits (far from bearing their Testimony against such Practices) even to Concubines, who have Interest to promote them†, are no small Discouragements to a private Clergyman, to do his Duty, and to make himself Enemies among his powerful Neighbours, for the Cause of Virtue. And especially (forgive me, dear Sir *Simon Darnford*, if you should see this) when an eminent Magistrate, one of the principal Gentlemen of the County, of an independent Fortune, who had fine young Ladies to his Daughters, (who had nothing but their superior Conditions, not their Sex, to exempt them from like Attempts) a Justice of Peace, and of the *Quorum*; refused to be a Justice, tho' such a Breach of the *Peace* was made, and such a Violation of *Morals* plainly intended. This, I say, must add to the Discouragement of a Gentleman a little too diffident and timorous of himself: And who having no one to second him, had he afforded me his Protection, must have stood alone in the Gap, and made to himself, in an active Gentleman, an Enemy who had a thousand desirable Qualities to make one wish him for a Friend.

For all these Considerations, I think myself obliged to pity, rather than too rigorously to censure, the worthy Gentleman. And I must and will always respect him: And thank him a thousand times, my dear Miss, in my Name, for his Goodness, in condescending to acknowlege, by your dear Hand, his Infirmity, as such: For this gives an excellent Proof of the natural Worthiness of his Heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a Fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed, my dear Friend, I have so much Honour for the Clergy of all Degrees, that I never forget in my Prayers, one Article, That God will make them burning and shining Lights to the World; since so much depends on their Ministry and Examples, as well with respect to our publick as private Duties. Nor shall the Faults of a Few make Impression upon me to the Disadvantage of the Order. For I am afraid a very censorious Temper, in this respect, is too generally the Indication of an uncharitable, and perhaps a profligate Heart, levelling Characters, in order to cover some inward Pride or secret Enormities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not be instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear Miss, this tedious Scribble. I cannot for my Life write short Letters to those I love. And let me hope, that you will favour me with an Account of your new Affair, and how you proceed in it; and with such of your Conversations, as may give me some Notion of a polite Courtship. For, alas! my dear Miss, your poor Friend knows nothing of this. All her Courtship was sometimes a hasty Snatch of the Hand, a black and blue Gripe of the Arm, and, Whither now! —Come, to me, when I bid you! —And Saucy-face, and Creature, and such—like, on his Part—with Fear and Trembling on mine; and—I will, I will! —Good Sir, have Mercy! At other times, a Scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplift Hands, bent Knees, and tearful Eyes — For God's sake, pity your poor Servant!

This, my dear Miss, was the hard Treatment that attended my Courtship. —Pray, then, let me know, how Gentlemen court their Equals in Degree; how they look when they address you, with their Knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir *Simon* says, with the Words Slave, Servant, Admirer, continually at their Tongues Ends.

But after all, it will be found, I believe, that, be the Language and Behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike. —The *English*, the plain *English*, of the politest Address, is, I am now, dear Madam, your humble Servant: Pray be so good as to let me be your Master. Yes, and thank you too, says the Lady's Heart, tho' not her Lips, if she likes him. And so they go to Church together: And, in Conclusion, it will be happy, if these obsequious Courtships end no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinc'd, that with a Man of Sense, a Woman of tolerable Prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a Man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you as happy as I now am, not with standing all that's past, wishes and prays

*Your obliged Friend and Servant, P. B.*

*N. B.* Altho' Miss *Darnford* could not receive the above Letter so soon, as to answer it before others were sent to her by her fair Correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the Order of Time, that the Reader may have the Letter and Answer at one View: And shall on other Occasions take the like Liberty.



LETTER XXVIII.

*In Answer to the preceding.*

*My dear Mrs. B.* You charm us all, with your Letters. *Mr. Peters* says he will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires I will return his thankful Acknowledgements for your favourable Opinion of him, and kind Allowances. If there be an Angel on Earth, he says you are one. My Papa, altho' he has seen your stinging Reflection upon his Refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to *Lincolnshire* again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good Earnest; for he thinks he was wrong to deny you his Protection.

We are pleas'd with your Apology for *Mr. B.* 'Tis so much the Part of a good Wife to extenuate her Husband's Faults, and make the best of his bad Qualities, in order to give the World a good Opinion of him; that, together with the affecting Instances of your Humility, in looking back with so much Greatness of Mind; to what you were, make us all join to admire you, and own, that nobody can deserve what you deserve.

Yet I am sorry, my dear Friend, to find, notwithstanding your Defence of *Mr. B.* that you have any Apprehensions about *London*. 'Tis pity any thing should give you Concern. As to *Mr. B.*'s staking in Favour of Polygamy, you cannot expect, that he can shake off all his bad Notions at once. And it must be a great Comfort to you, that his *Actions* do not correspond, and that his Liberties have been reduced to *Notions* only. In time, we hope that he will be every thing you wish him. If not, with such an Example before him, he will be the more culpable.

We all smiled at the Description of your own uncommon Courtship. And as they say, the Days of Courtship are the happiest Part of Life, if we had not known that your Days of Marriage are happier by far, than any other body's Courtship, we must needs have pity'd you. But as the one were Days of Trial and Temptation, the other are Days of Reward and Happiness: May the last always continue to be so, and you'll have no Occasion to think any body happier than *Mrs. B.*

I thank you heartily for your good Wishes as to the Man of Sense. *Mr. Murray* has been here, and continues his Visits. He is a lively Gentleman, well enough in his Person, has a tolerable Character, yet loves Company, and will take his Bottle freely; my Papa likes him ne'er the worse for that: He talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, and seems to like his own Person very well: No great Pleasure this for a Lady to look forward to; yet he falls far short of that genteel Ease, and graceful Behaviour, which distinguish your *Mr. B.* from any body I know.

I wish *Mr. Murray* would apply to my Sister. She is an ill-natur'd Girl; but would make a good Wife, I hope; and I fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his Conversation; his Complaisance is not a pretty Complaisance: He is well vers'd in Country Sports; and my Papa loves him for that too, and says, He is a most accomplish'd Gentleman: Yes, cry I, as Gentlemen go—You *must* be saucy, says *Sir Simon*, and when a Partridge is put on your Plate, snuff up your Nose at it, when, were you kept a little hungry, you'd have leapt at a coarser Bird.

I know some Gentlemens Partridges, *Sir*, cry'd I, no better than rank Wigeons, and far short of a Stubble Goose. He call'd me one of his free Names.

But I have broken my Mind to my dear, my indulgent Mamma, who tells me, she will do me all the Pleasure she can; but would be loth the youngest Daughter should *go first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now—and—then, I did not care who marry'd, unless such an one offer'd, as I never expect.

I have great Hope, the Gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me for *Nancy*; for I see he has not Delicacy enough to love with any great Distinction. He says, as my Mamma tells me by the bye, that I am the handsomest and best humour'd; and he has found out, as he thinks, that I have some Wit, and have Ease and Freedom (and he tacks Innocence to them) in my Address and Conversation. 'Tis well for me, *he* is of this Opinion; for if he thinks justly, which I much question, *any body* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking Pains to ingage his good Word, having been under more Reserve to him, than ever I was before to any body.

Indeed, I can't help it; for the Gentleman is forward without Delicacy; and (pardon me, *Sir Simon*) my Papa has not one bit of it neither: But is for pushing Matters on, with his rough Raillery, that puts me out of Countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid Part of the Preliminaries, as he tells me.

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Yet I hope *Nancy's* 3000*l.* Fortune more than I am likely to have will give her the wish'd for Preference with *Mr. Murray*; and then, as to a Brotherin-law, in Prospect, I can put off all Restraint, and return to my usual Freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of Notice from us: But from you, we expect an Account of *Lady Davers's* Visit, and of the Conversations that offer among you; and you have so delightful a way of making every thing momentous, either by your Subject or Reflections, or both, that we long for every Post-Day, in hopes of the Pleasure of a Letter.— And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many Testimonies of the Honour I receive in this Correspondence: Which will be always esteemed, as it deserves, by, my dear *Mrs. B.*

*Your obliged and faithful Polly Darnford.*

*Mrs. Peters*, *Mrs. Jones*, my Papa, Mamma, and Sister, present their due Respects. *Mr. Peters* I mentioned before. He continues to give a very good Account of poor *Jewkes*; and is much pleased with her.

**LETTER XXIX.**

*My dear Miss Darnford,* At your Desire, and to oblige your honoured Mamma, and your good Neighbours, I will now acquaint you with the Arrival of Lady *Davers*, and will write what passes between us: I will not say worthy of Notice; for were I to do so, I should be more brief, perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my Time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a Bit now and a Bit then, you must excuse, me if I dispense with some Forms, which I ought to observe, when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it Journal-wise, as it were, and have no Regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my Freedom of Narration, to Inscription or Subscription; but send it as I have Opportunity: And if you please to favour me so far, as to lend it me, after you have read the Stuff, for the Perusal of my Father and Mother, to whom my Duty and Promise require me to give an Account of my Proceedings, it will save me Transcription, for which I shall have no Time; and then you will excuse Blots and Blurs, and I will trouble myself no further for Apologies on that score, but this one for all.

If you think it worth while, when they have read it, you shall have it again.

### Wednesday Morning, Six o'Clock.

For my dear Friend permits me to rise an Hour sooner than my Wont, that I may have Time to scribble; for he is always pleased to see me so employ'd, or in Reading; often saying, when I am at my Needle, (as his Sister once wrote) Your Maids can do this, *Pamela*; but they cannot write as you can. And yet, as he tells me, when I chuse to follow my Needle, as a Diversion from too intense Study, as he is pleased to call it, (but, alas! I know not what Study is, as may be easily guessed by my hasty writing, putting down every thing as it comes) I shall then do as I please. But you must understand I promised at setting out, what a good Wife I'd endeavour to make And every honest body should try to be as good as their Word, you know; and such Particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible; especially as I promised no more than what was my Duty to perform, if I had *not* promised. —But what a Preamble is here? —Judge by it what Impertinences you may expect as I proceed.

Yesterday about Six in the Evening arrived here my Lord and Lady *Davers*, their Nephew, and the Countess of *C.* Mother of Lady *Betty*, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater Favour. It seems her Ladyship long'd, as she said, to see *me*; and this was her principal Inducement. The two Ladies, and their two Women, were in Lord *Davers's* Coach and Six, and my Lord and his Nephew rode on Horseback, attended with a Train of Servants.

We had expected them to Dinner; but they could not reach Time enough; for the Countess being a little incommoded with her Journey, the Coach travelled slowly. My Lady would not suffer her Lord, nor his Nephew, to come hither before her, tho' on Horseback, because she would be present, she said, when his Lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her Mother's Pamela*; that was her Word.

It rained when they came in; so the Coach drove directly to the Door, Mr. *B.* receiving them there: But I was in a little Sort of Flutter, which Mr. *B.* observing, made me sit down in the Parlour to compose myself. Where's *Pamela*? said my Lady, as soon as she alighted in the Passage.

I stepped out, lest she should take it amiss; and she took my Hand, and kissed me: Here, my Lady Countess, said she, presenting me to her — Here's the Girl; see if I said too much in Praise of her Person.

The Countess saluted me with a kind Pleasure in her Eye, and said, Indeed, Lady *Davers*, you have not. 'T would have been strange, (excuse me, Mrs. *B.* for I know your Story) if such a fine Flower had not been transplanted from the Field to the Garden.

I made no Return but by a low Court'sy to her Ladyship's Compliment. Then Lady *Davers*, taking my Hand again, presented me to her Lord: See here, my Lord, my Mother's *Pamela*! — And see here, my Lord, said her generous Brother, taking my other Hand most kindly, see here your Brother's *Pamela* too!

My Lord saluted me: I do, said he to his Lady; I do, said he to his Brother; and I see the first Person in her, that has exceeded my Expectation, when every Mouth had *prepared* me to expect a Wonder.

Mr. *H.* whom every one calls Lord *Jackey*, after his Aunt's Example when she is in good Humour with him, and who is a very *young* Gentleman, tho' about as old as my best Friend, came to me next, and said, Lovelier and lovelier, by my Life! — I never saw your Peer, Madam.

Will you excuse me, Miss, all this seeming Vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

Well but, said my Lady, taking my Hand, in her free Quality Way, which quite dashed me, and holding it at Distance, and turning me half-round, her Eye fixed to my Waist, Let me observe you a little, my sweet-fac'd Girl! — I hope I am right: — I hope you will do Credit to my Brother, as he has done you Credit. — Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. *B.*?

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, Miss; my Face, all over Scarlet, was hid in my Bosom, and I looked so silly! —

Ay, said my naughty Lady, you may well look down, my good Girl: For, to talk to thee in thy own grave Way, thou hast verify'd the Scripture, *What is done in Secret, shall be known on the Housetop.*

Dear my Lady! said I — for still she kept looking at me: And her dear Brother, seeing my Confusion, in Pity to me, press'd my blushing Face a Moment on his generous Breast; and said, Lady *Davers*, you should not be thus hard upon my dear Girl, the Moment you see her, and before so many Witnesses: But look up, my best Love, take

your Revenge of my Sister, and tell her, you wish her in the same Way.

It is so then, said my Lady: I'm glad of it with all my Heart. I will now love you still better: but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my good Child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you. And so she gave me a Kiss of Congratulation, as she said.

Do you think, Miss, I did not look very silly? —My Lord, smiling, and gazing at me from Head to Foot, Lord *Jackey* grinning and laughing, like an Oaf, as I then, in my Spite, thought. Indeed the Countess said, encouragingly to me, but severely on Persons of Birth, — Lady *Davers*, you are as much too teizing, as Mrs. *B.* is too bashful. But you're a happy Man, Mr. *B.* that your Lady's Modesty and Bashfulness are the only Marks by which we can judge she is not of Quality. Lord *Jackey*, in the Language of some Character in a Play, cry'd out, *A palpable Hit*, by Jupiter, and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating the same Words.

We talked only upon common Topicks till Supper-time, and I was all Ear, as I thought it became me; for the Countess had by her first Compliment, and by an Aspect as noble as intelligent, obliged me to Silence, in Awe of a Superiority so visible; as had Lady *Davers's* free, though pleasant, Raillery, which she could not help carrying on now-and-then. Besides, Lady *Davers's* Letters had given me greater Reason to revere her Wit and Judgment, (high as my Respect for her before had carried my Notions of her Excellence) than I had formed to myself, when I reflected on her passionate Temper, and such Parts of the Conversation I had had with her Ladyship in your Neighbourhood; which (however to be admired) sell short of her Letters.

When we were to sit down at Table, I looked, suppose, a little diffidently; for I really then thought of my Lady's Anger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at Table with her and Mr. *B.* saying, Take your Place, my Dear; you keep our Friends standing; I sat down in my usual Place. And my Lady said, None of your reproaching Eye, *Pamela*; I know what you hint at: And every Letter I have receiv'd from you, has help'd to make me censure myself for my *Lady-Airs*, as you call 'em, you Saucebox you: I told you, I'd *Lady-Airs* you when I saw you; and you shall have it all in good Time.

I'm sure, said I, I shall have nothing from your Ladyship, but what will be very agreeable: But indeed I never meant any thing particular by that, or any other Word that I wrote; nor could I think of any thing but what was highly respectful to your Ladyship.

Lord *Davers* was pleased to say, that it was impossible I should either write or speak any thing that could be taken amiss.

Lady *Davers*, after Supper, and the Servants were withdrawn, began a Discourse on Titles, and said, Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord *Davers*; for he has spoken to Lord *S.* who made him a Visit a few Days ago, to procure you a Baronet's Patent. Your Estate, and the Figure you make in the World, are so considerable, and your Family besides is so antient, that, methinks, you should wish for some Distinction of that Sort.

Yes, Brother, said my Lord, I did mention it to Lord *S.* and told him, withal, that it was without your Knowledge or Desire, that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it; but 'tis a thing your Sister has wish'd for a good while.

What Answer did my Lord *S.* make to it? said Mr. *B.*

He said, We, meaning the Ministers, I suppose, should be glad to oblige a Gentleman of Mr. *B.'s* Figure in the World; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect Courtiers will tender it to any Gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord *Davers*, we seldom grant Honours without a View, I tell you that, said he, smiling.

My Lord *S.* might mention this as a Jest, return'd Mr. *B.* but he spoke the Truth. But your Lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. 'Tis, 'tis an hereditary Title: But the rich Citizens, who used to be satisfy'd with the Title of Knights, (till they made it so common, that it was brought into as great Contempt as the *French* Knights of St. *Michael*, and nobody else cared to accept of it) now are ambitious of this; and, I take it, it is hastening apace into like Disrepute. Besides, 'tis a novel Honour, and what our Ancestors, who lived at its Institution, would never accept of. But were it a Peerage they would give me, which has some essential Privileges and Splendors attached to it, that would make it desirable to some Men, I would not enter into Conditions for it. Titles at best, added he, are but Shadows; and he that has the Substance should be above valuing them; for who that has the whole Bird, would pride himself upon a single Feather?

But, said my Lady, altho' I acknowledge, that the Institution is of late Date, yet as abroad, as well as at home, it

is regarded as a Title of Dignity, and it is supposed, that the best Families among the Gentry are of it, I should be glad you would accept of it. And as to Citizens being of it, they are not many; and some of them, or their immediate Descendants however, have bought themselves into the Peerage itself of the one Kingdom or the other.

As to what it is looked upon Abroad, said Mr. *B.* that is of no Weight at all; for when an *Englishman* travels, be he of what Degree he will, if he has an Equipage, and squanders his Money away, he is a Lord of course with Foreigners: And therefore Sir *Such-a-one* is rather a Diminution to him, as it fixes him down to a lower Title than his Vanity would perhaps make him aspire to be thought in the Possession of. Then, as to Citizens, in a Trading Nation like this, I am not displeas'd in the main, with seeing the overgrown ones creeping into nominal Honours; and we have so many of our first Titled Families who have ally'd themselves to Trade, (whose Inducements were Money only) that it ceases to be either a Wonder as to the Fact, or a Disgrace to the Honour.

Well, Brother, said my Lady, I will tell you further, the Thing may be had for asking for: If you will but go to Court, and desire to kiss the King's Hand, that will be all the Trouble you'll have; and pray now oblige me in it.

If a Title would make me either a better or a wiser Man, reply'd Mr. *B.* I would imbrace it with Pleasure. Besides, I am not so intirely satisfied with some of the Measures now pursuing, as to owe any Obligation to the Ministers. Accepting of a small Title from them, is but like putting on their Badge, or listing under their Banners; like a certain Lord we all know, who accepted of one Degree more of Title to shew he was theirs, and would not have a higher, lest it should be thought a Satisfaction tantamount to half the Pension he demanded: And could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ingrateful Man for voting as I pleas'd, because they gave me the Title of a Baronet?

The Countess said, The World always thought Mr. *B.* was a Gentleman of moderate Principles, and not attached to any Party; and it was her Opinion, that it was far from being inconsistent with any Gentleman's Honour and Independency, to accept of a Title from a Prince he acknowledg'd as his Sovereign.

'Tis very , Madam, reply'd Mr. *B.* that I am attach'd to no Party, and never will; and I have a mean Opinion of many of the Heads of both: Nay, I will say further, that I wish at my Heart, the Gentlemen in the Administration would pursue such Measures, that I could give them every Vote; as I always will every one that I can; and I have no very high Opinion of those who, right or wrong, would distress or imbarass a Government. For this is certain, that our Governors cannot be always in the wrong; and he therefore who never gives them a Vote, must probably be as often out of the Way as they, and must, moreover, have some View he will not own. But in a Country like ours, where each of the Legislative Powers is in a Manner independent, and where they are designed as mutual Checks upon each other, I have, notwithstanding, so great an Opinion of the Necessity of an Opposition sometimes, that I am convinc'd it is that which must preserve our Constitution. I will therefore be a *Country Gentleman*, in the Sense of the Word, and will accept of no Favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the Opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a Round to any Man's Ladder of Preferment, or a Caballer for the sake of my own.

You say well, Brother, return'd Lady *Davers*; but you may undoubtedly keep your own Principles and Independency, and yet pay your Duty to the King, and accept of this Title; for your Family and Fortune will be a greater Ornament to the Title, than the Title to you.

Then, what Occasion have I for it, if that be the Case, Madam?

Why, I can't say but I should be glad you had it, for your Family's sake, as it is an hereditary Honour. Then it would mend the Style of your Spouse here; for the good Girl is at such a Loss for an Epithet when she writes, that I see the Constraint she lies under. It is, *My dear Gentleman, My best Friend, My Benefactor, My dear Mr. B.*; whereas Sir *William* would turn off her Periods more roundly, and no other softer Epithet would be wanting.

To me, reply'd he, who always desire to be distinguished as my *Pamela's* best Friend, and think it an Honour to be called *her dear Mr. B.* and *her dear Gentleman*, this Reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir *William* in the Kingdom than her Sir *William*; for I am very emulous of her Favour, I can tell you, and think it no small Distinction.

I blush'd at this too great Honour, before such Company, and was afraid my Lady would be a little piqu'd at it. But, after a Pause, she said, Well then, Brother, will you let *Pamela* decide upon this Point?

Rightly put, said the Countess. Pray let Mrs. *B.* chuse for you, Sir. My Lady has hit the Thing.

Very good, very good, by my Soul, says Lord *Jackey*, let my *young Aunt*, that was his Word, chuse for you, Sir.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Well then, *Pamela*, said the dear Gentleman, give us *your* Opinion, as to this Point.

But, first, said Lady *Davers*, say you will be determin'd by it; or else she will be laid under a Difficulty.

Well then, reply'd he, be it so. I will be determined by your Opinion, my Dear: Give it me freely.

Lord *Jackey* rubb'd his Hands together, Charming, charming, as I hope to live! By *Jove*, this is just as I wish'd!

Well, now, *Pamela*, said my Lady, speak your Heart without Disguise: I charge you do.

Why then, Gentlemen and Ladies, said I, if I must be so bold as to speak on a Subject, upon which, on several Accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the Title; but perhaps my Reason is of too private a Nature, to weigh any thing; and if so, it would not become me to have any Choice at all.

They all called upon me for my Reason; and I said, looking down, a little abash'd, It is this: Here my dear Mr. *B.* has disparag'd himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low Body as I; and the World will be apt to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the Honour he has lost *another*; and then, perhaps, it will be attributed to my Pride and Ambition: Here, they will be apt to say, the proud Cottager will needs be a Lady, in Hopes to conceal her Descent; whereas, had I such a vain Thought, it would be but making it the more remember'd against both my dear Mr. *B.* and myself. And indeed, as to my own Part, added I, I take too much Pride in having been listed up into this Distinction, for the Causes to which I owe it, your Brother's *Bounty* and *Generosity*, than to be ashamed of what I *was*: Only now—and—then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censur'd. — But this would not be prevented by the Title; but rather would be aggravated by it. —So I am humbly of Opinion against the Title.

The dear Gentleman had hardly Patience to hear me out, but came to me, and folding his Arms about me, said, Just as I wish'd, have you answer'd, my beloved *Pamela*: I was never yet deceiv'd in you; no, not once.

My Lady Countess, my Lord *Davers*, my Lady *Davers*, said the dear Gentleman, do we want any Titles, think you, to make us happy, but what we can confer upon ourselves? And he press'd my Hand to his Lips, as he always honours me most in Company; and went to his Place, highly pleas'd; while his fine Manner drew Tears from my Eyes, and made his noble Sister's and the Countess's glisten too.

My Lady said, Well, for my Part, thou art a strange Girl! Where, as my Brother once said, gottest thou all this? Then, pleasantly humourous, as if she was angry, she changed her Tone, What signify thy *meek* Words, and *humble* Speeches, when by thy *Actions*, as well as *Sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all? —*Pamela*, said she, have less Merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more Patience with thee, than thy Monarch has just now shewn.

The Countess was pleased to say, You're a happy Couple indeed! and I must needs repeat to you, Mr. *B.* four Lines, that Sir *William Davenant* made upon a Lady, who could not possibly deserve them so much as yours does: *She ne'er saw Courts; but Courts could have outdone,*

*With untaught Looks, and an unpractis'd Heart:*  
*Her Nets the most prepar'd could never shun;*  
*For Nature spread them in the Scorn of Art.*

But, my dear Miss, how lucky one sometimes is, in having what one says well accepted! Ay, that is all in all. For the Reason for the Answer I gave was so obvious, that one in my Circumstances could not miss it. Yet what Compliments had I upon it! 'Tis a Sign they were prepared to think well of me; and that's my great Pleasure and Happiness.

Such sort of Entertainment as this you are to expect from your Correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear such a Mixture of Self-praise, Vanity and Impertinence, that I expect you will tell me freely, as soon as this comes to your Hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear Father and Mother's sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of every thing that comes from me, for no other Reason but that: And I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to any body else, without expecting as much Partiality and Favour from others, as I have from my dear Parents. Mean time I conclude here my first Conversation-piece; and am, and will be,

*Always Yours, &c. P. B.*

LETTER XXX.

Thursday *Morning, Six o'Clock.*

Our Breakfast Conversation Yesterday, (at which only Mrs. *Worden*, my Lady's Woman, and my *Polly* attended) was so whimsically particular, (tho' I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling) that I cannot help acquainting my dear Miss *Darnford* with it, who is desirous of knowing all that relates to Lady *Davers's* Conduct towards me.

You must know then, that I have the Honour to stand very high in the Graces of Lord *Davers*, who on every Occasion is pleased to call me his *good Sister*, his *dear Sister*, and sometimes his *charming Sister*, and he tells me, he will not be out of my Company for an Hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My Lady seems to relish this very well in the main, tho' she cannot quite so readily, yet, frame her Mouth to the Sound of the Word *Sister*, as my Lord does; of which this that follows is one Instance.

His Lordship had called me by that tender Name twice before, and saying, I will drink another Dish, I think, my *good Sister*; my Lady said, Your Lordship has got a Word by the End, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken Notice, that you have called *Pamela, Sister, Sister, Sister*, no less than Three times in a Quarter of an Hour.

My Lord looked a little serious: I shall one Day or other, said he, be allow'd to chuse my own Words and Phrases, I hope: Your Sister, Mr. *B.* added he, often questions whether I am at Age or not, tho' the House of Peers made no Scruple of admitting me among them some Years ago.

Mr. *B.* said, severely, but with a smiling Air, 'Tis well she has such a Gentleman as your Lordship for a Husband, whose affectionate Indulgence overlooks all her saucy Sallies. I am sure, when you took her out of our Family into your own, we all thought ourselves bound to pray for you.

I thought this a great Trial of my Lady's Patience: But it was from Mr. *B.* And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious Air, How now, Confidence! —None but my Brother could have said this, whose violent Spirit was always much more intolerable than mine: But I can tell you, Mr. *B.* I was always thought very good-humour'd, and obliging to every body, till your Impudence came from College, and from your Travels; and then, I own, your provoking Ways made me now-and-then a little out of the Way.

Well, well, Sister, we'll have no more of this Subject, only let us see, that my Lord *Davers* wants not his proper Authority with you, altho' you used to keep me in Awe formerly.

Keep you in Awe! —That nobody could ever do yet, Boy or Man.— But, my Lord, I beg your Pardon; for this Brother will make Mischief betwixt us, if he can. —I only took Notice of the Word *Sister* so often us'd, which looked more like Affection than Affection.

Perhaps, Lady *Davers*, said my Lord gravely, I have two Reasons for using the Word so frequently.

I'd be glad to hear them, said the dear taunting Lady; for I don't doubt they're mighty good ones. What are they, my Lord?

One is, Because I love, and am fond of my new Relation: The other, That you are so sparing of the Epithet, that I call her so for us both.

Your Lordship says well, rejoind'd my dear Mr. *B.* smiling; and Lady *Davers* can give two Reasons why she does *not*.

Well, said my Lady, now we are in for't, let us hear *your* two Reasons likewise: I doubt not they're wise ones too.

If they are *yours*, Lady *Davers*, they must be so: One is, That every Condescension of a proud Lady, to speak in her own Dialect, comes as hard and as difficult, as a Favour from the House of *Austria* to the petty Princes of *Germany*. The second, Because of your Sex, (excuse me, my Lady Countess) who having once made Scruples, think it inconsistent with themselves to be over-hasty to alter their own Conduct, chusing rather to persist in an Error, than own it to be one.

This proceeded from the dear Gentleman's Impatience to see me in the least slighted by my Lady: And I said to Lord *Davers*, to soften Matters, Never, my Lord, were Brother and Sister so loving in Earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in Jest, as my good Lady and Mr. *B.* But your Lordship knows their Way.

My Lady frown'd at her Brother, but turn'd it off with an Air: I love the Mistress of this House, said she, very

well; and am quite reconcil'd to her: But methinks there is such a hissing Sound in the Word *Sister*, that I cannot abide it. 'Tis a *English* Word, and a Word I have not been used to, having never had a Sis—s—ter before, as you know. Speaking the first Syllable of the Word with an emphatical Hiss.

Mr. *B.* said, Observe you not, Lady *Davers*, that you used a Word (to avoid that) which had twice the Hissing in it that *Sister* had;—and that was, Mis—s—tress, with two other hissing Words to accompany it, of this—s—Hous—s—e: But what childish Follies does not Pride make one stoop to! Excuse, my Lady, (to the Countess) such poor low Conversation as we are dwindled into.

O! Sir, said her Ladyship, the Conversation is very agreeable; and I think, Lady *Davers*, you're fairly caught.

Well, said my Lady, then help me, good *Sister*, there's for you! to a little Sugar. Will that please you, Sir?

I am always pleas'd, reply'd her Brother, smiling, when Lady *Davers* acts up to her own Character, and the good Sense she is Mistress of.

Ay, ay, return'd she, my good Brother, like other wise Men, takes it for granted, that it is a Mark of good Sense to approve of whatever *he* does.— And so, for this one Time, I am a very sensible body with him.— And I'll leave off, while I have his good Word. Only one thing I must say to you, my Dear, turning to me, That tho' I call you *Pamela*, and *Pamela*, as I please, I do assure you, I love you as well as if I called you *Sister*, *Sister*, as Lord *Davers* does, at every Word.

Your Ladyship gives me great Pleasure, said I, in this kind Assurance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the Honour of being called by that tender Name, if I can be so happy as to deserve it; and I'll lose no Opportunity that shall be afforded me, to shew how sincerely I will endeavour to do so.

She was pleased to rise from her Seat: Give me a Kiss, my dear Girl; you deserve every thing: And permit me to say *Pamela* sometimes, as the Word occurs; for I am not used to speak in Print, and I will call you *Sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever *Sister* loved another.

These proud and passionate Folks, said my dear Mr. *B.* how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their Characters!

So then, said my Lady, I am to have no Merit of my own, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my Brother.

Why, you saucy *Sister*, said he, excuse me, Lord *Davers*, what Merit *would* you have? Can People merit by doing their Duty? And is it so great a Praise that you think fit to own for a *Sister*, so deserving a Girl as this, whom I take Pride in calling my Wife?

Thou art what thou always wast, return'd my Lady; and were I in this my imputed Pride to want an Excuse, I know not the Creature living that ought so soon to make one for me as you.

I *do* excuse you, said he, for *that* very Reason, if you please: But it little becomes either your Pride, or mine, to do any thing that wants Excuse.

Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly! *Pamela*, Friend, *Sister*,—there's for you! thou art a happy Girl to have made such a Reformation in thy honest Man's way of *Thinking* as well as *Acting*. But now we are upon this Topick, and none but Friends about us, I am resolved to be even with thee, Brother. *Jackey*, if you are not for another Dish, I wish you'd withdraw. *Polly Barlow*, we don't want you. *Beck*, you may stay. Mr. *H.* obey'd; and *Polly* went out: For you must know, Miss, that my Lady *Davers* will have none of the Men—Fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at Tea. And I cannot say but I think her intirely in the right, for several Reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my Lady repeated, Now we are upon this Topick of Reclaiming and Reformation, tell me, thou bold Wretch; for you know I have seen all your Rogueries in *Pamela's* Papers; tell me, if ever Rake but thyself made such an Attempt as thou didst, on this dear good Girl, in Presence of a virtuous Woman, as Mrs. *Jervis* always was noted to be? As to the other vile Creature *Jewkes*, 'tis less Wonder, altho' in *that* thou hadst the Impudence of *him* who set thee to Work: But to make thy Attempt before Mrs. *Jervis*, and in spite of her Struggles and Reproaches, was the very Stretch of shameless Wickedness.

The dear Gentleman seemed a little disconcerted, and said, Surely, surely, Lady *Davers*, this is going too far! Look at *Pamela's* blushing Face, and down—cast Eye, and wonder at yourself for this Question as much as you do at me for the Actions you speak of.

The Countess said to me, My dear Mrs. *B.* I wonder not at this sweet Confusion on so affecting a Question; but, indeed, since it has come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. *B.* that we have all, and my Daughters too, wonder'd

at this, more than any Part of your Attempts; because, Sir, we thought you one of the most civiliz'd Gentlemen in *England*, and that you could not but wish to have saved Appearances a little.

Tho' this, said Mr. *B.* is to *you*, my *Pamela*, the Renewal of Grievs; yet hold up your dear Face.— You may—the Triumph was yours—the Shame and the Blushes ought to be mine. —And I will humour my saucy Sister in all she would have me say.

Nay, said Lady *Davers*, you know the Question; I cannot put it stronger.

That's very , reply'd he. —But what would you have me say? Do you expect I should give you a *Reason* for an Attempt that appears to you so very shocking?

Nay, Sir, said the Countess, don't say *Appears to Lady Davers*; for (excuse me) it will appear so to every one who hears of it.

I think my Brother is too hardly used, said Lord *Davers*: He has made all the Amends he could make; and *you*, my Sister, who were the Person offended, forgive him now, I hope; don't you?

I could not answer; for I was quite confounded; and made a Motion to withdraw: But Mr. *B.* said, Don't go, my Dear: Tho' I ought to be asham'd of an Action set before me in so full a Glare, in Presence of Lord *Davers* and the Countess; — yet I will not have you stir, because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me.

Indeed, Sir, I cannot, said I: Pray, my dear Ladies, pray, my good Lord, and dear Sir, don't thus *renew my Grievs*, as you were pleased justly to phrase it.

I have the Representation of that Scene in my Pocket, said my Lady; for I was resolved, as I told Lady *Betty*, to shame the wicked Wretch with it, the first Opportunity I had; and I'll read it to you; or, rather, you shall read it yourself, Boldface! if you can.

So she pulled those Leaves out of her Pocket, wrapp'd up carefully in a Paper. —Here, I believe, he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare *Pamela's* Confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was.

I think, said he, taking the Papers, I can say something that will abate the Heinousness of this heavy Charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent Bar of my Sister, answering her Interrogatories.

I send you, my dear Miss, a Transcript of the Charge, as follows: —To be sure, you'll say, he was a very wicked Gentleman.

Mr. *B.* read this to himself, and said, This is a dark Affair, as it is here stated; and I can't say, but *Pamela*, and Mrs. *Jervis* too, had a great deal of Reason to apprehend the worst: But surely Readers of it, who were less Parties in the supposed Attempt, and who were not determin'd at all Events to condemn me, might have made a more favourable Construction for me, than you, Lady *Davers*, have done, in the strong Light in which you have set this heinous Matter before us.

However, since my Lady Countess, and Lord *Davers*, seem to expect, that I shall particularly answer to this black Charge, I will, at a proper Time, if it will be agreeable, give you a brief History of my passion for this dear Girl, how it commenc'd, and increas'd, and my own Struggles with it: And this will introduce, with some little Advantage to myself perhaps, what I have to say, as to this supposed Attempt; and at the same time inable you the better to account for some Facts which you have read in my pretty Accuser's Papers.

This pleased every one, and they begg'd him to begin *then*: But he said, It was Time we should think of Dressing, the Morning being far advanc'd; and if no Company came in, he would give them, in the Afternoon, the Particulars they desired to hear.

The three Gentlemen rode out, and returned just Time enough to dress before Dinner; and my Lady and the Countess also took an Airing in the Chariot. Just as they returned, Compliments came from several of the neighbouring Ladies to our noble Guests, on their Arrival in these Parts; and, to as many as sent, Lady *Davers* desir'd their Companies for Tomorrow in the Afternoon, to drink Tea: But Mr. *B.* having fallen in with some of the Gentlemen likewise, he told me, we should have most of our visiting Neighbours at Dinner, and desired Mrs. *Jervis* might prepare accordingly for them.

After Dinner Mr. *H.* took a Ride out, attended with Mr. *Colbrand*, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frighten'd Lady *Davers's* Footmen at the Hall, threatening to chine them, if they offer'd to stop his Lady; for, he says, he loves a Man of Courage; very probably knowing his own Defects that way; for my Lady now—and—then calls him a Chicken-hearted Fellow. And then Lord and Lady *Davers*, and the Countess, reviv'd the Subject of the Morning; and Mr. *B.* was pleased to begin in the Manner I shall mention by—and—by. For here I am oblig'd to break off.

Now, my dear Miss, I will proceed.

'I need not, said the dear Gentleman, observe to any body who knows what Love is, (or rather that violent Passion which we mad young Fellows are apt to miscall Love) what mean Things it puts us upon; how it unmans, and levels with the Dust, the proudest Spirit. In the Sequel of my Story you will observe several Instances of this Truth.

'I began very early to take Notice of this lovely Girl, even when she was hardly Thirteen Years old; for her Charms increased every Day, not only in my Eye, but in the Eyes of every one who beheld her. My Mother, as *you*, Lady *Davers*, know, took the greatest Delight in her, always calling her, her *Pamela*, her good Child: And her Waiting-maid, and her Cabinet of Rarities, were her Boasts, and equally shewn to every Visitor: For, besides the Beauty of her Figure, and the genteel Air of her Person, the dear Girl had a surprising Memory, a Solidity of Judgment above her Years, and a Docility so unequal'd, that she took all Parts of Learning, which her Lady, as fond of instructing her, as she of improving by Instruction, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had Masters to teach her to dance, to sing, and to play on the Spinet, whom she every Day surpris'd by the Readiness wherewith she took every thing.

'I remember once, my Mother praising her Girl before me, and my Aunt *B.* (who is since dead) I could not but take Notice to her of her Fondness for her, and said, What do you design, Madam, to do *with*, or do *for*, this *Pamela* of yours? The Accomplishments you give her will do her more Hurt than Good: For they will set her so much above her Degree, that what you intend as a Kindness may prove her Ruin.

'My Aunt join'd with me, and spoke in a still stronger Manner against giving her such an Education. —And added, as I well remember, Surely, Sister, you do wrong. One would think, if one knew not my Nephew's discreet Pride, that you design her for something more than your own Waiting-maid.

'Ah! Sister, said the old Lady, there is no Fear of what you hint at: His Family Pride, and stately Temper, will secure my Son: He has too much of his Father in him. —And as for *Pamela*, you know not the Girl. She has always in her Thoughts, and in her Mouth too, her Father's mean Condition; and I shall do nothing for *them*, at least at present, tho' they are honest Folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the Girl humble.

'But what can I do with the little Baggage? continued my Mother: She conquers every thing so fast, and has such a Thirst after Knowledge, and the more she knows, I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help letting go, as my Son, when a little Boy, used to do to his Kite, as fast as she pulls; and to what Height she'll soar I can't tell.

'I intended, proceeded the good Lady, at first, only to make her Mistress of some fine Needleworks, to qualify her, as she has a Delicacy in her Person that makes it a Pity she should ever be put to hard Work, for a genteel Place: But she masters that so fast, that now, as my Daughter is marry'd, and gone from me, I am desirous to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thoughtful Hours: And were *you*, Sister, to know what she is capable of, and how diverting her innocent Prattle is to me, and her natural Simplicity, which I encourage her to preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my Son neither, wonder at the Pleasure I take in her. —Shall I call her in?

'I don't want, said I, to have the Girl called in: If you, Madam, are diverted with her, that's enough! —To be sure *Pamela* is a better Companion for a Lady than a Monkey or a Harlequin: But I fear you'll set her above herself, and make her vain and pert; and that at last, in order to support her Pride, she may fall into Temptations that may be fatal to herself, and others too.

'I'm glad to hear this from my *Son*, said the good Lady. But the Moment I see my Favour puffs her up, I shall take other Measures.

'Well, thought I to myself, I want only to conceal my Views from your penetrating Eye, my good Mother; and I shall one Day take as much Delight in your Girl, and her Accomplishments, as you now do: So, go on, and improve her as fast as you will. I'll only now-and-then talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that all you bestow upon her, will qualify her the better for my Purpose. —Only, thought I, fly swiftly on, two or three more tardy Years, and I'll nip this Bud by the Time it begins to open, and place it in my Bosom for a Year or two at least; for so long, if the Girl behaves worthy of her Education, I doubt not, she'll be new to me. Excuse me, Ladies; excuse me, Lord *Davers*: If I am not ingenuous, I had better be silent.'

I will as little as possible, my dear Miss, interrupt this affecting Narration, by mentioning my own alternate Blushes, Confusions, and Exclamations, as the naughty Gentleman went on; nor the Censures and many Out-upon-you's of the attentive Ladies, and Fie Brothers of Lord *Davers*; nor yet with Apologies for the Praises on myself, so frequently intermingled—contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very Sentences of the dear Relator And as to our intermingled Exclaimings and Observations, you may suppose what they were occasionally.

'So, continued Mr. *B*. I went on dropping Hints against her now—and—then; and whenever I met her, in the Passages about the House, or in the Garden, avoiding to look at her, or to speak to her, as she pass'd me, court'sying, and putting on a thousand bewitching Airs of Obligingness and Reverence; while I (who thought that the best way to demolish the Influence of such an Education would be to avoid alarming her Fears on one hand, or to familiarize myself to her on the other, till I came to strike the Blow) looked haughty and reserved, and passed by her with a stiff Nod, at most. Or, if I spoke, How does your Lady this Morning, Girl? —I hope she rested well last Night: Then, cover'd with Blushes, and court'sying at every Word, as if she thought herself unworthy of answering my Questions, she'd trip away in a kind of Hurry and Confusion, as soon as she had spoken. And once I heard her say to Mrs. *Jervis*, Dear Sirs, my young Master spoke to me, and called me by my Name, saying, How slept your Lady last Night, *Pamela!* Was not that very good, Mrs. *Jervis!* was it not? —Ay, thought I, I'm in the right way, I find: This will do in proper Time. Go on, my dear Mother, improving as fast as you will: I'll engage to pull down in Three Hours what you'll be building up in as many Years, in spite of all the Lessons you can teach her.

"Tis enough for me, that I am establishing with you, Ladies, and with you, my Lord, a higher Reputation for my *Pamela* (I am but too sensible I can make none for myself) in the Relation I am now giving you. Every one but my Mother, who, however, had no high Opinion of her Son's Virtue, used to look upon me as a Rake; and I got the Name, not very much to my Credit, you'll say, as well Abroad as in *England*, of *the sober Rake*;— some would say *the genteel Rake*; nay, for that Matter, some pretty Hearts, that have smarted for their good Opinion, have called me *the handsome Rake*. —But whatever other Epithet I was distinguished by, it all concluded in *Rake* or *Libertine*; nor was I very much offended at the Character; for, thought I, if a Lady knows this, and will come into my Company, half the Ceremony between us is over; and if she *calls* me so, I shall have an excellent Excuse to punish her Freedom, by greater of my own.

'So I dress'd, grew more and more confident, and became as insolent withal, as if, tho' I had not Lady *Davers's* Wit and Virtue, I had all her Spirlt (excuse me, Lady *Davers*); and having a pretty bold Heart, which rather put me upon courting than avoiding a Danger or Difficulty, I had but too much my Way with every body; and many a menac'd Complaint have I *look'd down* with a haughty Air, and a Promptitude, like that of *Colbrand's* to your Footmen at the Hall, to clap my Hand to my Side: Which was of the greater Service to my bold Enterprizes, as two or three Gentlemen had found I knew how to be in Earnest.

'Ha! said my Lady, thou wast ever an impudent Fellow; and many a vile Roguery have I kept from my poor Mother! —Yet, to my Knowledge, she thought you no Saint.

'Ay, poor Lady, continued he, she used now—and—then to catechise me; and was *sure* I was not so good as I ought to be:—For, Son, she would cry, these late Hours, these all-night Works, and to come home so sober, cannot be right! —I am not sure, if I were to know all, (and yet I'm afraid of inquiring after your Ways) whether I should not have Reason to wish you were brought home in Wine, rather than to come home so sober, and so late, as you do.

'Once, I remember, in the Summer-time, I came home about Six in the Morning, and met the good Lady unexpectedly by the Garden Back-Door, of which I had a Key to let myself in at all Hours. I started, and would have avoided her, as soon as I saw her: But she called me to her; and then I approached her with an Air, What brings you, Madam, into the Garden at so early an Hour? said I, turning my Face from her; for I had a few Scratches on my Forehead, — with a Thorn, or so, — that I feared she would be more inquisitive about than I cared for.

'And what makes you, said she, so early here *Billy?* —What a rakish Figure dost thou make! —One time or other these Courses will yield you but little Comfort, on Reflection: Would to God thou wast but happily marry'd!

'So, Madam, said I, the old Wish! —I'm not so bad as you think me: —I hope I have not merited so great a Punishment.

'These Hints I give, not as Matter of Glory, but Shame: Yet I ought to tell you all the Truth, or nothing. Mean time, thought I, (for I used, as I mentioned in the Morning, to have some Compunction for my vile Practices, when cool Reflection, brought on by Satiety, had taken hold of me) I wish this sweet Girl were grown to Years of Susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked Course of Life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest Folks Peace, and indangering myself. And as I had by a certain very daring and wicked Attempt, in which however I did not succeed, set a Hornet's Nest about my Ears, which I began to apprehend would sting me to Death; having once escap'd an Ambush, by dint of mere good Luck; I thought it was better to remove the Seat of my Warfare into another Kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for the future in my Amours. So I went to *France* a second time, as you know, Sister; and passed a Twelvemonth there in the best of Company, and with some Improvement both to my Morals and Understanding, and had very few Sallies, considering my Love of Intrigue, and the ample Means I had to prosecute successfully all the Desires of my Heart.

'When I return'd, several Matches were propos'd to me, and my good Mother often requested me to make her so happy, as she call'd it, as to see me marry'd before she dy'd: But I could not indure the Thoughts of that State; for I never saw a Lady whose Temper and Education I liked, or with whom I thought I could live tolerably. She used in vain therefore to plead Family Reasons to me: Like most young Fellows, I was too much a Self-lover, to pay so great a Regard to Posterity; and, to say Truth, had very little Solicitud at that time, whether my Name were continued or not, in my own Descendants. However, upon my Return, I look'd upon my Mother's *Pamela* with no small Pleasure, and I found her so much improv'd, as well in Person as Behaviour, that I had the less Inducement either to renew my intriguing Life, or to think of a marry'd State.

'Yet, as my Mother had all her Eyes about her, as the Phrase is, I affected great Shyness, both before her, and to the Girl; for I doubted not, my very Looks would be watched by them both; and what the one discover'd, would not be a Secret to the other; and laying myself open to too early a Suspicion, I thought would but ice the Girl over, and make my Mother more watchful.

'So I used to come into my Mother's Apartments, and go out, without taking the least Notice of her, but putting on stiff Airs; and as she always withdrew when I came in, I never made any Pretence to keep her there.

'Once indeed, my Mother said, on my looking after her, when her Back was turn'd, My dear Son, I don't like your Eye following my Girl so intently. Only I know that sparkling Lustre natural to it, or I should have some Fear for my *Pamela*, as she grows older.—

'I look after her, said I! —My Eyes sparkle at such a Girl as that! No indeed! —She may be your Favourite, as a Waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy Court'sies, and aukward Airs about her. A little Rustick Affectation of Innocence, that to such as cannot see into her, may pass well enough.

'Nay, my Dear, reply'd my Mother, don't say that, of all things. She has no Affectation, I am sure.

'Yes, she has, in my Eye, Madam; and I'll tell you how it comes about: You have taught her to assume the Airs of a Gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a Room with a Grace; and yet bid her keep her low Birth and Family in View: And between the one Character, which she wants to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set her Feet: So 'tis the same in every Gesture; her Arms she knows not whether to swim with, or hold before her; nor whether to hold her Head up, or down; and so does neither, but hangs it on one Side; a little aukward Piece of One-and-t'other, I think her. —And indeed, Madam, you'd do the Girl more Kindness to put her into your Dairy, than to keep her about your Person; for she'll be utterly spoil'd, I doubt, for any useful Purpose.

'Ah! Son! said she, I fear by your Description, you have minded her too much in one Sense, tho' not enough in another. 'Tis not my Intention to recommend her to your Notice, of all Men:— And I doubt not, if it please God I live, and she continues to be a good Girl; but she will make a Man of some middling, genteel Business very happy.

'*Pamela* came in just then, with an Air so natural, and yet so humble, and so much above herself, that I was forc'd to turn my Head from her, lest my Mother should watch my Eye again, and lest I should be inclin'd to do her that Justice, which my Heart, assented to, but which my Lips had just before deny'd her.

'All my Difficulty, in Apprehension, was, my good Mother: The Effect of whose Lessons to her Girl, I was not, however, so much afraid of, as her Vigilance. For, thought I, I see by the Delicacy of her Person, the Brilliancy of her Eye, and the sweet Apprehensiveness that plays about every Feature of her Face, that she must have Tinder enough in her Constitution, to catch a well-struck Spark; and I'll warrant I shall know how to set her in a Blaze, in

a few Months more.

'Yet I wanted, as I pass'd, to catch her Attention too: I expected her to turn after me, and look so, as to shew a beginning Liking towards me; for, you must know, I had a great Opinion of my Person and Air, which had been fortunately distinguish'd by Ladies, whom, of course, my Vanity made me allow to be very good Judges of these outward Advantages.

'I'll give your Ladyship an Instance of this my Vanity, in a Catch I made *extempore*, to a Lady whom I had been urging to give me some Proofs of a Love, that, I had the Confidence to tell her, I was sure she had in her Heart for me: She was a lively Lady; and laughing, said, Whoever admir'd me, it must be for my Confidence, and nothing else: But urging her farther, Why, said she, brazen Man, (for she'd call Names, like Lady *Davers*) what would you have me say? I would love you, if I *could* — But — Here interrupting her, and putting on a free Air, I half said, and half sung, *'You'd love me, you say, if you cou'd!*

*'Why, thou mak'st me a very odd Creature!*

*'I pr'ythee survey me again;*

*'What can'st thou object to my Feature?*

'This shew'd my Vanity: And I answer'd for the Lady, 'Why nothing!—Very well!—Then I'm sure you'll admit, That the Choice I have made, is a Sign of my Wit!

'But, to my great Disappointment, *Pamela* never, by any favourable Glance, gave the least Encouragement to my Vanity. Well, thought I, this Girl has certainly nothing ethereal in her Mould: All unanimated Clay! —But the Dancing and Singing Airs my Mother is teaching her, will make her better qualify'd in time, and another Year will ripen her into my Arms, no doubt of it. Let me only go on in my present way, and make her *fear* me: That will inhanche in her Mind, every Favour I shall afterwards vouchsafe to shew her; and never question, old *humdrum* Virtue, thought I, but the Tempter *without*, and the Tempter *within*, will be too many for the perversest Nicety that ever the Sex boasted.

'Yet, tho' I could not once attract her Eye towards me, she never fail'd to draw mine after her, whenever she went by me, or where—ever I saw her, except, as I said, in my Mother's Presence; and particularly, when she had pass'd me, and could not see me look at her, without turning her Head, as I expected so often from her in vain.

'You will wonder, Lord *Davers*, who, I suppose, was once in Love, or you'd never have marry'd such an hostile Spirit, as my Sister's there' ——— Go on, Sauce—box, said she, I won't interrupt you.

'You will wonder, how I could behave so coolly as to escape all Discovery so long from a Lady so watchful as my Mother; and from the Apprehensiveness of the Girl; for, high or low, every Individual of the Sex is quick as Lightning to Imaginations of this Kind: And besides, well says the Poet; *Men without Love, have oft so cunning grown, That something like it, they have shown; But none who had it, e'er seem'd to have none. Love's of a strangely open, simple Kind, Can no Arts or Disguises find; But thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.*

'But, to say nothing of her tender Years, and that my Love was not of this bashful Sort, I was not absolutely determin'd, so great was my Pride, that I ought to think her worthy of being my *Mistress*, when I had not much Reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon Persons of higher Birth (were I disposed to try) to live with me upon my own Terms. My Pride therefore kept my Passion at Bay, as I may say: So far was I from imagining I should ever be brought to what has since happen'd! But to proceed:

'Hitherto my Mind was taken up with the Beauties of her Person only. My Eye had drawn my Heart after it, without giving myself any Trouble about that Sense and Judgment which my Mother was always praising in her *Pamela*, as exceeding her Years, and Opportunities: But an Occasion happen'd, slight in itself, but which took the Head into the Party, and made me think of her, young as she was, with a Distinction, that before I had not had for her. The Occasion was this:

'Being with my Mother in her Closet, who was talking to me on the old Subject, *Matrimony*, I saw *Pamela's* Common—place Book, as I may call it: In which, by her Lady's Direction, from time to time, she had transcribed from the Bible, and other good Books, such Passages as made most Impression upon her, as she read. A Method, I take it, my Dear, *turning to me*, that was of great Service to you, as it initiated you into Writing with that Freedom and Ease, which shine in your saucy Letters and Journals; and to which my present Fetters are not a little owing: Just as Pedlars catch Monkeys in the Baboon Kingdoms, provoking the attentive Fools, by their own Example, to put on Shoes and Stockens, till the Apes of Imitation, trying to do the like, intangle their Feet, and so cannot

escape upon the Boughs of the Tree of Liberty, on which before they were wont to hop and skip about, and play a thousand puggish Tricks.

'I observ'd the Girl wrote a pretty Hand, and very swift and free; and affixed her Points, or Stops, with so much Judgment, (her Years consider'd) that I began to have an high Opinion of her Understanding. Some Observations likewise upon several of the Passages were so just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly surpris'd at them.

'My Mother watch'd my Eye, and was silent: I seem'd not to observe that she did; and after a while, laid down the Book, shutting it, with great Indifference, and talking of another Subject.

'Upon this, my Mother said, Don't you think *Pamela* writes a pretty Hand, Mr. B.?

'I did not mind it much, said I, with a careless Air. This is her Writing, is it? Taking the Book and opening it again, at a Place of Scripture. The Girl is mighty pious! said I.

'I wish you were so, Child.

'I wish so too, Madam, if it would please *you*.

'I wish so, for your *own* sake, Child.

'So do I, Madam; and down I laid the Book again, very carelessly.

'Look once more in it, said she, and see if you can't open it upon some Place, that may strike you.

'I open'd it at, *Train up a Child in the Way it should go*, &c. I fancy, said I, when I was at *Pamela's* Age, I was pretty near as good as she.

'Never, never, said my Mother: I am sure I took great Pains with you; but, alas! to very little Purpose. You had always a violent headstrong Will!

'Some Allowances for Boys and Girls, I hope, Madam: But you see I am as good for a Man as my Sister for a Woman.

'No indeed you are not, I do assure you.

'I am sorry for that, Madam: You give me a sad Opinion of myself.—

'Brazen Wretch! said my Lady: But go on:

'Turn to one of the Girl's Observations on some Text, said my Mother.

'I did; and was pleas'd with it more than I would own. The Girl's well enough, said I, for what she is; but let's see what she'll be a few Years hence. There will be the Trial.

'She'll be always good, I doubt not.

'So much the better for her. —But can't we talk of any other Subject than this foolish Girl? You complain how seldom I attend you, Madam; and indeed, when you are always talking of Matrimony, or of this low-born raw Girl, it must needs lessen the Pleasure of approaching you.

'But now, as I hinted to you, Ladies, and my Lord, I had a still higher Opinion of *Pamela*; and esteem'd her more worthy of my Attempts: For, thought I, the Girl has good Sense, and it will be some Pleasure to watch by what Gradations she may be made to rise into Love, and into a higher Life, than that to which she was born. And so I began to think she would be worthy in time of being my *Mistress*, which till now, as I said before, I had been a little scrupulous about.

'I took a little Tour soon after this, in Company of a few Friends, with whom I had contracted an Intimacy abroad, into *Scotland* and *Ireland*, they having a Curiosity to see those Countries; and we spent Six or Eight Months on this Expedition; and when I had landed them in *France*, I returned home, and found my good Mother in a very indifferent State of Health; but her *Pamela* arriv'd to a Height of Beauty and Perfection, that exceeded all my Expectations. I was so much taken with her Charms the first time I saw her, after my Return, which was in the Garden, with a Book in her Hand, just come out of a little Summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a Parley with her: But while I was resolving, she tript away, with her Court'sies and Reverences, and was out of my Sight before I could determine.

'I was resolv'd, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. *Jewkes* having been recommended to me a little before, by a Brother-Rake, as a Woman of try'd Fidelity, I ask'd her, If she would be faithful, if I should have Occasion to commit a pretty Girl to her Care?

'She hop'd, she said, it would be with the Lady's own Consent, and she should make no Scruple of obeying me.

'So I thought I would way-lay the Girl, and carry her first to a little Village in *Northamptonshire*, to an Acquaintance of Mrs. *Jewkes's*. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacify'd a little, I design'd that *Jewkes*

should attend her to *Lincolnshire*: For I knew, there was no coming at her here, under my Mother's Wing, by her own Consent; and that, to offer Terms to her, would be to blow up my Project all at once. Besides, I was sensible, that Mrs. *Jervis* would stand in the way of my Proceedings, as well as my Mother.

'The Method I had contriv'd, was quite easy, as I imagin'd, and such as could not have failed to answer my Purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not of making her well satisfy'd in her good Fortune very quickly; for, having a Notion of her affectionate Duty to her Parents, I was not displeas'd, that I could make the Terms very easy and happy to them all.

'What most stood in my way, was my Mother's Fondness for her: But, on the Supposition, that I had got her Favourite into my Hands, which appear'd to me, as I said, a Task very easy to be conquer'd, I had actually form'd a Letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a Love-Affair, and laying her Withdrawing herself so privately, to the implicit Obedience she ow'd to her Husband's Commands, to whom she was marry'd that Morning, and who, being a young Gentleman of a genteel Family, and dependent on his Friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound Secret; and begging, on that Account, her Lady not to divulge it, so much as to Mrs. *Jervis*.

'And to prepare for this, and make her Escape the more probable, when Matters were ripe for my Plot, I came in one Night, and examin'd all the Servants, and Mrs. *Jervis*, the latter in my Mother's Hearing, about a genteel young Man, whom I pretended to find with a Pillion on the Horse he rode upon, waiting about the Back Door of the Garden, for some body to come to him; and who rode off, when I came up to the Door, as fast as he could.

'Nobody knew any thing of the Matter, and were much surpris'd at what I told them: But I begg'd *Pamela* might be watch'd, and that no one would say any thing to her about it.

'My Mother said, She had two Reasons not to speak of it to *Pamela*; one, to oblige me; the other and chief, because it would break the poor innocent Girl's Heart, to be suspected. Poor dear Child! said she, where can she go, to be so happy as with me? Would it not be inevitable Ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody comes after her: She receives no Letters, but now-and-then one from her Father and Mother, and them she shews me.

'Well, reply'd I, I hope she can have no Design; 'twould be strange if she had form'd any to leave so good a Mistress: But you can't be *sure* all the Letters she receives, are from her Father; and her shewing to you, Madam, those he writes, looks like a Cloak to others she may receive from another Hand. But it can be no Harm, said I, to have an Eye upon her. You don't know, Madam, what Tricks there are in the World.

'Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the Girl shall be under no Restraint, if she is resolv'd to leave me, well as I love her.

'Mrs. *Jervis* said, She would have an Eye upon *Pamela*, in Obedience to my Command; but she was sure there was no need; nor would she so much wound the poor Child's Peace, as to mention the Matter to her.

'This I suffer'd to blow off, and seem'd to my Mother to have so good an Opinion of her *Pamela*, that I was sorry, as I told her, I had had such a Surmise: Saying, that tho' the Fellow and the Pillion were an odd Circumstance, yet, I dar'd to say, there could be nothing in it; for I doubt'd not, the Girl's Duty and Gratitude would hinder her from doing a foolish or rash thing.

'This my Mother heard with Pleasure; altho' my Motive for it was but to lay her *Pamela* on the thicker to her, when she was to be told she had escap'd.

'She said, She was glad I was not an Enemy to the poor Child. *Pamela* has no Friend but me, continued the good Lady; and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done her more Harm than Good, (as you and your Aunt *B.* have often said) in the Accomplishments I have given her: And yet the poor Girl, I see that, added she, would not be afraid to turn her Hand to any thing, for the sake of an honest Livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continues good, she never shall be.

'I wonder not, *Pamela*, at your Tears on this Occasion. Your Lady was an excellent Woman, and deserv'd this Tribute to her Memory. All my Pleasure now is, that she knew not half my wicked Pranks, and that I did not vex her worthy Heart in the Prosecution of this Scheme; which would have given me a severe Sting; inasmuch as I might have apprehended, with too much Reason, that I had shorten'd her Days by the Knowledge of the one and the other.

'I had thus in Readiness every thing necessary for the Execution of my Project: But my Mother's ill State of Health gave me too much Concern, to permit me to proceed. And, now-and-then, as my frequent Attendance on her in her Illness gave me an Opportunity of observing more and more of the Girl, and her affectionate Duty, and continual Tears, (finding her frequently on her Knees praying for her Mistress) I was mov'd to pity her: And

often did I, while those Scenes of my Mother's Illness and Decline were before me, resolve to conquer, if possible, my guilty Passion, as those Scenes taught me, while their Impressions held upon me, justly to call it; and I was much concerned I found it a more difficult Task than I imagin'd: For, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual enterprising Temper, and a Love of Intrigue; and that I had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to subdue it.

'But I found I was greatly mistaken; for I had insensibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she said or did; and there was so much Gracefulness, Humility and Innocence in her whole Behaviour, and I saw so many melting Scenes between her Lady and her, that I found I could not master my Esteem for her.

'My Mother's Illness increasing beyond Hopes of Recovery, and having settled all her greater Affairs, she talked to me of her Servants: I asked her, What she would have done for *Pamela* and Mrs. *Jervis*?

'Make Mrs. *Jervis*, my dear Son, said she, as happy as you can: She is a Gentlewoman born, you know; let her always be treated as such: But, for your own sake, don't make her independent; for then you'll want a faithful Manager. Yet, if you marry, and your Lady should not value her as she deserves, allow her a Competency for the rest of her Life, and let her live as she pleases.

'As for my *Pamela*, I hope you will be her Protector; I hope you will! —She is a good Girl: I love her next to you and your dear Sister. She is just arrived at a trying Time of Life. I don't know what to say for her. What I had design'd was, that if any Man of a genteel Calling should offer, I would have given her a little pretty Portion, had God spared my Life till then. But if she should be made independent, some idle Fellow perhaps might snap her up; for she is very pretty: Or, if she should carry what you give her to her poor Parents, as her Duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily involv'd, that a little Matter would be nothing to them, and the poor Girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady *Davers* will take her. But I wish she was not so pretty! She will be likely to be the Bird for which some wicked Fowler will spread his Snares; or, it may be, every Lady will not chuse to have such a Waiting-maid. You are a young Gentleman, and, I am sorry to say it, not better than I wish you to be — Tho' I hope my *Pamela* would not be in Danger from her Master, who owes to all his Servants Protection, as much as a King does to his Subjects. Yet I don't know how to wish her to stay with you, — for your own Reputation's sake, my dear Son; — for the World will censure as it lists. —Would to God! said she, the dear Girl had the Small Pox in a mortifying manner: She'd be lovely enough in the Genteelness of her Person, and the Beauty of her Mind; and more out of Danger of suffering from the transient Beauties of Countenance! Yet I think, added she, she might be safe and happy under Mrs. *Jervis*'s Care; and if you marry, and your Lady parts with Mrs. *Jervis*, let'em go together, and live as they like. —I think that will be the best for both. —And you have a generous Spirit enough: I will not direct you in the *Quantum*. But, my dear Son, remember, that I am the less concerned, that I have not done for the poor Girl myself, because I depend upon you: The Manner how fitly to provide for her, has made me defer it till now, that I have so much more important Concerns on my Hands; Life and Strength ebbing so fast, that I am hardly fit for any thing, or to wish for any thing, but to receive the last releasing Stroke.'

Here the dear Gentleman stopp'd, being under some Concern himself, and we in much more. At last he resum'd the Subject:

'You will too naturally think, my Lord, and you my good Ladies, that the Mind must be truly diabolical, that could break thro' the Regards due to the solemn Injunctions and Recommendations of a dying Parent. They did hold me a good while indeed; and, as fast as I had any Emotions of a contrary Nature rise in my Breast, I endeavoured for some time to suppress them, and to think and act as I ought: But the dear bewitching Girl every Day rose in her Charms upon me: And, finding she still continued the Use of her Pen and Ink, I could not help entertaining a Jealousy, that she was writing to somebody who stood well in her Opinion; and my Love for her, and my own Spirit of Intrigue, made it a Sweetheart of course. And I could not help watching her Motions; and seeing her once putting a Letter she had just folded up, into her Bosom, at my Entrance into my Mother's Dressing-room, I made no doubt of detecting her, and her Correspondent; and so I took the Letter from her Stays, she trembling and court'sying with a sweet Confusion; and highly pleased I was, to find it contained nothing but Innocence and Duty to the deceased Mistress, and the loving Parents, expressing her Joy, that in the midst of her Grief for losing the one, she was not obliged to return to be a Burden to the other: And I gave it her again, with Words of Incouragement, and went down much better satisfied, than I had been, with her Correspondents.

'But when I reflected on the innocent Simplicity of her Style, I was still more in Love with her, and form'd a

Stratagem, and succeeded in it, to come at her other Letters, which I sent forward, after I had read them, all but three or four, which I kept back, when my Plot began to ripen for Execution; altho' the little Slut was most abominably free upon my Character to her Father and Mother.

'You will censure me, no doubt, that my Mother's Injunctions made not a more lasting Impression upon me. But really I struggled hard with myself to give them their due Force; and the dear Girl, as I said, every Day grew lovelier and more accomplish'd. Her Letters were but so many Links to the Chains she had bound me in; and tho' once I had resolv'd to part with her† to Lady *Davers*, and you, my Lady, had an Intention to take her, I could not for my Life give her up; and thinking at that time more honourably of the State of a Mistress than I have done since, I could not persuade myself, (since I intended to do as handsomely by her, as ever Man did to a Lady in that Circumstance) but that I should do better for her than my Mother had wished me to do, and so *more* than answer all her Injunctions, as to the providing for her: And I could not imagine I should have met with a Resistance from her, that I had seldom encountered from Persons much her Superiors as to Descent; and was amaz'd at it; for it confounded me in all the Notions I had of her Sex, which, like a Libertine, I supposed wanted nothing but *Importunity* and *Opportunity*, a bold Attempter, and a Mind not ungenerous.

'Sometimes I admired her for her Virtue; at other times, impetuous in my Temper, and unus'd to Controul, I could have beat her. She well, I remember, describes the Tumults of my Soul, when she repeats what once passed between us, in Words like these: " Take the little Witch from me, Mrs. *Jervis*. —I can neither bear nor forbear her. — But stay—you shan't go—Yet begone! —No, come back again." ;—'She thought I was mad, I remember she says in her Papers. Indeed I was little less.

'She says, "I took her Arm, and grip'd it black and blue, to bring her back again; and then sat down and look'd at her as silly as such a poor Girl as she!"

'Well did the dear Slut describe the Passion I struggled with; and no one can conceive how much my Pride made me despise myself at times, for the little Actions my Love for her put me upon, and yet to find that Love increasing every Day, as her Charms and her Resistance increased.

'I have caught myself in a raging Fit, sometimes, vowing I would have her; and at others, jealous, that, to secure herself from my Attempts, she would throw herself into the Arms of some Menial or Inferior, that otherwise she would not have thought of.

'Sometimes I soothed her, sometimes threatened her; but never was such Courage, when she apprehended her Virtue was in Danger, mix'd with so much Humility, when her Fears gave way to her Hopes of a juster Treatment.

'Then I would think it impossible, (so slight an Opinion had I of Woman's Virtue) that such a Girl as this, Cottage-born, who owed every thing to my Family, and had an absolute Dependence on my Pleasure; myself not despicable in Person or Mind, as I supposed; she unprejudic'd in any Man's Favour; at an Age susceptible of Impressions; and a Frame and Constitution not Ice nor Snow: Surely, thought I, all this Frost must be owing to the Want of Fire in my Attempts to thaw it: I used to dare more, and succeed better. Shall such a Girl as *this* awe me by her rigid Virtue? No, she shall not.

'Then I would resolve to be more in Earnest. Yet my Love was a Traitor to me: That was more faithful to *her* than to *we*; it had more Honour in it at Bottom, than I had designed it should have. Aw'd by her unaffected Innocence, and a Virtue I had never before encounter'd so uniform and immoveable, the Moment I *saw* her, I was half disarmed; and I courted her Consent to that, which tho' I was not likely to obtain, yet it went against me to think of extorting by Violence. Yet Marriage was never in my Thoughts; I scorn'd so much as to promise it.

'What numberless mean Things did not this unmanly Passion subject me to? —I used to watch for her Letters, tho' mere Prattle-prattle and Chit-chat, receiv'd them with burning Impatience, and read them with Delight, tho' myself was accused in them, and stigmatiz'd as I deserv'd.

'I would listen meanly at her Chamber-door; try to overhear her little Conversations; in vain attempted to suborn Mrs. *Jervis* to my Purposes, inconsistently talking of Honour, when no one Step I took, or Action I attempted, shewed any thing like it; lost my Dignity among my Servants; made a Party in her Favour against me, of every body, but whom my Money corrupted, and that hardly sufficient to keep my Partisans steady to my Interest; so greatly did the Virtue of the Servants triumph over the Vice of the Master, when attracted by such an Example!

'I have been very tedious, Ladies, and my Lord *Davers*, in my Narration: But I am come within View of the Point for which I now am upon my Trial at your dread Tribunal (*bowing to us all*):

'After several Endeavours of a smooth and a rough Nature, in which my Devil constantly fail'd me, and her good Angel prevail'd, I had talk'd to Mrs. *Jervis* to induce the Girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I had given Warning, but which she rejoiced to take, to my great Disappointment) to desire to stay and suspecting Mrs. *Jervis* play'd me Booty, and rather confirm'd her in her Coyness, and her Desire of leaving me, I was mean enough to conceal myself in the Closet in Mrs. *Jervis's* Room, in order to hear their private Conversation: But really not designing to make any other Use of my Concealment, than to teize her a little, if she should say any thing I did not like; which would give me a Pretence to treat her with greater Freedoms than I had ever yet done, and would be an Introduction to take off from her unprecedented Apprehensiveness another Time: And I had the less Scruple as to Mrs. *Jervis's* Presence, because she knew as bad of me as she could know, from *Pamela's* Apprehensions, as well as her own; and would find me, if I kept within any decent Bounds, better than either of them expected. But I had no Design of proceeding to Extremities, altho' I had little Hope of impressing her by Gentleness.

'So, like a benighted Traveller, who had strayed out of his Knowledge, and, despairing to find his Way, threw the Reins upon his Horse's Neck, to be guided at its uncertain Direction, I resolv'd to take my Chance for the Issue which the Adventure should produce.

'But the dear Prattler, not knowing I was there, as she undress'd herself, began such a bewitching Chit-chat with Mrs. *Jervis*, who, I found, but ill kept my Secret, that I never was at such a Loss in my Life what to resolve upon. One while I wish'd myself, unknown to them, out of the Closet into which my inconsiderate Passion had meanly led me; another time I was incens'd at the Freedom with which I heard myself treated: But then rightly considering, that I had no Business to hearken to their private Conversation, and that it was such as became *them*, while I ought to have been asham'd to give Occasion for it, I excus'd them both, and admir'd still more and more the dear Prattler.

'In this Suspense, the undesigned Rustling of my Night-gown, from changing my Posture as I stood, giving Alarm to the watchful *Pamela*, she in a Fright came towards the Closet to see who was there; so that I could be no longer conceal'd.

'What could I then do, but bolt out upon the apprehensive Charmer, and having so done, and she running to the Bed, screaming to Mrs. *Jervis*, would not any Man have follow'd her thither, detected as I was? But yet I said, If she forbore her Screaming, I would do her no Harm; but if not, she should take the Consequence.

'I found by their Exclamations, that this would pass with both for an Attempt of the worst Kind; but really I had no such Intentions as they feared. —When, indeed, I found myself detected; when the dear frighten'd Girl ran to the Bed; when Mrs. *Jervis* threw herself about her; when they would not cease their hideous Squallings; when I was charg'd by Mrs. *Jervis* with the worst Designs; it was enough to make me go farther than I designed; and could I have prevailed upon Mrs. *Jervis* to go up and quiet the Maids, who were rising, as I heard by the Noise they made over-head, upon the others Screamings, I believe, had *Pamela* kept out of her Fit, I should have been a little freer with her, than ever I had been: But as it was, I had no Thought but of making as honourable a Retreat as I could, and to save myself from being expos'd to my whole Family; and I was not guilty of any Freedoms, that her Modesty, unafrighted, could reproach itself with having suffered; and the dear Creature's fainting Fits gave *me* almost as great Apprehensions, as I could give *her*.

'Thus, Ladies, and my Lord, have I tediously, and little enough to my own Reputation, given you a Character of myself, and told you more against myself, than any *one* Person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the Credit of my *Pamela*, redounds in Part to my own; and so I have the less Regret to accuse myself, since it exalts her. But as to a form'd Intention to hide myself in the Closet, in order to attempt the Girl by Violence, and in the Presence of a good Woman, as Mrs. *Jervis* is, which you impute to me, indeed, bad as I was, I was not so vile, so abandon'd as that.

'Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate Votaries to innumerable Meannesses, and unlawful Passion to many more. I could not live without this dear Girl. I hated the Thoughts of Matrimony with any body, and to be brought to the Stake by my Mother's Waiting-maid, forbid it, Pride! thought I; forbid it, Example! forbid it, all my past Sneers, and constant Ridicule, both on the Estate, and on those who descended to Inequalities in it! and, lastly, forbid it, my Family Spirit, so visible in Lady *Davers*, as well as myself; to whose Insults, and those of all the World, I shall be obnoxious, if I make such a Step!

'All this tends to demonstrate the Strength of my Passion: I could not conquer my Love; so I conquer'd a Pride,

which every one thought unconquerable; and since I could not make an innocent Heart vicious, I had the Happiness to follow so good an Example; and, I thank God, a vicious Heart is become virtuous, as I hope, at least morally so; and I have the Pleasure of rejoicing in the Change, and hope I shall still more and more rejoice in it; for I really look back with Contempt upon my past Follies; and it is now a greater Wonder to me, how I could act as I did, than that I should detest those Actions, which made me a Curse, instead of a Benefit, to Society. Indeed I am not yet so pious as my *Pamela*: but that is to come; and it is one good Sign, that I can truly say, I delight in every Instance of her Piety and Virtue: And now I will conclude my tedious Narration with the Poet; *Our Passions gone, and Reason in her Throne, Amaz'd, we see the Mischiefs we have done: After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid, The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.'*

Thus ended my dear Mr. *B.* his affecting Relation; which in the Course of it gave me a thousand different Emotions; and made me often pray for him, (as I constantly do) that God will intirely convert a Heart so generous and worthy, as his is on most Occasions. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to *London*, I shall have great Hopes, that nothing will affect his Morals again.

I have just read over again the foregoing Account of himself. As near as I remember, (and my Memory is the best Faculty I have) it is pretty exact; only he was fuller of beautiful Similitudes, and spoke in a more flowery Style, as I may say. Yet don't you think, Miss, (if I have not done Injustice to his Spirit) that the Beginning of it, especially, is in the saucy Air of a Man too much alive to such Notions? For so the Ladies observed in his Narration. —Is it very like the Style of a Penitent? —But indeed he went on better, and concluded best of all.

But don't you observe what a dear good Lady I had? Blessings, a thousand Blessings, on her beloved Memory! Were I to live to see my Childrens Children, they should be all taught to lisp her Praises, before they could speak. My Gratitude should always be renew'd in *their* Mouths; and God, and my dear Father and Mother, my Lady, and my Master that was, my best Friend that is, but principally, as most due, the First, who inspired all the rest, should have their Morning, their Noon-tide, and their Evening Praises, as long as I lived!—

I will only observe further, as to this my Third Conversation piece, That my Lord *Davers* offer'd to extenuate some Parts of his dear Brother-in-law's Conduct, which he did not himself vindicate; and Mr. *B.* was pleased to observe, that my Lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his Allowances for the Sallies of an ungovernable Youth. Upon which my Lady said, a little tartly, Yes, and for a very good Reason, I doubt not: For who cares to condemn himself?

Nay, said my Lord, pleasantly, don't put us upon a Foot neither: For what Sallies I made, before I knew your Ladyship, were but like those of a Fox, who now—and—then runs away with a straggling Pullet, when nobody sees him: Whereas those of my Brother were like the Invasions of a Lion, breaking into every Man's Fold, and driving the Shepherds, as well as the Sheep, before him. —Ay, said my Lady, but I can look around me, and have Reason perhaps to think the invading Lion has come off, little as he deserv'd it, better than the creeping Fox, who, with all his Cunning, sometimes suffers for his pilfering Theft.

O Miss, these Gentlemen are strange Creatures! — What can they think of themselves? for they say, there is not one virtuous Man in five! —But I hope for our Sex's sake, as well as for the World's sake, all is not that evil Fame reports; for, you know, every Man—trespasser must find or make a Woman—trespasser! —And if so, what a World is this! — And how must the Innocent suffer from the Guilty! — Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the Cause of another's Suffering?

I long to hear of you. And must shorten my future Accounts, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire *you* into the Bargain, tho' I cannot my dear Father and Mother. I am, my dear Miss,

*Always Yours, P.B.*

LETTER XXXI.

*From Miss Darnford, to Mr. B.*

*My dear Mrs. B.* Every Post you more and more oblige us to admire and love you: And let me tell you, I will gladly receive your Letters upon your own Terms Only when your worthy Parents have perused them, see that I have every Line of them again.

Your Account of the Arrival of your noble Guests, and their Behaviour to you, and yours to them; your Conversation, and wise Determination, on the offer'd Title of Baronet; the just Applauses conferred on you by all, particularly the good Countess; your Breakfast Conversation, and the Narrative of your saucy abominable *Master*, tho' amiable *Husband*; all delight us beyond Expression.

Do, go on, dear excellent Lady, with your charming Journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the State of Matters with us, I have desired my Papa to allow me to decline Mr. *Murray's* Addresses. The good Man lov'd me most violently, nay, he could not live without me; Life was no Life, unless I favour'd him: But yet, after a few more of these Flights, he is trying to sit down satisfy'd without my Papa's foolish perverse Girl, as Sir *Simon* calls me, and to transpose his Affections to a worthier Object, my Sister *Nancy*; and it would make you smile to see how, a little while before he *directly* apply'd to her, she screw'd up her Mouth to my Mamma, and, Truly, she'd have none of *Polly's* Leavings; no, not she! —But no sooner did he declare himself in Form, than the *gaudy Wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well-dress'd* Gentleman; —the *chattering Magpye*, (for he talks and laughs much) *quite conversible*, —and has something *agreeable* to say on *every Subject*. Once, He would make a good Master of the Buck-hounds; but now, Really, the *more* one is in his Company, the *more polite* one finds him.

Then, on his Part,—Indeed, he happened to see Miss *Polly* first; and, Truly, he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young Lady: Yet there was always something of Majesty! (what a stately Name is that for Ill-Nature!) in Miss *Nanny*; something so awful, that while Miss *Polly* engaged the Affections at first Sight, Miss *Nanny* struck a Man with Reverence; insomuch that the one night be loved as a Woman, but the other revered as something more: A Goddess, no doubt!

I do but think, that when he comes to be listed up to her Celestial Sphere, as her Fellow Constellation, what a Figure will *Nancy* and her *Ursa Major* make together, and how will they glitter and shine to the Wonder of all Beholders!

Then she must make a brighter Appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too; for why? She has 3000 *Satellites*, or little Stars, in her Train more than poor *Polly* can pretend to. Won't there be fine Twinkling and Sparkling, think you, when the Greater and Lesser Bear-stars are joined together?

But excuse me, dear Mrs. *B.* this saucy Girl has vex'd me just now, by her ill-natur'd Tricks; and I am even with her, having thus vented my Spite, tho' she knows nothing of the Matter.

So, fancy, my dear Friend, you see *Polly Darnford* abandon'd by her own Fault; her Papa angry at her; her Mamma pitying her, and calling her silly Girl; Mr. *Murray*, who is a rough Lover, growling over his Mistress, as a Dog over a Bone he fears to lose; Miss *Nancy*, putting on her prudish Plesantry, and snarling out a kind Word, and breaking thro' her sullen Gloom, for a Smile now and—then in Return; and I laughing at both in my Sleeve, and thinking, that in a while I shall get Leave to attend you in Town, and that will be better than twenty humble Servants of Mr. *Murray's* Cast: Or, if I can't, that I shall have the Pleasure of your Correspondence here, and injoy, unenvied, the Favour of my dear Papa and Mamma, which this ill temper'd Girl is always begrudging me.

Forgive all this Nonsense. I was willing to write something, tho' worse than nothing, to shew how desirous I would be to oblige you, had I Capacity or Subject as you have. But nobody can love you better, or admire you more; of this you may be assured, (however unequal in all other respects) than

Your Polly Darnford.

I send you up some of your Papers for the good Couple in *Kent*. Pray my Respects to them; and beg they'll let me have 'em again as soon as they can, by your Conveyance.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Our *Stamford* Friends desire their kindest Respects: They mention you with Delight in every Letter.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

**LETTER XXXII.**

***The JOURNAL continued. Thursday, Friday Evening.***

*My dearest Miss Darnford*, I am retired from a very busy Day, having had no less than Fourteen of our Neighbours, Gentlemen and Ladies, to Dinner with us: The Occasion principally to welcome our noble Guests into these Parts; *Mr. B.* having, as I mentioned in a former, turn'd the intended Visit into an Entertainment, after his usual generous Manner.

*Mr. B.* and Lord *Davers* are gone Part of the Way with them home; and *Mr. H.* or Lord *Jackey*, as we call the Gentleman, who will always be young, mounted, with his Favourite *Colbrand*, as an Escorte to the Countess and Lady *Davers*, who are gone to take an Airing in the Chariot. They offer'd to take the Coach, if I would have gone; but being fatigu'd, I desir'd to be excus'd. So I retir'd to my Closet, and Miss *Darnford*, who is seldom out of my Thoughts, coming into my Mind, I had a new Recruit of Spirits, which inabled me to resume my Pen, and thus I proceed with my Journal:

Our Company was, the Earl and Countess of *D.* who are so fashionable a marry'd Couple, that the Earl made it his Boast, and his Countess bore it like one accustomed to such Treatment, that he had not been in his Lady's Company an Hour abroad before for seven Years. You know his Lordship's Character: Every body does; and there is not a worse, as Report says, in the Peerage.

*Sir Thomas Atkyns*, a single Gentleman, not a little sinical and ceremonious, and a mighty Beau, tho' of the tawdry Sort, and affecting foreign Airs, as if he was afraid it would not be judg'd by any other Mark, that he had travelled.

*Mr. Arthur*, and his Lady, a moderately happy Couple, who seem always when together to behave as if they were upon a Compromise; that is, that each would take it in Turn to say free Things of the other—tho' some of their Freedoms are of so cutting a Nature, that it looks as if they intended to divert the Company at their own Expence. The Lady, being of a noble Family, takes great Pains to let every one know, that she values herself not a little upon that Advantage: But otherwise has many good Qualities.

*Mr. Brooks*, and his Lady, a Gentleman who is a free Joker on serious Subjects, but a good-natur'd Man, and says sprightly things with no ill Grace; but his Lady is a little reserved, and of a haughty Turn, tho' To-day she happened to be freer than usual, as was observed at Table by

Lady *Towers*, who is a Maiden Lady of Family, noted for her Wit and Repartee, and who says many good Things, with so little Doubt, and really so good a Grace, that one cannot help being pleas'd with her. This Lady is generally gallanted by

*Mr. Martin* of the Grove, as he is called, to distinguish him from a rich Citizen of that Name, who is settled in these Parts, but being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the Gentry in their Visits or Parties of Pleasure. *Mr. Martin* is a shrewd Gentleman, but has been a little too much of the Libertine Cast, and has lived freely as to Women; and for that Reason has not been received by *Mrs. Towers*, who hates free Actions, tho' she'll use free Words, modestly free, as she calls them, that is to say, the Double Entendre, in which *Sir Simon Darnford*, a Gentleman you are not unacquainted with, takes great Delight; tho', by the way, what that worthy Gentleman calls innocent, Lady *Towers* would blush at.

*Mr. Dormer*, a Gentleman of a very courteous Demeanour, a Widower, was another, who always speaks well of his deceased Lady, and of all the Sex for her sake.

*Mr. Chapman*, and his Lady, a well-behav'd Couple, who are not ashamed to be very tender and observing to one another, but without that censureable Fondness which sits so ill upon some married Folks in Company.

Then there was the *Dean*, our good Minister, whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest; and his *Daughter*, who came to supply her Mamma's Place, who was indispos'd; a well-behav'd prudent young Lady. And here were our Fourteen Guests.

The Countess of *C.* Lady *Davers*, Lord *Davers*, *Mr. H.* my dear *Mr. B.* and your humble Servant, made up the rest of the Company. So we had a capacious and brilliant Circle, you may imagine; and all the Avenues to the House were crouded with their Equipages.

The Subjects of Discourse at Dinner were various, as you may well suppose, and the Circle was too large to fall upon any regular or very remarkable Topicks. A good deal of sprightly Wit, however, flew about, between the

Earl of *D.* Mrs. *Towers* and Mr. *Martin*, in which that Lord suffered as he deserved; for he was by no means a Match for the Lady, especially as the Presence of the Dean was a Restraint, as was very visible, upon him, and Mr. *Brooks* too: So much Awe will the Character of a good Clergyman always impress upon even forward Spirits, where he is known to have had an inviolable Regard to it himself.

Besides, the good Gentleman has a genteel and inoffensive Vein of Raillery himself, and so was too hard for them at their own Weapons.

But after Dinner was over, and the Servants were withdrawn, Mr. *Martin* began to single me out, as he loves to do, for a Subject of Encomium, and made some high Compliments to my dear Mr. *B.* on his Choice; and wished (as he often does) he could find just such another Person for himself.

Lady *Towers* told him, That it was a Thing as unaccountable as it was unreasonable, that every Rake who loved to destroy Virtue, should expect to be rewarded with it: And if his *Brother B.* had come off so well, she thought no one else ought to expect it.

Lady *Davers* said, It was a very just Observation; and she thought 'twas pity there was not a Law, that every Man who made a Harlot of an honest Woman, should be obliged to marry one of another's making.

That would be too severe, Mr. *B.* said; it would be Punishment enough, if he was to marry his own; and especially if he had not seduced her under Promise of Marriage.

Then you'd have a Man be obliged, reply'd Lady *Davers*, to stand to his Promise, I suppose, Mr. *B.*

Yes, Madam.

But, said she, the Proof would be difficult perhaps; and the most unguilty Heart of our Sex, might be least able to make it out. But what say you, my Lord *D.* continued Lady *Davers*, will you, and my Lord *Davers*, join to bring in a Bill into the House of Peers, for the Purposes I mentioned? I fancy my Brother would give it all the Assistance he could in the Lower House.

Your Ladyship, said Mr. *Martin*, is highly unreasonable, I think, to propose that: It would be enough, surely, that a Man should be obliged, as Mr. *B.* says, to marry the Woman he himself seduced.

The Earl said, That he thought neither the one nor the other should be imposed upon any Man; for that when Womens Virtue was their Glory, and they were brought up with that Notion, and to avoid the Snares of Men, he thought, if they yielded, they ought to pay the Forfeit, and take the Disgrace of it to themselves.

May I ask your Lordship, said I, How it comes to pass, that a Woman's Virtue is her Glory, and that a Man's shall not be his? —Or, in other Words, Why you think Virtue in a Man is not as requisite as in a Woman?

Custom, Madam, reply'd the Earl, has made it very different; and those Things which are scandalous in a Lady, are not so in a Gentleman.

Will your Lordship argue, that it should be so, because it is so? Does not the Gentleman call himself the Head of his Family? Is it not incumbent upon him then to set a good Example? And will he plead it as a Fashion, that he may do by the dearest Relatives of another Man's Family, what, if any one should attempt to do by his, he would mortally resent?

Very well observed, Madam, said the Dean: There is not a Free-liver in the World, I believe, that can answer that Argument.

Mr. *B.* said the Earl, pray speak to your Lady: She is too close upon *us*. And where Sentiments have been so well supported by a Conduct so uniform and exemplary, I chuse not to enter the Lists with such an Antagonist.

Well, well, said Mr. *B.* since your Lordship will speak in the Plural Number *U S*, let me say, We must not pretend to hold an Argument on this Subject. —But, however, I think, my Lord, you should not call upon a Man to defend it, who, bad as he has been, never committed a Fault of this Nature, that he was not sorry for, tho' the Sorrow generally lasted too little a while.

Mr. *B.* (said Lady *Towers*) has some Merit with me for that Answer: And he has still a greater on another Account; and that is, that he has seen his Error so early, and has left his Vices before they have left him.

She looked, as every one did, on the Earl, who appeared a little disconcerted, as one conscious, that he deserved the Reflection. And the Dean said, Lady *Towers* observes very well: For, altho' I presume not to make personal Applications, yet I must say, That the Gentleman who sees his Error in the Prime of Life, before he is overtaken by some awakening Misfortune, may be called one of the happiest of those who have erred.

Ay, Mr. Dean, said Lady *Towers*, I can tell you one thing, that such another Buttress as you know who, taken away from Libertinism, and such another Example as a certain Lady every Day gives, would go near in a few

Years to ruin the Devil's Kingdom in *Bedfordshire*.

The Gentlemen looked round upon one another upon this home Push: And the Lady would not let them recover it. See, said she, how the Gentlemen look upon one another, as who should say, each to his Companion, I'm not so bad as you!

Ay, said Lady *Davers*, I see, my Lord *Davers*, and the Earl of *D.* and Mr. *Martin*, look most concerned.

Faith, Ladies, said Mr. *Martin*, this is too severely personal: A Man who contends with a Lady has a fine Time of it; for we are under Restraint, while you say any thing you please. But let me tell you, there's not a Man of us all, 'tis my Opinion, that could have attempted what a certain Renegado has attempted, tho' he is so readily acquitted.

Not so hasty, my good Friend, said Mr. *B.* You don't consider well what you say, nor of whom: For did *I* take upon myself to censure *you*? But tho' I may challenge you to say the worst you can, because I always dealt upon my own Stock, while other People I could name enter'd into a Society and clubbed for Mischief; yet I see you deal with a Brother Rake, when he reforms, as Highwaymen with one of their Gang, who would fain withdraw and be honest, but is kept among them by Fear of an Impeachment.

But is not this, Ladies, said Mrs. *Arthur*, a sad thing, that so many fine Gentlemen as think themselves concern'd in this Charge, should have no way to clear themselves but by Recrimination?

Egad, said Sir *Thomas Atkyns*, I know not what you're about, Gentlemen! You make but sorry Figures, by my Faith!— I have heard of many *queer* Pranks among my *Bedfordshire* Neighbours; but I bless my Stars, I was in *France* and *Italy* all the Time.

Said Mr. *Martin*, Mrs. *Arthur* spoke the Words *fine Gentlemen*, and Sir. *Thomas* thought himself obliged to enter upon his own Defence.

Ay, said the Earl; and the best of it is, Sir *Thomas* pleads not his *Virtue* neither, that he did not join his *Bedfordshire* Neighbours, but his *Absence*.

Gad take me, returned he, putting a Pinch of Snuff to his Nose with an Air, you're plaguy sharp, Gentlemen: I believe in my Conscience you're in a Confederacy, as Mr. *B.* says, and would swear an honest Man into the Plot, that would not care for such Company. What say you, Mr. *H.*? which Side are you of?

The Gallows, reply'd he, in his usual blunt Way, are of the Ladies Side; and I was always of the Side of the Gallows.

That shews, return'd Lady *Towers*, that Mr. *H.* is more afraid of the *Punishment*, than of *deserving* it.

'Tis well, said Mr. *B.* that any Consideration deters a Gentleman at Mr. *H.*'s Time of Life. What may be *Fear* now, may improve to *Virtue* by—and-by.

Ay, said Lady *Davers*, *Jackey* is one of his Uncle's *Foxes*. He'd be glad to snap up a stragging Pullet, if he was not well look'd after, perhaps.

Pray, my Dear, said Lord *Davers*, forbear: You ought not to introduce two different Conversations in different Companies.

I think, truly, said Mr. *B.* you should take the Dean's Hint, my good Friends; else you'll be less *polite* than *personal*.

Well, but, Gentlemen, said Lady *Arthur*, since you seem to have been so hard put to it, as *single* Gentlemen, what's to be done with the marry'd Man who ruins an innocent body? What Punishment, Mrs. *Towers*, shall we find out for such? and what Reparation to the Injured? This, it seems, was said with a particular View to the Earl, on a late scandalous Occasion: But I knew it not till afterwards.

As to the Punishment of the Gentleman, reply'd Mrs. *Towers*, where the Law has not provided for it, it must be left, I believe, to his Conscience. It will then one Day be heavy enough. But as to the Reparation to the Woman, so far as it can be made, it will be determinable as the unhappy Person *may* or *may not* know, that her Seducer is a marry'd Man: If she knows he is, I think *she* neither deserves Redress nor Pity, tho' it alleviates not *his* Guilt. But if the Case be otherwise, and *she* had no means of informing herself that he was marry'd, and he promised to make her his Wife, to be sure, tho' *she* cannot be acquitted, *he* deserves the severest Punishment that can be inflicted. What say you, Mrs. *B.*?

If I must speak my Mind, reply'd I, I think, that since Custom, as the Earl said just now, exacts so little Regard to Virtue from Men, and so much from Women, and since the Designs of the former upon the latter are so flagrantly avow'd and known, the poor Creature, who suffers herself to be seduced either by a *single* or *marry'd*

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Man, *with* Promises, or *without*, has nothing to do, but to sequester herself from the World, and dedicate the Remainder of her Days to Penitence and Obscurity. As to the Gentleman, added I, he must be left, I doubt, to his Conscience, as you say, Mrs. *Towers*, which will, sooner than he wishes, find him out.

Every young Lady has not your angelick Perfection, Madam, said Mr. *Dormer*. And there are Cases in which the Fair Sex deserve Compassion, ours Execration. Love may insensibly steal upon a soft Heart: When once admitted, the Oaths, Vows, and Protestations of the favour'd Object, who perhaps, on all Occasions, declaims against the Deceivers of his Sex, confirm her good Opinion of him, till, having lull'd asleep her Vigilance, in an unguarded Hour he takes Advantage of her unsuspecting Innocence. Is not such a poor Creature to be pity'd! And what Punishment does not such a Seducer deserve?

You have put, Sir, said I, a moving Case, and in a generous Manner. What, indeed, does not such a Deceiver deserve?

And the more, said Mrs. *Chapman*, as the most innocent Heart is generally the most credulous.

Very, said my Countess; for such an one as would do no Harm *to* others, seldom suspects any *from* others! And her Lot is very unequally cast; admir'd for that very Innocence, which tempts some brutal Ravager to ruin it.

Yet, What is that Virtue, said the Dean, which cannot stand the Test?

But, said Mrs. *Towers*, very satirically, Whither, Ladies, are we got? We are upon the Subject of Virtue and Honour. Let us talk of something, in which the *Gentlemen* can join with us. This is such an one, you see, that none but the Dean and Mr. *Dormer* can discourse upon.

Let us then, said Mr. *Martin*, to be even with *one* Lady at least, find a Subject that will be *new* to her. And that is Charity.

Does what I said concern Mr. *Martin* more than any other Gentleman, retorted Mrs. *Towers*, that he is disposed to take Offence at it?

I think, said Mr. *B.* pardon me, Mrs. *Towers*, a Lady should never make a Motion to wave such Subjects as those of Virtue and Honour; and less still in Company, where there is so much Occasion, as she seems to think, for enforcing them.

Nay, said she, I desire not to wave the Subject, I'll assure you. And if you think, Sir, it may do good, we will continue it, for the sakes of all *you*, Gentlemen, (looking round her archly) who are of Opinion, you may be benefited by it.

We are going into Personals again, Gentlemen and Ladies, said the Earl.

And that won't bear, my Lord, you seem to think? retorted Lady *Davers*.

A Toast to the King and Royal Family brought on Publick Affairs, and Politicks; and the Ladies withdrawing to Coffee and Tea, I have no more to say as to this Conversation, having repeated all that I remember was said to any Purpose; for such large Companies, you know, Miss, don't always produce the most agreeable and edifying Subjects. But this I was the willing to recite, because I thought the Characters of some of our Neighbours would be thereby made more familiar to you, if ever I should have the Happiness to see you in these Parts.

I will only add, that Miss *L.* the Dean's Daughter, is a very modest and agreeable young Lady, and a perfect Mistress of Musick; in which the Dean takes great Delight also, and is a fine Judge of it. The Gentlemen coming in, to partake of our Coffee and Conversation, as they said, obtain'd of Miss to play several Tunes on the Spinnet; and would have me do so too. But really, Miss *L.* so very much surpass'd me, that had I regarded my Reputation for playing above the Desire I had (as I said, and truly said) to oblige the good Company, I ought not to have pretended to touch a Key after such a Mistress of it. Miss has no Voice, which is great Pity; and at her Request, and the Dean's, and the Company, I sung to her Play, twice or thrice; as did Mrs. *Towers*, whose Voice exceeds her Ear. But here, Miss, will I end my Fourth Conversation-Piece.

## Saturday Morning.

The Countess being a little indispos'd, Lady *Davers* and I took an Airing this Morning in the Chariot, and had a great deal of Discourse together. Her Ladyship was pleased to express great Favour and Tenderness for me; gave me a great deal of good Advice as to the Care she would have me take of myself, and told me, that her Hopes, as well as her Brother's, all centred in my Welfare; and that the Way I was in, made her love me better and better.

She was pleased to tell me, how much she approv'd of the domestick Management; and to say, that she never saw such Regularity and Method in any Family in her Life, where was the like Number of Servants: Every one, she said, knew their Duty, and did it without Speaking to, in such Silence, and with so much apparent Chearfulness and Delight, without the least Hurry or Confusion, that it was her Surprize and Admiration. But kindly would have it, that I took too much upon me: Yet, said she, I don't see, but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tir'd or fatigu'd; and are always dress'd and easy, so that no Company find you unprepar'd, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to Breakfast or Dinner.

I told her Ladyship, I owed all this, and most of the Conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear Brother, who at the Beginning of my Happiness, gave me several Cautions and Instructions for my Behaviour; which had always been the Rule of my Conduct ever since, and I hoped ever would be: To say nothing, added I, which would be very unjust, of the Help I receive from worthy Mrs. *Jervis*, who is an excellent Manager.

*Good Creature, sweet Pamela, and charming Girl*, were her common Words, and she was pleased to attribute to me such a graceful and unaffected Ease, and would have it, that I have a natural Dignity in my Person and Behaviour, which command Love and Reverence at the same time; insomuch that, my dear Miss, I am in Danger of being as proud as any thing. For you must believe, that her Ladyship's Approbation gives me great Pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have come off near so well in her Opinion.

As the Chariot passed along, she took great Notice of the Respects paid me by People of different Ranks, and of the Blessings bestowed upon me, by several, as we proceeded; and said, She should fare well, and be rich in good Wishes for being in my Company.

The good People, who know us, *will* do so, Madam, said I; but I had rather have their silent Prayers, than their audible ones; and I have caused some of them to be told so; but they say, they cannot help it: And one honest Man said, That everybody's Hearts sprang to their Lips as soon as I appeared, and they could not keep their Words in.

What I apprehend, Madam, continued I, is, that you will be more uneasy To-morrow, when at Church you'll see a good many People in the same way. Indeed, added I, my Story, and your dear Brother's Tenderness to me, are so much talked of, that many Strangers are brought thither to see us. 'Tis the only thing, said I, (and so it is, Miss) that makes me desirous to go to *London*; for by the Time we return, the Novelty, I hope, will cease.

Then I mention'd some Verses of Mr. *Cowley*, which had been laid under the Cushions in our Seat at Church, two *Sundays* ago, by some unknown Hand; and how uneasy they have made me. I will transcribe them, Miss, and give you the Particulars of our Conversation on that Occasion. The Verses are these: *Thou robb'st my Days of Bus'ness and Delights, Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights. Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do? What! rob me of Heav'n too! Thou ev'n my Pray'rs dost steal from me, And I with wild Idolatry, Begin to God, and end them all to thee. No, to what Purpose should I speak? No, wretched Heart, swell till you break: She cannot love me, if she would; And, to say Truth, 'twere pity that she should. No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear, As silent as they will be there: Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give, So handsomely the Thing contrive, That she may guiltless of it live: So perish, that her killing thee May a Chance-medley, and no Murder be!*

I had them in my Pocket, and read them to my Lady; who ask'd me, If her Brother had seen them? I told her, It was he that found them under the Cushion I used to sit upon; but did not shew them to me, till I came home; and that I was so vexed at them, that I could not go to Church in the Afternoon.

What should you be vex'd at, my Dear? said she: How could you help it? —My Brother was not disturb'd at them, was he?

No, indeed, said I: He chid *me* for being so; and was pleased to make me a fine Compliment upon it; that he did not wonder, that every body who saw me, lov'd me. —But I said, This was all wicked Wit was good for, to

inspire such Boldness in bad Hearts, which might otherwise not dare to set Pen to Paper to affront any one.

But pray, Madam, added I, don't own I have told you of them, lest there should be a Possibility for a Shadow of a Thought, that I was prompted by some vile, secret Vanity in being admir'd, to tell your Ladyship of them: When, I am sure, they have vex'd me more than enough. For is it not a sad Thing, that the Church should be profan'd by such Actions, and such Thoughts, as ought not to be brought into it?

Then, Madam, to have any wicked Man *dare* to think of one with impure Notions! It gives me the less Opinion of myself, that I should be so much as *thought of* as the Object of any wicked Body's Wishes. I have called myself to Account upon it, whether any Levity in my Looks, my Dress, my Appearance, could imbolden such an affrontive Insolence. And I have thought upon this Occasion better of *Julius Coesar's* Delicacy, than I did, when I read of it; who, upon an Attempt made on his Wife, to which, however, it does not appear she gave the least Incouragement, said, to those who pleaded for her against the Divorce he was resolved upon, *That the Wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected.*

Indeed, Madam, continued I, it would extremely shock me, but to know, that any wicked Heart had conceived a Design upon me; Upon *me*, give me Leave to repeat, whose only Glory and Merit is, that I have had the Grace to withstand the greatest of Trials and Temptations, from a Gentleman more worthy to be beloved both for Person and Mind, than any Man in *England.*

Your Observation, my Dear, is truly delicate, and such as becomes your Mind and Character. And I really think, if any Lady in the World is secure from vile Attempts, it must be you; not only from your Story so well known, and the Love you bear to your Man, and his Merit to you, but from the Prudence, and natural *Dignity*, I will say, of your Behaviour, which, tho' all graceful Ease and Chearfulness, is what would strike dead the Hope of any presumptuous Libertine, the Moment he sees you.

How can I enough, return'd I, and kissed her Hand, acknowlege your Ladyship's polite Goodness in this Compliment! But, my Lady, you see by the very Instance I have mention'd, that a Liberty *is* taken, which I cannot think of without Pain.

'Tis such a Liberty, reply'd my Lady, as shews more Despair than Hope, and is a Confirmation of my Sentiments on the Prudence and Dignity which not only I, but every body attributes to you.

Kind, kind, Lady *Davers!* said I, again pressing her Hand with my Lips. But I will turn my Quarrel, since I know not, and hope I never shall, the vile Transcriber, upon the Author of the Verses, I think; for had they not been written, I should not have been thus insulted, perhaps.

But, reply'd my Lady, *Cowley* is my favourite Poet. He has a beautiful Imagination, a vast deal of brilliant Wit, and a Chastity too in his Works, that hardly any of the Tribe can boast.

I once liked him better too, said I, than I have done since this; for he was one of the Poets that my Lady would permit me to read sometimes; and his Pieces in Praise of the Country Life, and those charming Lines against Ambition, used to delight me much: *If e'er Ambition should my Fancy cheat With any Wish so mean, as to be great, Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove The humble Blessings of the Life I love!*

I have taken Notice of these Lines often, said my Lady, and been pleas'd with them. But I think you have no Reason to be out of Conceit with *Cowley*, for the ill Use made of his Verses. He but too naturally describes the Influence of Love; which frequently interferes with our better Duties. And there is something very natural, and easy, and witty, in the first Lines: —And shews that the Poet *laments* the too ingaging Impressions which Love made upon his Mind, even on the most solemn Occasions—*What! rob me of Heav'n too!* —A bad Heart, *Pamela*, could not have so lamented, or so written!

Ah! but, Madam, said I, I have seen, in your dear Brother's Collection of Manuscripts, a Poem in which this very Point, nice as it is, is touched with much greater Propriety.

Can you repeat it, my Dear?

The Lines I *mean*, I can. Your Ladyship must know, It was upon a Quarrel between a beloved Couple, where the Gentleman had been wild, and the Lady's ill-natur'd Uncle, who wanted to break the Match, (tho' it was designed by her deceased Parents) had fomented it, so that she would not look upon her Lover, nor see him, nor receive a Letter of Excuse from him, tho' they were betroth'd, and she lov'd him dearly. This oblig'd him to throw himself in her Way at Church, and thus he writes: *But, O! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my Fair Robs thee of my Devoir, disturbs my Pray'r, Confounds my best Resolves, and makes me prove, That she's too much a Rival in thy Love!*

These now, Madam, continued I, are the Lines I admire: *But better Thoughts my happier Hopes suggest, When once this stormy Doubt's expell'd my Breast; When once this agitated Flame shall turn To steadier Heat, and more intensely burn, My dear Maria then, thought I, will join, And we, one Heart, one Soul, shall all be thine!*

Ay, *Pamela*, these are very pretty Lines. You must procure me a Sight of the Whole. They must needs let me into an entertaining History of a Love Quarrel. —Mean time, you must not think ill of my Favourite *Cowley*; for I say, with a Gentleman, whose Judgment, and good Heart, have hardly any Equal, That tho' *Cowley* was going out of Fashion with some, yet he should always suspect the Head or the Heart of him or her, who could not taste, and delight in, his Beauties.

The Words, *She cannot love me, if she would, And, to say Truth, 'twere pity that she should;*

Shew the Goodness of the Poet's Heart; and even, that the Transcriber, be he who he will, had not the *worst*, that he could single out *these*; when, if he would be shining with borrow'd Rays, he might have chosen a much worse Poet to follow.

Oh! Madam, reply'd I, say not one Word in behalf of the wicked Transcriber. For a Wretch to entertain the Shadow of a Wish for a marry'd Person, is a Degree of Impurity that ought not to be excus'd: But to commit such Thoughts to Writing, to put that Writing under the Seat of the marry'd Person at Church, when her Heart should be engag'd *wholly* in her first Duties; where too it might be more likely to be seen by the Pew-keepers than her, and so spread over the whole Parish, to the Propagation of bad Ideas, whenever I appeared; and, moreover, might come to the Hands of one's Husband, who from his own free Life formerly, and high Passions, as far as the Transcriber knew, might be uneasy at, and angry with, the innocent Occasion of the Insult—Besides the Apprehension it must give one, that the Man who could take this vile Step, might proceed to greater Lengths, which my busy Fears could improve to Duelling and Murder—Then the Concern it must fill me with, to the diverting of my Mind from my first Regards, when *any one* looked at me wistfully, that *he* might be the Transcriber, which must always give me Confusion of Thought: —Dearest Madam, can one forbear being vex'd, when all these Imaginations dart in upon a Mind apprehensive as mine? Indeed this Action has given me great Uneasiness at times ever since, and I cannot help it.

I am pleas'd with your Delicacy, my Dear, as I said before. —You can never err, while thus watchful over your Conduct; — and I own, you have the more Reason for it, as you have marry'd a mere *Julius Coesar*, an open-ey'd Rake, that was her Word, who would, on the least Surmizes, tho' ever so causeless on your Part, have all his Passions up in Arms, in Apprehension of Liberties that might be offer'd like those he has not scrupled to take.

Oh! but, Madam, said I, your dear Brother has given me great Satisfaction in one Point; for you must think, I should not love him as I ought, if I had not a Concern for his future Happiness, as well as his present; and that is, he has assured me, that in all the Liberties he has taken, he never attempted a marry'd Lady, but always abhorred the Thought of so great an Evil.

'Tis pity, said her Ladyship, that a Man who could conquer his Passions *so far*, could not subdue them intirely. This shews it was in his own Power to do so; and increases his Crime: And what a Wretch is he, who scrupling, under Pretence of Conscience or Honour, to attempt Ladies *within* the Pale, boggles not to ruin a poor Creature *without*; although he knows, he thereby, most probably, for ever, deprives her of that Protection, by preventing her Marriage, which, even among such Rakes as himself, is deemed inviolable, and so casts the poor Creature headlong into the Jaws of Perdition?

Ah! Madam, reply'd I, this was the very Inference I made upon the Occasion.

And what could he say?

He said, my Inference was just; but call'd me *pretty Preacher*; — and once having caution'd me not to be over-serious with him, so as to cast a Gloom, as he said, over our innocent Injoyments, I never dare to urge Matters further, when he calls me by that Name.

Well, said my Lady, thou'rt an admirable Girl! God's Goodness was great to our Family, when it gave thee to it.

No Wonder, continu'd her Ladyship, as my Brother says, every body that sees you, and has heard your Character, loves you: And this is some Excuse for the inconsiderate Folly even of this unknown Transcriber.

Ah! Madam, said I; but is it not a sad thing, that People, if they must take upon them to like one's Behaviour in general, should have the *worst*, instead of the *best* Thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I *ought* to be, and as some *think* me, must they wish to make me bad for that Reason? and so to destroy the Cause of that Pleasure

which they pretend to take in seeing a body set a good Example? For what, my dear Lady, could a Wretch mean, even by the Words your Ladyship thinks most innocent, *She cannot love me, if she would; And, to say Truth,* —(as if this Truth were extorted rather by his *Fears* than his *Wishes*) — *'twere pity that she should.*

But why then, if this be the Case, and that he would bear his *Sorrows*, as the Poet calls them, to the Grave, should he not keep them to *himself*? make that very *Mind* their Grave, which gave them their *Birth*? If the bold Creature, whoever he be, had not thought this might be a Hint that might some—how be improved, and a vile Foundation for some viler Superstructure, would he have transcribed them, and caused them to be placed where they were found? — Then, in my humble Opinion, the Thought that is contained in these Lines, *Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give, So handsomely the Thing contrive, That she may guiltless of it live: So perish, that her killing thee May a Chance—medley, and no Murder be;*

Is rather a *Conceit*, or *Prettiness*, that won't bear Examination, than that Wit in which this fine Poet excels:—For, if she cannot love him *if she would*, and if it were *pity* that she *should* love him; this implies she was a Lady under previous Obligation, whether Marriage or Betrothment is the same thing to him: Then, need the Thing to be so *handsomely contrived*, need any Pains be taken, (if her Repulse *had killed*, as Poetical Licence makes him say, this Invader of another's Right) to bring it in *Chance—medley*;—since no Jury could have brought it in *Murder*, except that Sort of Murder which is called *Felo de se* (you know, my Lady, what a Scholar your Brother has made me): So that I presume to think, the Poet himself is not so blameless in this as he has taken care to be in most of his Pieces. And permit me to make one Observation, my good Lady, That if the chastest Writers, (supposing *Cowley* meant ever so well) may have their Works and their Thoughts turn'd to be Panders and Promoters of the Wickedness of coarse Minds, whose grosser Ideas could not be cloathed in a Dress fit to appear in decent Company, without *their* Assistance, how careful ought a good Author to be, whose Works are so likely to live to the End of Time, how he propagates the worst of Mischiefs, to such a Duration, when he himself is dead and gone, and incapable of antidoting the Poison he has spread?

Her Ladyship was pleased to kiss me, as we sat. My charming *Pamela*, my *more than Sister*, — did she say! — Yes she did say so! and made my Eyes overflow with Joy to hear the sweet Epithet! — How your Conversation charms me! — I charge you, when you get to Town, let me have your Remarks on the Diversions you will be carried to by my Brother. Now I know what to expect from *you*, and *you* know how acceptable every thing will be *to me* that comes from you, I promise great Pleasure as well to myself as to my worthy Friends, particularly Lady *Betty*, in your unrestrained free Correspondence.

Indeed, *Pamela*, I must bring you acquainted with Lady *Betty*: She is one of the Worthies of our Sex, and has a fine Understanding. — I'm sure you'll like her. — But (for the World say it not to my Brother, nor let Lady *Betty* know I tell you so, if ever you should be acquainted—) I had carry'd the Matter so far by my officious Zeal to have my Brother marry'd to so fine a Lady, not doubting his joyful Approbation, that it was no small Disappointment to *her*, I can tell you, when he marry'd you: And this is the best Excuse I can make for my furious Behaviour to you at the Hall. For tho' I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost mad. — Indeed my Disappointment had given me so much Indignation both against you, and him, that it is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you *did* feel the Weight of my Hand: — But what was that? — 'Twas well I did not *kill you dead* — these were her Ladyship's Words—For how could I think the wild Libertine capable of being engag'd by such noble Motives, or Thee what thou art? — So this will account to thee a little for my Violence then.

Your Ladyship, said I, all these Things consider'd, had but too much Reason to be angry at your dear Brother's Proceedings, so well as you always lov'd him, so high a Concern as you always had to promote his Honour and Interest, and so far as you had gone with Lady *Betty*.

I tell thee, *Pamela*, said she, that the old Story of *Eleanor* and *Rosamond* run in my Head all the Way of my Journey, and I almost wished for a Potion to force down thy Throat: And when I came, and found thy lewd Paramour absent, (for little did I think thou wast marry'd to him, tho' I expected thou wouldst endeavour to persuade me to believe it) apprehending, that his Intrigue with thee would effectually frustrate my Hopes as to Lady *Betty* and him; Now, thought I, all happens as I wish! — Now will I confront this brazen Girl! — Now will I try her Innocence, as I please, by offering to take her with me out of his Hands; if she refuses, take that Refusal for a Demonstration of her Guilt; and then, thought I, I will make the Creature provoke me, in the Presence of my Nephew and my Woman (and I hoped to have got that Woman *Jewkes* to testify for me too); and I cannot tell

what I might have done, if thou hadst not got out of the Window as thou didst, especially after thou hadst told me, thou wast as much marry'd as I was, and hadst shewn me his tender Letter to thee, which had a quite different Effect upon me than thou hadst hoped for. But if I had committed any Act of Violence, what Remorse should I have had, when I came to reflect, and had known what an Excellence I had injured! Thank God, thou didst escape me! thank God thou didst! And then her Ladyship folded her Arms about me, and kissed me.

This was a sad Story, you'll say, my dear Miss: And I wonder what her Ladyship's Passion would have made her do! Surely she would not have *killed me dead* indeed! surely she would not! —Let it not, however, Miss, nor you, my dear Father and Mother, — when you see it, — go out of your own Hands, nor be read, for my Lady's sake, to any body else — No, Miss, not to your own dear Mamma. —It made me tremble a little, even at this Distance, to think what a sad thing Passion is, when Way is given to its ungovernable Tumults, and how it deforms and debases the noblest Minds!

We returned from this agreeable Airing but just Time enough to dress before Dinner, and then I attended my Lady, and we went together into the Countess's Apartment, where I received abundance of Compliments from both. As this brief Conversation will give you some Notion of that Management and Oeconomy for which they heaped upon me their kind Praises, I will recite to you what passed in it, and hope you will not think me too vain; and the less, because what I underwent formerly from my Lady's Indignation, half intitles me to be proud of her present Kindness and Favour.

Lady *Davers* said, Your Ladyship must excuse us, that we have lost so much of your Company; but here, this sweet Girl has entertained me in such a manner, that I could have staid out with her all Day; and several times did I bid the Coachman prolong his Circuit.

My good Lady *Davers*, Madam, said I, has given me inexpressible Pleasure, and has been all Condescension and Favour, and made me as proud as proud can be.

You, my dear Mrs. *B.* said she, may have given great Pleasure to Lady *Davers*; for it cannot be otherwise. —But I have no great Notion of her Ladyship's Condescension, as you call it, (pardon me, Madam, said she to her, smiling) when she cannot raise her Style above the Word *Girl*, coming off from a Tour you have made so delightful to her.

I protest to you, my Lady *C.* reply'd her Ladyship, with great Goodness, that Epithet which once indeed I bestow'd thro' Pride, as you'll call it, I now give for a very different Reason. I begin to doubt, whether to call her Sister is not more Honour to myself than to her; and to this Hour am not quite convinc'd. When I am, I will call her so with Pleasure.

I was quite overcome with this fine Compliment, but could not answer a Word: And the Countess said, I could have spared you longer, had not the Time of Day compell'd your Return. For I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, altho' but with the Talk of my Woman and yours: For here they have been giving me such an Account of Mrs. *B.*'s Oeconomy, and Family Management, as has highly delighted me. I never knew the like; and in so young a Lady too. We shall have strange Reformations to make, Lady *Davers*, when we go home, in our Families, were we to follow so good an Example.

Why, my dear Mrs. *B.* continued her Ladyship, you outdo all your Neighbours. And indeed I am glad I live so far from you: —For were I to try to imitate you, it would still be *but* Imitation, and you'd have the Honour of it.

Yet you hear, and you see by Yesterday's Conversation, said Lady *Davers*, how much her best Neighbours of both Sexes admire her: They all yield to her the Palm, unenvying.

Then, my good Ladies, said I, it is a Sign I have most excellent Neighbours, full of Generosity, and willing to encourage a young Person in doing right things: So it makes, considering what I was, more for their Honour than my own. For what Censures should not such an one as I deserve, who have not been educated to fill up my Time like Ladies of Condition, were I not to imploy myself as I do? I, who have so little other Merit, and who brought no Fortune at all?

Come, come, *Pamela*, none of your self-denying Ordinances — that was Lady *Davers*'s Word — You must know something of your own Excellence: — If you do not, I'll tell it you, because there is no Fear you will be proud or vain upon it. I don't see then, that there is the Lady in your Neighbourhood, of any Neighbourhood, that behaves with a more proper Decorum, or better keeps up the Port of a Lady, than you do. How you manage it I can't tell; but you do as much by a Look, and a pleasant one too, that's the Rarity! as I do by high Words, and passionate Exclamations: I have often nothing but Blunder upon Blunder, as if the Wretches were in a

Confederacy to try my Patience.

Perhaps, Madam, said I, the Awe they have of your Ladyship, because of your high Qualities, makes them commit Blunders; for I myself have always been more afraid of appearing before your Ladyship, when you have visited your honoured Mother, than of any body else, and have been the more sensibly aukward thro' that very awful Respect.

Psha, psha! *Pamela*, that is not it: 'Tis all in yourself. I us'd to think my Mamma, and my Brother too, had as aukward Servants as I ever saw anywhere —except Mrs. *Jervis*. —Well enough for a Batchelor, indeed! —But, here! —thou hast not parted with one Servant — Hast thou?

No, my Lady.

How! said the Countess; what Excellence is here! All of them, pardon me, Mrs. *B.* your Fellow-servants, as one may say, and all of them so respectful, so watchful of your Eye; and you, at the same time, so gentle to them, so easy, so chearful!

Don't you think me, Miss, insufferably vain? But 'tis what they were pleased to say. 'T was their Goodness to me, and shew'd how much they can excel in generous Politeness. So I will proceed.

Why this, continued the Countess, must be *born* Dignity,— *born* Discretion.; —Education cannot give it: —If it could, why should not *we* have it?

The Ladies said many more kind things of me then; and after Dinner they mentioned all over again, with Additions, before my best Friend, who was kindly delighted with the Encomiums given me by two Ladies of such distinguishing Judgment in all other Cases. They told him, how much they admired my Family Management: Then would have it, that my Genius was universal, for the Employments and Accomplishments of my Sex, whether they consider'd it, they were pleased to say, as imploy'd in Penmanship, in Needle-work, in paying or receiving Visits, in Musick, and I can't tell how many other Qualifications, which their Goodness made them attribute to me, over and above the Family Management; saying, that I had an Understanding that comprehended every thing, and an Eye that penetrated into the very Bottom of Matters in a Moment, and was never at a Loss for the *Should be*, the *Why* or *Wherefore*, and the *How*; these were their comprehensive Words—I did every thing with so much Celerity, clearing all as I went, and leaving nothing, that was their Observation, to recur or come over again, that could be dispatched at once: By which means, they said, every Hand was clear to undertake a new Work, as well as my own Head to direct it; and there was no Hurry nor Confusion; but every coming Hour was fresh and ready, and unincumber'd, (so they said) for its new Employment; and to this they attributed that Ease and Pleasure with which every thing was performed, and that I could *do*, and *cause* to be done, so much Business without Hurry either to myself or Servants.

These kind things, they would have it, they observed in part themselves, and in part from the Observations of their Women, who looked, they said, so narrowly into every Part of the Management, as if they were Spies upon it; but were such faithful ones, that it was like a good Cause brought to a strict Scrutiny, the brighter and fairer for it.

Thus, my dear Miss, did their Ladyships praise me for what I *ought* to be; and I will endeavour to improve more and more by their kind Admonitions, which come clothed in the agreeable and flattering Shape of Praise, the noblest Incitement to the doing of one's Duty.

Judge you how pleasing this was to my best Beloved, who found, in their kind Approbation, such a Justification of his own Conduct, that could not fail of being pleasing to him, especially as Lady *Davers* was one of the kind Praisers.

Lord *Davers* was so highly delighted, that he rose once, begging his Brother's Excuse, to salute me, and remained standing over my Chair, with a Pleasure in his Looks that cannot be expressed, now—and—then lifting up his Hands, and his good-natur'd Eye glistening with Joy, which a Pier-glass gave me the Opportunity of seeing, as sometimes I stole a bashful Glance towards it, not knowing how or which way to look. Even Mr. *H.* seem'd to be touch'd very sensibly; and recollecting his Behaviour to me at the Hall, he once cry'd out, What a sad Whelp was *I*, to behave as I once did, to so much Excellence! —Not, Mr. *B.* that I was any thing uncivil neither; —but in unworthy Sneers, and Nonsense. — You know me well enough. —P—x on me for a Jackanapes! —You call'd me, *Tinsel'd Toy*, tho', Madam; don't you remember that? and said, *Twenty or thirty Years hence, when I was at Age, you'd give me an Answer.* —Egad! I shall never forget your Looks, nor your Words neither! —They were d—n'd severe Speeches, were they not, Sir?

O you see, Mr. *H.* said my dear Gentleman, *Pamela* is not quite perfect. —We must not provoke her; for she'll call us both so, perhaps; for I wear a lac'd Waistcoat, sometimes, as well as you.

Nay, Faith, I can't be angry, said he. I deserv'd it richly, that I did, had it been worse.

Thy silly Tongue, said my Lady, runs on without Fear or Wit. What's past is past.

Why, i'faith, Madam, I was plaguily wrong; and I said nothing of any body but *myself*:— And have been ready to hang myself since, as often as I have thought of my Nonsense.

My Nephew, said my Lord, must bring in Hanging, or the Gallows, in every Speech he makes, or it will not be he.

Mr. *B.* smiling, said, with Severity enough in his Meaning, as I could see by the Turn of his Countenance, —Mr. *H.* knows, that his Birth and Family intitle him more to the Block, than the Rope, or he would not make so free with the latter.

Good! very good, by *Jupiter!* said Mr. *H.* laughing. The Countess smil'd. Lady *Davers* shook her Head at her Brother, and said to her Nephew, Thou'rt a good—natur'd foolish Fellow, that thou art.

For what, Madam? Why the Word, *foolish*, Aunt? What have I said now?

Nothing to any Purpose, indeed! said she; when thou dost, I'll write it down.

Then, Madam, said he, have your Pen and Ink always about you, when I'm present. —The Devil's in't if you won't put that down, to begin with!

This made every one laugh. What a happy thing it is, thought I, that Good—nature generally accompanies this Character; else, my dear Miss, how would some People be supportable?

But here I'll break off. 'Tis Time, you'll say. —But you know whom I write to, as well as to you; and they'll be pleas'd with all my silly Scribble. —So excuse one Part for that, and another for Friendship's sake, and then I shall be wholly excusable to you.

Now the Trifler again resumes her Pen. I am in some Pain, Miss, for To—morrow, because of the Rules we observe of late in our Family on *Sundays*, and of going thro' a Croud to Church; which will afford new Scenes to our noble Visitors, either for Censure or otherwise: But I will sooner be censured for doing what I think my Duty, than for the Want of it; and so will break nothing into our usual Way.

I hope I shall not be thought ridiculous, or as one who aims at Works of Supererogation, for what I think is very short of my Duty. —Some Order, surely, becomes the Heads of Families; and besides, it would be discrediting one's own Practice, if one did not appear at one Time what one does at another. For that which is a Reason for discontinuing a Practice, for some Company, would seem to be a Reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a Family visiting and visited as ours.

And I remember well a Hint given me by my dearest Friend once on another Subject, That it is in every one's Power to prescribe Rules to himself, after a while; and Persons see what is one's Way, and that we are not to be put out of it.

But my only Doubt is, that to Ladies, who have not been accustomed perhaps to the *necessary* Strictness, I should make myself censurable, as if I aimed at too much Perfection: For however one's Duty is one's Duty, and ought not to be dispensed with; yet when a Person, who uses to be remiss, sees so hard a Task before them, and so many great Points to get over, all to be no more than tolerably regular, it is rather apt to frighten and discourage than to allure; and one must proceed, as I have read Soldiers do in a difficult Siege, Inch by Inch, and be more studious to intrench and fortify themselves as they go on gaining upon the Enemy, than by rushing all at once upon an Attack of the Place, be repulsed, and perhaps obliged with great Loss to abandon an hopeful Enterprize.

And permit me to add, that, young as I am, I have often observed, that over—great Strictnesses all at once injoin'd, and insisted upon, are not fit for a beginning Reformation, but for stronger Christians only; and therefore generally do more Harm than Good, in such a Circumstance.

What a miserable Creature am I, said a neighbouring Widow Gentlewoman, (whom I visited in her Illness, at her own Desire, tho' a Stranger to me but by Name) if all the Good *you* do, and the strict Life *you* live, is no more than absolutely necessary to Salvation!

I saw the poor Gentlewoman, thro' Illness and low Spirits, was ready to despond, and, to comfort her, I said, Dear Madam, don't be cast down: God Almighty gives us all a Light to walk by in these our dark Paths; and 'tis my humble Opinion, He will judge us according to the *unforced* and *unbyassed* Use we make of that Light. I think it my Duty to do several. Things, which, perhaps, the Circumstances of others will not permit them to do, or

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which they, on serious and disinterested Reflection, may not think absolutely necessary to be done: In each Case our Judgments are a Law to each; and I ought no more to excuse myself from doing such Parts as I think my Duty, than you to condemn yourself for not doing what does not appear to you so strictly necessary: And besides, Madam, you may do as much Good one way, as I another, and so both may be equally useful in the general System of Providence.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear Miss? — Excuse me; for this is *Saturday* Night; and as it was a very good Method which the ingenious Authors of the *Spectators* took, generally to treat their more serious Subjects on this Day; so I think one should, when one can, consider it as the preparative Eve to a still better.

## SUNDAY.

Now, my dear Miss, by what I have already written, it is become in a manner necessary to acquaint you briefly with the Method my dear Mr. *B.* not only permits, but encourages me to take in the Family he leaves to my Care, as to the *Sunday* Duty.

The worthy Dean, at my Request, and by my Beloved's Permission, recommended to me, as a sort of Family Chaplain, for *Sundays*, a young Gentleman of great Sobriety, and Piety, and sound Principles, who having but lately taken Orders, has at present no other Provision. And this Gentleman comes, and reads Prayers to us about Seven in the Morning, in the lesser Hall, as we call it, a retired Apartment, next the little Garden; for we have no Chapel with us here, as in your Neighbourhood: And this generally, with some suitable Exhortation, or Meditation out of some good Book, which the young Gentleman is so kind to let me chuse now—and—then, when I please, takes up little more than half an Hour.

We have a great Number of Servants of both Sexes; and myself, my good Mrs. *Jervis*, and my *Polly Barlow*, are generally in a little Closet, which, when we open the Door, is but just a Separation, and that's all, from the Hall.

Mr. *Adams* (for that is our young Clergyman's Name) has a Desk, at which sometimes Mr. *Jonathan* makes up his running Accounts to Mr. *Longman*; who is very scrupulous of admitting any body to the Use of his Office, because of the Writings in his Custody, and the Order he values himself upon having every thing in.

About Seven in the Evening the young Gentleman comes again, and I generally, let me have what Company I will, find time to retire for about another Half—hour, and my dear Mr. *B.* connives at, and excuses my Absence, if inquir'd after, tho', for so short a time, I am seldom miss'd.

To the young Gentleman I shall present, every Quarter, Five Guineas; and Mr. *B.* presses him to accept of a Place at his Table, at his Pleasure: But, as we have generally a good deal of Company, his Modesty makes him decline it, and sit down, when he pleases, with Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis*, who have a separate Table.

Mr. *Longman* is so kind as to join with us very often in our *Sunday* Office, and Mr. *Colbrand* seldom misses; and they tell Mrs. *Jervis*, that they cannot express the Pleasure they have to meet me there; and the Edification they receive, as they are so kind to say, from my Example; and the chearful Temper I am always in, which does 'em good to look upon me: And they will have it, that I do Credit to Religion. But if they do but think so, it must have been of Service to me in the Order I have now established, as I hope; and that thro' less Difficulties than I expected to meet with, especially from the Cookmaid; but she says, she comes with double Delight to have the Opportunity to see her beloved Lady, as she calls me, it seems, at every Word.

My best Beloved dispenses as much as he can with the Servants, for the Evening Part, if he has Company, or will be attended only by *John* or *Abraham*, perhaps, by Turns; and sometimes looks upon his Watch, and says, 'Tis near Seven; and if he says so, they take it for a Hint they may be dispens'd with for half an Hour; and this Countenance which the dear Gentleman gives me, has not contributed a little to make the Matter easy and delightful to me and to every one.

I am sure, my dear Miss, were only Policy to be considered, this Method must be laudable; for since I have begun it, there is not a more diligent, a more sober, nor more courteous Set of Servants in any Family in a great Way: We have no Broils, no hard Words, no Revilings, no Commandings, nor Complaining; and Mrs. *Jervis's* Government is made so easy, as she says, that she need not speak twice; and all the Language of the Servants is, Pray, *John*, or Pray, *Jane*, do so or so; and they say, Their dear Master's Service is a Heaven upon Earth.

When I part from them, on the breaking up of our Assembly, they generally make a little Row on each Side to the Hall—door, and when I have made my Compliments, and paid my Thanks to Mr. *Adams*, one whispers, as I go out, God bless you, Madam! And so says another, and another, and indeed every one; and bow and court'sy with such Pleasure in their honest Countenances, as greatly delights me: And I say; (if it so happens) So, my good Friends! —I am glad to see you — Not one absent! —or but one—(as it falls out) —This is very obliging, I cry: And thus I shew them, that I take Notice, if any body be not there. And back again I go to pay my Duty to my Earthly Benefactor; and he is pleased to say sometimes, that I come to him with such a Radiance, playing about my Eyes, and shining over my whole Face, as gives him double Pleasure to behold me; and often he tells

me afterwards, that, but for appearing too fond before Company, he could meet me, as I enter, with Embraces as pure as my own Heart.

I hope, in time, I shall prevail upon the dear Gentleman to give me his Company. —But, thank God, I am inabled to go thus far already! —I will leave the rest to his Providence: For I have a Point very delicate to touch upon in this Particular; and I must take care, not to lose the Ground I have gained, by too precipitately pushing at too much at once. This is my Comfort, that next to being uniform *himself*, is that Permission and Encouragement he gives *me* to be so, and the Pleasure he takes in seeing me so delighted. —And besides, the dear Gentleman always gives me his Company to Church. O how happy should I think myself, if he would be pleased to accompany me to the Divine Office, which yet he has not done, tho' I have urg'd him as much as I durst! One thing after another, he says; we shall be better and better, I hope: But nobody is good all at once. But, my dear Miss, as I consider this as the Seal of all the rest, and he himself has an awful Notion of it, I shall hardly think my dear Mr. *B.*'s Morals fully secur'd till then.

Mrs. *Jervis* ask'd me on *Saturday* Evening, If I would be concerned to see a larger Congregation in the lesser Hall next Morning, than usual? I said, No, by no means. She said, Mrs. *Worden*, and Mrs. *Lesley*, (the two Ladies Women) and Mr. *Sydney*, my Lord *Davers's* Gentleman, and Mr. *H.*'s Servant, and the Coachmen and Footmen, belonging to our noble Visitors, who are, she says, all great Admirers of our Family Management, and good Order, having been told our Method, begg'd to join in it. I knew I should be a little dash'd at so large a Company; but the Men being pretty orderly, for Lords Servants, and Mrs. *Jervis* assuring me, that they were very earnest in their Request, I consented to it.

When, at the usual Time, (attended by my *Polly*) I went down, I found Mr. *Adams* there, (to whom I made my first Compliments) and every one of our own People, waiting for me, Mr. *Colbrand* excepted, (whom Mr. *H.* had kept up late the Night before) together with Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*, and Mr. *Sydney*, with the Servants of our Guests, who, as also worthy Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, paid me their Respects; and I said, This is early rising, Mrs. *Lesley* and Mrs. *Worden*; you are very kind to countenance us with your Companies in this our Family Order. —Mr. *Sidney*, I am glad to see you. How do you, Mr. *Longman*? And looked round with Complacency on the Servants of our noble Visitors. And then I led Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley* to my little Retiring-place, and Mrs. *Jervis* and my *Polly* followed, and throwing the Door open, Mr. *Adams* began some select Prayers; and as the young Gentleman reads with great Emphasis and Propriety, and as if his Heart was in what he read, all the good Folks were exceedingly attentive.

After Prayers, Mr. *Adams* read a Meditation, from a Collection made for private Use, which I shall more particularly mention by—and-by; and ending with the usual Benediction, I thank'd the worthy Gentleman, and reproach'd him, in Mr. *B.*'s Name, for his Modesty, in declining our Table; and, thanking Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Worden*, and Mrs. *Lesley*, receiv'd their kind Wishes, and hasten'd, blushing, thro' their Praises, to my Chamber, where, being alone, I pursued the Subject for an Hour, till Breakfast was ready, when I attended the Ladies, and my best Beloved, who had told them of the Verses plac'd under my Cushion at Church.

We set out, my Lord and Lady *Davers*, and myself, and Mr. *H.* in our Coach; and Mr. *B.* and the Countess, in the Chariot, both Ladies, and the Gentlemen, splendidly dress'd; but I avoided a Glitter as much as I could, that I might not seem to vie with the two Peeresses. —Mr. *B.* said, Why are you not full dress'd, my Dear? —I said, I hop'd he would not be displeas'd: If he was, I would do as he commanded. He answer'd, As you like best, my Love. You are a charming Creature in every Dress.

The Chariot first drawing up to the Church-Door, Mr. *B.* led the Countess into the Church. My Lord *Davers* did me that Honour; and Mr. *H.* handed his Aunt, thro' a Croud of Gazers, many of whom, as usual, were Strangers. The Neighbouring Gentlemen and their Ladies paid us their silent Respects; but the Thoughts of the wicked Verses, or rather, as Lady *Davers* will have me say, wicked Action of the Transcriber of them, made me keep behind in the Pew: But, my Lady, with great Goodness, sat down by me, and whisperingly talked a good deal, between whiles, to me, with great Tenderness and Freedom in her Aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I know she intended by it, to shew every one she was pleas'd with me.

Among other things she said softly, Who would wish to be a King or Queen, *Pamela*, if it is so easy for Virtue and Beauty (so she was pleas'd to say) to attract so many sincere Admirers, without any of their Grandeur? —Look round, my dear Girl, and see what a solemn Respect, and mingled Delight, appears in every Countenance.

And pressing my Hand, Thou art a charming Creature; such a noble Modesty, and yet such a becoming Dignity

in thy whole Appearance! No wonder that every one's Eyes are upon thee, and that thou bringest so many booted Gentlemen as well as Neighbours, to croud the Church, to behold thee!

Afterwards she was pleased to add, taking my Hand, (and my dear Gentleman and the Countess heard her; for she raised her Voice to a more audible Whisper) I am proud to be in thy Company; and in this solemn Place, I take thy Hand, and acknowlege, with Pride, my *Sister*. I looked down; for here at Church, I can hardly at any time look up; for who can bear to be gaz'd at so? —And softly said, Oh! my good Lady! how much you honour me, the Place, and these surrounding Eyes, can only hinder me from acknowleging as I ought.

My best Friend, with Pleasure in his Eyes, said, pressing his Hand upon both ours, as my Lady had mine in hers, you are two beloved Creatures: Both excellent in your way. God bless you both. And you, too, my dear Brother, said my Lady. The Countess whisper'd, You should spare a-body a little! You give one, Ladies, and Mr. *B.* too much Pleasure all at once. Such Company, and such Behaviour, adds still more Charms to Devotion; and were I to be here a Twelvemonth, I would never miss once accompanying You to this good Place.

Mr. *H.* thought he must say something, and addressing himself to his noble Uncle, who could not keep his good-natur'd Eye off me, I'll be *hang'd*, my Lord, if I know how to behave myself! —Why this outdoes the Chapel! —I'm glad I put on my new Suit! And then he look'd upon himself, as if he would support, as well as he could, his Part of the general Admiration.

But think you not, my dear Miss, and my dearest Father and Mother, that I am now at the Height of my Happiness in this Life, thus favour'd by Lady *Davers*!

The Dean preached an excellent Sermon; but I need not to have said that. Only to have mention'd, that *he* preached, was saying enough.

My Lord led me out, when Divine Service was over, (and being a little tender in his Feet, from a Gouty Notice, walked very slowly) Mr. *B.* led the Countess, and Mr. *H.* his Aunt. Lady *Towers*, and Mrs. *Brooks* join'd us in the Porch; and made us their Compliments; as did Mr. *Martin*. Will you favour us with your Company home, my old Acquaintance, said Mr. *B.* to that Gentleman? I can't, having a Gentleman my Relation to dine with me; but if it will be agreeable in the Evening, I will bring him with me to taste of your *Burgundy*; for we have not any such in the County: I shall be glad to see you and any Friend of yours, reply'd Mr. *B.*

Mr. *Martin* whisper'd, It is more, however, to admire your Lady, I can tell you that, than your Wine. —Get into your Coaches, Ladies, said he, with his usual Freedom; our Maiden and Widow Ladies have a fine Time of it, where-ever you come: By my Faith, they must every one of them quit this Neighbourhood, if you were to stay in it; but all the Hopes they have, are, that while you're in *London*, they'll have the Game in their own Hands.

Sister, said Lady *Davers*, most kindly to me, in Presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gather'd near us, Mr. *Martin* is the same Gentleman he us'd to be, I see.

Mr. *Martin*, Madam, said I, smiling, has but one Fault: He is too apt to praise whom he favours, at the Expence of his absent Friends!

I am always proud of your Reproofs, Mrs. *B.* reply'd he.

Ay, said Lady *Towers*, that I believe. And therefore I wish, for all our sakes, you'd take him oftener to Task, Mrs. *B.*

Lady *Towers*, Lady *Arthur*, Mrs. *Brooks*, and Mr. *Martin*, all claim'd Visits from us, and Mr. *B.* making Excuses, that he must husband his Time, because of being oblig'd to go to Town soon, proposed to breakfast with Lady *Towers* the next Morning, dine with Mr. *Arthur*, and sup with Mrs. *Brooks*; and as there cannot be a more social and agreeable Neighbourhood any-where, his Proposal, after some Difficulty, was accepted; and our usual visiting Neighbours were all to have Notice accordingly, at each of the Places.

I saw Sir *Thomas Atkyns* coming towards us, and fearing to be stifled with Compliments, I said, Your Servant, Ladies, and Gentlemen; and, giving my Hand to Lord *Davers*, stept into the Chariot, instead of the Coach; for People that would avoid Bustle, sometimes make it. Finding my Mistake, I would have come out; but my Lord said, Indeed you shan't: And I'll step in, because I'll have you all to myself.

Lady *Davers* smil'd, Now, said she, (while the Coach drew up) is my Lord *Davers* pleas'd; but I see, Sister, you were tir'd with Part of your Company in the Coach.

'Tis well contriv'd, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* as long as you have not depriv'd me of this Honour; taking the Countess's Hand, and leading her into the Coach.

Will you excuse all this Impertinence, my dear Miss? —I know my dear Father and Mother will be pleas'd

with it; and you will have the Goodness to bear with me on that Account; for their kind Hearts will be delighted to hear every minute thing in relation to Lady *Davers* and myself.

When Mr. *Martin* came in the Evening, with his Friend, (who is Sir *William G.* a polite young Gentleman of *Lincolnshire*) he told us a deal of the Praises lavish'd away upon me by several genteel Strangers; one saying, to his Friend, he had travelled twenty Miles to see me.

My Lady *Davers* was praised too for her Goodness to me, and the Gracefulness of her Person; the Countess for the noble Serenity of her Aspect, and that charming Ease and Freedom which distinguish her Birth and Quality: My dear Mr. *B.* he said, was greatly admired too; but he would not make *him* proud; for he had Superiorities enough already, that was his Word, over his Gentlemen Neighbours: But I can tell you, said he, that for most of your Praises you are obliged to your Lady, for having rewarded her Excellence as you have done: For one Gentleman, added he, said, He knew no one but you could deserve her; and he believed you did, from that Tenderness in your Behaviour to her, and from that Grandeur of Air, and Majesty of Person, that seem'd to shew you form'd for her Protector as well as Rewarder. —Get you gone to *London*, both of you, said he. I did not intend to tell you, Mr. *B.* what was said of you. —And indeed I see no such extraordinary Excellence; do you, Sir, to his Friend, in that Gentleman? —Sir *William* said, Mr. *B.* was all that was polite and noble, and it was no Wonder that every body pronounced us both the charmingest Couple they had ever seen.

The Women of the two Ladies had acquainted their Ladyships with the Order I observed for the Day, and the devout Behaviour of the Servants, &c And about Seven I withdrawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised, as I was going thro' the great Hall, to be joined by both.

I shall come at all your Secrets, *Pamela*, said my Lady, and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know whither you are going.

My good Ladies, said I, forgive me leaving you. I will attend you in half an Hour.

No, my Dear, said Lady *Davers*, the Countess and I have resolved to attend *you* for that Halfhour, and we will return to Company together.

Is it not descending too much, my Ladies, as to the Company?

If it is for us, it is for you, said the Countess; so we will either act up to you, or make you come down to us; and we will judge of all your Proceedings.

Nay, my dear Ladies! said I; and sat down on the first Chair.

Nay, my dear *Pamela!* returned my Lady, shew us the Way.

If I must, I must — But I was much abashed.

Every one, but *Abraham*, who attended the Gentlemen, and all their Ladyships Servants, and their two Women, and Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis*, were there; which pleas'd me, however, because it shew'd me, that even the Strangers, by this their second voluntary Attendance, had no ill Opinion of the Service. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see my Ladies accompanying me.

I stept up to Mr. *Adams*. —I was in hopes, Sir, said I, we should have been favour'd with your Company at our Table.

Your Ladyship, said he, will excuse me: I did not think myself Company for such noble Guests as were there.

A Gentleman and a Scholar is Company, said the Countess, for the first Quality.

Well, Sir, said I, you see the Nobleness of these Ladies. They come now to be obliged to you, for your good Offices; and you'll have no better way of letting them return their Obligation, than to sup, tho' you would not dine, with them.

My Lady tapp'd me on the Neck — Genteelly said! This was like my Sister, her own Self. Mr. *Longman*, said she, how do you? —We are come to be Witnesses of my Sister's Goodness, and the Family Decorum.

We have a blessed Lady, Madam, said he: And your Ladyships Presence augments our Joys.

Let us follow you, *Pamela*, said she: We must learn of you what we are to do.

I led to the little Closet, with as much Presence of Mind as I could, and my two Ladies followed me; and Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mrs. *Worden*, and Mrs. *Lesley*, stood just without, the Door being half shut, for their Ladies sakes.

I should have said, we were not at Church in the Afternoon. —And when I do not go, we have the Evening Service read to us, as it is at Church; which Mr. *Adams* performed now with his usual Distinctness and Fervour; and the Ladies seem'd not at all uneasy, altho' we had a Meditation besides.

When all was concluded, I said, Now, my dearest Ladies, excuse me for the sake of the Delight I take in seeing

all my good Folks about me in this decent and obliging manner. —Indeed I have no Ostentation in it, if I know my own Heart — Indeed I have not!

The Countess and my Lady *Davers*, delighted to see such good Behaviour in every one, sat a Moment or two looking upon one another in Silence; and then my Lady *Davers* caught me in her Arms: Beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of Husbands, what a Blessing art thou to this Family!

And to every Family, said the Countess, who have the Happiness to know, and the Grace to follow, her Example! and saluted me too. But where, said my Lady, collectedst thou all this good Sense, and fine Spirit, in thy Devotions?

The Bible, my dear Ladies, said I, is the Foundation of all: But this, and their Common Prayer Book, and the Duty of Man, our good Folks have every one of them, and are so good as to employ themselves in them at all Leisure Opportunities on other Days. For which Reason, that I may diversify their Devotions, I have, with the Assistance of Mr. *Adams*, and by Advice of the Dean, made Extracts from several good Pieces, which we read on these Days. Mr. *Adams*, said my Lady *Davers*, will you oblige me with a Copy of my Sister's Book, at your Leisure: He readily engag'd to do this; and the Countess desir'd another Copy, which he also promised.

Lady *Davers* then turning herself to Mrs. *Jervis*, How do you, good Woman? said she. —Why you are now made ample Amends for the Love you bore to this dear Creature formerly!

You have an Angel, and not a Woman, for your Lady, my good Mrs. *Jervis*, said the Countess.

Mrs. *Jervis*, folding her uplifted Hands together, O my Lady! you know not our Happiness; no, not one Half of it. We were before bless'd with Plenty, and a bountiful Indulgence, by our good Master; but our Plenty brought on Wantonness and Pride: But now, we have Peace as well as Plenty; and Peace of Mind, my dear Lady, in doing all in our respective Powers, to shew us thankful Creatures to God, and to the best of Masters and Mistresses.

Good Soul! said I, and was forc'd to put my Handkerchief to my Eye: Your Heart is always overflowing thus with Gratitude, and Praises, for what you so well merit from us.

Mr. *Longman*, said my Lady, assuming a sprightly Air, altho' her Eye twinkled, to keep within its Lids the precious Water, that sprang from a noble and well-affected Heart, I am glad to see you here, attending your pious young Lady. —Well might you love her, honest Man! well might you! —I did not know there was so excellent a Creature in any Rank.

Madam, said the other worthy Heart, unable to speak but in broken Sentences, — You don't know — indeed you don't, what a — what a — hap — happy — Family we are! —Truly, we are like unto *Alexander's* Soldiers, every one fit to be a General; so well do we all know our Duties, and *practise* them too, let me say. —Nay, and please your Ladyship, we all of us long, till Morning comes, thus to attend my Lady; and after that is past, we long for Evening, for the same Purpose: For she is *so* good to us, — You cannot think how good she is! But permit your honoured Father's old Servant to say one Word more, that tho' we are always pleased and joyful on these Occasions; yet we are in Transports to see our Master's noble Sister thus favouring us, with your Ladyship too, (to the Countess) and approving our young Lady's Conduct and Piety.

Blessing on you all! said my Lady.— Let us go, my Lady, — let us go, Sister;—for I can stay no longer!

As I slid by, following their Ladyships, How do you, Mr. *Colbrand*? said I, softly:— I fear'd you was not well in the Morning. —He bow'd, Par-don me, Ma-dame—I vas leetell indispose, dat ish !

Now, my dear Miss, will you forgive me all this Self-praise, as it may seem. —Yet when you know I give it you, and my dear Parents, as so many Instances of my Lady *Davers's* Reconciliation and Goodness to me, and as it will shew what a noble Heart that good Lady has at Bottom, when her Pride of Quality and her Passion have subsided, and her native good Sense and Excellence take place, I flatter myself, I may be the rather excused; and especially as I hope to have my dear Miss *Darnford's* Company and Countenance one Day, in this my delightful *Sunday* Employment.

I should have added, for I think a good Clergyman cannot be too much respected, that I repeated my Request to Mr. *Adams*, to oblige us with his Company at Supper; but he so very earnestly begg'd to be excused, and with so much Concern of Countenance, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it; tho' I was sorry for it, because I am sure, as of any thing, that Modesty is always a Sign of Merit.

We return'd to the Gentlemen as soon as Supper was ready, and as chearful and easy, as Lady *Davers* observ'd, as if we had not been present at so solemn a Service; And this, said she, after the Gentlemen were gone, makes Religion so pleasant and delightful a thing, that I profess I shall have a much higher Opinion of those who make it

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a regular and constant Part of their Employment, than ever I had. But I have seen, added her Ladyship, very humorously, such wry Faces, and such gloomy Countenances, among some of your pious Folks, in and after a solemn Office, that quite dishearten'd me; for I thought, after such an Exercise, that it would be a Sin to go to Bed with a Smile upon one's Face, or without sighing and groaning at such a Rate, as must rob one of all the Comforts of Life.

Then, said she, I was once, I remember, when a Girl, at the House of a very devout Man, for a Week, with his Grand-daughter, my School-fellow; and there were such Preachments against Vanities, and for Self-denials, that were we to have followed the good Man's Precepts, (tho' indeed not his Practice, for well did he love his Belly) half God Almighty's Creatures and Works would have been useless, and Industry would have been banish'd the Earth.

There, added her Ladyship, (for she was in a pleasant Vein) have I heard the good Man confess himself guilty of such Sins, that, if , (and by his hiding his Face with his broad-brim'd Hat, it look'd a little bad against him) he ought to have been hang'd on a Gallows fifty. Foot high.

I said, that this Over-gloominess was not Religion, I was persuaded, but Constitution and Mistake; and I was sorry always when I met with it; for tho' it might betoken a pious Mind, it certainly shew'd a narrow one, and I fear'd did more Harm than Good.

These Reflections, as I said, fell from my Lady, after the Gentlemen were gone, when she recounted to her dear Brother, the Entertainment, as she was pleas'd to call it, I had given her: On which she made high Encomiums, as did the Countess, and they praised also the natural Dignity which they imputed to me, saying, I had taught them a way they never could have found out, to descend to the Company of Servants, and augment their Respect and Veneration for one at the same time. And, *Pamela*, said my Lady, you are certainly very right, to pay so much Regard to the young Clergyman; for that makes all he reads, and all he says, of greater Efficacy with the Auditors, facilitates the Work you have in View to bring about, and in your own Absence (for your Monarch may not always dispense with you perhaps) strengthens his Influences, and encourages the young Gentleman besides.

**MONDAY.**

I am to thank you, my dear Miss, for your kind Letter, approving of my Scribble When you come to my *Saturday's* and *Sunday's* Accounts, I shall try your Patience. But no more of that; for as you can read them, or let them alone, I am the less concern'd, especially as they will be more indulgently receiv'd somewhere else, than they may merit; so that my Labour will not be wholly lost.

I congratulate you with all my Heart, on your dismissing Mr. *Murray*; for, besides that some of his Qualities are not to be approv'd by a Lady of your Taste and Judgment, I will never give my Consent, that any Gentleman shall have the Honour of calling my Miss *Darnford* his, who can so easily resign his Pretensions to her, and address her Sister.

You are extremely diverting, my dear Miss, with your Greater and Lesser Bear-Stars, and I could not help shewing it to Mr. *B*. And what do you think the free Gentleman said upon it? I am half afraid to tell you: But do, now you are so happily disengag'd, get Leave to come, and let us two contrive to be even with him for it. You are the only Lady in the World, that I would join with against him.

He said, That your Characters of Mr. *Murray* and Miss *Nanny*, which he called severe (but I won't call them so, without your Leave) look'd a little like pretty Spite, and as if you were sorry the Gentleman took you at your Word. —That was what he said — Pray let us punish him for it. Yet, he called you charming Lady, and said a great deal in your Praise, and join'd with me, that Mr. *Murray* could not possibly deserve you, who was so easy—to part with you.

But, *Pamela*, said he, I know the Sex well enough. Miss *Polly* may not love Mr. *Murray*; yet to see her Sister address'd and complimented, and prefer'd to herself, by one whom she thought so late in her own Power to choose or to refuse, is a mortifying Thing. And young Ladies cannot bear to sit by neglected, while two Lovers are playing Pugs Tricks with one another.

Then, said he, all the Preparations to Matrimony, the Cloaths to be bought, the Visits to be paid and received, the Compliments of Friends, the busy Novelty of the Thing, and the Day to be fixed, and all the little foolish Humours and Nonsense attending a concluded Courtship, when *one Sister* is to engross all the Attention and Regard, the new Equipages, and so forth; these are all Subjects of Mortification to the *other*, though she had no great Value for the Man perhaps.

Well, but Sir, said I, a Lady of Miss *Darnford's* good Sense and good Taste, is not to be affected by these Parades, and has well consider'd the Matter, no doubt; and I dare say, rejoices rather than repines at missing the Gentleman.

Thus, my dear Miss, had we a Dispute about you. But I hope you will leave the happy Pair, for they are so, if they think themselves so, together, and Sir *Simon* to rejoice in his accomplish'd Son—in-Law elect, and give us your Company to *London*. For who would stay to be vex'd by that ill-natur'd Miss *Nanny*, as you own you was, at your last writing?

But I will proceed with my Journal, and the rather, as I have something to tell you of a Conversation, the Result of which has done me great Honour, and given me inexpressible Delight: Of which in its Place.

We pursued Mr. *B's* Proposal, returning several Visits in one Day; for we have so polite and agreeable a Neighbourhood, that all seem to concur in a Desire to make every thing easy to one another: And, as I mentioned before, hearing Mr. *B's* Intention to set out for *London*, as soon as our noble Guests should leave us, they dispensed with Formalities, being none of them studious to take things amiss, and having a general good Opinion of one another's Intentions not to disoblige.

We came not home till Ten in the Evening, and then found a Letter directed from Sir *Jacob Swynford*, Uncle by the Half-Blood to Mr. *B*. acquainting him, That hearing his Niece, Lady *Davers* was with him, he would be here in a Day or two, being then upon his Journey, to pay a Visit to his Nephew and Niece at the same time.

This Gentleman is very particularly odd and humoursome, and, his eldest Son being next Heir to the maternal Estate, if Mr. *B*. should have no Children, has been exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me; and would have been better pleased had he not married at all, perhaps.

There never was any cordial Love between Mr. *B's* Father and him, nor between the Uncle and Nephew and

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Niece; for his Positiveness, Roughness, and Self-interestedness too, though very rich, has made him but little agreeable to the generous Tempers of his Nephew and Niece; yet, when they meet, which is not above once in four or five Years, they are always very civil and obliging to him.

Lady *Davers* wonder'd what could bring him hither now; for he lives in *Herefordshire*, and seldom stirs ten Miles from home. Mr. *B.* said, he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our Nuptials. No, rather, said my Lady, to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own Cubs. Thank God, we are, said my dearest Friend. Whenever I was strongest set against Matrimony, the only Reason I had to weigh against my Dislike to the State was, that I was unwilling to leave so large a Part of my Estate to that Family.

My Dear, said he to me, don't be uneasy; but you'll see a Relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine: But no doubt you have heard his Character.

Ah, *Pamela*, said Lady *Davers*, we are a Family that value ourselves upon our Ancestry; but upon my Word, Sir *Jacob* and all his Line, have nothing else to boast of. And I have been often ashamed of my Relation to them.

No Family, I believe, my Lady, has every Body excellent in it, reply'd I: But I doubt I shall stand but poorly with Sir *Jacob*.

He won't dare to affront you, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* although he'll say to you, and me, and my Sister too, blunt and rough things. But he'll not stay above a Day or two, and we shall not see him again for some Years to come; so we'll bear with him. I am now coming to the Conversation I hinted at.

**TUESDAY.**

On *Tuesday*, Mr. *Williams* came to pay his Respects to his kind Patron. I had been to pay a Visit to the Widow Gentlewoman I mentioned before, and on my Return, went directly to my Closet, so knew not of his being there till I came down to Dinner; for Mr. *B.* and he, were near two Hours together in Discourse in the Library.

When I came down, Mr. *B.* presented him to me. My Friend Mr. *Williams*, my Dear, said he.

Mr. *Williams*, how do you do, said I? I am glad to see you.

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well; and had long'd for an Opportunity to pay his Respects to his worthy Patron and me before: But had been prevented twice when he was upon the Point of setting out.

Mr. *B.* said, I have prevail'd upon my old Acquaintance to take up his Residence with us, while he stays in these Parts. Do you, my Dear, see that every thing is made agreeable to him.

To be sure, Sir, I will.

Mr. *Adams* being in the House, Mr. *B.* sent to desire he would dine with us; if it were but in respect to a Gentleman of the same Cloth, who gave us his Company. And with great Modesty he came. But neither of the Gentlemen knew how to speak at first, before Lady *Davers*, who is so majestick a Lady, and has so majestick a Character too, that every one has an Awe upon them in her Presence.

Mr. *B.* when Dinner was over, and the Servants were withdrawn, said, My Dear, Mr. *Williams's* Business in Part, was to ask my Advice as to a Living that is offer'd him, by the Earl of —, who is greatly taken with his Preaching and Conversation.

And to quit yours, I presume, Sir, said Lord *Davers*?

No, the Earl's is not quite so good as mine, and his Lordship would procure him a Dispensation to hold both. What would you advise, my Dear?

It becomes not me, Sir, said I, to meddle with such Matters as these.

Yes, my Dear, it does, when I ask your Opinion.

I beg Pardon, Sir, said I. —My Opinion then is, That Mr. *Williams* will not care to do any thing that *requires* a Dispensation, and which would be unlawful without it.

Your Ladyship, said Mr. *Williams*, speaks exceedingly well.

I am glad, Mr. *Williams*, said I, that you approve of my Sentiments. You see they were required of me by one who has a Right to command me in every thing; otherwise this Matter is above my Sphere; and I have so much good Will to Mr. *Williams*, that I wish him every thing that will contribute to make him happy.

Well, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* but what would you advise in this Case? The Earl proposes, that Mr. *Williams's* present Living be supply'd by a Curate; to whom, no doubt, Mr. *Williams* will be very genteel; and, as we are seldom or never there, his Lordship thinks we shall not be displeas'd with it, and insists upon it, that he will propose it to me; as he has done.

Lord *Davers* said, I think this may do very well, Brother. But, what pray, Mr. *Williams*, do you propose to allow to your Curate? Excuse me, Sir; but I think the Clergy do so hardly by one another generally, that they are not to be surpriz'd that some of the Laity treat them as they do.

Indeed, said Mr. *H.* that's well observed; for I have heard it said twenty and twenty times, If you would know how to value a Clergyman, and what he deserves for spending his whole Life in the Duties of his Function, you need but form your Opinion upon the Treatment they give to one another; and 40 or 50*l.* a Year, would be thought too much, even for him who does all the Labour.

Who says my Nephew speaks not well, says my Lord?

Oh, said my Lady, No Wonder! This is *Jackey* Peculiar. He has always something to say against the Clergy. For he never lov'd them, because his Tutors were Clergymen; and since, said her Ladyship (very severely) he never got any Good from them, why should they expect any from him?

Always hard upon my poor Nephew, said Lord *Davers*.

Thank you, Aunt, said Mr. *H.*

Mr. *Williams* said, Mr. *H's* Observation was but too ; that nothing gave greater Cause of Scandal than the Usage some even of the dignified Clergy gave their Brethren: That he had always lamented it, as one of the

greatest Causes of the Contempt with which the Clergy are too generally treated.

He was proceeding; but Lady *Davers* said, I am not at all surpriz'd at their Treatment of one another; for if a Gentleman of Education and Learning can so far forget what belongs to his Function, as to accept of Two Livings, when One would afford him a handsome Maintenance, it is no wonder that such a one would make the most of it; for does he not as good as declare, that he takes it for that very Purpose?

I must not let this Argument proceed, said Mr. *B.* without clearing my worthy Friend. He is under no Difficulty about holding the Two. He proposes *not* to do it; and, like a good Man, as I always thought him, is of Opinion he *ought not* to do it. But here is his Difficulty, and all his Difficulty; He is very desirous to oblige his good Friend the Earl, who is very pressing to have him near him; but apprehending that I may take it amiss, if he relinquishes my Living, he came to ask my Advice; and after we had talked a good deal of the Matter, I told him we would refer it to *Pamela*, who was a kind of Casuist in such Matters of Equity and good Order as fell within the Compass of her Observation and Capacity: And so, my Dear, said he, give us your free Opinion; for this is a Subject you have spoken your Mind to me upon once before.

I am very glad, Sir, replied I, that Mr. *Williams's* own Resolution was so conformable to what I wish'd it to be, and indeed expected from his Character; and I can more freely speak my Mind upon the Occasion, though I am but a poor Casuist neither.

You remember, my Dear, said Mr. *B.* what you observed to me in favour of the Clergy and their Maintenance, when we fell occasionally upon that Subject a while ago. I found you had considered the Point, and thought you spoke well upon the Subject. Let us hear your Opinion now upon it.

Indeed, reply'd I, I say now, as I then took the Liberty to say, that I have so general a Good-will for the Function, that if my Wishes could have Effect, there is not one of it, but should have a handsome Competency; at least such a one as to set him above Contempt. And this, I am persuaded would be a great Furtherance to the Good we expect from them, in teaching the lower Rank of People (as well as the higher) their Duties, and making them good Servants, and useful Members of the Commonwealth.

But, my Dear, you took Notice of some things, that would, if you can recollect them, be very *apropòs* to the Subject we are now upon.

I remember, Sir, said I, we were talking of Impropropriations. I took the Liberty to express myself a little earnestly against Impropropriations; and I remember you stopped my Mouth at once upon that Head.

As how, Sister, said Lady *Davers*? —Ay, as how, Mrs. *B.* said the Countess?

Why, Madam, Mr. *B.* was pleased to say, that when the Clergy would come into a Regulation for the more equal and useful Disposition of the Revenues that at present were in the Church, he would be the first that would bring in a Bill for restoring to it all that it had lost by Impropropriations and other Secularizations, and leave it upon the Publick to make Satisfaction to such of the Laity as would be Sufferers by the Restoration.

That was not, my Dear, what I meant, returned Mr. *B.* You was particularly against Dispensations; which is the Point before us now.

I remember, Sir, I did say, that as there are so many Gentlemen of the Function, who have no Provision at all, I could not wish any one of it should hold Two Livings; especially, if they cannot perform the Duties of both, and where One would afford a tolerable Competence. Much less (I remember I took the Liberty to add) could I think it excusable, that a Gentleman should rate the Labours of his Brother, who does *every* thing, so low, as is too frequently the Case, and pay himself so well, for doing *nothing* at all.

This is what I mean, returned Mr. *B.* and I thought you observed very well, my Dear. For my own Part, I have always been of Opinion, that the Clergy who do thus, make the best Excuse that can be made for Impropropriators and Lay-Patrons. For here is a Gentleman the Son of a Layman (I speak to general Cases) is sent to the University, and takes Orders. He has Interest perhaps to get two or more Livings, and hires a Person, who is as deserving as himself, but destitute of Friends, at a low Rate, to do the Duties of one of them. We will suppose in his Favour, that he has several Children to provide for out of these, and makes that his Pretence for oppressing the Person he employs to do his own Duty. Some of these Children are Males, some Females, and not one in five of the former is brought up to the Church; and all that he saves for them, and gives them, out of what he squeezes from his unhappy Brother, is it not secularizing, as it were, at least as far as he can do it, the Revenues appropriated to the Church? And can *he*, whatever others may, blame an Impropropriator for applying that Portion of the Produce of Church-Lands to *his* Lay-Family, which the other intends for the Lay-Family he is endeavouring

to build up? Some one or two of which Impropiator's Sons may possibly too, in order to possess the Living in their Father's Gift, be brought up to the Church? What is the Difference, I would fain know?

If the Clergy were always to have done thus, continued Mr. *B.* should we not have wanted many Endowments and charitable Foundations, which we now have? And I am verry sorry to have Reason to say, that we owe such Sort of Works more to the Piety of the Clergy of past Times than the present; for now, let us cast our Eye upon the Practices of some of our Prelates; for who is it that looks not up first for Examples to that venerable Order? And we shall find that too many among them, seem more intent upon making a Family, as it is called, and thereby secularizing, as I observed, as much as they can, the Revenues of the Church, than to live up either to the ancient Hospitality, or with a View to those Acts of Munificence, which were the Reason for endowing the Church with such ample Revenues, as it once had, and still has, were it not so unequally distributed, and in so few Hands.

But, dear Sir, said I, what a sad Hardship do the inferior Clergy labour under all this Time? — To be oppressed and kept down by their Brethren and the Laity too? This is hard indeed—'Tis pity, methinks, this, at least, could not be remedied.

It will hardly ever be done, my Dear. The Evil lies deep; 'tis in human Nature, and when that can be mended, it will be better; but I see not how it can be expected, while those who have most Influence to procure the Redress, are most interested to prevent it: And the Views of others, aspiring to the same Power and Interest, make too many wish to have things left as they are; although they have no present Benefit by it. And those would join in a Cry of the Church's Danger, were the Legislature to offer at a Redress.

'Tis pity, Sir, said I, the Convocation are not permitted to sit. They would, perhaps, undertake this Province, and several others for the Benefit of the whole Body of the Clergy; and I should think such Regulations would come best from them.

So it is, my Dear, would they employ themselves and their Deliberations in such good Works. But 'tis a sad Thing to consider, that there is little Good to be expected from Bodies of Men in general; for altho' an Individual cares not to pull down upon himself the Odium of a bad or unpopular Action, yet when there are many to share it among them, I see not that they stand upon it. But far be it from me to say this with a View to Convocations *as* Convocations. I speak what is but too generally the Case in all Bodies of Men whatever, whether Clergy or Laity. And let us look into the greater or lesser Corporations and Societies throughout the Kingdom, and you'll find, if you excuse a poor Witicism, that Bodies are really *Bodies*, and act too often as if they had no *Souls* among them.

I hope, Sir, said the Countess, that when you judge thus hardly of Bodies, you include the two supreme Bodies.

*Thou shalt not*, said Mr. *B.* —I know these Reverend Gentlemen (looking at Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams*) will tell me, *speak Evil of the Rulers of thy People*. —But I wish I could always defend, what I am loth at any time to censure. But were you to read, or attend to the Debates in both Houses, which sometimes happen in Cases almost self-evident, you would find it impossible not to regret, that you are now and then under a Necessity to join with the Minority; as well in your House, Lord *Davers*, as in ours.

I wish Brother, reply'd his Lordship, I could differ from you with Reason: But this always *was*, and, I fear, always *will be so*, more or less in every Session.

But, to return to our first Subject, said Mr. *B.* You know, my Dear, how much Pleasure I take to hear your Opinion in Cases of natural Equity: And you must tell us freely, what you would advise your Friend Mr. *Williams* to do.

And must I, Sir, speak my Mind before so many better Judges?

Yes, *Sister*, said her Ladyship, (a Name she is now pleased to give me freely before Strangers, after her dear Brother's Example, who is kindest, tho' always kind, at such Times) you *must*; if I may be allow'd to say *must*.

Why then, said I, I beg leave to ask Mr. *Williams* one Question; that is, Whether his present Parishioners do not respect and esteem him, in that particular Manner, which I think every Body must, who knows his Worth?

I am very happy, Madam, in the Good-Will of all my Parishioners, and have great Acknowledgements to make for their Civilities to me.

I don't doubt, said I, but it will be the same where-ever you go; for, bad as the World is, a prudent and good Clergyman will never fail of Respect. But, Sir, if you think your Ministry among them is attended with good Effects; if they esteem your Person with a Preference, and listen to your Doctrines with Attention; methinks, for *their Sakes*, 'tis pity to leave them, were the Living of *less Value*, as it is of *more* than the other. For how many People are there who can benefit by one Gentleman's Preaching, rather than another's; altho', possibly, the one's

Abilities may be no way inferior to the other's? There is a great deal in a *Delivery*, as it is called, in a Way, a Manner, a Deportment, to engage People's Attention and Esteem; and as you are already in Possession of their Esteem, you are sure to do much of the Good you aim and wish to do. For where the Flock loves the Shepherd, all his Work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the Tongue of an Angel, and let him live the Life of a Saint, he will be heard with Indifference, and, oftentimes, as his Subject may be, with Disgust.

I paused here, but every one being silent, As to the Earl's Friendship, Sir, continued I, you are best Judge what Force that ought to have upon you; and what I have mention'd wou'd be the only Difficulty with me, were I in Mr. *William's* Case. To be sure it will be an high Obligation upon his Lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better Living to oblige him. And he will be bound in Honour to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking, that a prudent Regard to worldly Interest misbecomes the Character of a good Clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the World, for their own Sakes, as well as for the Sakes of their Hearers, since Independency gives a Man Respect, besides the Power of doing Good, which will inhanche that Respect, strengthen his Influences, and, of consequence, give greater Efficacy to his Doctrines.

The Countess mentioned hereupon, the Saying of Dr. *Fisher* Bishop of *Rochester*, who was beheaded in the Reign of *Henry VIII.* because he would not own the King's Supremacy: This Prelate being offer'd a richer Bishoprick, he would not accept of it, saying, "He looked upon his Bishoprick as his Wife, and he should not think it excusable to part with his Wife because she was poor." This brought so many Reflections upon the frequent Translations, and the Earnestness with which richer Bishopricks were sought after, that I was very sorry to hear, or think there was Occasion for them. And I did take the Liberty to say, that, as Mr. *B.* had observ'd, the Fault was in human Nature; and tho' it was an inexcusable one, perhaps we that censur'd them, might find it hard, in their Circumstances, to resist the Temptation.

Mr. *B.* said, He wish'd, for the Sake of the Clergy in general, that there was a Law against Translations; and that all the Bishopricks in *England*, were made equal in Revenue: For, do we not see, said he, that the Prelates, almost to a Man, vote with Power? And, by this means, contribute not a little to make themselves and the whole Body of a Clergy, so numerous, and so deserving too, as that of the Church of England, a By-word to Freethinkers of all Denominations, who are ever ready to take Occasion to malign them and their venerable Order.

Would you not, asked Lord *Davers*, have the two Primacies distinguished in Revenue?

No, said Mr. *B.* the Distinction of Dignity and Precedence would be enough, if not too much; for where there is but one Pope, the whole College of Cardinals, Seventy in Number, are always looking up to, and gaping after the Chair: And I would have no Temptations laid in the Way of good Men to forfeit their Characters, and weaken their Influences, which are of so much Consequence for Example-sake, to the Publick Weal.

I think, said Lord *Davers*, there was some Reason for the Celibacy of the Clergy in the *Roman* Church at first; altho' the Inconveniencies arising from it, are too many, and too obvious, to wish the Restraint so general. For the Provision for Families and Children, furnishes so natural and so laudable a Pretence to a Clergyman to lay up all he can for them, that their Characters suffer not a little on that Account.

If we look round us, said Mr. *B.* and see how many good and worthy Families are sprung from the Clergy; and look abroad, and see what are too often the Effects of Celibacy in the *Roman* Church, and the Scandal, worse than what we complain of, ever thrown upon them, even by Bigots of their own Communion, we shall have sufficient Reason to condemn the Celibacy which that Church enjoins. Besides, a bad Mind, an oppressive or covetous Nature, will be the same, whether marry'd or single: For have we not seen to what a scandalous Height Nepotism has been carried in that Church? And has not a Pope of a private and narrow Spirit, done as much for his Nephews and Nieces (and perhaps nearer Relations under those Names) as he could have done for his Sons and Daughters? So still *here* too, we must resolve all into that common Sewer of Iniquity, Human Nature; and conclude, That a truly good Man will not do a bad Thing upon any the nearest and most affecting Considerations; and that a bad Man will never want a Pretence to display his evil Qualities, nor Flatterers neither (if he has Power) to defend him, for the worst he can do.

I well remember the Argument, when I was at *Rome*, used to the Pope, on such an Occasion. His Holiness declar'd against Nepotism, saying, That he would never look upon the Revenues of the Church, as the Patrimony of his private Family; and forbad his numerous Relations, who, on his Promotion, swarm'd about him, with Faces as hungry, as if they were so many *North Britons*, travelling Southward for Preferment—(that was Mr. *B's* Word, spoken pleasantly) to think of him in any other Light, than that of the common Father of all his People; and as

having no other Relation but Merit.

This was setting out well, you'll say; but what was the Event? —Why, two thirds of his Relations rushed into Orders directly; and it was not long, before Parasites were found, to represent to the Holy Father, that it was a Sin, to deprive the Church of so many excellent Props and Buttresses; and that for the Good of the Publick, he ought to prefer them to the first Dignities; so, that the good Man, overcome with their Reasons, and loth to continue in so great a Sin, grac'd the Cardinalate with one, the Episcopate with half a Dozen; and the richest Abbacies with a Score or two; and the Emperor having occasion to make Interest with his Holiness, found Merit enough in some of the Lay-Relations, to create them Princes and Counts of the Holy *Roman* Empire.

But, Sir, said I, (for I am always sorry to hear things said to the Discredit of the Clergy, because I think it is of publick Concern that we venerate the Function, tho' not the Failings of Particulars); have I not been a silent Witness, that you have made the same Observations on a Minister of State, who, tho' he shall be perhaps the first to blame this Disposition in a Clergyman, will be equally ready to practise it himself, to Relations and Children, full as worthless, to the Exclusion of the Worthy? —So that, Sir, this is all Human Nature still; and should we not be tender in our Censures of the one, when we are so ready to acquit the other?

There's this Difference, Mrs. *B.* said the Countess: From the one we expect a better Example; from the other, no Example fit to be followed. And this is one Reason that makes a First Minister generally so hated a Thing, because he resolves all Considerations into Self, and is beloved by no Body, but those, to whom he gives the Overflowings of such Benefits as he has not Relations enough to heap them upon.

Well, Mr. *Adams*, said I, if I may be allow'd to be so serious, does not this shew the Excellency of the Prayer we are taught by the supreme Teacher, and that Part of it, *Lead us not into Temptation?* —For it seems too natural a Consequence, that no sooner are we tempted, but we *deliver up our selves to Evil*. —Right, Sister, said Lord *Davers*; and this ends in Mr. *B.*'s *human Nature* again.

What remains then, said Lady *Davers*, but that we take the World as we find it? Give Praise to the Good, Dispraise to the Bad; and every one try to mend *one*?

Yet I wish, said Mr. *B.* so over-tender are many good Clergymen of the Failings they would not be guilty of, in their Brethren, that we should avoid displeasing them, if they were to know the Freedom of this Conversation, tho' we are all so well-disposed to reverence their Function.

I hope otherwise, said Mr. *Williams*; for it is but giving *due* Praise and Dispraise, as my Lady says; and were evil Actions to go uncensur'd, good ones would lose their Reward, and Vice by being put upon a Foot with Virtue in this Life, would meet with too much Countenance.

But give me leave, said Lady *Davers*, to interpose a little in the Matter we have departed from, that of the Curate and Dispensation; and when I have deliver'd my Sentiments, I insist upon it, that Mrs. *B.* will as freely give us hers, as if I had been silent.

Dispensations are usual Things. Mr. *Williams* may pay a young Gentleman handsomely; and the Censure we have pass'd, is only upon such as do not. To a young Man at first setting out, a good Curacy will be very acceptable. If he has Merit, it will put him in a Way of shewing it, and he may raise himself by it. If he has not, he will not deserve more. And Mr. *Williams* may marry, perhaps, and have a Family to provide for. His Opportunities may not always be the same: The Earl may die, and he should be excused to make the best Use of his Interest and Favour, for the very Reason Mrs. *B.* gave, that, as he is a good Man, it will strengthen his Influences: And, come, Brother, you know I am always for prescribing! Here is a worthy young Gentleman in our Eye, that won't take it amiss to begin with a Curacy: And you shall give *your* Dispensation, previous to the legal one, on Condition, that Mr. *Williams* will permit you to present his Curate; and thus all will be solv'd.

Both the Gentlemen bow'd — and Mr. *Williams* was going to speak: But Mr. *B.* said, Take my Sister at her Word, *Pamela*, and if you have any thing to say to this Scheme, speak it freely, as if her Ladyship had been silent; for, I perceive, by your downcast Eye, and Silence, you could say something, if you would.

Ay, pray do, said my Lady. I love to hear you speak. You always make me think of something I had not consider'd before.

I am very loth to say any thing on so nice a Subject: Indeed it would not become me. There is so much Generosity and Benevolence in my good Lady's Scheme, that I ought not.

*Ought not!* said my dearest Friend, interrupting me, None of your *ought not*s; I know you are always forming in your Mind Notions of Right and Wrong, in the common Cases of Life. Let us therefore have your Opinion in

this Matter more fully than you have hitherto given it, and deliver it too without Hesitation, and with that Ease and Freedom, that are born with you; for I can tell you, that when, thro' the Corruptions of Human Nature, we lose the Distinction of Right and Wrong, I know not where we can better apply ourselves, than to such as you, to recover them.

I bow'd, and said, If you will have it so, Sir, it must be so; and I will then bespeak all your kind Allowances, casting my Eye around me, to each, and tell you all I think upon this Matter; and when I have done, submit my poor Sentiments, as becomes me, to your superior Judgments.

Thus then I would say — Pardon me, my Lady, for taking your Ladyship's Words for my Theme, as I remember them; and hardly any thing falls from your Ladyship that I do not remember — *That Dispensations are usual Things*. — I am sure, I am going to display my Ignorance, because, knowing nothing of their Original or Design, I must presume them to be very ancient in this Kingdom, and introduced only when there were fewer Clergymen than Benefices. Was there ever such a Time?

They smil'd — Nay, now, you would command me, Sir, to speak, when I needed to do nothing else to expose my self. There was a Time, as I have read, that there were so few Scholars, that the Benefit of Clergy was allow'd to some sort of Criminals who could do no more than read, because the Commonwealth could so ill spare learned Men. — And might not there be a Time then, when Dispensations were allowed to worthy Men, because it was difficult to find enow of such as deserv'd that Character, to fill the Church Preferments?

Tell us, *Pamela*, said Mr. *B.* whether you do not intend this as a Satire upon the Practice, or is it really your pretty Ignorance, that has made you pronounce one of the severest Censures upon it, that could be thought of?

I smiled, and said, Indeed, Sir, I think only some such Reason, or a worse, must be the Original of Dispensations; for is it right that one Gentleman shall have two or three Livings, the Duties of no more than one of which he can personally attend, while so many are destitute of Bread, almost, and exposed to Contempt, the too frequent Companion of Poverty? And what though Custom may have sanctified it, to be sure that is all that can; and a good Man will not do all he may do, without incurring a Penalty, because there is in every thing a Right and a Wrong; and because, be the Custom what it will, a Man should regulate his Actions by his Conscience and the Golden Rule.

My good Lady says, Mr. *Williams* may pay a Gentleman handsomely: I don't doubt but Mr. *Williams* would; and this, I am sorry to say it, would be doing what is not so often done as one would wish. But may I be permitted to ask, For *what* would he pay the Gentleman handsomely? — Why for doing that Duty for him, which in Conscience and Honour he ought to do himself, and which, when he takes Institution and Induction, he engages solemnly to do? And pray, excuse me, my Dear Every-body — that was my foolish Word, which made them smile — To what End is all this? — Only, that the Gentleman who does all the Labour in the Vineyard, shall live upon 30, 40, or 50*l.* *per Annum*, more or less, while the Gentleman who has *best* nothing but *best* Interest, (another of my foolish Phrases) shall receive twice, and perhaps three times the Sum for doing nothing at all. Can any Dispensation, my dear Friends, make this a just or equitable thing? Indeed if the Living be so poor, as too many of them are, that a Man cannot comfortably and creditably subsist without putting Two poor ones together to make One tolerable one, that is another Thing. But pray now, my good Mr. *Williams* excuse me, if Mr. *Adams* can live on a Curacy of 40 or 50*l.* a Year, cannot another Gentleman live, unless his Rectory or Vicarage bring him 2 or 300? Mr. *Adams* may marry as well as Mr. *Williams*; and both, I believe, will find God's Providence a better Reliance, than the richest Benefice in *England*.

A good Curacy, no doubt, continued I, may be a comfortable thing at setting out to a young Gentleman: But if here be a Rectory or Vicarage, of 200*l.* a Year for Example, (for if it be of no more Value than a good Curacy, he must be content) is not that 200*l.* a Year the Reward for doing such and such Labour? And if this be the stated Hire for this Labour, to speak in the Scripture Phrase, *is not the Labourer worthy of his Hire?* Or is he that does *not* labour to go away with the greatest Part of it?

If the Gentleman, my Lady is pleased to say, has Merit, this Curacy may put him in the way of shewing it. But does the Manifestation of Merit, and the Reward of it always go together?—

My Lady is so good as to observe: — But may I, Madam, be excused?—

Proceed, proceed, Child! — I shall only have a Care of what I say before you for the future, that's all.

And I too, said Mr. *H.* — which made them smile.

Nay, now, my Lady.—

Proceed, I tell you —I only wonder, as my Brother has said, on another Occasion, where thou gottest all these equitable Notions.

My Lady is so good as to observe, proceeded I, (for they were pleased to be attentive) that Mr. *Williams* should make use of his Opportunities. I know her Ladyship speaks this rather in generous Indulgence to the usual Practice, than what always ought to be the chief Consideration; for if the Earl should die, may not some other Friend arise to a Gentleman of Mr. *Williams's* Merit?

As to strengthening of a good Man's Influence, which is a Point always to be wish'd, I would not say so much as—I have done, if I had not heard Mr. *Longman* say, and I am sure I heard it with great Pleasure, that the Benefice Mr. *Williams* so worthily enjoys, is a clear 250*l.* a Year.

But after all, does Happiness to a Gentleman, a Scholar, a Philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser Income? —Does it not rather rest in a happy Competency, or Mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. *B.* had 5000*l.* a Year added to his present large Income, would that increase his Happiness! That it would add to his Cares, is no Question; but could that Addition give him one single Comfort which he has not already? And if the dear Gentleman had 2 or 3000 less, might he be less happy on that Account? No, surely, for it would render a greater Prudence on my humble Part necessary, and a nearer Inspection and greater Frugality on his own; and he must be contented (if he did not, as now, perhaps, lay up every Year) so long as he lived within his Income — And who will say, that the Obligation to greater Prudence, and Oeconomy, is a Misfortune?

The Competency, therefore, the Golden Mean, is the Thing; and I have often considered the Matter, and endeavoured to square my Actions by that Consideration. For a Person (I have this Notion, dear Sir, from that Manuscript Poem you was pleased to shew me, of not preferring People above their native Condition, and which has been an excellent Lesson to me: For a Person, I was going to say) who being not born to an Estate, is not satisfied with a Competency, will know no Limits to his Desires. Such a one that an Acquisition of 100 or 200 *l.* a Year will not satisfy, will not sit down contented with any Sum. Although he may propose to himself at a Distance, that such and such an Acquisition will be the Height of his Ambition; yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and farther — and know no Bounds, till the natural one is forced upon him, and his Life and his Views end together.

Now let me humbly beg Pardon of you all, Ladies and Gentlemen, said I, turning my Eye to each; but most of you, my good Lady, whose Observations I have made so free with. If *you* can forgive me, it will be an Instance of your Goodness, that I may hope for, but hardly can expect. Will you, my dear Lady, said I, and laid my Hand upon her Ladyship's, in a supplicatory Manner; for she sat next me?

I think *not*, said her Ladyship. I think I *ought* not. —Should I, Brother? Can I, my Lord? — Ought I, my Lady Countess? —Brother, Brother, if you have been in any Degree contributing to the Excellency of this — what shall I call her? How cunningly do you act, to make her imbibe your Notions, and then utter them with such Advantage, that you have the secret Pride to find your own Sentiments praised from her Mouth? But I will forgive you both, be it as it will; for I am sure, outdone as I am, in Thought, Word, and Deed, and by so young a Gypsey — that was her Word; it is by one that would outdo every body else, as well as me; only I would except your Ladyship — None of your Exceptions, Lady *Davers*, reply'd the Countess — I know not, in so young a Lady, whether I should most envy or admire her Excellence.

Well, but since I have the Pleasure, said I, to find myself forgiven, may I be indulged a few Moments Prattle more? only just to observe, that the State of the Case I have given, is but one Side of the Question; that which a good Clergyman, in my humble Opinion, would chuse to act. But when we come to the other Side, what it would be kind we of the Laity should think and act by them, that is another thing. For when we think of the Hardships the Clergy lie under, more than almost any other Body of Men, we shall see they are intitled to better Usage than they often meet with.

Here, in the first Place, a Youth is sent to the University, after a painful Course to qualify him for it. He endangers his Health, and impairs his Constitution by hard Study, and a sedentary Life; and after he has passed such a Number of Years, he is admitted into Orders, perhaps gets a small Fellowship, turns Tutor, a painful Employment, and his Education having been designed for all his Portion, and that expended in it, he at last, by Interest or Favour, gets a Curacy or little Living of 40, 50, or 60*l.* a Year; if less, so much the worse; and is obliged to maintain himself in a genteel Appearance out of that, and be subject not seldom to the Jest of Buffoons and Rakes at a great Man's Table, where the *Parson* is too often the Butt to receive the supposed witty

Shafts of such as can allow themselves to say any thing. If he marries, which possibly too he is kept from, contrary to his Wishes, of all Men he is the least to follow his own Liking; since Prudence too often obliges him to take the Person his Inclination would not.

If Children follow, what melancholy Views has he of providing for them, did not his strong Reliance on Providence exercise his Faith against worldly Appearance?

Then has he too often to contend for his Dues, the Produce of his poor Income, with churlish and ignorant Spirits, whom his Function would make him wish to smooth and instruct; who, though they farm and pay to the Landlord for no more than nine Tenths of the Lands they occupy, hardly think it a Sin to cheat the Parson of his Tythe; who, however, has the same Right to it by the Laws of the Land, as the Gentleman has to the Estate, or the Tenant to the Produce of his Farm.

This obliges the poor Gentleman to live in a State of War among a People with whom both his Duty and Inclination would make him desirous to cultivate a good Understanding. And what Benefits can result from his Ministry in such a Situation; when the People to be instructed look upon him as an Invader of their Substance, at the very Time that they are robbing him of what is legally his?

In the next Place, I presume to think, that the Clergy are too much looked upon by some as a detached Body, as I may say, from the rest of the People, and as Persons acting upon a separate Interest quite opposite to that of the Laity: When, possibly, that very Churl, who refuses them their Right, or would cheat them of it, has a View to bring up one of his Family to the Church, and hopes to get him provided for out of its Revenues. And are not the Clergy, moreover, the Fathers, the Sons, the Uncles, the Brothers of the Laity, who shall set themselves against their Maintenance? And must their Education debar them of those Comforts, which it better qualifies them to enjoy, and which it incapacitates them any other way to procure?

What Opportunity have not the Laity in general, of all Degrees and Ranks, to make their Lives easy and happy, to what the Clergy have? Here is a middling Family, with three or four Sons: Suppose the Father's Circumstances will allow him to bring up one to the *Law*: What Opportunities has *he*, unenvied, to make a Fortune? Another is brought up to *Trade*: If he has but tolerable Success in the World, in what Ease and Affluence does he support himself, and provide for his Family? The *Physick Line*, what Fortunes are not raised in that? And no body envies any of these. But the Son, whose Inclination shall lead him perhaps *best* to deserve, and *most* to require, an easy and comfortable Subsistence, and who ought wholly to appropriate himself to the Duties of his Function, is grudging, envied, and treated as if he were not a Son of the same Family, and had not a natural Right and Stake in the same Commonwealth.

There are, 'tis , Preferments, and some great ones, and Honours too, in the Church; but how few, compared to the Numbers of the Clergy, or to those Livings which are so poor as can hardly set a Man above Penury and Contempt? —And how are those few ingross'd by the Descendants or Dependants of the Rich and Powerful? —And, what by Commendams, Dispensations, and such-like Contrivances, how does one Man of Interest and Address swallow up the Provision which was designed for several, as deserving, perhaps, at least, as himself? —For, my good Lady, (you have forgiven me, and must not be displeas'd) a Gentleman's Friends *may die off*, and he must, you know, *make the best Use of his Opportunities*.

O you dear Sauce-box, as my Brother calls you! —How dare you, by that arch pretty Look, triumph over me thus? —Let me, Brother, give her a Slap for this! —I'm sure she deserves it.

I think she is a little insolent indeed, Lady *Davers*. —But to the Case in Hand. There is so much Truth in what *Pamela* says, of the Hardships to which the Clergy, the inferior Clergy particularly, are subjected, that I wonder any Gentleman who can chuse for himself, and has no probable Prospects, should enter into Orders, under such Discouragements.

I humbly conceive, Sir, said I, that there can be but one *good* Inducement, and that is what the Apostle hints at in the Words — *If in this Life only we have Hope, we are of all Men most miserable*.

Well, said Mr. B. so much as this is their Motive, so much are they intitled to that better Hope; and may that better Hope never deceive them!

But I have the Pleasure to acquaint this Company, that I had a mind only to hear what *Pamela*, who, as I hinted, talked to me learnedly on this very Subject a few Days ago, would say, when she came Face to Face, to her two worthy Friends, Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams* (and so I desired Mr. *Williams* would let her run on, if I could set her into the Subject) — else my old Acquaintance was resolv'd not to hold both Livings, since *either*, he

was so good as to say, would afford him as handsome a Provision, as he wished for; his only Difficulty being about obliging the Earl, or whether he should not disoblige me, if he complied with that Nobleman's Request.

Indeed, Madam, said Mr. *Williams*, this is the very Case; and after what I have heard from your Ladyship, (so he call'd me) I would not, for the World, have been of another Mind, nor have put it upon any other Foot than I did.

You are a good Gentleman, said I; and I have such an Opinion of your Worthiness, and the Credit you do your Character, that I would sooner suspect my own Judgment, and so I ought, than yours. But pray, Sir, what, may I ask? have you determined to do?

Why, Madam, reply'd he, I am stagger'd in that too, by the Observation your Ladyship made, that where a Man has the Love of his Parishioners, he ought not to think of leaving them.

Else, Sir. I find, you had rather inclined to oblige the Earl, though the Living be of *less* Value! This is very noble, Sir; it is more than generous.

My Dear, said Mr. B. I'll tell you (for Mr. *Williams's* Modesty will not let him speak it before all the Company) what *is* his Motive, and a worthy one you'll say it is. Excuse me, Mr. *Williams* — (for the reverend Gentleman blush'd).

The Earl has of late Years — we all know his Character — given himself up to Carousing, and he will suffer no Man to go from his Table sober. Mr. *Williams* has taken the Liberty to expostulate, as became his Function, with his Lordship on this Subject, and upon some other Irregularities, in so agreeable a manner, that the Earl has taken a great Liking to him, and promises, that he will suffer his Reasonings to have an Effect upon him, and that he shall reform his whole Houshold, if he will come and live near him, and regulate his Table by his own Example.

The Countess is a very good Lady, and privately presses Mr. *Williams* to oblige the Earl: And this is our worthy Friend's main Inducement; with the Hope, which I should not forget to mention, that he has, of preserving untainted the Morals of the two young Gentlemen, the Earl's Sons, who, he fears, will be carried away by the Force of such an Example: And he thinks, as the Earl's Living has fallen, mine, probably, will be better supplied than the Earl's, if he, as he kindly offers, gives it me back again; otherwise the Earl, as he apprehends, will find out for his, some Gentleman, if such an one can be found, as will rather further, than obstruct his own Irregularities; as was the unhappy Case of the last Incumbent.

Well, said Lady *Davers*, and so said the Countess, we shall always have the highest Respect for Mr. *Williams*, for a Conduct so genteel and so prudent. But, Brother, will you, and will you, Mr. *Williams*, put this whole Affair, in all its Parts, into Mrs. *B.*'s Hands, since you have such Testimonies, *both* of you, of her Rectitude of Thinking and Acting?

With all my Heart, Madam, replied Mr. *Williams*; and I shall be proud of such a Direction.

What say *you*, Brother? You are to suppose the Living in your own Hands again; will you leave the whole Matter to my *Sister* here?

Come, my Dear, says Mr. *B.* let us hear how you'd wish it to be order'd. I know you have not need of one Moment's Consideration, when once you are Mistress of a Point.

Nay, said Lady *Davers*, that is not the Thing. I repeat my Demand: Shall it be as Mrs. *B.* lays it out, or not?

This is a weighty Matter, my good Sister; and bad as I have been, I think Patrons are accountable, in a great measure, for the Characters of the Persons they present; and I do assure you, that had I twenty Livings in my Gift, I should think I ought not to prefer my Brother to any one of them, if his Morals and Character were not likely to do Honour to the Church, as well as to my Presentation. And I expected to hear from *Pamela*, when she was enumerating the Hardships of the Clergy, of that scandalous Practice of some Patrons, who rob the regularly-bred Clergymen, by pushing into Orders some Kinsman, or Friend, or Friend's Kinsman or Friend, when a Living falls in, let his Character or Qualifications be ever so faulty and defective. I could name you several such Instances, that ought to make the Ordainers, as well as the Ordained, *blush*; as (were I to borrow one of *Pamela's* serious Inferences, I would say) it will one Day make them both *tremble*, when they come to give an Account of the Trusts committed to them.

Well, says my Lady, I have a noble Brother, that's . What Pity you ever were wicked at all! But, come, and laid her Hand upon mine, this same good Girl will be a Blessing to you: Nay, why say I, *will* be? she *is*; and the greatest that mortal Man can receive. —But still I must have you put this Matter into Mrs. *B.*'s Hands.

Conditionally I will —— Provided I cannot give satisfactory Reasons, why I *ought not* to conform to her Opinion; for this, as I said, is a Point of Conscience with me; and made it so, when I presented Mr. *Williams* to the Living; and have not been deceived in that Presentation.

To be sure, said I, that is very reasonable, Sir; and on that Condition, I shall the less hesitate to speak my Mind, because I shall be sure of being in no Danger to commit an irreparable Error.

I know well, Lady *Davers*, added Mr. *B.* the Power your Sex have over ours, and their subtle Tricks; and so will never be drawn in, in my weakest Moments, to make a blindfold Promise. There have been several Instances, both in sacred and profane Story, of Mischiefs done by such Surprizes: So you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear Slut's Power over me, and have been taught by the inviolable Regard she pays to her own Word, to value mine. —And now, *Pamela*, speak all that's in your Heart to say.

Well, Sir, said I, with your *requisite* Condition in my Eye, I will. But let me see, that I state the Matter right. And preparative to it, pray, Mr. *Williams*, tho' you have not been long in Possession of this Living, yet may—be you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in, clear?

Madam, said he, by the best Calculation I can make, (I thank you for it, good Sir) it may, one Year with another, be reckoned at 300 l. *per Annum*: It is the best Living within twenty Miles of it, having been improved within these two last Years.

If it was 500 l. and would make you happier,— (for *that*, Sir, is the thing) I should wish it you, said I, and think it short of your Merits. But pray, Sir, what is the Earl's Living valued at?

At about 220 l. Madam.

Well then, reply'd I, very pertly, I believe now I have it.

Mr. *Williams*, for Motives most excellently worthy of his Function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. *B.* his Living of 300 l. *per Annum*, and to accept of the Earl's Living of 220 l. *per Annum*. Dear Sir, I am going to be very bold; but under *your* Condition nevertheless:—Let the Gentleman to whom you shall present the Living of *F.* allow 80 l. *per Annum* out of it to Mr. *Williams*, till the Earl's Favour shall make up the Difference to him, and no longer. —And—but I dare not name the Gentleman: —For how, dear Sir, were I to be so bold, shall I part with my Chaplain?

Admirable! most admirable! said Lord and Lady *Davers*, in the same Words. The Countess praised the Decision too; and Mr. *H.* with his Let me be hang'd, and his 'Fore Gads,—and such Exclamations natural to him, made *his* Plaudits.

Mr. *Williams* said, He could wish with all his Heart it might be so; and Mr. *Adams* was so abash'd and surpris'd, he could not hold up his Head;—but Joy danced in his silent Countenance for all that.

Mr. *B.* having hesitated a few Minutes, Lady *Davers* called out for his Objection, or Consent, according to Condition; and he said, I cannot so soon determine as that prompt Slut did. I'll withdraw one Minute.

He did so, as I found afterwards, to advise, like the considerate and genteel Spirit he possesses, with Mr. *Williams*, whom he beckon'd out, and to examine whether he was in Earnest willing to give it up, or had any body he was very desirous should succeed him; telling him, that, if he had, he thought himself oblig'd, in Return for his worthy Behaviour to him, to pay a particular Regard to his Recommendation. And so, being answer'd as he desired, in they came together again.

But I should say, that his withdrawing with a very serious Aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: And I said, before they came in, What *shall* I do, if I have incurred Mr. *B.*'s Anger by my Over-forwardness! —Did he not look displeas'd? Dear my Ladies, if he be so, plead for me, and I will withdraw, when he comes in; for I cannot stand his Anger: I have not been used to it.

Never fear, you charming *Pamela*, said my Lady, he can't be angry at any thing you say or do. But I wish, for the sake of what I have been Witness to of Mr. *Adams*'s Behaviour and Modesty, that such a thing could be done for him.

Mr. *Adams* bow'd, and said, Oh my good Ladies! 'tis too, too considerable a thing:—I cannot expect it—I do not—It would be Presumption if I did.

Just then re-enter'd Mr. *B.* and Mr. *Williams*, the first with a stately Air, the other with a more Peace-portending Smile on his Countenance.

But Mr. *B.* sitting down, Well, *Pamela*, said he, very gravely, I see, that Power is a dangerous thing in any Hand. —Sir, Sir! said I. —My dear Lady, whispering to Lady *Davers*, I will withdraw, as I said I would! —And I

was getting away as fast as I could: But he arose, and coming up to me, took my Hand, Why is my Charmer so soon frighten'd? said he, most kindly; and still more kindly, with a noble Air, pressed it to his Lips. —I must not carry my Jest too far upon a Mind so apprehensive, as I otherwise might be inclined to do. And leading me to Mr. *Adams* and Mr. *Williams*, he said, taking Mr. *Williams's* Hand with his Left, as he held mine in his Right, Your worthy Brother Clergyman, Mr. *Adams*, gives me Leave to confirm the Decision of my dear Spouse, and you are to thank her for the Living of F. upon the Condition she proposed; and may you give but as much Satisfaction there, as you have done in this Family, and as Mr. *Williams* has given to his Flock; and they will then, after a while, be pleas'd as much with your Ministry, as they have hitherto been with his.

Mr. *Adams* trembled with Joy, and begg'd Leave to withdraw. —I cannot,—I cannot, said he,—bear—bear—this Excess of Goodness. And he retir'd, with an Air of Gratitude and Transport in his Countenance, which Words cannot equally express.

This affected me a good deal, as it did all the Company; but I was still more affected, when Mr. *B.* said, Here, my Dear, thank good Mr. *Williams* for inabling you to give such a shining Proof of your Excellence: And remember, that whenever I put any Power into your Hands for the future, you keep this happy Instance in Mind, and in every thing that offers, I shall then have no Will nor Choice but yours.

Could I avoid, my dear Miss, being thus nobly, more than generously—what shall I do for a Word to express my Sense of his Graciousness to me?— Could I avoid, I say, doing a weak thing, without regarding the Presence I was in? I fell on my Knees to him, and kissed his dear Hand, How shall I—how shall I, said I,—oppressed with your hourly Goodness, —find Words? —But, Oh forgive me! Meanings croud so thick upon me, that my Words, patting my Bosom with my other Hand, stick here, just here—and I cannot—

And indeed I could say no more; and he, in the Delicacy of his Apprehensiveness for me, clasped his kind Arms about me, and withdrew with me into the next Parlour, and placed himself by me on the Settee, putting my Face on his generous Breast, and said, Take care, take care, my best Beloved! that the Joy which overflows your dear Heart, for having done a beneficent and a noble Action, to a deserving Gentleman, does not affect you too much. You have no Body just now, my dear Life! added he; your Spirit has absorb'd it all: But you *must* descend, or what will become of me? And take care you don't do it too precipitately, for a Circumstance so delicate, and so delightful to me!

My Lady *Davers* followed us, Where is my Angel Sister? where is my noble Brother? said she: Rest her dear Head on my Bosom; for I have a Share in her next to yourself; and return to a Company where you'll not find a dry Eye, nor an opening Lip, but looking upon one another in speechless Rapture at the exalted Scene you have exhibited between you.

My dear Mr. *B.* delighted with every Occasion that makes for my Honour, and to endear me to his beloved Sister, said, Take care then of my Jewel, and let her dear Face adorn the Bosom of a Lady I love next to herself. And rising, went into the great Parlour.

I would have stood up; but, quite abashed at my recollected Behaviour before so many Witnesses, and confounded with the Goodness of such a Brother and such a Sister, my Feet were unwilling to support me. And my dear Lady *Davers* (O Miss, what a happy *Pamela* is your Friend! what a happy Daughter, my dear Father and Mother!)—clasped me in her Arms, and to her Bosom, and kissed me five or six times, running over with Expressions of Favour and Goodness, in a Style and Words I cannot repeat: For she is Mistress of a flowery Rhetorick, and has such a charming Gift of Utterance; that could I but half equal her, when she thus loftily soars, I should deserve the Compliments she made me.

Coffee being ready, Lady *Davers* led me to the great withdrawing Room, and we were join'd by all the Company, and Mr. *Adams* too; and my Lord *Davers* was pleased to make me several fine Compliments, and so did Mr. *H.* after his Manner. But the Countess exceeded *herself* in Goodness.

Mr. *Williams* seemed so pleased, and so elated with the deserved Acceptation his worthy Conduct had met with, that it shew'd he was far from repenting at the generous Turn the Matter had taken in favour of Mr. *Adams*: On the contrary, he congratulated him upon it, telling him, he would introduce him, when his generous Patron thought proper, to his new Parishioners, and would read Prayers for him at his first Preaching. And I think, Mr. *Adams*, said he, since this happy Affair has been brought about from the Conversation upon Dispensations, you and I, both by our Examples and our Arguments, must, on all Occasions, discredit that Practice; since, as my Lady has observed, God's Providence is a better Reliance than the richest Benefice in *England*, and since, as her

Ladyship has also observed, we ought not to look beyond a happy Competency, as if in *this Life only we had Hope*.

My Lady, said Mr. *Adams*, has given me many Lessons, relating to different Parts of my Duty, both as a Christian and a Clergyman, that will not only furnish me with Rules for my future Conduct, but with Subjects for the best Sermons I shall ever be able to compose.

Mr. *B.* was pleased to say, It is a Rule with me, not to leave till To-morrow what can be done Today: And when, my Dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr. *Adams's* good Offices in your Family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to Town with us?

I had not proposed any thing, Sir, as to that; for I had not asked your kind Direction: But the good Dean will supply us, I doubt not; and when we set out for *London*, Mr. *Adams* will be at full Liberty, with his worthy Friend Mr. *Williams*, to pursue the happy Scheme, which your Goodness has permitted to take Effect.

Mr. *Adams*, my Dear, who came last from the University, can perhaps recommend such another young Gentleman as himself, for your Domestick Duties.

I looked, it seems, a little grave, and Mr. *B.* said, What have you to offer, *Pamela*? What have I said amiss? Amiss! dear Sir!—

Ay, and dear Madam, too! I see by your bashful Seriousness, in place of that smiling Approbation which you always shew when I utter any thing you *intirely* approve, that I have said something which would rather meet with your Acquiescence, than Choice So, as I have often told you, none of your Reserves! And never *besitate* to me your Consent in any thing, while you are sure, I will conform to your Wishes, or pursue my own Liking, as *either* shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard *your* Reasons.

Why then, dear Sir, what I had presumed to think, but I submit it to your better Judgment, was, Whether, as the Gentleman who is so kind as to direct our Family Duties, in some measure acts in the Province of the worthy Dean, it were not right, that our own Parish Minister, whether here or at *London*, should name, or at least approve *our* naming, the Gentleman?

Why could not I have thought of that, as well as you, Sauce-box? Lady *Davers*, I'm intirely on your Side. I think she deserves a Slap now for us both.

I'll forgive her, said my Lady, since I find her Sentiments and Actions as much a Reproach to others as to me.

Mr. *Williams*, did you ever think, said Mr. *B.* it would have come to this? Did you ever know such a saucy Girl in your Life?— Already to give herself these reproaching Airs?

No, never, if your Honour is pleased to call the most excellent Lady in the World by such a Name, nor any body else!

*Pamela*, I charge you, said the dear Gentleman, if you *study* for it, be sometimes in the Wrong, that one may not always be taking Lessons from such an Assurance; but, in our Turns, have something to teach *you*.

Then, dear Sir, said I, must I not be a strange Creature? For how, when you, and my good Ladies, are continually giving me such charming Examples, can I do a wrong thing?

Mr. *H.* said, Let him *be hang'd*, if he would not marry, as soon as ever he could get any body to have him.

Foolish Fellow! said Lady *Davers*, doist think that thou'lt meet with such a Wife as that, when thou marryest?

Why not, Madam? —For if I am not so good as Mr. *B.* now is, I have not been so bad neither as he was formerly; Excuse me, Sir: And so I may stand a Chance.

A Chance! said my Lady — that's like thee. — Didst ever hear of such an one as she?

I never, said he, and fell a Laughing, *saw* such an one, I own. And take *that*, my good Lady, for calling me *Foolish Fellow*.

There's not the Reproach in thy Answer that thou intendest, except to thy own grinning Insolence, said her Ladyship, (severe enough, but smiling) that makes thee think *that* a Reflection, that is none in this Case.

Egad, Madam, you're always hard upon me! I can say nothing to please you. While every body else gives and receives Compliments, I can come in for nothing but *Foolish Fellow* with your Ladyship.

Nephew, said my Lord, laughing, I think you come in for a large Part, and a facetious one too: For when you're present, and Conversation takes a serious Turn, you make an excellent Character to set us all a laughing.

He got up, and bow'd very low: I thank your Lordship. — You might as well have called me a Jack-pudden in plain Words; — but then I would have looked upon you all as so many Mountebanks! — There I have you! said he, and fell a laughing.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

The Countess, shuddering, said, Dear, dear Mr. H. be silent, I beseech you, whenever we are serious. For you tear one from the Feast of Souls to the Froth of Bodies. ——Was not that a fine Rebuke, Miss? Is not this a charming Lady?

I hope, Miss, you will forgive me for being so tedious on the foregoing Subject, and its most agreeable Conclusion. It is an important one, because several Persons, as Conferrers or Receivers, have found their Pleasure and Account in it; and it would be well, if Conversation were often attended with like happy Consequences. I have one Merit to plead in behalf even of my Prolixity, that in the delightful Conferences I have the Pleasure of holding with our noble Guests, and Mr. *B.* altho' several, which I omit, may be more worthy of Recital than those I give, yet am I careful not to write twice upon one Topick, so that you have as much Variety from me, as the Nature of the Facts and Cases will admit of.

But here I will conclude, having a very different Subject, as a Proof of! what I have advanc'd, to touch in my next. Till when, I am.

*Your most affectionate and faithful P. B.*

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

**LETTER XXXI.**

*My dear Miss,* I Now proceed with my Journal, which I brought down to *Tuesday* Evening; and of course I begin with

**WEDNESDAY.**

Towards the Evening came Sir. *Jacob Swynford*, on Horseback, attended by two Servants in Liveries. I was abroad; for I had got Leave for a whole Afternoon, attended by my *Polly*, which Time I passed in visiting no less than four several poor sick Families, whose Hearts I made glad. But I should be too tedious, were I to give you the Particulars; and besides, I have a brief List of Cases, which, when you'll favour me with your Company, I may shew you; for I have obliged myself, tho' not desired, to keep an Account of what I do with no less than 200*l.* a Year, that my dear Mr. *B.* allows me to expend in Acts of Charity and Benevolence.

Lady *Davers* told me afterwards, that Sir *Jacob* carried it mighty stiff and formal, when he alighted. He strutted about the Court-yard in his Boots, with his Whip in his Hand; and tho' her Ladyship went to the great Door, in order to welcome him, he turn'd short, and, whistling, followed the Groom into the Stable, as if he had been at an Inn, only, instead of taking off his Hat, pulling its broad Brim over his Eyes, for a Compliment. In she went in a Pet, as she says, saying to the Countess, A surly Brute he always was! My Uncle! He's more of an Hostler than a Gentleman: I'm resolv'd I'll not stir to meet him again. And yet the Wretch loves Respect from others, tho' he never practises common Civility himself.

The Countess said, She was glad he was come; for she lov'd to divert herself with such odd Characters now—and—then.

And now let me give you a short Description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a Gentleman he is.

He is about Sixty-five Years of Age, a coarse, strong, big-bon'd Gentleman, with large irregular Features; he has a haughty supercilious Look, a swaggering Gait, and a Person not at all bespeaking one's Favour in behalf of his Mind; and his Mind, as you shall hear by—and-by, not clearing up those Prepossessions in his Disfavour, with which his Person and Features at first impress one. His Voice is big and surly; his Eyes little and fiery; his Mouth large, with what Teeth he has left, ground down, as it seem'd, even with his many-colour'd Gums, as if by constant Use. But with all these Imperfections, he has an Air that sets him somewhat above the mere Vulgar, and such as makes one think, that half his Disadvantages are rather owing to his own haughty Humour, than to Nature: For he seems to be a perfect Tyrant at first Sight, a Man used to prescribe, and not to be prescribed to; and has the Advantage of a shrewd penetrating Look, which yet, methinks, seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had seen his Horses well serv'd, and put on an old-fashion'd Gold-button'd Coat, which by its Freshness shew'd he had been very chary of it, a better Wig, but in stiff Buckle, and a long Sword, stuck stiffly, as if thro' his Coat Lappets; in he came, and with an imperious Air entering the Parlour, What, nobody come to meet me! said he; and saluting her Ladyship, How do you do, Niece? and look'd about haughtily, she says, as if he expected to see me.

My Lady, presenting the Countess, said, The Countess of C. Sir *Jacob!* —O, cry Mercy! said he —Your most obedient humble Servant, Madam; I hope his Lordship is well.

At your Service, Sir *Jacob*.

I wish he was, said he, bluntly; he should not have voted as he did last Sessions, I can tell you that.

Why, Sir *Jacob*, said she, *Servants* don't always, in this free Kingdom, do as their *Masters* would have'em.

*Mine* do, I can tell you that, Madam.

Right or Wrong, Sir *Jacob?*

It can't be wrong, if I command them.

Why, truly, Sir *Jacob*, there's many a private Gentleman carries it higher to a Servant, than he cares his *Prince* should to him: But I thought, till now, 'twas the King only could do no wrong.

But, Madam, I always take care to be right.

A good Reason—because, I dare say, you never think you *can* be in the wrong.

Your Ladyship should spare me: I'm but just come off a Journey. Let me turn myself about, and I'll be up with you, never fear, Madam. But where's my Nephew, Lady *Davers?* And where's your Lord? I was told you were all here, and young H. too, upon a very extraordinary Occasion; so I was willing to see how Causes went among you, and what you were about. It will be long enough before you come to see me.

My Brother, and Lord *Davers*, and Mr. *H.* are all rid out together.

Well, Niece, strutting, with his Hands behind him, and his Head held up—Ha! —He has made a fine Kettlé on't,—han't he! —'Sblood, (that was his profligate Word) that ever such a Rake should be so caught! —They tell me, she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome. —But I wish his Father were but living. —Yet what could he have done? He was always unmanageable: But I wish he'd been my Son;—by my Faith I do! —What! I hope, Niece, he locks up his Baby, while you're here! You don't keep her Company, do you?

Yes, Sir *Jacob*, reply'd my Lady, I do; and you'll not scruple to do so too, when you see her.

Why, thou countenancest him in his Folly, Child; I'd a better Opinion of thy Spirit! Thou married to a Lord, and thy Brother to a—Canst tell me what, *Barbara*? If thou canst, pr'ythee do.

To an Angel; and so you'll say, when you see her.

What, dost think I shall look thro' *his* foolish Eyes? —What a Disgrace to a Family ancienter than the Conquest! —*O Tempora! O Mores!* What will this World come to!

The Countess was diverted with this odd Gentleman, but run on in my Praise, for fear he should say some rude things to me when I came in, and Lady *Davers* seconded her. But all, it seems, sighify'd nothing. He would tell us both his Mind, let the young Whelp, that was his Word, take it as he would. And pray, said he, can't I see this fine Body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a Question or two; and by her Answers I shall know what to think of her in a Twinkling.

She is gone to take a little Airing, Sir *Jacob*, and won't be back till Supper-time.

Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit down at Table, is she? If she does, I won't; that's positive. —But now you talk of Supper, what have you? — I must have a boil'd Chicken, and shall eat it all myself. —Who's House-keeper now? I suppose all's turn'd upside down.

No, there is not one new Servant, except a Girl that waits upon her own Person: All the old Servants are continued.

That's much! these Creatures generally take as great State upon 'em as a born Lady: And they're in the right. If they can make the Man stoop to the great Point, they'll hold his Nose to the Grindstone, never fear; and all the little ones come about in course.

Well, Sir *Jacob*, when you see her, you'll alter your Mind.

Never, never; that's positive.

Ay, Sir *Jacob*, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she was my own Sister.

O hideous, hideous! —Tell it not in *Gath*; for thou'lt make the Daughters of *Philistia* triumph! All the Fools that he has made where-ever he has travelled, will clap their Hands at him, and at you too, if you talk at this Rate. —But let me speak to Mrs. *Jervis*, if she be here: I'll order my own Supper.

So he went out, saying, He knew the House, tho' in a better Mistress's Days.

The Countess said, If Mr. *B.* kept his Temper, as she hoped he would, there would be good Diversion with the old Gentleman.

O yes, said my Lady, my Brother will, I dare say. He despises this surly Brute too much to be angry at him, let him say what he will.

He went, and talked a great deal against me, to Mrs. *Jervis*. You may guess, Miss, that she launched out in my Praises; and he was offended at her, and said, Woman! Woman! forbear these ill-tim'd Praises: Her Birth's a Disgrace to our Family. What! my Sister's Waiting-maid, taken upon Charity! I cannot bear it.

I mention all these things, as the Ladies afterwards told them to me, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine Time I was likely to have of it.

When Mr. *B.* and my Lord *Davers*, and Mr. *H.* came home, which they did about half an Hour after Six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the Parlour; and Mr. *B.* smiled at Lord *Davers*, and entering,—Sir *Jacob*, said he, Welcome to *Bedfordshire*! And thrice Welcome to this House! I rejoice to see you.

My Lady says, Never was so odd a Figure, as the old Baronet made, when thus accosted. He stood up indeed; but as Mr. *B.* offer'd to take his Hand, he put 'em both behind him—Not that you know of, Sir! —And then looking up at his Face, and down at his Feet, three or four times successively—Are you my Brother's Son? That very individual Son, that your good Father used to boast of, and say, that for handsome Person, Courage, noble Mind, was not to be matched in any three Counties in *England*?

The very same, dear Sir, that my honoured Father's Partiality used to think he never praised enough.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

And what is all of it come to at last!— He paid well, did he not, to teach you to Know the World!— Ad's Life, Nephew! hadst thou been a born Fool, or a raw Greenhead, or a doating Greyhead—

What then, Sir *Jacob*?

What then?— Why, then, thou wouldst have done just as thou hast done!

Come, come, Sir *Jacob*, you know not my Inducements. You know not what an Angel I have in Person and Mind. Your Eyes shall by—and—by be blest with the Sight of her: Your Ears with hearing her speak:— And then you'll call all you have said, Profanation.

What is it I hear! What is it I hear!— You talk in the Language of Romance; and from the Housekeeper to the Head of the House, you're all starkstaring mad. By my Soul, Nephew, I wish, for thy own Credit, thou wert.— But what signifies Wishing! —I hope you'll not bring your Syren into my Company.

Yes, I will, Sir, because I love to give you Pleasure. And say not a Word more, for your own sake, till you see her—You'll have the less to unsay, Sir *Jacob*; and the less to repent of.

The Devil!— I'm in an enchanted Castle, that's certain. What a Plague has this little Witch done to you all! —And how did she bring it about?

The Ladies and Lord *Davers* laugh'd, it seems, and Mr. *B.* begging him to sit down, and answer him some Family Questions, he said, (for it seems he is very captious at times) What, a Devil! am I to be laugh'd at! Lord *Davers*, I hope *you're* not bewitch'd too, are you?

Indeed; Sir, *Jacob*, I am. My Sister *B.* is my Doating—piece.

Whew! whistled he, with a wild Stare: And how is it with *you*, Youngster?

With me, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *H.* I'd give all I'm worth in the World, and ever shall be worth, for such another Wife.

He ran to the Window, and throwing up the Sash, looking into the Court—yard, said, Hollo—So—ho— Groom — *Jack—Jonas—* Get me my Horse! — I'll keep no such Company! —I'll be gone! Why, *Jonas!* calling again.

You're not in Earnest, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *B.*

I am, by my Soul! —I'll away to the Village this Night! Why, you're all upon the High—Game! — I'll—But who comes here? —For just at that Instant, the Chariot brought me into the Court—yard— Who's this? Who is she?

One of my Daughters, started up the Countess, my youngest Daughter *Jenny!* —She's the Pride of my Family, Sir *Jacob!*

By my Soul, said he, I was running; for I thought it was the grand Inchantress.

Out stept Lady *Davers* to me: Dear *Pamela*, said she, humour all that's said to you. Here's Sir *Jacob* come. You're the Countess of C——'s youngest Daughter *Jenny*— That's your Cue.

Ah! but Madam, said I, Lady *Jenny* is not marry'd —looking (before I thought) on a Circumstance that I think too much of sometimes, tho' I carry it off as well as I can.

She laugh'd at my Exception: Come, Lady *Jenny*, said she, (for I just then enter'd the great Door) I hope you've had a fine Airing?

A very pretty one, Madam, said I, as I enter'd the Parlour. This is a pleasant Country, Lady *Davers*. — (*Wink when I'm wrong, whisper'd I—*) Where's Mrs. *B.?* —Then, as seeing a strange Gentleman, I started half back, into a more reserv'd Air; and made him a low Court'sy.

Sir *Jacob* look'd as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at Mr. *B.*— But the dear Gentleman put him quite out of Doubt, by taking my Hand: Well, Lady *Jenny*, did you meet my Fugitive in your Tour?

No, Mr. *B.* said I. Did she go my Way? I told you I would keep the great Road.

Lady *Jenny C*———, said Mr. *B.* presenting me to his Uncle. A charming Creature! added the dear Gentleman: Have you never a Son worthy of such an Alliance?

Ay, marry, Nephew, this is a Lady indeed! Why, the Plague, whisper'd he, could you not have pitch'd your Tent here?— Miss, by your Leave: And saluting me, turn'd to the Countess: By my Soul, Madam, you've a charming Daughter! Had my rash Nephew seen this lovely Creature, and you'd have condescended, he'd never have stoop'd to the Cottage, as he has done.

You're right, Sir *Jacob*, return'd Mr. *B.*; but I always ran too fast for my Fortune: Yet, these Ladies of Family never bring out their Jewels into Batchelors Company; and when, too late, we see what we've miss'd, we are vex'd

at our Precipitation.

Well said, however, Boy. By my Soul, I wish thee Repentance, tho' 'tis out of thy Power to amend. Be that one of thy Curses, when thou seest this Lady; as I make no doubt it is.

Again taking my Hand, and surveying me from Head to Foot, and turning me round, which, it seems, is a mighty Practice with him to a Stranger—Lady, (and a modest one too, you'll say, Miss)— Why, truly, you're a charming Creature, Miss—— Lady *Jenny*, I would say— By your Leave, once more! Upon my Soul, my Lady Countess, she is a Charmer—But—But—staring at me, Are you marry'd, Madam?

I look'd a little silly; and my new Mamma came up to me, and took my Hand: Why, *Jenny*, you are dress'd oddly to Day!— What a Hoop you wear! It makes you look I can't tell how!

Upon my Soul, Madam, I thought so; what signifies Lying? —But 'tis only the Hoop, I see. — Really and truly, Lady *Jenny*, your Hoop is enough to make half an hundred of our Sex despair, for fear you should be marry'd. I thought it was something! Few Ladies escape my Notice. I always kept a good Look—out; for I have two Daughters of my own: But 'tis the Hoop, I see plainly enough. You are so slender every where but *here*; putting his Hand upon my Hip, which quite dash'd me; and I retir'd behind my Lady Countess's Chair.

Fie, Sir *Jacob*! said Mr. *B.*; before us young Gentlemen, to take such Liberties with a Maiden Lady! —You give a bad Example.

Hang him that sets you a bad Example, Nephew. But I see you're right; I see Lady *Jenny's* a Maiden Lady, or she would not have been so shamefac'd. I'll swear for her, on Occasion. Ha, ha, ha—I'm sure, repeated he, she's a Maiden—For our Sex give the married Ladies a freer Air in a Trice.

How, Sir *Jacob*! said Lady *Davers*.

O fie, said the Countess! —Can't you praise the Maiden Ladies, but at the Expence of the marry'd ones? What do you see of Freedom in me?

Or in me? said Lady *Davers*.

Nay, for that Matter, you are very well, Ladies, I must needs say. —But will you pretend to blush with that Virgin Rose? —Will ye? Od's my Life, Miss, —Lady *Jenny*, I would say, taking my Hand, come from behind your Mamma's Chair, and you two Ladies stand up now together. —There, so you do— Why now, Blush for Blush, and Lady *Jenny* shall be three to one, and a deeper Crimson by half. Look you there, look you there else! An hundred Guineas to one against the Field. —Then stamping with one Foot, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes— O Christ! Lady *Jenny* has it all to nothing—By my Soul, she has—Ha, ha, ha—You may well sit down both of you; but you're a Blush too late, I can tell ye that. —Well hast thou done, Lady *Jenny*.

I was hastening away, and he said, But let's see you again, Miss; for now I will stay, if they bring nobody else. —And away I went, for I never was more out of Countenance. ——— What a strange Creature, thought I, is this?

Supper being near ready, he continued calling out for Lady *Jenny*; for, he said, the Sight of her did him good. But he was resolv'd he would not sit down at Table with *somebody else*.

The Countess said, She would fetch her Daughter; and stepping out, return'd, saying, Mrs. *B.* understands, that Sir *Jacob* is here, and that he does not chuse to see her; so she begs to be excus'd; and my *Jenny* and she desire to sup together.

The very worst Tidings I have heard this Twelvemonth. Why, Nephew, let your Girl sup with any body, so we may have Lady *Jenny* back with us.—

I know, said the Countess, (who was desirous to see how far he would carry it) *Jenny* won't leave Mrs. *B.* so if you see *one*, you must see *t'other*.

Nay, then, if it must be so, I must sit down contented. —But yet, I should be glad to see Lady *Jenny*, that I should. But I will not sit down at Table with Mr. *B.*'s Girl—that's positive.

Well, well, let 'em sup together, and there's an End of it, said Mr. *B.* —I see my Uncle has as good a Judgment as any body of fine Ladies (*That I have, Nephew*): — But he can't forego his Humour, in Compliment to the finest Lady in *England*.

Consider, Nephew, consider—'Tis not thy doing a foolish Thing, and calling a Girl Wife, shall cram a Niece down my Throat, that's positive. The Moment thy Girl comes down to take place of these Ladies, I am gone, that's most certain.

Well then, shall I go up, and oblige *Pamela* to sup by herself, and persuade Lady *Jenny* to come down to us?

With all my Soul, Nephew—A good Motion. — But, *Pamela* —did you say? —A queer sort of Name! I've

heard of it somewhere! —Is it a Christian or a Pagan Name? —Linsey—walsey—half one, half t'other— like thy Girl—Ha, ha, ha.

Let me be *hang'd*, whisper'd Mr. *H.* to his Aunt, if Sir *Jacob* has not a Power of Wit; tho' he's so whimsical with it. I like him much.

But hark ye, Nephew, said Sir *Jacob*, as Mr. *B.* was going out of the Parlour—one Word with you. Don't fob upon us your Girl with the Pagan Name for Lady *Jenny*. I have set a Mark upon her, and should know her from a Thousand, altho' she had chang'd her Hoop.— Then he laugh'd again, and said, He hoped Lady *Jenny* would come—And come without any body with her—But I smell a Plot, said he—By my Soul I won't stay, if they both come together. I won't be put upon—But here comes one or both—Where's my Whip? —I'll go.

Indeed Mr. *B.* I had rather have staid with Mrs. *B.* —said I, as I enter'd—as he had bid me.

'Tis she, 'tis she—You've no body behind you?— No, she han't. —Why now, Nephew, you're right. I was afraid you'd have put a Trick upon me. — You'd *rather*, repeated he, have stay'd with Mrs. *B.*! —Yes, I warrant. —But you shall be plac'd in better Company, my dear Child.

Sister, said Mr. *B.* will you be pleased to take that Chair; for *Pamela* does not chuse to give my Uncle Disgust, who so seldom comes to see us.

My Lady took the upper End of the Table, and I sat next below my new Mamma: So, *Jenny*, said she, How have you left Mrs. *B.*?

A little concern'd, said I—But she was the easier, as Mr. *B.* himself desir'd I'd come down.

My Lord *Davers* sat next me, and Sir *Jacob* said, Shall I beg a Favour of you, my Lord; to let me sit next to Lady *Jenny*?

Mr. *B.* said, Won't it be better to sit over—against her, Uncle?

Ay, that's right. I'faith, Nephew, thou know'st what's right. Well, so I will. —He accordingly removed his Seat, and I was very glad of it; for tho' I was sure to be star'd at sufficiently by him, yet I was afraid, if he sat next me, he would not keep his Hands off my Hoop.

He run on a deal in my Praises, after his manner, but so rough at times, that he gave me Pain.

After Supper, the Gentlemen sat down to their Bottle, and the Ladies and I withdrew, and about Twelve they broke up, Sir *Jacob* talking of nothing but Lady *Jenny*, and wishing Mr. *B.* had marry'd so happily as with such a charming Creature; One, he said, that carried Tokens of her high Birth in her Face, and whose every Feature, and Look, shew'd her nobly descended.

They let him go to Bed with his Mistake: But the Countess said next Morning, She thought she never saw a greater Instance of stupid Pride, and Churlishness, and she should be sick of the Advantage of Birth or Ancestry, if this was the natural Fruit of it. For a Man, said her Ladyship, to come to his Nephew's House, and to suffer the Mistress of it (as he thinks) to be closetted up, and not permitted to appear, in order to humour his absurd and brutal Insolence, and to behave as he has done; is such a Ridicule upon the Pride of Descent, that I shall think of it as long as I live. O Mrs. *B.* said she, what Advantages have you over every one that sees you; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily!

I expect to be called to Breakfast every Minute, and shall then, perhaps, see how this Matter will end. I wish when it is revealed, he is not in a Fury, and think himself imposed on. I fear it won't end so well as I wish; for every body seems to be grave and angry at Sir *Jacob*.

**THURSDAY.**

I Now proceed with my Tale. At Breakfast-time, when every one was sat, and a Chair left for me, Sir *Jacob* began to call out for Lady *Jenny*. But, said he, I'll have none of your Girl, Nephew, altho' the Chair at the Tea-Table is left for somebody. No, said Mr. *B.* we'll get Lady *Jenny* to supply Mrs. *B.*'s Place, as you don't care to see her.

With all my Heart, reply'd he.

But, Uncle, said Mr. *B.* Have you really no Desire, no Curiosity to see the Girl I have marry'd?

No, none at all, by my Soul.

Just then I came in, and paying my Compliments to the Company, and to Sir *Jacob*, Shall I, said I, supply Mrs. *B.*'s Place, in her Absence? And down I sat.

After Breakfast, and the Servants were withdrawn, Lady *Jenny*, said Lady *Davers*, you are a young Lady who have all the Advantages of Birth and Descent, and some of the best Blood in the Kingdom runs in your Veins; and here Sir *Jacob Swynford* is your great Admirer: Cannot *you*, from whom it will come with a double Grace, convince him, that he does an unkind thing, at my Brother's House, to keep the Person my Brother has thought worthy of making the Mistress of it, out of Company? And let us know your Opinion, Whether my Brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable Distaste?

Why how now, Lady *Davers*! This from you! I did not expect it!

My Uncle, said Mr. *B.* is the only Person in the Kingdom that I would have humoured thus: And I made no doubt, when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in so high a Point, he would have acted a more generous Part than he has yet done. But, Lady *Jenny*, what say you to my Sister's Questions?

If I must speak my Mind, reply'd I, I should take the Liberty to be very serious with Sir *Jacob*, and to say, That when a thing is done, and cannot be help'd, he should take care how he sows the Seeds of Indifference and Animosity between Man and Wife: And how he makes a Gentleman dissatisfy'd with his Choice, and perhaps unhappy as long as he lives.

Nay, Miss, said he, if all are against me, and you, whose good Opinion I value more than all, you may e'en let the Girl come, and sit down, if you will. — If she is but half as pretty, and half as wise, and modest, as you, I shall, as it cannot be help'd, as you say, be ready to think better of the Matter. For 'tis a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appear'd before all the good Company, to have her kept out of the way on my Account.

Really, Sir *Jacob*, said the Countess, I have blush'd for you more than once on this Occasion. But the Mistress of this House is more than half as wise, and modest, and lovely: And in hopes you will return me back some of the Blushes I have lent you, see *there*, in my Daughter *Jenny*, whom you have been so justly admiring, the Mistress of the House, and the Lady with the Pagan Name!

Sir *Jacob* sat aghast, looking at one, and at another, and at me, each in Turn, and then cast his Eyes on the Floor. — At last, up he got, and swore a sad Oath, And am I thus trick'd and bamboozled, that was his Word; am I? — There's no bearing this House, nor her Presence now, that's certain; and I'll be gone.

Mr. *B.* looking at me, and nodding his Head towards Sir *Jacob*, as he was in a Flutter to be gone, I arose from my Chair, and went to him, and took his Hand. I hope, Sir *Jacob*, you will be able to bear *both*, when you shall see that there is no other Difference but that of Descent, between the supposed Lady *Jenny*, whom you so kindly praised, and the Girl your dear Nephew has so much exalted.

Let me go, said he, I'm most confoundedly bit. — I cannot look you in the Face! — By my Soul I cannot! — For 'tis impossible you should forgive me.

Indeed it is not, Sir; you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear Nephew can; for to him was the Wrong, if any, and I'm sure he can overlook it. — And for his sake, to the Uncle of so honoured a Gentleman, to the Brother of my late good Lady, I can, with a bent Knee, *thus*, ask your Blessing, and desire your Excuse for joining to keep you in this Suspense.

Bless you! — O Christ! said he, and stamp'd — Who can chuse but bless you? And he kneeled down, and wrapp'd his Arms about me. — But, curse me, that was his strange Word, if ever I was so touched before!

My dear Mr. *B.* for fear my Spirits should be too much affected, (for the rough Baronet, in his Transport, had

bent me down lower than I kneeled) came to me, and held me by my Arm; but let Sir *Jacob* raise me, only saying, How does my Angel? Now she has made this Conquest, she has completed all her Triumphs.

Angel did you call her! —By my Soul, I'm confounded with her Goodness, and her sweet Carriage! —Rise, and let me see if I can stand, myself! —And, believe me, I am sorry I have acted so much like a Bear as I have done; and the more I think of it, the more I shall be ashamed of myself. — And the Tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough Cheeks, which moved me a good deal; for to see a Man with so rough and so hard a Countenance weep, was a touching Sight.

Mr. *H.* putting his Handkerchief to his Eyes, his Aunt said, What's the Matter, *Jackey*? —The Matter! answer'd he; I don't know how the D—l 'tis— But here's strange Doings, as ever I knew—For here, Day after Day, one's ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for Joy or Sorrow! —What a Plague's the Matter with me, I wonder! —And out he went, the two Ladies, whose charming Eyes, too, glisten'd with Pleasure, smiling at the Effect the Scene had upon Mr. *H.* and at what he said.

Well, Madam, said Sir *Jacob*, approaching me; for I had sat down, but then stood up—You will forgive me; and from my Heart I wish you Joy. By my Soul I do—and saluted me—I could not have believed there had been such a Person breathing. I don't wonder at my Nephew's loving you! — And you call her Sister, Lady *Davers*, don't you? — If you do, I'll own her for my Niece.

Don't I! —Yes, I do, said her Ladyship, coming to me, and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for *your* Comfort, tho' to *my own* Shame, that I used her worse than you have done, before I knew her Excellence, and have repented of it ever since.

I bow'd to her Ladyship—and kissing her Hand— My dearest Lady, said I, you have made me rich Amends since. I am sure I may say, *That it was good for me that I was afflicted!*

Why, Nephew, she has the Fear of God, I perceive, before her Eyes too! I'm sure I've heard those Words. They are somewhere in the Scripture, I believe! —Why, who knows, but she may be a means to save your Soul? —Hay, you know!

Ay, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *B.* she'll be a means to save an hundred Souls, and might go a great way to save yours, if you were to live with her but one Month.

Well, but, Nephew, I hope *you* forgive me, too; for, now I think of it, I never knew you take any Matter so patiently in my Life.

I knew, said the dear Gentleman, that every Extravagance you insisted upon, was heightening my Charmer's Triumph, and increasing your own Contrition; and as I was not *indeed* depriv'd of her Company, I could bear with every thing you said or did—Yet, don't you remember, that I caution'd you, that the less you said against her, the less you'd have to unsay, and the less to repent of?

I do; and let me ride out, and call myself to Account for all I said against her, in her own Hearing; and when I can think of but one half, and how she has taken it, by my Soul, I believe 'twill make me more than half mad.

At Dinner (when we had Mr. *Williams's* Company) the Baronet told me, he admir'd me now, as much as he did when he thought me Lady *Jenny*; but complain'd of the Trick put upon him by us all, and seem'd now—and—then a little serious upon it.

He took great Notice of the Dexterity which he imputed to me, in performing the Honours of the Table. And every now—and—then, he lifted up his Eyes, God take me! Very clever, by my Soul!— Why, Madam, you seem to me to be born to these Things! —I will be help'd by nobody but you—And you'll have a Task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping Stomach, and were there fifty Dishes, I always taste of every one. And indeed *John* was in a manner wholly employ'd in going to and fro between the Baronet and me, for half an Hour together.

He went from us afterwards to Mrs. *Jervis*, and made her answer him abundance of Questions about me, and how all these Matters had come about, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank Coffee, said, I have been *confabbing*, that was his Word, with Mrs. *Jervis*, about you, Niece. By my Soul, I never heard the like! She tells me, you can play on the Spinet, and sing too: Will you let a body have a Tune or so? My *Mab* can play pretty well, and so can *Dolly*:—I'm a Judge of Musick, and would fain hear you. I said, If he was a Judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be ask'd twice, when we had taken our Coffee.

Accordingly, he repeating his Request, I gave him a Tune, and sung to it; Od's my Life, said he, you do it purely! —But I see where it is—My Girls have got *my* Fingers! And then he held both Hands out, and a fine Pair of Paws shew'd he! —Plague on't, they touch two Keys at once; but those slender and nimble Fingers, how they

sweep along! My Eye can't follow 'em—Whew—whistled he—They are here and there, and every—where at once! —Why, Nephew, I believe you've put another Trick upon me. My Niece is certainly of Quality! And Report has not done her Justice. —One more Tune, one more Song—By my Faith, your Voice goes sweetly to your Fingers. 'Slife—I'll thresh my Jades—that was his polite Phrase, when I come home. —Lady *Davers*, you know not the Money they have cost me to qualify them; and here is a mere Baby to them, outdoes 'em by a Bar's Length, without any Expence at all bestow'd upon her. Go over that again—Confound me for a Puppy! I lost it, by my Prating. —Ay, there you have it! —That's it, by my Soul, it is! Oh! that I could but dance as well as thou sing'st! I'd give you a Saraband, as old as I am.

After Supper, we fell into a Conversation, of which I must give you some Account, because it was upon a Topick that Mr. *B.* has been blam'd for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his Friends, even after they have, in Kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, The Example that he has set to young Gentlemen of Family and Fortune to marry beneath them.

It was begun by Sir *Jacob*, who said, I am in Love with my new Niece, that I am: But still one thing sticks with me in this Affair; and that is, What will become of Degree or distinction, if this Practice of Gentlemen marrying their Mothers Waiting—maids, (Excuse me, Madam) should come into Vogue? Already, young Ladies and young Gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away in this manner, and to disgrace their Family. We have too many Instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you.

That, said Lady *Davers*, is the only Thing! — I must needs say, Sir *Jacob* has hit upon the Point, that would make one wish this Example had not been set by a Gentleman of such an antient Family; till one comes to be acquainted with this dear Creature; and then every body thinks it ought not to be otherwise than it is.

Ay, *Pamela*, said Mr. *B.* what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this Charge? This is a Point that has been often objected to me: Try for one of your pretty Arguments in my Behalf.

Indeed, Sir, reply'd I, looking down, it becomes not me to say any thing to this.

But indeed it does, if you can: And I beg you'll help me to some Excuse, if you have any at Hand.

Won't you, Sir, dispense with me, on this Occasion? Indeed, I know not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one *Word* to this Subject. —For it is my absolute Opinion, that Degrees in general should be kept up; altho' I must always deem the present Case an happy Exception to the Rule.

Mr. *B.* looking as if he still expected I should say something, Won't you, Sir, dispense with me, repeated I? Indeed I should not speak to this Point, if I may be my own Judge.

I always intend, my Dear, you shall judge for yourself; and you know, I seldom urge you farther, when you use those Words. But if you have any thing upon your Mind to say, let's have it: For your Arguments are always new and unborrow'd.

I would then, if I *must*, Sir, ask, If there be not a Nation, or if there has not been a Law in some Nation, That whenever a young Gentleman, be *his* Degree what it would, has seduced a poor Creature, be *her* Degree what it would, obliges the Gentleman to marry that unhappy Person?

I think there is such a Law in some Country, I can't tell where, said Sir *Jacob*.

And do you think, Sir, whether it be so, or not that it is equitable it should be so?

Yes, by my Troth—Tho', I must needs own, if it were so in *England*, many Men, that I know, would not have had the Wives they now have.

You speak to your Knowledge, I doubt not, Sir *Jacob*? said Mr. *B.*

Why, indeed—Why, truly—I don't know but I do.

All then, said I, that I would infer is, Whether another Law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the Gentleman who is repuls'd, from a Principle of Virtue and Honour, should not be censur'd for marrying a Person he could *not* seduce? And whether it is not more for both their Honours, if he does; inasmuch as it is nobler to reward a Virtue, than to repair a Shame, were that Shame to be repair'd by Matrimony; which I take the Liberty to doubt. But I beg Pardon; you commanded me, Sir—Else this Subject should not have found a Speaker to it, in me.

This is admirably said—By my Soul, it is, said Sir *Jacob*.

But yet this comes not up to the Objection, said Mr. *B.* The setting an Example to Waiting maids to aspire, and to young Gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the Subject myself; and the rather, because, as I go along, I will give Sir *Jacob* a faint Sketch of the Merit and Character of my *Pamela*, of which he cannot be so well

inform'd, as he has been of the Disgrace, which he imagin'd I had brought upon myself by marrying her.

In order to this, give me Leave to say, That I think it necessary, that as well those Persons who are afraid the Example should be taken, as those who are inclin'd to follow it, should take *all* the material Parts of it into their Consideration: Otherwise, I think the Precedent may be justly cleared; and the Fears of the one be judged groundless, and the Plea of the other but a Pretence, in order to cover a Folly, into which they would have fallen, whether they had this Example or not.

for Instance: In order to lay Claim to the Excuses which my Conduct, if I may suppose it of Force enough to do either Good or Hurt, will furnish, it is necessary,

That the Object of their Wish should be a Girl of exquisite Beauty, (and that not only in their own blinded and partial Judgments, but in the Opinion of *every one* who sees her, Friend or Foe) in order to justify the Force that the *first* Attractions have upon him.

That she be descended of honest and conscientious, tho' poor and obscure Parents; who having preserved their Integrity, thro' great Trials and Afflictions, have, by their Examples, as well as Precepts, laid deep in the Girl's Mind the Foundations of Piety and Virtue.

It is necessary, that to the Charms of Person, this Waiting-maid should have an humble, teachable Mind, fine natural Parts, a sprightly, yet inoffensive Wit, a Temper so excellent, and a Judgment so solid, as should promise for her, (by the Love and Esteem these Qualities should attract to herself from her Fellow-servants, superior and inferior) that she would become an higher Station, and be respected in it.

It is necessary, that after so good a Foundation laid by her Parents, she should have all the Advantages of Female Education conferred upon her: The Example of an excellent Lady, improving and building upon so worthy a Foundation. A Capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her: An Attention, Assiduity and Diligence almost peculiar to herself, at her Time of Life; insomuch as, at Fifteen or Sixteen Years of Age, to be able to vie with any young Lady of Rank, as well in the natural Genteelness of her Person, as in her Acquirements: And that in nothing but her *Humility* she should manifest any Difference between herself and the High-born.

It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a Mind above Temptation; that she should resist the *Offers* and *Menaces* of one upon whom all her worldly Happiness seemed to depend; the Son of a Lady to whom she owed the greatest Obligations; a Person whom she did not *hate*, but greatly *feared*, and whom her grateful Heart would have been *glad* to oblige; and who sought to prevail over her Virtue, by all the Inducements that could be thought of, to *attract* a young unexperienced Virgin, at one time, or to *frighten* her, at another, into his Purposes; who offer'd her high, very high Terms, her Circumstances consider'd, as well for herself, as for Parents she loved better than herself, whose Circumstances at the same Time were low and distressful.

That she should shew, on requisite Occasions, that she preferred her Virtue to her Life: That if ever she should be cast wholly into the Power of one, who, she had too much Reason to think, would stick at nothing to gain his Ends, she should bear Persecution from his Agents, withstand repeated Offers from himself, tho' trying to influence her by Revenge, when he could not move her other Passions, (Revenge, the darling Passion of the Sex, so seldom failing to answer a Tempter's Purpose, be he Man or Devil, that was his Expression) in pretending to put her Persecutor in her Power. —And when she saw no visible Way to escape, having been disappointed in an hundred pretty Machinations she had form'd, young and unassisted as she was, and threaten'd, that if she yielded not to the high and alluring Terms he offered, he would execute all his Purposes, and she should not have one Advantage that he then tender'd to her; — yet to be able to answer in such Words as these, which will always dwell upon my Memory: — "I reject your Proposals with all my Soul." — "May God desert me, whenever I make worldly Grandeur my chiefest Good!" — "I know I am in your Power; I dread your Will to ruin me is as great as your Power." — "Yet, will I dare to tell you, I will make no Freewill Offering of my Virtue. All that I *can* do, poor as it is, I *will* do, to shew you, that my Will bore no Part in my Violation." —And when future Marriage was intimated to her, to induce her to yield, to be able to answer, "The Moment I yield to your Proposals, there is an End of all Merit, if now I have any. — And I should be so far from *expecting* such an Honour, that I will pronounce, I should be most *unworthy* of it."

If, I say, my dear Friends, such a Girl can be found, thus beautifully attractive in *every one's* Eye, and not partially so only in a young Gentleman's *own*; and after that, (what good Persons would infinitely prefer to Beauty) thus piously principled, thus genteelly educated and accomplished, thus brilliantly witty, thus prudent,

modest, generous, undesigning; and having been thus tempted, thus try'd, by the Man she hated not, pursued, (not intriguingly pursuing) be thus inflexibly virtuous, and Proof against Temptation; Let her reform her Libertine, and let him marry her: And were he of princely Extraction, I dare answer for it, that no *two* Princes in *one* Age, take the World through, would be in Danger. For, altho' I am sensible it is not to my Credit, I will say, that I never met with a Repulse, nor a Conduct, like this; and yet I never sunk very low, for the Subjects of my Attempts, either at Home or Abroad.

These are obvious Inferences, added the dear Gentleman, and not Refinements upon my *Pamela's* Story; and if the Gentleman were capable of Thought and Comparison, would rather make such an Example, as is apprehended, *more*, than *less*, difficult than *before*.

But if indeed, added he, the young Fellow be such a Booby, that he cannot *reflect* and *compare*, and take the Case with *all its Circumstances* together, I think his good Papa or Mamma should get him a Wife to their own Liking, as soon as possible; and the poorest Girl in *England*, who is honest, would rather have Reason to bless herself for escaping such a Husband, than to glory in the Catch she would have of him. For such a young Fellow as that, would hardly do Honour to his Family in any *one* Instance.

Indeed, said the Countess, it would be pity, after all, that such an one should marry any Lady of Prudence and Birth; for, 'tis enough in Conscience, that he is a Disgrace to *one* worthy Family; it would be pity he should make *two* unhappy.

Why, really, Nephew, said Sir *Jacob*, I think you have said a great deal to the Purpose. There is not so much Danger from the Example, as I apprehended, from *sensible* and *reflecting* Minds. I did not consider this Matter thoroughly, I must needs say.

All the Business is, said Lady *Davers* — You'll excuse me, Sister — There will be more People will hear, that Mr. *B.* has marry'd his Mother's Waiting-maid, than will know his Inducements.

Not many, I believe, Sister — For when 'tis known, I have some Character in the World, and am not quite an Idiot, (And my Faults, in having not been one of the most virtuous of Men, will stand me in some Stead in *this* Case, tho' hardly in *any other*) they will naturally inquire into my Inducements.

But see you not, when we go Abroad, to Church, or elsewhere, what Numbers of People her Character draws to admire the dear Creature? Does not this shew, that her Virtue has made her more conspicuous, than my Fortune had made me? For I pass'd up and down quietly enough before, (handsome as my Equipage always was) and attracted not any body's Notice: And indeed I had as lieve these Honours were not so publicly paid *her*; for even, were I *fond* of Shew and Parade, what are they, but a Reproach to me? — And can I have any Excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my Persecutions of her, done but common Justice to her Merit?

This answers your Objection, Lady *Davers*, and shews, that *my* Inducements and *her* Story must be equally known. And, upon my Conscience, I think, (every thing I have said considered, and every thing that might still farther be urged, and the Conduct of that dear Creature in the Station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped, or could flatter myself with, from the most promising Appearances) that she does me more Honour than I have done her; and if I am capable of putting myself in a third Person's Place, I think I should be of the same Opinion, were I to determine upon such another Pair, exactly circumstanc'd as we are.

You may believe, Miss, how much this generous Defence of the Step he had taken, attributing every thing to me, and depreciating his worthy Self, affected me. I play'd with a Cork now, with my Rings another time, turning them round my Fingers, looked down, and on one Side, and every Way I looked, but on the Company; for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful Eye now—and—then upon the dear Gentleman; and when it would overflow, catch in my Handkerchief the escaped Fugitives, that would start unhidden beyond their proper Limits, tho' I often endeavoured, by a twinkling Motion, to disperse the gathering Water, before it had formed itself into Drops too big to be restrained.

All the Company praised the dear generous Speaker, and he was pleased to say farther, Altho', my good Friends, I can truly say, that with all the Pride of Family, and the Insolence of Fortune, which once made me doubt whether I should not sink too low, if I made my *Pamela* my Mistress, (for I should then have treated her not ungenerously, and should have suffered her perhaps to call herself by my Name) I have never once repented of what I have done: On the contrary, I have always rejoiced in it, and it has been, from the first Day of our Marriage, my Pride and my Boast, (and shall be, let others say what they will) that I can call such an Excellence, and such a Purity, which I so little deserve, mine; and I look down with Contempt upon the Rashness of all such

as reflect upon me; for they can have no Notion of my Happiness, or her Merit.

O dear Sir! said I, how do you over-rate my poor Merit! —Some Persons are happy in a Life of *Comforts*, but mine's a Life of *Joy!* —One rapturous Instance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them.

Whew!—whistled Sir *Jacob*. —Whereabouts am I? —I hope, by and-by, you'll come down to our Pitch, that one may put in a Word or two with you.

May you be long thus blest, and thus happy together! said Lady *Davers*. I know not which to admire most, the dear Girl, that never was bad, or the dear Gentleman, that, having been bad, is now so good!

Said my Lord *Davers*, There is hardly any bearing these moving Scenes, so quick, as my Sister says, following one another!

The Countess was pleased to say, That till now she had been at a Loss to form any Notion of the Happiness of the first Pair before the Fall: But now, by so fine an Instance as this, she comprehended it in all its Force. — God continue you to one another, added her Ladyship, for a Credit to the State, and to Human Nature.

Mr. *H*. having his Elbows on the Table, folded his Hands, shaking them, and looking down upon the Table, Egad, this is uncommon Life, that it is! —Your two Souls, I can see that, are like well-tun'd Instruments: But they are too high-set for me a vast deal.

The best thing, said Lady *Davers*, always severe upon her poor Nephew, thou ever saidst. The Musick must be equal to that of *Orpheus*, which can make such a Savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another Word To-night.

Why, indeed, Aunt, return'd he, laughing, I believe it *was* pretty well said for your foolish Fellow: Tho' it was by Chance, I must confess: I did not think of it.

That I believe, reply'd my Lady;— if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well.

Sir *Jacob* and Mr. *B*. afterwards fell into a Family Discourse; and Sir *Jacob* gave us an Account of two or three Courtships *by* his three Sons, and *to* his two Daughters, and his Reasons for disallowing them: And I could observe, he is an absolute Tyrant in his Family, tho' they are all Men and Women grown, and he seem'd to please himself how much they stood in Awe of him.

One odd Piece of Conversation I must tell you, Miss, because of the Inference that followed it.

Sir *Jacob* asked Mr. *B*. If he did not remember *John Wilkins*, his Steward? He was an honest Fellow, said he, as ever liv'd. —But he's dead. Alas for him, poor *Jack!* —He physicked himself out of his Life. —He would be always taking Slops: Had I done so, I should have gone to the Dogs long ago. —But whom do you think, Nephew, I've got in his Place? —Nay, you can't know him neither. Why, 'tis *Jerry Sherwood*, a Boy I took upon Charity, and taught to write and read, or paid for't, and that's the same thing — Hay, you know! —And now *Jerry's* a Gentleman's Fellow, and is much respected by all our Hunters; for he's a keen Sportsman, I'll assure you. I brought him up to that myself, and many a Jirk has the Dog had from me, before I could make any thing of him. Many and many a good time have I whacked the Rascal's Jacket; and he owes all he is, and will be, to me: And I now suffer him to sit down at Table with me, when I have no Guests.

But is not this a bad Example, said Mr. *B*. to promote so low a Servant to the Command of the Family, under you? What do *Gentlemen* say to this?

Gentlemen say to it! —Why, what Gentlemen have any thing to do with my Family Management? — Surely, I may do as I will in my own House, and in my own Family; or else it would be very hard.

, Sir *Jacob*; but People will be meddling, where they have least Business. But are not all the Gentlemen uneasy, for fear their *lowest Servants*, from the Example set by so leading a Man as you, a Chairman of the Sessions, a Colonel of Militia, a Deputy Lieutenant, and a Justice of Quorum, should want to be made their *Stewards?*

Why, I can't say that any body has taken it into their Heads to question me upon this Subject. I should think 'em plaguy impertinent, if they had, and bid them mind their own Business.

But you'll allow, Sir *Jacob*, that every one who knows you have rais'd your Foot-boy to be your Steward, will not know your *Inducements*; altho', I doubt not, they are very good ones.

Lady *Davers* shook her Head at her Brother, saying, Very well, Sir; very well!

Sir *Jacob* cry'd out, O ho, Nephew! are you thereabouts with your Bears? Why, I can't say, but you're *in* with me now. —Let's see, what have I said? —Ay, by my Soul, you have nabbed me cleverly. Faith and Troth, you have convinc'd me by an Example of my own, that I was impertinent to trouble my Head about the Management

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of your Family. —Tho' near Kindred makes some Excuse for me too. —And, besides, a *Steward* and a *Wife* are two Things.

So I'd have 'em be, Sir *Jacob*: But a good Wife is but a Steward to her Husband, in many Cases; and mine is the best that ever Gentleman had.

Pretty expensive ones, Nephew, for all that, as the World runs. —Most Gentlemen find, I believe, these Sort of Stewards run 'em out more than they save: But that's not your Case, I dare say. —I'faith, tho', you have nicked me cleverly, that you have.

But, my witty Brother, said my Lady, I believe you'd better, for all your Fling at me, as to *Inducements*, stick to your first Defence, as to the Example sake; for, who stands upon Birth or Degree in the Office of a Steward?

It will answer several Purposes, Sister, and come nearer the Point in what you object, than you are aware of, were we to dispute upon it. But I have gain'd my End in the Observation: Sir *Jacob* takes the Force of the Comparison, and is convinced, I dare say, there is some Justice in it.

Ay, ay, a great deal, said Sir *Jacob*; for a Wife is, or ought to be, her Husband's Steward. I'm sure, when mine was living, I made her so, and had no other; for she made Memorandums, and I digested them into Book; and yet she brought me a noble Fortune too, as you all know.

Here I conclude my tedious Narrations. —Be so good as to skim them over lightly, that you may not think the worse of me; and then return them to me, (with some of your charming Penmanship) that I may send them on to *Kent*. To be sure I would not have been so tediously trifling, but for the Sake of my dear Parents; And there is so much Self-praise, as it may seem, from a Person repeating the fine Things said of herself, that I am half of Opinion I should send them to *Kent* only, and to think you should be obliged to me for saving you so much Trouble and Impertinence.

Do, dear Miss, be so free as to forbid me to send you any more long Journals, but common Letters only, of How do you? and Who and who's together, and of Respects to one, and to another, and so forth—Letters that one might dispatch, as Sir *Jacob* says, in a *Twinkling*, and perhaps be more to the Purpose, than the tedious Scrawl, which kisses your Hands, from,

*Dear Miss, Yours most sincerely, P.B.*

Do, dear good Sir *Simon*, let Miss *Polly* add to our Delights, by her charming Company. Mr. *Murray*, and the new Affair, will divert *you*, in her Absence. —So pray, as my good Lady *Darnford* has consented, and Miss is willing, and her Sister can spare her, don't be so cross as to deny me.

LETTER XXXIV.

*From Miss Darnford, to Mrs. B.*

*My dear Mrs. B.*

I must recapitulate the Pleasure you have given us in your charming Accounts of your Conversations with your *London* Guests, and the Verses put so boldly, and wickedly under your Seat; and your just Observations on the Lines, and the Occasion. But we all humbly request you'll be pleased to give us the Copy of the Manuscript Verses, from which you transcribe the pretty Lines, beginning— *But, Oh! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my Fair.*

I am quite shock'd, when I think of Lady *Davers's* passionate Intentions, at her first coming down to you to the Hall, but have let nobody into the worst of the Matter, in Compliance with your Desire. We are delighted with your Account of Family Management, and your *Sunday's* Service. —What an excellent Lady are you! And how happy, and how good you make every one who knows you, is seen by the Ladies joining in your Evening Service, as well as their Servants.

We go on here swimmingly with our Courtship. Never was there a fonder Couple than Mr. *Murray* and Miss *Nancy*. The moody Girl is quite alive, easy and pleas'd, except now—and—then with me. — We had a sad Falling—out t'other Day. Thus it was:

She had the Assurance, on my saying, they were so fond and so free before—hand, that they would leave nothing for Improvement afterwards; to tell me, She had for some time perceived, that my Envy was very disquieting to me. This she said before Mr. *Murray*, who had the good Manners to retire, seeing a Storm rising between us.

Poor, foolish Girl! cry'd I, when he was gone, provok'd to great Contempt by her Expression before him, Thou wilt make me despise thee, in spite of my Heart. —But pr'ythee, manage thy Matters with common Decency, at least.

Good lack! *Common Decency!* I say, *Common Decency!* When my Sister *Polly* is able to shew me what it is, I shall hope to be better for her Example.

No, thou'lt never be better for any body's Example! Thy Ill—nature and Perverseness will keep thee from that, as it has always hitherto done.

My Ill—temper you have often told me is *natural* to me; so it must become me: But upon such a sweet—temper'd young Lady as Miss *Polly*, it sits but ill!

I must have had no bad Temper, and that every one says, to bear with thy sullen and perverse one, as I have done, all my Life.

But why can't you bear with it a little longer, Sister? —Does any thing provoke you *now*, with a sly Leer, and affected Drawl, that did not *formerly*?

Provoke me! —What should provoke me? —I gave thee but a Hint of thy fond Folly, which makes thee behave so before Company, that every one smiles at thee; and I'd be glad to save thee from Contempt for thy *new* good Humour, as I used to try to do, for thy *old* bad Nature.

Is that it? —What a kind Sister have I! —But perhaps I see it vexes you; and *ill—natured* Folks love to teize, you know. —But, dear *Polly*, don't let the Affection Mr. *Murray* expresses for me, put such a good—temper'd Body out of Humour, pray don't! — Who knows, (continued the Provoker, who never says a tolerable thing that is not ill—natur'd, that being her Talent) but the Gentleman may think himself happy, that he has found a way with so much Ease to dispense with the Difficulty that Eldership laid him under? —But as he did you the Favour to let the Repulse come from you, don't be angry, Sister, that he took you at the *first* Word.

Indeed, indeed, said I with a contemptuous Smile, thou'rt right, *Nancy*, to take the Gentleman at *his* first Word. Hold him fast, and play over all thy Monkey Airs with him, with all my Heart: Who knows but it may engage him more? For should he leave thee, I might be too much provok'd at thy Ingratitude to *turn over* another Gentleman to thee —And, let me tell you, without such an Introduction, thy Temper would keep any body from thee, that knows it.

Poor Miss *Polly!* —Come, be as easy as you can! —Who knows but we may find out some Cousin or Friend of Mr. *Murray's* between us, that we may *persuade* to address you? Don't make us your Enemies: We'll try to

make you easy, if we can— 'Tis a little hard, that you should be so cruelly taken at your Word, that it is.

Dost think, said I, poor, stupid, ill-judging *Nancy*, that I can have the same Regret for parting with a Man I could not like, that thou hadst, when thy vain Hopes met with the Repulse they deserved from Mr. *B.*

Mr. *B.* come up again! I have not heard of Mr. *B.* a great while!

No, but it was necessary, reply'd I, that one Nail should drive out another; for thou'dst been repining still, had not Mr. *Murray* been *turn'd over* to thee.

*Turn'd over!* you us'd that Word once before, Sister: Such great Wits as you, methinks, should not use the same Word so often.

How dost *thou* know what Wits *should*, or should *not* do? Thou hast no Talent but Ill-nature, and 'tis enough for thee, that one View takes up thy whole Thought. Pursue that—But I would only caution thee, that thou dost not *satiate* where thou wouldst *oblige*, that's all: Or if thy Man can be so gross, as to like thy Fondness, that thou leavest something for *Hereafter*.

I'll call him in again, Sister, and you shall acquaint us how you'd have it. *Bell*, for the Maid came in just then, tell Mr. *Murray* I desire him to walk in.

I'm glad to see thee so teachable all at once! — I find out now what was the Cause of thy constant Perverseness: For had the unavailing Lessons, my Mamma was always inculcating upon thee, come from a *Man* thou couldst have had Hopes of, they had succeeded better.

In came Sir *Simon*, with his Crutch-Stick—But can you bear this Nonsense, Mrs. *B.*? —What! sparring, jangling again, you Sluts! —O what fiery Eyes on one side! and contemptuous Looks on t'other!

Why, Papa, my Sister *Polly* has *turn'd over* Mr. *Murray* to me, and she wants him back again, and he won't come—That's all the Matter!

You know your Daughter *Nancy*, Papa—She could never *bear* Reproof, and yet would always *deserve* it! —I was only gently remarking for her Instruction, on her Fondness before Company, and she is as she *used to be!* —The poor Girl has not indeed been used to be courted, and so knows not how to behave herself.

So, *Polly*, because you have been able to run over a long List of humble Servants, you must insult your Sister, must you? —But are you really concern'd, *Polly*? —Hay!

Sir, this or any thing, is very well from you. — But these Imputations of Envy, before Mr. *Murray*, must make the Man very considerable with himself. Poor *Nancy* don't consider that. —But indeed how should she? How should *she* be able to reflect, who knows not what Reflection is, except of the spiteful Sort? But, Papa, should the poor Thing add to *his* Vanity, which wants no Addition, at the Expence of *her own*?

I saw her affected, and was resolv'd to pursue my Advantage.

Pr'ythee, *Nancy*, continu'd I, canst thou not have a *little* Patience, Child? —My Papa will set the Day as soon as he shall think it proper. And don't let thy Man toil to keep Pace with thy Fondness; for I have pity'd him many a time, when I have seen him stretched on the Tenters to keep thee in Countenance.

This set the ill-natur'd Girl into Tears and Fretfulness; all her old Temper came upon her, as I design'd it should; for she had kept me at Bay longer than usual; and I left her under the Dominion of it; and because I would not come into a fresh Dispute, got my Mamma's Leave, and the Chariot, and went and begg'd a Dinner at Lady *Jones's*; and then came home as cool and as easy, as I us'd to be, and found *Nancy* as sullen and silent as was her Custom, before Mr. *Murray* tendered himself to her ready Acceptance. But I went to my Spinnet, and suffer'd her to swell on.

We have said nothing but No, and Yes ever since; And I wish I was with you for a Month, and all their Nonsense over without me. I am, my dear, obliging, and excellent Mrs. *B.*

*Your faithful and affectionate Polly Darnford.*

The two following, anticipating the Order of Time, for the Reasons mentioned *p.* 161. we insert here.

LETTER XXXV.

*From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.*

My dear Mrs. B. Pray give my Service to your Mr. B. and tell him, he is very unpolite, in his Reflections upon me, in relation to Mr. Murray, when he supposes I regret the Loss of him. You are much more favourable and just too, I will say, to your Polly Darnford. These Gentlemen, the very best of them, are such Indelicates! They think so highly of their saucy Selves, and confident Sex, as if a Lady cannot from *her Heart* despise them. But if she turns them off, as they deserve, and happens to continue her Dislike, what should be interpreted in her Favour, as a just and *regular* Piece of Conduct, is turn'd against her, and it must proceed from Spite.

Mr. B. may think he knows a good deal of the Sex. But perhaps, were I as malicious as he is reflecting, (and yet, if I have any Malice, he has raised it) I could say, That his Acquaintance was not with the most unexceptionable, till he had the Happiness to know you: And he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do Justice to those who are proud to emulate your Virtues.

But I can't bear, *it seems*, to see my Sister address'd and complimented, and preferr'd by one whom I had thought in my own Power! But he *may* be mistaken: With all his Sagacity, he *has been* often. Nor is it so mortifying a thing to me, as he imagines, to sit and see two such Anticks playing their Pugs Tricks, as he calls them, with one another.

But you hardly ever saw *such* Pug's Tricks play'd as they play, at so early a Time of Courtship. The Girl hangs upon his Arm, and receives his empty Head on her Shoulder, already, with a Freedom that would be censurable in a Bride, before Folks. A stiff, sullen, proud, scornful Girl, as she used to be, she now puts on Airs that are not natural either to her Features or her Character; and judge then how it must disgust one; especially when one sees her Man so proud and vain upon it, that, like a Man, he treats her with the less Ceremony for her Condescensions, putting on Airs of Consequence, while her Easiness of Behaviour makes him secure of Acceptance, and a kind Reception, let him be as negligent or as forward as he pleases.

I say, Mrs. B. there can be no living with these Men upon such Beginnings.— They ought to know their Distance, or be taught it; and not to think it in their Power to confer that as a Favour, which they should think it an Honour to receive.

But neither can I bear, *it seems*, the Preparatives to Matrimony, the fine Cloaths, the Compliments, the busy Novelty, as he calls it, the new Equipages, and so forth. That's his Mistake again, tell him: For one, who can look forwarder than the Nine Days of Wonder, can easily despise so flashy and so transient a Glare. And were I fond of Compliments, it would not perhaps be the way to be pleased, if I were to marry.

Compliments in the single State are a Lady's Due, whether courted or not; and she receives them, or ought always to receive them, as such: But in Courtship they are pour'd out upon one, like a hasty Shower, that one knows will soon be over! —A mighty comfortable Consideration this, to a Lady who *loves to be complimented!* —Instead of the refreshing *April*—like Showers, which beautify the Sunshine, she shall stand a Deluge of Complaisance, be wet to the Skin with it; and then— What then! — Why be in a *Libyan* Desart ever after—; experience a constant parching Drought, and all her fine Attributes will be swallow'd up in the Quicksands of Matrimony.

It may be otherwise with you; and it *must* be otherwise; because there is such an infinite Variety in your Excellence. Every rising Sun adorns you with some new Rays, and sets not, without leaving you brighter than he himself can hold it. —But does Mr. B. think it must be so in *every* Matrimony?

'Tis, he improves every Hour, as I see in your kind Papers, in his fine Speeches to you. But it could not be Mr. B. if he did not: Your Merit *extorts* it from him: And what an ingrateful, as well as absurd Churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian Lustre, that dazles the Eyes of every one else?

But, let me observe, moreover, that you had so few of these fine Speeches *before-hand*, that you have all the Reason in the World to expect them *now*: And this lessens his Merit a good deal, as the most he can say, is but common Justice, on *full Proof*; for, can the like Generosity be attributed to him, as might to a Gentleman who praises *on Trust*?

You promise, if I will come to you, you will join with me against Mr. B. on this Subject. 'Tis very kindly

offer'd: but when Mr. *B.* is in the Question, I expect very little Assistance from you, be the Argument what it will.

But 'tis not *my* Fault, I don't come. I am quite tir'd with the perverse Folly of this *Nancy* of ours. She every Day behaves *more* like a Fool to Mr. *Murray*, and *less* like a Sister to me, and takes Delight to teize and vex me, by all the little ways in her Power. And then Surliness and Ill-temper are so natural to her, that I, who can but throw out a spiteful Word, by way of Flourish, as I may say, and 'tis over, and I am sorry for it as soon as spoken, am no Match for her—For she *perseveres* so intolerably, and comes back to the Attack, tho' never so often repuls'd, rising like *Antæus*, with fresh Vigour for every Fall, or like the *Lernaean Hydra*, which had a new Head sprouting up, as fast as any one of the Seven was lopt off, that there is no bearing her. Wedlock, in fine, must be her *Hercules*, and will furnish me, I doubt, with a Revenge I wish not for.

But let me thank you for your delightful Narratives, and beg you to continue them. I told you how your *Saturday's* Conversation with Lady *Davers*, and your *Sunday* Employments, charm us all: So regular, and so easy to be perform'd! —That's the delightful thing. —What every body may do! —And yet so beautiful, so laudable, so uncommon in the Practice, especially among People in genteel Life!

Your Conversation and Decision in relation to the two Parsons (more than charm) transport us. Mr. *B.* let me tell you, judges right, and acts a charming Part, to throw such a fine Game into your Hands. And so excellently do you play it, that never surely was so happy a Couple!

He has a prodigious Merit *with* me, I can tell him, tho' he thinks not so well *of* me as I would have him. To *see*, to *praise*, and to *reward* a Virtue, is *next* to having it *one's self*: And, in time, he will make as good a *Man* (these fine Appearances encourage one to hope so) as he is a *Husband*.

Your Notions of Dispensations, and double Livings, are admirably just. Mr. *Williams* is more my Favourite than ever! —And the amply-rewarded Mr. *Adams*, how did that Scene affect us!

Again, and again, I say, (for what can I say else, or more — since I can't find Words to speak all I think?) you're a charming Lady! —Yet, methinks, poor Mr. *H.* makes but a sorry Figure among you.

We are delighted with Lady *Davers*; but still more, if possible, with the Countess: She is a fine Lady, as you have drawn her; but your Characters, tho' Truth and Nature, are the most shocking, or the most amiable, that ever I read.

We are full of Impatience to hear of the Arrival of Sir *Jacob Swynford*. We know his Character pretty well: But when he has sat for it to your Pencil, it must be an Original indeed.

I will have another Trial with my Papa, to move him to let me attend you. I am rallying my Forces for that Purpose: I have got my Mamma on my Side again; who is concern'd to see her Girl vexed and insulted by her younger Sister; and who yet minds no more what *she* says to her, than what *I* say; and Sir *Simon* loves at his Heart to make Mischief between us, instead of interposing to silence either: And truly, I am afraid, the Delight of this kind, which he takes, will make him deny his *Polly* what she so ardently wishes for.

I had a good Mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three Days, to give it the better Appearance; but then my Mamma, who loves not Deceit, would blame me, if she knew my Stratagem; and be grieved, if she thought I was really ill. —I know, Fasting, when one has a Stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortify'd Air.

What would not one do, in short, to procure to one's self the inexpressible Pleasure that I should have in your Company and Conversation? But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be *next Best*. I am  
*Your most obliged and obedient Polly Darnford.*

LETTER XXXVI.

*From the same.*

*My dearest Mrs. B.* I Am all over Joy and Rapture. My good Papa has given me Leave to tell you, that he will put his *Polly* under your Protection, when you go to *London*. If you have but a Tenth Part of the Pleasure I have on this Occasion, I am sure I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it, he says, that *Mr. B.* signs some Acknowledgement, which I am to carry along with *me*, that I am intrusted to his Honour and yours, and to be returned to him *Heart-whole*, and *Dutiful*, and with a Reputation as unsully'd as he receives me.

But do, dearest *Mrs. B.* continue your Journals till then; for I have promis'd to take them up where you leave off, to divert our Friends in these Parts. There will be Presumption! But yet I will write nothing but what I will shew you, and have your Consent to send: For I was taught early not to tell Tales out of School; and a School, the best I ever went to, will be your charming Conversation.

We have been greatly diverted with the Trick put upon that Barbarian Sir *Jacob*. His Obstinacy, Repentance, and Amendment, follow'd so irresistibly in one Half-hour, from the happy Thought of the excellent Lady Countess, that I think no Plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a lucky Mine in a Siege, that blew up twenty times more than was expected from it, and answer'd all the Besieger's Ends at once.

*Mr. B.*'s Defence of his own Conduct towards you, is quite noble; and he judges with his usual Generosity and good Sense, when, by adding to your Honour, he knows he inhances his own. *Mr. Pitt's* fine Diamond met with a world of Admirers; but all turn'd upon this Reflection, What a happy Man is *Mr. Pitt*, who can call such a Jewel his own! —How greatly do you excel this Diamond; and how much does *Mr. B.* outdo *Mr. Pitt!* — Who has contributed to give so rich a Jewel a Polish so admirable; and then has set it in so noble a Light, as makes its Beauty conspicuous to every Eye!

You bid me skim over your Writings lightly; but 'tis impossible. I will not flatter you, my dear *Mrs. B.* nor will I be suspected to do so; and yet I cannot find Words to praise, so much as I think you deserve: So I will only say, that your good Parents, for whose Pleasure you write as well as for mine, cannot receive or read them with more Delight than I do—Even my Sister *Nancy*, judge of their Effect by this! will at any time leave *Murray*, and forget to frown or be ill-natur'd, while she can hear read what you write———And, angry as she makes me sometimes, I cannot deny her this Pleasure because possibly, among the innumerable improving Reflections they abound with, some one may possibly dart in upon her, and illuminate her, as your Conversation and Behaviour did Sir *Jacob*.

But your Application in P. S. to my Papa pleased him, and confirmed his Resolution to let me go—He snatched the Sheet that contained this; That's to me! said he: —I must read this myself; He did—and said—I'faith, she's a sweet one! — *Do. dear good Sir Simon*, repeated he aloud, *let Miss Polly add to our Delights!* —So she shall then; —If that will do it! —And yet this same *Mrs. B.* has so many Delights already, that I should think she might be contented. —But, Dame *Darnford*, I think I'll let her go. These Sisters then, you'll see, how they'll love at a Distance, tho' always quarrelling when together. He read on— *The new Affair will divert you — Lady Darnford has consented — Miss is willing; and her Sister can spare her — Very prettily put, faith— And don't you be so cross— Very sweet! — to deny me!*

Why, dear *Mrs. B.* I won't be so cross, then; indeed I won't! —And so, *Polly*, let 'em send Word when *they* set out for *London*, and *you* shall join 'em there, with all my Heart: But I'll have a Letter every Post, remember that, Girl.

Any thing, any thing, dear Papa, said I; so I can but go! He called for a Kiss, for his Compliance. I gave it most willingly, you may believe.

*Nancy* looked envious, altho' *Mr. Murray* came in just then—She look'd almost like a great Glutton, whom I remember, one Sir *Jonathan Smith*, who killed himself by eating: He us'd, while he was heaping up his Plate from one Dish, to watch the others, and follow the Knife of every Body else, with such a greedy Eye, as if he could swear a Robbery against any one who presumed to eat as well as he. This is a gross Simile; but all greedy and envious Folks look alike about the Eyes; and, thinking of *Nancy* on this Occasion, (who envied a Happiness she knew I preferred to that she has in Prospect). I could not but call to mind Sir *Jonathan* at the same time.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Well, let's know when you set out, and you shan't have been a Week in *London*, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my Tongue, as now by my Pen, how much I am

*Your obliged Admirer and Friend, Polly Darnford.*

*P. S.* Remember the Verses I wrote about, if proper —You hint too at some other Verses§ Don't let us lose any thing.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

**LETTER XXXVII.**

*My dear Miss,* I now proceed with my Journal, which I had brought down to *Thursday* Night.

**FRIDAY.**

The two Ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my Proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my *benevolent Round*, as they, after we return'd, would call it, which I generally take once a Week, among my poor and sick Neighbours; and finding I could not get off, I set out with them, my Lady Countess proposing Mrs. *Worden* to fill up the fourth Place in the Coach.

We talked all the Way of Charity, and the Excellency of that Duty; and my Lady *Davers* took Notice of the Text, that it would hide a *Multitude of Faults*. And if, as she was pleased to say, there was to be any Truth in the Popish Doctrine of Supererogation, what abundance of *such* Merits would arise from the Life and Actions of our dear Friend here! kindly looking at me.

I said, That when we had the Pleasure to reflect, that we served a Master, who exacted no hard Terms from us, but in every Case almost that could be thought of, only required of us to do Justice, and shew Mercy, to one another, and gave us Reason to think he would judge us by those Rules, it must be a mighty Inducement to Acts of Charity and Benevolence. But indeed, added I, were there not that Inducement, the Pleasure that attends such Acts, is an high Reward; and I am sure the Ladies I have the Honour to speak to, must have found it in an hundred Instances.

The Countess said, She had once a much better Opinion of herself, than she found she had Reason for, within these *few Days* past: And indeed Mrs. *B* said she, when I get home, I shall make a good many People the better for your Example. And so said Lady *Davers*; which gave me no small inward Pleasure; and I acknowleg'd, in suitable Terms, the Honour they both did me.

The Coach set us down by the Side of a large Common, about five Miles distant from our House; and we alighted, and walked a little Way, chusing not to have the Coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little Notice of as possible; and they entered with me into two mean Cots with great Condescension and Goodness; one belonging to a poor Widow, and five Children, who had been all down in Agues and Fevers; the other, to a Man and his Wife, Bed-rid with Age and Infirmities, and two honest Daughters, one a Widow with two Children, the other married to an Husbandman, who had also been ill, but now, by comfortable Cordials, and good Physick, were pretty well, to what they had been.

The two Ladies were well pleased with my Demeanour to the good Folks: To whom I said, that as I should go soon to *London*, I was willing to see them before I went, to wish them better and better, and to tell them, that I should leave Orders with Mrs. *Jervis* concerning them, to whom they must make known their Wants; and that Mr. *Barrow* would take care of 'em, I was sure; and do all that was in the Power of Physick for the Restoration of their Healths.

Now you must know, Miss, that I am not so good as the old Ladies of former Days, who used to distil Cordial Waters, and prepare Medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I was so inclined, my dear Mr. *B*. would not have been pleased with it, because, in the Approbation he has kindly given to my present Method, he has twice or thrice praised me, that I don't carry my Charity to Extremes, and make his House a Dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the Opportunity of doing any Good at all in these respects; and besides, as the vulgar Saying is, One must creep before one goes! But this is my Method:

I am upon an Agreement with this Mr. *Barrow*, who is deemed a very skilful and honest Apothecary, and one Mr. *Simmonds*, a Surgeon of like Character, to attend all such Cases and Persons as I shall recommend; Mr. *Barrow* to administer Physick and Cordials, as he shall judge proper, and even, in necessary Cases, to call in a Physician. And now—and—then calling one's self, or sending a Servant to ask Questions, all is kept right.

Besides, one can take this Method without the Ostentation, as some would deem it, which would attend the other; and having one's dear Friend's Gate always crouded with unhappy Objects, and some that deserve no Countenance, perhaps, and would possibly be the most clamorous: And then one does not subject the Poor neither to the Insolence of Servants, who sometimes, in a Body's Absence, might, were they some Servants, shew, that they were far from being influenced by the same Motives as their Principals: Besides the Advantage the Poor have from the Skill and Experience which Education, and constant Practice, give to the Gentlemen I employ; and with whom I agree but by the Quarter, because if there were a just Foundation of Complaint, for Negligence, or

Hardness of Heart, I would not be sty'd down from changing; for, in such Cases, in a Crisis, the poor People depending on the Assistance of those Gentlemen, might look no farther, and so my good Intentions might not only be frustrated, but do Harm.

My Lady *Davers* observed a Bible, a Common Prayer Book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each Cot, in Leathern outside Cases, to keep them clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the Children; and was pleased to say, It was right: And her Ladyship asked one of the Children, a pretty Girl, Who learnt her her Catechism? And she court'sy'd, and look'd at me; for I *do ask* the Children Questions, when I come, to know how they improve: 'Tis as I thought, said my Lady; my Sister provides for both Parts. God bless you, my Dear! said she, and tapp'd my Neck.

My Ladies left Tokens of their Bounty behind them to both Families, and all the good Folks blessed and pray'd for us at Parting: And as we went out, my Lady *Davers*, with a serious Air, was pleased to say to me, Take care of your Health, my dear Sister, and God give you, when it comes, a happy Hour; for how many real Mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the Fruits of your Piety!

God's Will must be done, my Lady, said I. The same Providence that has so wonderfully put it in my Power to do a little Good, will raise up new Friends to the honest Hearts that rely upon Him.

This I said, because some of the good People heard my Lady, and seem'd troubled, and began to redouble their Prayers for my Safety and Preservation.

We walked thence to our Coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two Farmers Families, about a Mile distant from each other. One had the Mother of the Family, with two Sons, just recovering, the former from a Fever, the latter from Tertian Agues; and I asked when they saw Mr. *Barrow*? They told me, with great Commendations of him, that he had but just left them. So having congratulated their hopeful Way, and wished them to take care of themselves, and not go too early to Business, I said, I should desire Mr. *Barrow* to watch over them, for fear of Relapse, and should hardly see 'em again for some time; and so, under the Notion of my Foy, I dropt a Couple of Guineas in the good Woman's Hand: For I had had an Hint given me by Mrs. *Jervis*, that their Illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other Farm, where the Case was a marry'd Daughter, who had had a very dangerous Lying-in, and a wicked Husband, who had abus'd her, and run away from her: But she was mending apace, by good comfortable Things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent her. Her old Father had been a little unkind to her, before I took Notice of her; for she marry'd against his Consent; and indeed the World went hard with the poor Man, and he could not do much; and, besides, he had a younger Daughter, who had lost all her Limbs, and was forc'd to be ty'd in a Wicker Chair, to keep her up in it; which (having expended much to relieve her) was a great Pull-back, as the good old Woman called it. And having been a Year in Arrear to a cruel Landlord, who finding a good Stock upon the Ground, wanted to distress the poor Family, and turn them out of all, I advanced the Money upon the Stock; and the poor Man has already paid me half of it, (for I must keep within Compass too, Miss) which was 50*l.* at first, and is in a fair Way to pay me the other Half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. *Barrow*, and he gave me an Account of the Success of two other Cases I had recommended to him; and told me, that *John Smith*, a poor Man, who, in thatching a Barn, had tumbled down, and broken his Leg, and bruised himself all over, was in a fair way of Recovery.

This poor Creature had like to have perished by the Cruelty of the Parish Officers, who would have pass'd him away to *Essex*, where his Settlement was, tho' in a burning Fever, occasioned by his Misfortune. But hearing of the Case, I directed Mr. *Simmonds* to attend him, and provide for him, at my Expence, and gave my Word, if he dy'd, to bury him.

I was glad to hear he was in so good a way, and told Mr. *Barrow*, I hoped to see him and Mr. *Simmonds* together at Mr. *B.*'s, before I set out for *London*, that we might advise about the Cases under their Direction, and that I might acquit myself of some of my Obligations to them.

You are a good Man, Mr. *Barrow*, added I: God will bless you for your Care and Kindness to these poor destitute Creatures. They all praise you, and do nothing but talk of your Humanity to them.

O my good Lady, said he, who can forbear following such an Example as you set? Mr. *Simmonds* can testify, as well as I, (for now-and-then a Case requires us to visit together) that we can hardly hear any Complaints from our poor Patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the Praises and Blessings they bestow upon you.

It is good Mr. *B.* that enables and encourages me to do what I do. Tell them, they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr. *Simmonds*: We all join together, you know, for their Good.

The Countess and Lady *Davers* asked the poor lying—in Woman many Questions, and left with her, and for her poor Sister, a miserable Object indeed! —(God be praised, that I am not such an one!) Marks of their Bounty in Gold, but I saw not how much; and looking upon one another, and then upon me, and lifting up their Hands, could not say a Word, till they were in the Coach: And so we were carry'd home, after we had just look'd in upon a Country School, where I pay for the Learning of Eight Children.

And here, Miss, (—I hope I recite not this with Pride, tho' I do with Pleasure) is a cursory Account of my *Benevolent Weekly Round*, as my Ladies will call it.

I know you will not be displeas'd with it; but it will highly delight my worthy Parents, who, in their way, do a great deal of discreet Good in their Neighbourhood: For, indeed, Miss, a little Matter, *prudently* bestowed, and to Objects of Compassion, (whose Cases are soon at a Crisis, as are those of most labouring People) will go a great way, and especially if laid out properly for 'em, according to the Exigencies of their respective Cases. —For such poor People, who live generally low, want very seldom any thing but reviving Cordials at first, and good wholesome Kitchen Physick afterwards; and then the Wheels of Nature being unclogg'd, new—oil'd, as it were, and set right, they will go round again with Pleasantness and Ease, for a good while together, by virtue of that Exercise which their Labour gives them; while the Rich and Voluptuous are forced to undergo great Fatigues to keep theirs clean and in Order.

Thus is it well remarked in a Manuscript Poem, in my dear Mr. *B.*'s Possession, written in Answer to a Friend, who recommended a poor Man of Genius to the Favour of the Author, in order to induce the benevolent Gentleman to lift him into a higher Life than that to which he was born: *Wou'dst thou, by Change of Life, I should intail Gouts, Fevers, Surfeits, ev'ry tort' ring Ail, That our rich Blood infects, on this poor Swain? And turn his fancy'd Woes to real Pain? If he want Food or Raiment, these will I, Fit for his Station, chearfully supply. But is his slavish Life much more fatiguing Than our bad Hours, hard Huntings, lewd Intriguing? For needful Exercise, don't all who've Wealth, At times, but to preserve themselves in Health. Our Bodies less prepar'd, our Nerves less strong. Do more than any of the lab'ring Throng?*

I mention'd before, that this Poem had given me some proper Hints, in relation to the Good one should dispense, in which one ought to consult a Person's usual way of Life, and not to be so lavish to some one Object or two, as should limit one's Power to relieve others, and, at the same time, by lifting the poor Folks into a State they had not been used to, make them possibly more unhappy than ever. I will transcribe a few more Lines from this Piece, for your Entertainment: —*But yet, my Friend, I cannot join with thee, To think so hard of native Poverty. 'Tis not to live at Ease, makes Happiness, Eat and drink well, lie soft. 'Tis nothing less Than sweet Content, whatever be the State, Can make us truly happy, wise or great. If this he want not, whate'er else he be, He's happier far, I judge, than You or Me: And if he want it, much I fear, my Friend, He'll find no State will his Condition mend, For human Minds, still on aspiring bent, Not check'd at first, are seldom e'er content.*

And again! *The Man who in one Way was always bred Till thrice Twelve Winters have pass'd o'er his Head. Is, or should be, contented with his Fate, Nor covet to ally to change his State. For Discontent once cherish'd in his Breast, Desire of Change will never let him rest, Unfix'd, unsettled, he, all Comfort past, Knows his first Wish; but ne'er will know his last.*

I must go on a little further. It seems that the recommending Friend had praised the poor Man for a Genius above the Sphere he was placed in. To this the judicious Benefactor replies, stating the Plea in the first Line: *But he has Parts and Wit above his Sphere; The neighb'ring Throng will then his Wit revere, If by sound Judgment temper'd. And who knows How useful he may be, but to compose Small Strifes, that even homely Cots invade From rugged Minds by partial Passions sway'd? Shall nought but Thistles in one Climate grow? And, intermingling, no sweet Roses blow? Remote from Towns, among the rural Swains, He'll be the Priest and Justice of the Plains: And nothing sure, on Earth, yields more Delight, Than diff'ring Minds in social Bands t'unite.*

I believe you'll excuse me, if I transcribe more: *We the Discomforts know of what we are, But little think what States superior share: How aukwardly our Parts we should sustain In a new Scene. And, Oh! what mighty Pain (For this is not the least) t' a gen'rous Mind, With Obligations press'd, or to Dependence join'd! On sit they light from me, as e'er they will, 'Tis Obligation and Dependence still To thoughtful Minds— And grant he might*

*be happy while I live, How may he fare with those who me survive? My Fortune may, perhaps, to those descend, Who knew not Joseph, nor lov'd Joseph's Friend; Who, like too many Heirs, reverse whate'er Was wont t' engage their Predecessors Care. In such a Case, what Cause he'd have to mourn, Forc'd to the Life he now beholds with Scorn (By long Disuse, made still more grievous) to return? Shall the slow Cart—horse with the Courser run? Wou'd ev'ry twinkling Star become a Sun? Yet in their Order, this adorns the Sky, And that helps on the gen'ral Harmony.*

Then follow some Lines, that I often think of with Pleasure, and which used to please my dear Lady; who made me write them down in my Common—place Book. You, my honoured Father and Mother, have seen them : But as you, my dear Miss, have not, I will transcribe them: *For thou want'st not to know, wise Providence Does various Parts, for various Minds dispense; The meanest Slaves, or those who hedge and ditch, Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich. The Rich, in due Return, impart their Store; Which comfortably seeds the lab'ring Poor. Nor let the Rich the lowest Slave disdain, He's equally a Link of Nature's Chain; Labours to the same End, joins in one View; And both alike the Will divine pursue: And, at the last, are levèll'd, King and Slave, Without Distinction, in the silent Grave.*

But now you'll be curious to know, since this Gentleman declin'd raising the poor Man, what Good he really thought proper to do for him. This then will satisfy you: *"But he has Children." —Well, this is a Plea That strongly recommends his Case to me. I'll take a Boy or two; and if I find The Youngsters honest, faithful, well inclin'd: If able to sustain those Parts, which we Call vainly better, I'll their Patron be. First, To the menial Service I'll inure 'em, And, as they merit, better will procure 'em. In short, the Swain, for what he is, I'll prize Consistent with's Degree, augment his Joys: And tell him this from me; That wou'd he know Happiness, unmix'd with certain Woe, Here will he rest his Hopes; nor farther wish to go.*

I don't remember ever to have read any thing of this Subject placed in these natural, easy, and, I therefore think uncommon Lights, and believe you'll allow them to be right Lights: For there are certainly no Cases in the World that require more Judgment and Distinction, than charitable ones. And except a casual Distress among those who make a Trade of Begging, such Persons (especially if I see them often, and so much in the same Place, as if they were as tenacious of their Stand, as others of their Freehold) move not my Compassion or Notice. They cannot be lower in Spirit, nor (being frequently brought up to it) do they often wish to be higher in Calling, or to change their idle State for a laborious one: But the poor industrious Souls, reduced by Sickness, or Misfortune, or even Mistake not wilful or persisted in, who sigh in Secret, and cannot make known what they suffer; such unhappy Objects are worthy of one's *Pains* to find out, and relieve.

**SATURDAY Morning.**

It is hardly right to trouble either of you, my honoured Correspondents, with an Affair, that has vex'd me a good deal, and indeed *should* affect me more than any other Mistress of a Family, for Reasons which will be obvious to you, when I tell you the Case. And this (it is so present with me) I cannot forbear.

A pretty genteel young Body, my *Polly Barlow*, as I call her, having been well recommended, and indeed behaved with great Prudence till this time, is the Occasion. And this it is:

My dear Mr. *B.* and the Two Ladies agreed with me to take a little Airing in the Coach, and to fall in upon Mr. *Martin*, who had a Present made him for his Menagerie, in which he takes great Delight, of a rare and uncommon Creature, a Native of the *East Indies*. But just as Sir *Jacob* was on Horseback to accompany them, and the Ladies were ready to go, I was taken with a sudden Disorder and Faintishness, so that Lady *Davers*, who is very tender of me, and watches every Turn of my Countenance, would not let me go with them, tho' my Disorder was going off, and my dear Mr. *B.* was pleased to excuse me; and just meeting with Mr. *Williams* as they went to the Coach, they took him with them, to fill up the vacant Place. So I retir'd to my Closet, and shut myself in.

They had asked Mr. *H.* to go with them, as Company to Sir *Jacob*; but he (as I believe, by what followed, on purpose) could not be found, when they set out: So they supposed he was upon some Ramble with Mr. *Colbrand*, his great Favourite.

I was writing to *you*, being pretty well recover'd, when I heard *Polly*, as I supposed, and as it proved, come into my Apartment; and down she sat, and sung a little Catch, and cry'd Hem! twice; and presently I heard two Voices. But suspecting nothing, I wrote on, till I heard a kind of Rustling and Struggling, and *Polly's* Voice crying, Fie! —How can you do so! —Pray, Sir!

This alarm'd me much, because we have such orderly Folks about us; and I looked thro' the Keyhole, and, to my Surprize and Concern, saw Mr. *H.* —foolish Gentleman! —taking Liberties with *Polly*, that neither became him to offer, nor, more foolish Girl! her to suffer.

I did not know what to do: But having Reason to think, that this was not their first Interview and Freedom — and the Girl sometimes encouragingly laughing, as at other times, inconsistently, struggling and complaining, in an Accent that was too tender for the Occasion, I forced a faint Cough: This frighted them both: Mr. *H.* swore, and said, Who can that be? —Your Lady's gone with them, i'n't she?

I believe so! I hope so! said the silly Girl — Yet that was like her Voice! —Me'm, are you in your Closet, Me'm? said she, coming up to the Door, Mr. *H.* standing, like a poor Thief, half behind the Window—curtains, till he knew if it was I.

I open'd the Door, away sneak'd Mr. *H.* and she leap'd with Surprize, not hoping to find me there, tho' she asked the Question.

I thought — Indeed — Me'm — I thought you were gone out.

It is plain you did, *Polly!* —Go and shut the Chamber—door, and come to me again.

She did, but trembled, and was so full of Confusion, that I pity'd the poor Creature, and hardly knew how to speak to her, or what to say. —For my Compassion got the Upper—hand of my Resentment; and as she stood quaking and trembling, and looking on the Ground, with a Countenance I cannot describe, I now—and—then cast my Eye upon her, and was as often forced to put my Handkerchief to it.

At last I said, How long have these Freedoms past, *Polly*, between you and Mr. *H.*?

She said never a Word.

I am loth to be censorious, *Polly*: But 'tis too plain, that Mr. *H.* would not have followed you into my Chamber, if he had not met you at other Places before.

Still the poor Girl said never a Word.

Little did I expect, *Polly*, that you would have shewn so much Imprudence. You have had Instances of the vile Arts of Men against poor Maidens: Have you any Notion, that Mr. *H.* intends to do honourably by you?

Me'm — Me'm — I believe — I hope — I dare say, Mr. *H.* would not do otherwise.

So much the worse, that you believe so, if you have not very good Reason for your Belief. —Does he pretend he will marry you, *Polly*?

She was silent.

Tell me, *Polly*, if he does?

He says, he will do honourably by me.

But you know there is but one Word necessary to explain that other precious Word *Honour*, in this Case. It is *Matrimony*. That Word's as soon spoken as any other, and if he *means* it, he will not be shy to *speak* it.

She was silent.

Tell me, *Polly*, (for I am really greatly concern'd for you) what you think yourself: Do you *hope* he will marry you?

She was silent.

Do, good *Polly*, I hope I may call you *good* yet! — answer me.

Pray, Madam! and she wept, and turn'd from me, to the Wainscot — Pray, Madam, excuse me.

But, indeed, *Polly*, I *cannot* excuse you. You are under my Protection. I was once in as dangerous a Situation as you can be. And I did not escape it, Child, by the Language and Conduct I heard from you.

Language and Conduct, Me'm!

Yes, *Polly*, Language and Conduct. For you have heard my Story, no doubt: All the World has. And do you think, if I had sat me down in my Lady's Bedchamber, and sung a Song, and hem'd twice, and Mr. *B.* had come to me, upon that Signal, (for such I doubt it was) and I had kept my Place, and suffer'd myself to be tumbled, and only, in a soft Voice, and with an encouraging Laugh, cry'd, How can you do so? that I should have been what I am?

Me'm, I dare say, my Lord (so all the Servants call him, and his Aunt often, when she puts *Jackey* to it) means me no Hurt.

No Hurt, *Polly*! What, and make you cry *Fie!* —Or do you intend to trust your Honour to his Mercy, rather than to your own Discretion?

I hope not, Me'm!

I hope not too, *Polly*! —But you know he was free enough with you, to make you say *Fie!* —And what might have been the Case, who knows? had I not coughed on Purpose; unwilling for your sake, *Polly*, to find Matters so bad as I feared, and that you would have been led beyond what was reputable?

Reputable, Me'm!

Yes, *Polly*, Reputable: I am sorry you oblige me to speak so plain. But your Good requires it. Instead of flying from him, you not only laughed all the time you cry'd out, *Fie!* and *How can you do so?* but had no other Care then to see if any body heard you; and you observe how he slid away, like a guilty Gentleman, as soon as I open'd my Door — Do these Things look well, *Polly*? Do you think they do? —And if you hope to emulate my good Fortune, do you think *this* is the Way?

I wish, Me'm, I had never seen Mr. *H.* For nobody will look upon me, if I lose your Favour!

It will still, *Polly*, (and I took her Hand, with a kind Look) be in your own Power to keep it; and I will not mention this Matter, if you make me your Friend, and tell me all that has pass'd.

Again she wept, and was silent.

This made me more uneasy. Don't think, *Polly*, said I, that I would envy any other Person's Preferment; when I have been so much exalted myself. If Mr. *H.* has talked to you of Marriage, tell me.

No, Me'm, I can't say, he has *yet*.

*Yet, Polly!* Then he *never* will. For when Men *do* talk of it, they don't always *mean* it: But whenever they *mean* it, how can they confirm a doubting Maiden, without *mentioning* it? But, alas, alas for you, poor *Polly!* —The Freedoms you have permitted to him, no doubt, previous to those I heard, and which would have been greater possibly, had I not surpris'd you with my Cough, shew too well, that he *need* not make any Promises to you.

Indeed, Me'm — Indeed, said she, sobbing, I might be too little upon my Guard; but I would not have done any Ill for the World.

I hope you would not, *Polly*; but if you suffer these Freedoms, you can't tell *what* you'd have permitted —Tell me, do you love Mr. *H.*?

He is a very good-humour'd Gentleman, Madam, and is not proud.

No, 'tis not his Business to be proud, when he hopes to humble you — Humble you indeed! Beneath the lowest Person of the Sex, that is honest.

I hope—

You *hope*, interrupted I — You *hope* too much; and I *fear* a *great deal* for you, because you fear *so little* for yourself — But tell me, How often have you been in private together?

In private, Me'm! — I don't know what your Ladyship calls *private*!

Why that is *private*, *Polly*, when, as just now, you neither hoped nor intended any body should see you.

She was silent; and I see, Miss, by this poor Girl, that Lovers are to their Secret, tho' perhaps, their Ruin depends upon it. But it behov'd *me*, on more Accounts than it would any body else, as I hinted before, to examine this Matter narrowly; because, if Mr. *H.* should marry her, it would have been laid upon Mr. *B.*'s Example— And if my *Polly* should be ruin'd, it would be a sad thing; and People would have said, Ay, she could take Care enough of herself; but none at all of her Servant: *Her* Waiting-maid had a much more remiss Mistress, than *Pamela* found, or the Matter would not have been thus.

Well, *Polly*, I see, continued I, that you will not speak out to me. You may have *several* Reasons for it, possibly, tho' not *one* good one. But as soon as Lady *Davers* comes in, who has a great Concern in this Matter, as well as Lord *Davers*, and are answerable to Lord *H.* in a Matter of so much importance as this, I will leave it to her Ladyship's Consideration, and shall no more concern myself to ask you Questions about it — For then I must take her Ladyship's Directions, and part with you to be sure.

The poor Girl, frightened at this, (for every body fears Lady *Davers*) wrung her Hands, and begg'd, for God's Sake, I would not acquaint Lady *Davers* with it.

But how can I help it? said I — Must I not connive at your Proceedings, if I do not? You are no Fool, *Polly*, in other Cases. Tell me, How is it possible for me, in my Situation, to avoid it?

I will tell you Ladyship the whole Truth; indeed I will — if you will not tell Lady *Davers*. I am ready to sink at the Thoughts of Lady *Davers*' knowing any thing of this.

This looked sadly. I pity'd her, but yet was angry in my Mind; for I saw too plainly, that her Conduct could not bear a Scrutiny, not even in *her own* Opinion, poor Creature!

I said, Make me acquainted with the Whole.

Will your Ladyship promise—

I'll promise nothing, *Polly*— When I have heard all you think fit to say, I will do what befits me to do; but with as much Tenderness as I can for you — and that's all you ought to expect me to promise.

Why then, Madam — But how can I speak it? —I can speak sooner to any body, but Lady *Davers* and you, Madam — For her Ladyship's Passion, and your Ladyship's Virtue — How shall I? —And then she threw herself at my Feet, and hid her Face with her Apron.

I was in Agonies for her almost; I wept over her; I raised her up, and said, Tell me all — You cannot tell me worse than I apprehend, nor, I hope, so bad! O *Polly*, tell me soon — For you give me great Pain—

And my Back, with Grief and Compassion for the poor Girl, was ready to open, as it seem'd to me— In my former Distresses, I have been overcome by Fainting next to Death, and was depriv'd of Sense for some Moments— But else I should have imagin'd, I must have had some such affecting Sensations, as the unhappy Girl's Case gave me.

Then, Madam, I own, said she, I have been too faulty.

As how! — As what! — In what Way! — How faulty? —asked I, as quick as Thought: You are not ruin'd, are you! —Tell me, *Polly*?

No, Madam, but—

But, what? —Say, but what?

I had consented—

To what?

To his Proposals, Madam.

What Proposals?

Why, Madam, I was to *live* with Mr. *H.*

I understand you too well—But is it too late to break so wretched a Bargain? —Have you already made a Sacrifice of your Honour?

No, Madam; but I have given it under my Hand.

Under your *Hand*! —Ah! *Polly*, if you have not given it under your *Heart* too, it were well. But what

Foolishness is this! What Consideration has he made you?

He has given it under his Hand, that he will always love me, and when his Lordship's Father dies, he will own me.

What Foolishness is this, said I, on both sides! —But are you willing to be released from this vile Bargain?

Indeed I am, Madam, and I told him so Yesterday. But, he says, he will sue me, and ruin me, if I don't stand to it.

You are ruin'd if you do! —And I wish— But tell me, *Polly*, Are you not ruin'd as it is?

Indeed I am not, Madam.

I doubt then, said I, you were upon the Brink of it, had not this providential Indisposition kept me at home—You met, I suppose, to conclude your shocking Bargain. —O poor unhappy Girl! —But let me see what he has given under his Hand?

He has 'em both, Madam, to be drawn up fair, and in a strong Hand, that shall be like a Record.

Could I have thought, Miss, that a Girl of Nineteen could be so ignorant and foolish in a Point so important, when in every thing else she has shewn no Instances like this imprudent Folly?

Has he given you Money?

Yes, Madam, he gave me—he gave me—a Note. Here it is. He says any body will give me Money for it.

And this was a Bank Note of 50*l.* which she pulled out of her Bosom.

I instantly thought of those Lines of *Cowley*, which my dear Lady several times made me read to her; tho' these supposed an infinitely more excuseable Case—*Marriage for Money. Take Heed, take Heed, thou lovely Maid!*

*Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd! Thyself for Money! O let no Man know The Price of Beauty fall'n so low!*

*What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread, When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led?*

The Result was, He was to settle 100*l.* a Year upon her and *hers*, poor, poor Girl! —And he was to *own her*, as she calls it (but as Wife or Mistress, she stipulated not) when his Father dy'd, and he came into the Title and Estate.

I told her, It was impossible for me to conceal the Matter from Lady *Davers*, if she would not, by her Promises to be govern'd intirely by me, and to abandon all Thoughts of Mr. *H.* give me room to conclude, that the wicked Bargain was at an End.

And to keep the poor Soul in some Spirits, and to enable her to look up, and to be more easy under my Direction, I blamed *him* more than I did *her*: Tho', considering what Virtue requires of a Woman, and Custom has made shameless in a Man, I think the poor Girl inexcuseable, and shall not be easy while she is about me. For she is more to blame, because, of the two, she has more Wit than the Man.

But what can I do, Miss, if I put her away? 'Twill be to throw her directly into his Hands. He won't stay long; and she *may* see her Folly. But here her Eyes were open; She knew what she had to trust to—And by their wicked Beginning, and her encouraging Repulses, I doubt she would have been utterly ruin'd that very Day.

I knew the Rage Lady *Davers* would be in with both. So this was another Embarass. And yet, should my good Intentions be frustrated, and they should conclude their vile Bargain, and it appear'd that I knew of it, but would not acquaint her, then should I have been blam'd more than any Mistress of a Family, being circumstanc'd as I am.

Upon the Whole, As to the Girl, I resolv'd to comfort her as well as I could, till I had gain'd her Confidence, that my Advice might have the more Weight with her, and by Degrees be the more likely to reclaim her: For, poor Soul! there would be an End of her Reputation, the most precious of all Jewels, the Moment the Matter was known; and that would be a sad thing.

And as to the Man, I thought it best to take Courage (and you that know me, will say, I must have a good deal more than usual) to talk to Mr. *H.* on this Subject.

And the poor Body consenting I should, and, with great Protestations, declaring her Sorrow and Repentance, begging me to get her Note of Hand again, on which she laid a foolish Stress, and desiring me to give him back his Note of 50*l.* I went down to find him.

He shunn'd me, as a Thief would a Constable at the Head of a Hue and Cry. As I entered one Place or Room, he went into another, looking with conscious Guilt, but yet confidently humming a Tune. At last I fixed him speaking to *Rachel*, bidding her tell *Polly*, he wanted to send a Message by her to her Lady. By which I doubted not, he was desirous to know what she had owned, in order to govern himself accordingly.

His Back was toward me; and I said, Mr. *H.* here I am myself, to take your Commands.

He gave a Caper half a Yard high—Madam, I wanted—I wanted to speak to—I would have spoken with—  
You wanted to send *Polly* to me, perhaps, Mr. H. to ask if I would take a little Walk with you in the Garden?  
Very, Madam! —Very indeed! —You have guess'd the Matter—I thought it was pity, this fine Day, as every  
body was taking an Airing—

Well then, Sir, please to lead the Way, and I'll attend you.

Yet I fancy, Madam, the Wind is a little too high for you—Won't you catch Cold?

No, never fear, Mr. *H.* I am not afraid of a little Air.

I will attend you presently, Madam: You'll be in the great Gravel Walk, or on the Terrace—I'll wait upon you  
in an Instant.

I had the Courage to take hold of his Arm, as if I had like to have slipt; For, thought I, thou shalt not see the  
Girl, worthy Friend, till I have talk'd to thee a little, if thou dost then—Excuse me, Mr. *H.* — I hope I have not  
hurt my Foot! —I must lean upon you.

Will you be pleas'd, Madam, to have a Chair? I fear you have sprain'd your Foot—Shall I help you to a Chair?

No, no, Sir, I shall walk it off, if I hold by you.

So he had no Excuse to leave me, and we proceeded into the Garden. But never did any thing look so silly!  
—So like a *foolish Fellow*, as his Aunt calls him. He looked, if possible, half a dozen Ways at once, hem'd,  
cough'd, wriggled about, turn'd his Head behind him every now—and—then, and started half a dozen silly Subjects,  
in hopes to hinder me from speaking.

I appear'd, I believe, under some Concern how to begin with him; for he would have it, I was not very well,  
and begg'd he might step in one Minute, to desire Mrs. *Jervis* to attend me.

So I resolv'd to begin with him, lest I should lose the Opportunity, seeing my Eel so very slippery. And  
placing myself at the Seat at the upper End of the Gravel Walk, I asked him to sit down. He declined it, and would  
wait upon me presently, he said, and seem'd going. So I began—It is easy for me, Mr. *H.* to penetrate the Reason  
why you are so willing to leave me: But 'tis for your *own* Sake, that I desire you to hear me, that no Mischief may  
ensue among Friends and Relations, on an Occasion to which you are no Stranger.

Lord, Madam, What can you mean? —Surely, Madam, you don't think amiss of a little innocent Liberty, or so!

Mr. *H.* reply'd I, I want not any Evidence of your inhospitable Designs upon a poor unwary young Creature,  
whom your Birth and Quality have found it too easy a Task to influence.

*Inhospitable Designs*, Madam! —A harsh Word, by Gad! —You very nice Ladies cannot admit of the least  
Freedom in the World! —Why, Madam, I have kiss'd a Lady's Woman before now, in a civil way or so, and never  
was call'd to an Account for it, as a Breach of Hospitality.

'Tis not for me, Mr. *H.* said I, to proceed to *very nice* Particulars with a Gentleman who can act as you have  
done, by a poor Girl, that could not have had the Assurance to look up to a Man of your Quality, had you not  
levell'd all Distinction between you, in order to level the weak Creature to the common Dirt of the Highway. I  
must tell you, that the poor Girl heartily repents of her Folly; and, to shew you, that it signifies nothing to deny it,  
she begs you will give her back the Note of her Hand you have extorted from her Foolishness; and I hope you'll  
be so much of a Gentleman, as not to keep in your Power such a Testimony of the Weakness of any of the Sex.

Has she told you that, Madam? —Why may—be— indeed—I can't but say—Truly it mayn't look so well to  
you, Madam: But young Folks will have Frolicks—It was nothing but a Frolick—Let me *be hang'd*, if it was!

Be pleas'd then, Sir, to give up her Note to me to return to her—Reputation should not be frolick'd with, Sir;  
especially that of a poor Girl, who has nothing else to depend upon.

I'll give it to her myself, and laugh at her into the Bargain, if you please, Madam. Why, 'tis comical enough, if  
the little Pug thought I was in Earnest. I must have a Laugh or two at her, Madam, when I give it her up.

Mr. *H.* said I, since 'tis but a Frolick, you won't take it amiss, that when we are set down to Supper, we call  
*Polly* in, and demand a Sight of her Note, and that will make every one merry, as well as you.

Cot—so, Madam, that mayn't be so well neither! —For, perhaps, they will be apt to think it is in Earnest; when,  
as I hope to live, 'tis but a Jest: Nothing in the World else, upon Honour!

I put on then a still more serious Air—As you *hope to live*, say you, Mr. *H.*! —and *upon your Honour!* —How  
fear you not an instant Punishment for this Appeal! and what is the *Honour* you swear by? —Take that, and  
answer me, Sir; Do Gentlemen give away, Bank Notes for *Frolicks*, and for *mere Jests!* and *nothing in the World*  
else! —I am sorry to be obliged to deal thus with you. But I thought I was talking to a Gentleman, that would not

forfeit his Veracity; and that in so solemn an Instance as this!

He looked like a Man Thunder-struck. His Face was distorted, and his Head seemed to turn about upon his Neck, like a Weathercock in a Hurricane, to all Points of the Compass. His Hands clenched as in a Passion, and yet Shame and Confusion struggling in every Limb and Feature.

At last he said, I am confoundedly betrayed. But if I am exposed (for the Wretch thought of nobody but himself) to my Uncle and Aunt, I am undone, and shall never be able to look 'em in the Face. 'Tis, I had a Design upon her; and since she has betray'd me, I think I may say, that she was as willing, almost, as I.

Ungenerous, contemptible Wretch, thought I! — But our Sex that can thus give up their Virtue, ought to expect no better: For he that sticks not at *one* bad Action, will not scruple *another* to vindicate himself: And so, Devil-like, become the Tempter, and the Accuser too!

But if you will be so good, said he, as to take no Notice of this, to my Uncle, and especially to my Aunt and Mr. *B.* I swear to you, I never will think of her as long as I live.

And you'll bind this Promise, will you, Sir? by *your Honour*, and as you *hope to live!*

Dear, good Madam, forgive me, I beseech you; Don't be so severe upon me. By all that's—

Don't swear, Mr. *H.* But as an Earnest that I may believe you, give me back the Girl's foolish Note, that, tho' 'tis of no Signification, she may not have *that* to witness to her Folly.

He took out his Pocket-Book: There it is, Madam! —And I beg you'll forgive this Attempt. I see, I ought not to have made it. I doubt it was a Breach of the Laws of Hospitality, as you say. But to make it known, will only expose me, and it can do no Good; and Mr. *B.* will resent it, may-be; and my Aunt will never let me hear the last of it, nor my Uncle neither—And I shall be sent to travel again— And (added the poor Creature) I was once in a Storm, and the crossing the Sea again, would be Death to me.

What a Wretch art thou, thought I! —What could such an one as thou find to say to a poor Creature, that, if put in the Scale against Virtue and Honour, should make the latter kick the Beam? —Poor, poor *Polly Barlow!* thou art sunk indeed! Too low for Excuse, and almost beneath Pity!

I told him, if I could observe, that nothing pass'd between them, that should lay me under a Necessity of revealing the Matter, I should not be forward to expose him, nor the Maiden either. But that he must, in his own Judgment, excuse me, if I made every body acquainted with it, if I were to see the Correspondence between them likely to be renewed or carried on: For, added, in that Case, I should owe it to myself, to Mr. *B.* to Lord and Lady *Davers*, and to you, and the unhappy Body too, to do so.

He would needs drop down on one Knee to promise this; and, with a thousand Acknowledgements, left me, to find Mr. *Colbrand*, in order to ride to meet the Coach on its Return.

I went in, and gave the foolish Note to the silly Girl, which she receiv'd eagerly, and immediately burnt; and I told her, I would not suffer her to come near me but as little as possible, when I was in Company, while Mr. *H.* staid; but consigned her intirely to the Care of Mrs. *Jervis*, to whom only, I said, I would hint the Matter as tenderly as I could: And for this, I added, I had more Reasons than one; First, To give her the Benefit of a good Gentlewoman's Advice, to which I had myself formerly been beholden, and from whom I concealed nothing: Next, To keep her out of Mr. *H.*'s Way: And lastly, That I might have an Opportunity, from Mrs. *Jervis*'s Opinion, to judge of the Sincerity of her Repentance: For, *Polly*, said I, you must imagine, so regular and uniform as all our Family is, and so good as I thought all the People about me were, that I could not suspect, that she, the Duties of whose Place made her nearest to my Person, was the farthest from what I wished.

I have set this Matter so strongly before her, and Mrs. *Jervis* has so well seconded me, that I hope the best; for the Grief the poor Creature carries in her Looks, and expresses in her Words, cannot be described; frequently accusing herself with Tears, saying often to Mrs. *Jervis*, She is not worthy to stand in the Presence of a Mistress, whose Example she has made so bad an Use of, and whose Lessons she had so ill followed.

I am sadly troubled at this Matter however; but I take great Comfort in reflecting, that my sudden Indisposition look'd like a providential Thing, which may save one poor Soul, and be a seasonable Warning to her, as long as she lives.

Mean time I must observe, that at Supper last Night, Mr. *H.* look'd abject, and mean, and like a poor Thief, as I thought; and (conscious of his disappointed Folly, tho' I seldom glanc'd my Eye upon him) had less to say for himself than ever.

And once my Lady *Davers* laughing, said, I think in my Heart, my Nephew looks more foolish every time I

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see him, than the last.

He stole a Look at me, and blush'd; and my Lord said, *Jackey* has some Grace! —He blushes! —Hold up thy Head, Nephew! —Hast thou nothing at all to say for thyself?

Sir *Jacob* said, A Blush becomes a young Gentleman! —I never saw one before tho', in Mr. *H.* — What's the Matter, Sir?

Only, said Lady *Davers*, his Skin or his Conscience is mended, that's all.

Thank you, Madam, was all he said, bowing to his Aunt, and affecting a careless, yet confused Air, as if he whisper'd a Whistle.

Oh Wretch! thought I, see what it is to have a condemning Conscience; while every *innocent* Person looks round, unconscious, smiling, and erect! —But yet it was not the Shame of a bad Action, I doubt, but being discovered and disappointed, that gave him this Confusion of Face.

What a sad Thing it is for a Person to be guilty of such Actions, as shall put it into the Power of another, even by a Look, to mortify him! And if poor Souls can be thus abjectly struck at such a Discovery as this, by a Fellow Creature, how must they appear before an unerring and omniscient Judge, with a Conscience standing in the Place of a thousand Witnesses? —The Words *Weeping* and *Wailing*, *Howling* and *Gnashing of Teeth*, exceedingly well express, what nothing but the Divine Book can equally express; which in another Place, points them out as calling upon the *Mountains to fall upon them*, and the *Hills to cover them!* —How serious this Subject makes one!

**SATURDAY Evening.**

I am just retired from a kind of fatiguing Service; for who should come hither to dine with Mr. *B.* but that sad Rake Sir *Charles Hargrave*, and Mr. *Walgrave*, Mr. *Sedley*, and Mr. *Floyd*, three as bad as himself; inseparable Companions, whose whole Delight, and that a vowedly, is Drinking, and Hunting, and Lewdness; but otherwise, Gentlemen of Wit, and large Estates? Three of them broke in upon us, at the Hall, on the happiest Day of my Life, to our great Regret; and they had been long threatening to make this Visit, in order to see me, as they told Mr. *B.*

They whipt out two Bottles of *Champaign* instantly, for a *Whet*, as they called it, and went to view the Stud, and the Kennel, and then took a Walk in the Garden till Dinner was ready; my Lord *Davers*, Mr. *H.* and Sir *Jacob*, as well as Mr. *B.* (for they are all acquainted) accompanying them.

Sir *Charles*, it seems, as Lord *Davers* told me afterwards, said, He long'd to see Mrs. *B.* She was the Talk where-ever he went, and he had conceiv'd an high Opinion of her before-hand.

Lord *Davers* said, I defy you, Gentlemen, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take Mind and Person together.

Mr. *Floyd* said, He never saw any Woman yet, that came up to what he expected, where Fame had been lavish in her Praise.

But how, Brother Baronet, said Sir *Charles* to Sir *Jacob*, came you to be reconcil'd to her? — I heard that you would never own her.

Oons, Man, said Sir *Jacob*, I was taken in — I was, by my Soul! — They contrived to clap her upon me, as Lady *Jenny C.* and pretended they'd keep t'other out of my Sight; and I was plaguily bit, and forced to get off as well as I could.

That was a Bite indeed, said Mr. *Walgrave*; and so you fell a praising Lady *Jenny*, I warrant, to the Skies!

Ye—as, — by my Soul, (drawling out the affirmative Monosyllable) I was used most scurvily; 'faith I was. — I bear 'em a Grudge for't still, I can tell 'em that; — for I have hardly been able to hold up my Head like a Man ever since — but am forc'd to sneak about, and go and come, and do as they bid me. By my Troth, I never was so manageable in my Life.

Your *Herefordshire* Neighbours, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *Sedley*, with an Oath, will rejoice to hear this; for the whole County there cannot manage you.

I'm quite cow'd now, by my Soul, as you will see by—and-by: Nay, for that Matter, if you can set Mrs. *B.* a talking, there's ne'er a Puppy of you all will care to open your Lips, except to say as she says.

Never fear, old Boy, said Sir *Charles*, we'll bear our Parts in Conversation. I never saw the Woman yet, that could give me either Awe or Love for six Minutes together. What think you, Mr. *B.*? Have you any Notion, that your Lady will have so much Power over us?

I think, Sir *Charles*, I have one of the finest Women in *England*; but I neither expect nor desire you Rakes should see her with my Eyes.

You know, if I have a Mind to love her, and make Court to her too, Mr. *B.* I will: And I am half in Love with her already, altho' I have not seen her.

They came in when Dinner was near ready, and the Four Gentlemen took each a large Bumper of Old Hock for another Whet.

The Countess, Lady *Davers*, and I, came down together. The Gentlemen knew our two noble Guests, and were known to them in Person, as well as by Character. Mr. *B.* in his usual kind and encouraging Manner, took my Hand, and presented the Four Gentlemen to me, each by his Name. Sir *Charles* said, pretty bluntly, That he hoped he was more welcome to me now, than the last time he was under the same Roof with me; for he had been told since, that *that* was our happy Day.

I said, Mr. *B.*'s Friends were always welcome to me.

'Tis well, Madam, said Mr. *Sedley*, we did not know how it was. We should have quarter'd ourselves upon Mr. *B.* for a Week together, and kept him up Day and Night.

I thought this Speech deserved no Answer, especially as they were Gentlemen who wanted no Countenance, and address'd myself to Lord *Davers*, who is always kindly making Court to me: I hope, my good Lord, said I,

you find yourself quite recover'd of your Head-ach? —— (of which he complained at Breakfast).

I thank you, my dear Sister, pretty well.

I was telling Sir *Charles*, and the other Gentlemen, Niece, said Sir *Jacob*, how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady *Jenny*.

It was a very lucky Cheat for me, Sir *Jacob*; for it gave you a Prepossession in my Favour, under so advantageous a Character, that I could never have expected otherwise.

I wish, said the Countess, my Daughter, for whom Sir *Jacob* took you, had Mrs. B.'s Qualities to boast of.

How am I obliged to your Ladyship's Goodness, return'd I, when you treat me with even greater Indulgence than you use to so beloved a Daughter!

Nay, now you talk of treating, said Sir *Charles*, when, Ladies, will you treat our Sex with the Politeness which you shew to one another?

When your Sex deserve it, Sir *Charles*, said Lady *Davers*.

Who is to be Judge of that? said Mr. *Walgrave*.

Not the Gentlemen, I hope, reply'd my Lady.

Well then, Mrs. B. said Sir *Charles*, we bespeak your good Opinion of *us*; for you have *ours*.

I am obliged to you, Gentlemen; but I must be more cautious in declaring *mine*, lest it should be thought I am influenc'd by your kind, and perhaps too hasty Opinions of me.

Sir *Charles* swore they had *seen* enough of me the Moment I entered the Parlour, and *heard* enough the Moment I opened my Lips, to answer for *their* Opinions of me.

I said, I made no doubt, when *they* had as good a Subject to expatiate upon, as I had, in the Pleasure before me, of seeing so many agreeable Friends of Mr. B.'s, they would maintain the Title they claim'd to every one's good Opinion.

This, said Sir *Jacob*, is binding you over, Gentlemen, to your good Behaviour. — You must know, my Niece never shoots flying, as *you* do.

The Gentlemen laugh'd: Is it shooting flying, Sir *Jacob*, return'd Sir *Charles*, to praise that Lady?

Adsbud, I did not think of that.

O Sir *Jacob*, said the Countess, you need not be at a Fault; — for a good Sportsman always hits his Mark, flying or not: And the Gentlemen had so fair an one, that they could not well miss it.

You are fairly help'd over the Stile, Sir *Jacob*, said Mr. *Floyd*.

And indeed I wanted it; tho' I limp'd like a Puppy, before I was lame. One can't think of every thing, as one us'd to do at your Time of Life, Gentlemen.

This flippant Stuff was all that pass'd, which I *can* recite; for the rest, at Table, and after Dinner, was too polite by half for me: Such as, The Quantity of Wine each Man could *carry off*, that was the Phrase; Dogs, Horses, Hunting, Racing, Cockfighting, and all accompanied with Swearing, and Cursing, and that in good Humour, and out of Wantonness (the least excusable and most profligate Sort of Swearing and Cursing of all); loud Laughing, with a little touching now-and-then on the Borders of Sir *Simon's* beloved Subject, to try if they could make a Lady shew she *understood* their Hints by her *Blushes*; a certain Indication, that those who seek a Blush in others, are past it themselves, and, by their turning it into Ridicule when they find it in their Friends, that they would not for the World have it imputed to them; talking three or four at once, and as loud as if they were in the Field pursuing their Game, at a Quarter of a Mile's Distance from one another.

These were the Subjects, and this the Entertainment, that held my Ladies and me for one Hour after a tedious Dinner; when we retir'd, and glad we were to do so: And so well did the Gentlemen like the Wine, that we had the Felicity to drink Tea and Coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B. (upon our inviting the Gentlemen to partake with us) sliding in for a few Minutes, to tell us, they would stick by what they had, and taking a Dish of Coffee with us.

I should not omit one Observation; That Sir *Jacob*, when they were gone, said, They were *pure Company*: And Mr. H. That he never was so delighted in his *born Days*. —— While the two Ladies put up their Prayers, that they might never have such another Entertainment. And being encouraged by their Declaration, I presumed to join in the same Petition.

Yet, it seems, these are Men of Wit! I believe they must be so — because I could neither like nor understand them. — Yet, if their Conversation had much Wit in it, I should think my Ladies would have found it out.

However, this they did find out, and agree in, that these Gentlemen were of the modern Cast of Libertines and

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Foxhunters, and, indifferently as they liked them, could not be easily out-done by any of the same Stamp in *England*.

God defend my dear Miss *Darnford*, and every worthy single Lady, from such an Husband, as a Gentleman of this Character would make!

I wonder really, how Mr. *B.* who chuses not this sort of Conversation, and always (whatever Faults he had besides) was a *sober* Gentleman, can sit for Hours so easy and chearful in it; and yet he never says much, when they are in their high Delight.

When all's done, Miss, there are very unpleasant Things, which Persons in *genteel* Life are forced to put up with, as well as those in *lower*; and were the one to be balanced against the other, the Difference, as to Happiness, would not perhaps be so great, as People in the latter imagine, — if it did not turn in their Favour. Well says the above quoted Manuscript, *We the Discomforts know of what we are, But little think what States superior share.* —

The Gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry to ride ten Miles by Owl-light; for they would not accept of Beds here. They had two *French* Horns with them, and gave us a Blast, or Flourish or two, at going off. Each had a Servant besides: But the Way they were in, would have given me more Concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. *B.* and less used to it. And indeed it is a Happiness, that such Gentlemen take no more Care, than they generally do, to interest any body, intimately, in their Healths and Preservation; for these are all single Men. Nor is the Publick, any more than the Private, under any Necessity to be much concern'd about them; for let such Persons go when they will, if they continue single, their next Heir cannot well be a worse Commonwealth's-man; and there is a great Chance he may be a better.

You know I end my *Saturdays* seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, my dear Miss,

*Your faithful and affectionate P. B.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

*From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. In Answer to Letters XXXV. and XXXVI.*

*My dear Miss Darnford*, I Skip over the little Transactions of several Days, to let you know how much you rejoice me, in telling me *Sir Simon* has been so kind as to comply with my Wishes. Both your charming Letters came to my Hand together, and I thank you an hundred times for them; and I thank your dear Mamma, and *Sir Simon* too, for the Pleasure they have given me in this obliging Permission. How happy shall we be together! But how long will you be permitted to stay, tho'? —All the Winter, I hope: —And then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for *Lincolnshire*, and so pass most of the Summer too in each other's Company. What a sweet Thought is this! —Let me indulge it a little while.

*Mr. B.* read your Letters, and says, You are a charming young Lady, and surpass yourself in every Letter. I told him, that he was more interested in the Pleasure I took in this Favour of *Sir Simon's*, than he imagin'd. As how, my Dear? said he. A plain Case, Sir, reply'd I: For endeavouring to improve myself by *Miss Darnford's* Conversation and Behaviour, I shall every Day be more worthy of your Favour. He kindly would have it, that nobody, no, not *Miss Darnford* herself, excelled me.

'Tis right, you know, Miss, he should think so— tho' I must know nothing at all, if I was not sensible how inferior I am to my dear *Miss Darnford*: And yet, when I look abroad now—and—then, I could be a proud Slut, if I would, and not yield the Palm to many others. —But don't let every body know how vain I am. Yet they may too, if they take in, at the same time, that I have some Excuse, when I have won so happily the Favour of two such Judges, as *Mr. B.* and *Miss Darnford*, and had the good Fortune, too, to rejoice in that of *Lady Davers*, and the Countess of *C.*

Well, my dear Miss,

**SUNDAY**

Is past and gone, as happily as the last; the two Ladies, and, at *their* earnest Request, Sir *Jacob*, bearing us Company, in the Evening Part. My *Polly* was there, Morning and Evening, with her Heart broken almost, poor Girl! —I put her in a Corner of my Closet, because her Concern should not be minded. Mrs. *Jervis* gives me great Hopes of her:—And she seems to abhor the Thought of Mr. *H*. —But as there proves to be so little of real Love in her Heart, tho' even, if there had, she would have been without Excuse—is she not the wickeder by half for that, Miss? To consent, and take *Earnest*, as I may say, to live with a Man, who did not pretend to marry her! —How inexcusable this! —What a Frailty! —Yet so modest in Appearance, so honestly descended, and an Example so much better—forgive me to say—before her— Dear, dear! how could it be!

Sir *Jacob* was much pleased with our Family Order, and said, 'Twas no Wonder I *kept* so good myself, that was his Word, and made others so; and he was of Opinion, that the four Rakes (for he run on, how much they admir'd me) would be converted, if they saw how well I passed my Time, and how chearful and easy every one, as well as myself, was under it. He said, when he came home, he thought he must take such a Method himself in *his* Family; for, he believed, it would make not only better Masters and Mistresses, but better Children, and better Servants too. But, poor Gentleman! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in *himself*, before he can begin such a Practice with Efficacy in his *Family*.

**MONDAY.**

In the Afternoon, Sir *Jacob* took his Leave of us, highly satisfy'd with us both, and *particularly*— so he said—with me; and promised that my *two Cousins*, as he call'd his Daughters—and his Sister, an old Maiden Lady, if they went to Town this Winter, should visit me, and be improved by me— that was his Word. Mr. *B.* accompany'd him some Miles on his Journey, attended by Mr. *Colbrand* and *Abraham*; and the two Ladies, and Lord *Davers*, and I, took an Airing in the Coach.

Mr. *B.* was so kind, as to tell me, when he came home, with a Whisper, that Miss *Goodwin* presented her Duty to me. —I have got a Multitude of fine Things for the dear little Creature, and Mr. *B.* promises to give me a Dairy-house Breakfast, when our Guests are gone.

I inclose the History of this little Charmer , by my Beloved's Consent, since you are to do us the Honour, as he (as well as I) pleases himself, to be one of our Family—But keep it to yourself, whatever you do. I am Guaranty, that you will; and have put it in a separate Paper, that you may burn it as soon as you have read it. —For I shall want your Advice, may-be, on this Subject, having a great Desire to get this Child into my Possession; and yet Lady *Davers* has given me an† Hint, that dwells a little with me. When I have the Pleasure I hope for, I will lay all before you, and be determin'd, and proceed, as far as I have Power, by you. You, my good Father and Mother, know the Story by my former Papers.

**TUESDAY.**

You must know, I pass over the Days thus swiftly, not that I could not fill them up with Writing, as ample as I have done the former: But having a Mind to give you a general Idea of our Way of Life and Conversation, and having gone thro' a whole Week and more, you may judge pretty well, how it is, one Day with another. Now—and—then neighbourly Visits received and paid. Needlework sometimes. Musick now—and—then. Cards sometimes, tho' I don't love them—One more benevolent Round—Improving Conversations with my dear Mr. *B.* and my two good Ladies—A Lesson, when alone, either in *French*, or *Latin*; which my Master always learns me on his Knee—— There's Encouragement! A new Pauper Case or two—A Visit from the good Dean—Mr. *Williams's* Departure, in order to put the new—projected Alteration in Force, which is to deprive me of my Chaplain —By the way the Dean is highly pleased with this Affair, and the Motives for it, Mr. *Adams* being a Favourite of his, and a distant Relation of his Lady—Mr. *H.'s* and *Polly's* mutual Endeavour to avoid one another— My Lessons to the poor Girl, and Cautions, as if she was my Sister— These, my dear Miss, and my honoured Father and Mother, are the pleasant Employments of our Time; so far as we Females are concern'd—for the Gentlemen hunt, ride out, and divert themselves in their way, and bring us home the News and Occurrences they meet with abroad, and now—and—then a straggling Gentleman they pick up in their Diversions. —And so I shall not inlarge upon these Articles, after the tedious Specimens I have given already. Yet the Particulars of one Conversation, possibly, I may give you another Time, when I have least to do, because Three young Ladies, Relations of Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*, were brought to visit me, for the Benefit of my Instructions; for that was the kind Compliment of those Ladies to me.

**WEDNESDAY.**

Could you ever have thought, Miss, that Husbands have a Dispensing Power over their Wives, which Kings are not allowed over the Laws? I have this Day had a smart Debate with Mr. *B.* and I fear it will not be the only one upon this Subject. Can you believe, that if a Wife thinks a Thing her Duty to do, and her Husband does not approve of her doing it, he can dispense with her performing it, and no Sin shall lie at her Door? Mr. *B.* maintains this Point. I have great Doubts about it; particularly one; that if a Matter be my Duty, and he dispenses with my Performance of it, whether, even altho' that were to clear *me* of the Sin, it will not fall upon *himself*? And to be sure, Miss, a good Wife would be as much concern'd at this, as if it was to remain upon *her*. Yet he seems set upon it. What can one do? —Did you ever hear of such a Notion before, Miss? Of such a Prerogative in a Husband? Would you care to subscribe to it? This is one of Mr. *B.*'s Particularities. He has several of them, the Effects, as I take it, of his former too free Life. Polygamy, as I have mentioned heretofore, is another. That is a bad one indeed. Yet he is not so determin'd on this, as he seems to be on the other, in a certain Case, that is too *nice* for me, at present, to explain to you; and so I might as well have taken no Notice of it, as yet—Only the Argument was so present to my Mind: Held within this Hour, and I write a Journal, you know, of what passes. But I will, some time hence, submit it, at least to *your* Judgments, my Father and Mother. You are well read in the Scriptures, and have gone thro' the Occasion often; and both Mr. *B.* and I found our Arguments on Scripture, tho' we are so different in our Opinions. He says, my Ladies are of his Opinion. I'm afraid they are, and so will not ask them. But perhaps, I mayn't live, and other things may happen; and so I'll say no more of it at present.

**THURSDAY.**

My Lady urging me to procure her the Verses you also desire about the Love Quarrel, I this Day prevailed upon Mr. *B.* to favour me with a Sight of them; and he was so kind as to give us the following History of the Parties and the Quarrel.

A fine Gentleman, his Friend, blest with an ample Fortune, and extraordinary Qualities, but not free from Faults as great as his Perfections, principally with regard to Ladies, was approved of by the Parents of a Lady beautiful as a *May* Morning, tender and meek as a Lamb; —and prudent and witty; but so diffident, that she had hardly a Will of her own; which subjected her to Inconveniencies.

The Gentleman made a Campaign, as a Voluntier, having a Fondness for the Military Life, and no Inclination to marry; but being slightly wounded, and coming over to be cured, and the Match being proposed, their Fortunes very great on both Sides, he so well approved the Proposal, and the Lady fell so much in Love with him, that it was in a manner concluded upon.

The Lady's Uncle Sir *G. K.* a Man of a very waspish, positive, and sordid Temper, to whose large Estate, as well as her Father's, the young Lady was Heiress, opposes the Match; it is put off to please him. The Gentleman makes another Campaign. Her Father dies mean time, leaving Sir *G.* her Guardian; but with express Desire to see her marry'd to that Gentleman, and no other. Sir *G.* endeavours to bring about another Match for the Lady, with a Man of Quality, notwithstanding his Brother's Desire; but the Lady, who had fixed her Affections on the Gentleman, rejects the Proposal: And her Lover coming over at the End of the Campaign, the Lady consents to perform her Father's Will; a Will so conformable to her own Inclinations; but would not fix the Day, till he had made up with her Uncle, and got his Consent; which the old spiteful Knight was resolved not to give, and, for a great while, the Gentleman not to ask, despising the Knight, and having a Spirit above suppling himself to an unworthy Mind for sordid Interest sake.

At last, however, she prevails: Her Lover, with no good Will, resolves to court Sir *George*, who, to have a Pretence to break the Matter off, treats him with great Indignity, setting his Servants to insult him. This the young Gentleman resenting, the Knight following him with Outrage to the Top of a Pair of Stairs, he twirled him from Top to Bottom almost; and sprain'd the Knight's Foot in the Fall, and went away with Indignation.

This being reported to the Lady, who lived not at that Time with Sir *George*, but at her paternal Seat, and being greatly aggravated to her, she flies to her Uncle, resolves to break with her Lover, and takes up her Residence with Sir *George* for a while; the old Knight keeping up her Resentment, and prevailing on her to refuse Access to the Man to whom she was betrothed, believing, poor Lady! that her Affections were more in her own Power than she afterwards found them, to her Sorrow. For she carry'd the Point so far, renouncing him, thro' fresh Aggravations invented against him, tho', indeed, he had formerly given himself too great Liberties, that he went abroad again, giving her quite for lost, and enter'd into other Engagements, which made them both unhappy to the End of their Lives.

This is the Introduction, as briefly as I can give it; now come the Verses, in a Letter from the Lover, when abroad, to his Friend, who knew the whole Transaction. Fain would'st thou, O my Friend, thou say'st, in Verse, Have me my last short Interview rehearse With *my MARIA*. Once I thought her so! But can a Mind surcharg'd with so much Woe, Harmoniously, in easy Numbers flow? But yet, to shew your Pow'r, and my Esteem, Hard tho' it be, your Choice shall fix my Theme. By various Means, in vain, I'd oft essay'd To see and pacify the angry Maid: With idle Tales still the malicious Knight Keeps up her Wrath, and hides her from my Sight. The more I beg, the humbler I appear, The haughtier still's the too resenting Fair. Proud of her Pow'r, she makes me meanly sue, Nor doubts to bring me to her Uncle's View. Thus barr'd Access, I by a common Friend My Innocence endeavour to defend. Our Friend reports her Temper fix'd. I find A way by Letter to express my Mind. The haughty Maid still with such Anger burns, The Seal unbroke, the suppliant Scroll returns. What can I do? I hate myself to find Such vile unwonted Meanness in my Mind. For well thou know'st, till so much Excellence Engag'd my Soul, I scorn'd dull Wedlock's Fence. And, but I thought, the Charmer met my Flame, Had never wish'd to propagate my Name.

Is not this very insolent, Miss? Did he not deserve *some* Punishment? But it seems, he had a most noble Mind,

great and good Qualities, tho' intermingled with bad ones; as it is observable, that those who have great Beauties of Mind, have often great Defects; and that Persons of Parts seldom commit *small* Faults. You'll find, however, that one Reason (tho' he puts it not ungenerously) for his Pride of Spirit, to the Lady, is, he thinks, she loves him; and that to be sure she did, or else a Lady of her Virtue would not have been betrothed to him with her own Consent. Thus he proceeds; making her, however, more oblig'd to his Generosity, than Affection, as one would think. Now fearful, that if I my former View, The savage military Life, pursue, The charming Maid, (my Innocence too late Appearing) should lament her new-born Hate, And her soft Mind, with Love's Extreme annoy'd, Unable to support her present Pride, Returning Love should feel, and she should grieve To find me gone, and lost beyond Retrieve: Charge to herself the Ills that might attend The vagrant Life of so sincere a Friend; Lest this should be the Case, I write once more, And, humbly, her returning Love implore: Protest my Innocence; beg to be heard, And claim, but as I make it clear, Regard: Then fix a Time for th' angry Fair to prove The happy Impulse of rekindled Love: And vow, if after that, she hold her Hate, To quit my Suit, and seek a kinder Fate.

This, I resolve, myself, if Speech deny'd, Humbly to offer at her Chariot-side, Next Morn, if she, as usual, shall repair To the delightful Downs, to take the Air. Accordingly, I mount my Steed next Morn, About the Time she us'd the Meads t'adorn. The Fair-one comes!—Submissive I approach. But Oh! her watchful Dragon's in the Coach. "Good Morrow, Polly!" —*John*, more gently drive— "How can you thus my honest Nature grieve? Too well you know your Pow'r! But, lovely'st Maid, Sure, you've not learnt your Tyrant Sex's Trade! O let me not your Scorn the rather meet, Because you see me prostrate at your Feet! You know my Temper: Long I cannot bear Hard Usage, ev'n from You. Once taught Despair, I'm lost for ever!" — *Be you ever lost! Who finds you next, will find you to their Cost*, Her Uncle interrupts. Mean time, I spy, I think, Compassion in her down-cast Eye; But yet the charming Maid makes no Reply. Her throbbing Breasts, thought I, her Mind confess: She sighs; but would her struggling Sighs suppress. This way, and that, she looks with wild Amaze, And down her Cheeks a Pearl escaped strays. But soon, alas! this hopeful Dawn's o'ercast: The beamy Sunshine was too gay to last. *Where are you, Niece?* Her sordid Uncle cries: *Can be, who'd murder me, delight your Eyes?* I saw her Temper hard'ning, as I thought, And her full Mind with various Passions fraught; Still more and more insulted by the Knight, I fear'd to act some Rashness in her Sight: So, fresh Offence t'avoid, I in her Lap, With Air submissive, the fond Letter drop.

This the Lady, as you'll hear, throws out of the Coach. To be sure, as Things had proceeded between them, in a Case of Betrothment, and she had acknowleg'd her Love to him, it was enough to provoke such a high Spirit. —And see how her Conduct surprises him: But can it be believ'd! —*I saw't!* —These Eyes, Beheld the Fair, with Rage unwonted, rise, *Self-mov'd!* The Act *her own!* —Mine the Reproach! Whirl it, with wild Disdain, from out the Coach! My Servant takes it up. —Judge my Surprize! — Indeed I hardly could believe my Eyes. How art thou chang'd, O charming Maid! Canst thou So soon forget, what thou so late didst vow? Can idle Tales so much reverse my Fate? And so much Love so soon be turn'd to Hate? But yet, I think, Extremes can never last, The Maid's all Softness. —When this Storm is past, Her Error seen, Love will again return, And then she'll with more gen'rous Ardor burn. This Rub surmounted, sweet 'twill be to tell The diff'rent Passions that our Bosoms swell! Sweet will it be to hear the Charmer own Her faulty Wrath, and in my Bosom moan The Pangs she gave me; promise future Guard Against my Foes, and all those Pangs reward! Once more I'll try. But how, or when, or where, Can I have wish'd Access? The House of Pray'r, When next she visits; all serene her Mind; Hopeful (for who not Mercy wants?) to find The gracious God of Mercy, Peace, and Love, Propitious to her earnest Wishes prove: When she has offer'd up her Pray'rs to Heav'n, And hopes, as she forgives, to be forgiv'n. Here I'll present my self, and once more try, If my Fate's fix'd, and if I cannot spy Some Rays relenting in her soften'd Eye. But if her usual Piety, the Place, The Holy Service, alter not the Case, Well may I then conclude no Hope is left, And that her Heart of Love to me's bereft: Well may I then my former Schemes pursue, And bid for ever Love and Her Adieu. When the next happy Sabbath, set apart To mend the Mind, and purify the Heart, Oft-wish'd, arrives, impatient I repair With decent Equipage to th' House of Pray'r. As up the Ayle, with Mind disturb'd, I walk, I find our Diff'rence made the Gentry's Talk. See there! —for so they said — the handsome 'Squire! See! see! his lovely Mistress all on Fire! See! whisper they, she cannot stand his Sight! O born to plague each other, and delight! I take my Seat. Sh' averts her Face. Thought I, This sweet Emotion, sure, should give me Joy: She can't indifferent be; much less can hate The Man who can this soft Distress create. Well, I forgive thee, Charmer; and I know Too much of Love, to make thee stoop too low. I see thou lov'st me still. All, all, I fear, Is that vile Demon Uncle at

thy Ear.

He then gives a pretty Description of the Country Lads and Lasses at Church; and ends it with a Reflection, that shews, had the Lady been less diffident of herself, more diffident of those who hated her Lover, and had placed a greater Confidence in the Man she lov'd, they might have been very happy together, for he could not surely have a bad Heart, who could write thus. It seems, he was Patron of the Church: Thus he says, I then look round, and pleas'd, behold the Swains And guileless Nymphs, whom no vile Action stains;

I made *Polly* read this Piece to me, to see I transcrib'd it right; and when she came to this last Line, she was cover'd, poor Girl! with Blushes. — Read that again, *Polly*.

*And guileless Nymphs*, (read she, blushing and weeping) *whom no— whom no — vile — vile— Action — stains!* With wholesome Cheeks, and neat from Top to Toe, Trip to their Benches, a delightful Row. And tho', as Patron, I've an upper Seat, I join in Pray'r with them, and God intreat, That at the last Account, in the Great Day, When all Distinction's set aside, I may Be found as worthy (and be bless'd) as they.

Then follow the Lines I gave you in a former Letter; which will bear repeating. But Oh! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my Fair Robs thee of my Devoir, disturbs my Pray'r, Confounds my best Resolves, and makes me prove, That she's too much a Rival in thy Love! But better Thoughts my happier Hopes suggest, When once this stormy Doubt's expell'd my Breast; When once this agitated Flame shall turn To steadier Heat, and more intensely burn, My dear *Maria* then, thought I, will join, And we, one Heart, one Soul, shall all be thine. The Service ended, oft, in vain, I watch A side-long Look, or stollen Glance to catch: I'm glad, thought I, thyself thou *dar'st* not trust, Nor glance this Way, for fear thou shouldst be just To both our Passions. But this open War Take care, my Fair, thou carry'st not too far. Once could I think thy Sex in thee too strong, Fair as thou art, I could not bear it long. I see I must go first. The stubborn Maid Moves not her trembling Feet, nor turns her Head. Mean-soul'd Sir *George!* I see thee as thou art: Thy rage-swoln Face displays thy ranc'rous Heart, Trembling with Malice, and a thousand Fears, Thou'rt safe beneath the Refuge of thy Years. The Charmer mine thou know'st; and must my Fate In doubtful Balance hang for thy Estate? And can the lovely Maid so sordid be To bow herself, and hope to supple me To Views so mean?—Empire itself can't have Attractions strong enough my Mind t'enslave. If this must be the Case, my Fair, Adieu! I wo'not stoop thus low,—not ev'n for You! I quit my Seat, and, ere I'm well aware, Bow to the Pew, that holds th' averted Fair; Walk slowly down. My Tenants in a Row, With grateful Blessings, hail me as I go: For, well thou know'st, by no Rack-rents opprest, They're honest to their Landlord and their Priest.

The Meaning of this Mr. *B.* explain'd, That it was the Gentleman's Custom, whenever he granted or renewed a Lease, which he always did without exacting a Fine of the Descendants of the old Tenants to the Estate, to remind the Tenant, that he lett him but Nine Parts of his Farm, that he might think himself concern'd in Conscience to pay the Tenth where due. A Method Mr. *B.* always takes on the like Occasions. As thro' the Porch, to trifle Time, I pass, Call by their Name each neighb'ring Lad and Lass, Ask honest *Roger*, how my Godson thrives; If ready for his second Coat? —The Wives I see not, of their Health inquire. —I know What keeps 'em hence! —Ha, *William*, i'n't it so? Increasing Blessings! —Ah! your Honour's right! When was she brought to Bed? —At Ten last Night. What has God sent her? —Oh! a thumping Boy! Welcome the little Stranger! —Give her Joy From me. Tell her, I'll not forget her; And ev'ry Day be sure you love her better!

It seems, Miss, that if he stood not himself, or procur'd not Gossips for the Christening of the Children of his poorer Tenants, he always sent them a large rich Cake, and good Store of Sugar, Sack, and October, on the Occasion. What pity such good Qualities had any Intermixtures! Now comes the haughty Maid, (led by the Knight) So late my Joy, my Rapture and Delight. Her sullen Aspect, well I see, reveals She cherishes: Resentment, thro' false Tales, And balances my Love in Passion's partial Scales. The tim'rous Knight, conscious of his Deserts, Quits the fair Prize, and to the Chariot starts. Her half-unwilling Hand I seize, to lead Her to her Chariot; and thus, whisp'ring, plead: "O hear me, *Polly!* —Shall the partial Knight, Thy half-soul'd Uncle, banish me thy Sight? Conscious of native Honour, faithful, , My Soul's high-set, and cannot meanly sue. 'Tis not my Happiness I wish alone, In seeking thee; but, Heav'n's my Judge, thy own. Our Fortunes, Fam'lies, thy dear Parents Will, All give thee mine: And, pardon, if I've Skill, Thy own kind Wishes: Yea, thy plighted Vows Confirm the Choice: Thou canst no other 'spouse. Faults black enough, I own, my Life have curst: But Oh! long since, dear Maid, thou'st known the worst. Against myself I've always own'd the Truth, And thou'st forgiv'n the

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Lapses of my Youth." With Scorn she turns her lovely Face—"No more Urge thy vain Suit: But quit my Chariot—Door; If e'er I wish'd thee well, know, now, my Hate Exceeds my former Love—I'm fix'd as Fate!"

"One Visit more permit. If I not prove I'm greatly wrong'd, for e'er renounce my Love. I'd clear the Matter up:—Indeed I'm loth To take such Measures as may hurt us both. When, past Recall, thou find'st my Innocence, Thou'lt wish thou'dst heard me in my own Defence." "Go where thou wilt; so I ne'er see thee more: Nor hear thy Name once mention'd in my Door, I shall be happy." "Happy may'st thou be, Whatever Fate betides unhappy me! In Twelve diurnal Suns, if I not hear Thou'st chang'd thy Mind, I surely disappear. The Wand'rer then takes place, and thou in vain Shalt wish th' unhappy Fugitive again." With fix'd Disdain she to her Chariot flings, Draws up the Glass, and leaves me, with a thousand Stings. Adieu, dear Maid!—May ne'er returning Love Give thee this Action rash to disapprove! Unhappy wilt thou be; nor blame me for't, If thou th' Heroine still canst not support. I'll stay the promis'd Time. But faintly burns That Love which not in Twelve Days Space returns. Forgive, my Friend, this tedious Scrawl. 'Tis hard To quit the Subjects of our first Regard. Once Love takes place, no other Subject shares Our Thoughts: For Love absorbs all other Cares. I turn about; assume a sprightly Air, Salute the Gentry round, to hide my Care; Haste to my Chariot, with the Rev'rend Priest; With chearful Visage, but with Heart opprest. The Gentry censure, as they pass along, Th' unusual Scene; nor less the rural Throng. Some sad Offence, they cry, must sure be meant, That so much Sweetness could so much resent. Some say, 'T was this; some, That: Some lay't to Spite; But most agree to blame the ranc'rous Knight. But each young Lady does her Triumph show That Lady *L.* has brought his Pride so low. "Our Sex is well reveng'd," the Fair-ones cry: "Look to't, how ye offend." Their Lovers by, The threat'ning Fan, and the arch Look revere, And my unwonted Tameness justly jeer. Now, my best Friend, I'm got to Foreign Shores, I charge thee tell me not, the Fair deplores Her Rashness past: that Love once more returns In her soft Breast: But that her Wrath still burns; Still hardens her dear Heart: Believes m' Offence, And banishes my Love for ever thence! For, Oh! should she relent, one Torment know, Now 'tis too late, 'twould fill my Mind with Woe. Preserve her, bounteous Heav'n! conserve her free From ev'ry Thought of Love, and ev'ry Thought of me, Till you shall raise for her some finish'd Youth, Worthy, if Man can be, her Charms, her Truth, Her Piety. And may the Fair-one see Those many happy Years, she hoped once with me!

I expect, Miss, you will thank me for this Piece, which is in no other Hand, and was not so much as transcribed before by any body. But Mr. *B.* was so obligingly kind to us both, as to say, He would deny nothing to me, that he thought would enable me to give Miss *Darnford* Pleasure.

**FRIDAY.**

Mr. *H.* and my Lord and Lady *Davers*, and the excellent Countess of C—, having left us this Day, a good deal to my Regret, and, as it seemed to their own, the former put the following Letter into my Hands, with an Air of Respect, and even Reverence.

*'Dear good Madam,* I Cannot content myself with common Thanks, on leaving yours and Mr. *B.*'s hospitable House, because of *that there* Affair, which I need not mention; and truly am *ashamed* to mention, as I *have been* to look you in the Face, ever since it happen'd. I don't know *how it came about*; but I thought but at first of *Joking* a little *or so*; and seeing *Polly* heard me with more Attentiveness than I expected, I was encouraged to proceed; and *so*, now I recollect, it *came about*.

'But she is innocent for me; and I don't know how *that* came about neither; for we were out one Moon-light Night together, in the Garden, walking about, and afterwards took a *Nap* of two Hours, I believe, in the Summer-house in the little Garden, being over-powered with Sleep; for I would make her lay her Head upon my Breast, till, before we were aware, we fell asleep together. But before that, we had agreed on what you discover'd.

'This is the whole Truth, and all the Intimacies we ever had, *to speak of*. But I believe we should have been better acquainted, had you not, luckily *for me!* prevented it, by being at home, when we thought you abroad. For I was to come to her when she hemm'd *two or three times*; for having made a Contract, you know, Madam, it was natural enough to take the first Occasion to put it in Force.

'She could not keep her own Secret, and may have told you more, perhaps, than is : So what I write is to *clear myself*; and to tell you, how sorry I am, in such a good House as yours, and where there is so much Godliness, that I should ever be *drawn away* to have a Thought to dishonour it. But I will take care of being overfamiliar for the future with *Underlings*; for see, how a Man may be *taken in!* —If she had resented it at first, when I began to kiss her, *or so*, (for, you know, we young Fellows, will take Liberties sometimes where they don't become us, to our own Disparagements chiefly, *that's* ) I should have had an *Awe* upon me; or if she had *told you*; or but *said* she would; I should have *flown*, as soon as had any Thoughts further about *the matter*. —But what had one of our Sex to do, *you know*, Madam, when they find *little* Resistance, and that she would *stand quietly*, and *tell no Tales*, and make no *great Struggle*, and not keep out of *one's Way* neither, but to *dilly-dally on*, till one brought it to more than one at first intended?

'Poor *Polly!* I pity her too. Don't think the worse of her, dear Madam, so as to turn her away, because it may be her Ruin. I don't desire to see her. *I* might have been *drawn in* to do strange foolish things, and been ruin'd at the long Run; for who knows where this thing might have ended? My *Uncle* would have never seen me. My *Father* too (his Lordship you know, Madam, is a very *cross Man*, and never lov'd *me much*) might have cut off the Intail. My *Aunt* would have despis'd me, and scorn'd me. I should have been her foolish Fellow in *Earnest*, not in *Jest*, as now. *You* would have resented it, and Mr. *B.* who knows? might have called me to Account, (for he is bloody *passionate*, I saw that at the Hall, and has fought two or three Duels, as I have heard) for abusing the *Freedom of his House*, and breaking the Laws of Hospitality, as you told me; and so, it is not unlikely, I might have dy'd *like a Dog in a Ditch*; and there would have been an End of a noble Family, that have been Peers of the Realm Time out of Mind. What a sad thing would this have been! A *publick* as well as *private* Loss: For you know, Madam, what my Lady Countess said, and nobody says better things, or knows more of the Matter, than her Ladyship, That every Peer of the Realm is a Jewel in the Crown. A fine Saying! God grant I may keep it in Mind, when my *Time comes*, and my Father shall *happen to die!*

'Well, but, good Madam, can you forgive me? You see how happy I am in my Disappointment. But I must take another Sheet of Paper. —I did not think to write so much;—for I don't love it: But on this Occasion, know not how to leave off. —I hope you can read my Letter: I know I write a *clumsy* Hand, and *spell most lamentably*; for I never had a Talent for these things. I was readier by half to admire the *Orchard-robbing Picture* in *Lily's* Grammar, than any other Part of the Book. Excuse my Nonsense, Madam: But many a time have I help'd to fill a *Satchel*; and always supposed that Picture was put there on purpose to tell Boys what Diversions are *allowed* them, and are *proper* for them. Several of my School-fellows took it for granted, as well as I, and we could never reconcile it to our Reason, why we should be punished for *practising* a Lesson *taught* us by our Grammars.

'But, hey, whither am I running! I never writ to you before, and never may again, unless you, or Mr. *B.* command it, for your Service. So pray excuse me, Madam.

I know I need give no Advice to *Polly*, to take care of *first* Encouragements. Poor Girl! she might have suffer'd sadly, as well as I. —For if my Father, and my Uncle and Aunt, had requir'd me to turn her off, you know it would have been undutiful to have refus'd them, notwithstanding our Bargain. And Want of Duty to them would have been to have added Fault to Fault: As you once observed, I remember, that one Fault never comes alone, but draws after it generally five or six, to hide or vindicate it, and *they* every one perhaps as many more *each*.

I shall neyer forget several of your wise Sayings. I have been vex'd, may I be *hang'd* if I have not, many a time, that I could not make such Observations as you make; who am so much *older* too, and a *Man* besides, and a *Peer's Son*, and a *Peer's Nephew*! But my Talents lie *another way*; and by that time my Father dies, I hope to improve myself, in order to *cut* such a Figure, as may make me be no Disgrace to my *Name* or *Country*; for I shall have one Benefit over many young Lords; that I shall be more fond of making *Observations* than *Speeches*, and so shall improve of course, you know.

'Well, but what is all this to the Purpose? —I will keep close to my Text; and that is, to thank you, dear Madam, for all the Favours I have received in your House; to thank you for disappointing me, and for convincing me, in *so kind*, yet so *shaming* a manner, how wrong I was in the Matter of *that Polly*; and for not exposing my Folly to any body but *myself* (for I should have been ready to *hang* myself, if you had); and to beg your Pardon for it, and to assure you, that I will never offer the like as long as I breathe. I am, Madam, with the greatest Respect,

*Your most obliged, most faithful, and most obedient humble Servant, J. H.*

'Pray excuse Blots and Blurs.'

Well, Miss *Darnford*, what shall we say to this fine Letter? —You'll allow it to be an Original, I hope. Yet, may-be not. For how does one know, but it may be as well written and as sensible a Letter as this Class of People generally write? —But what then shall we be able to say for such poor Creatures of our Sex as are *taken in*, as Mr. *H.* calls it, by such pretty Fellows as this; who if they may happen to write better, hardly think better, or design to act better, and are not so soon brought to Repentance, and Promises of Amendment?

Mr. *H.* dresses well, is not a contemptible Figure of a Man, laughs, talks, where he can be heard, and his Aunt is not present;—and *cuts*, to use his own Word, a considerable Figure in a Country Town— But see—Yet I will not say what I might—He is Lord *Davers's* Nephew; and if he makes his *Observations*, and *forbears* his *Speeches*, I mean, can be silent, and only laugh when he sees somebody of more Sense laugh, and never *approve* or *condemn* but in *Leading-strings*, he may, possibly, pass in a Croud of Gentlemen. —But poor, poor *Polly Barlow*! What *can* I say for *Polly Barlow*?

I have a Time in View, when, possibly, my Papers may fall under the Inspection of a dear Gentleman, to whom, next to God, I am accountable for all my Actions and Correspondencies; so I will either write an Account of the Matter, and seal it up, separately, for Mr. *B.* or, at a proper Opportunity, will break it to him, and let him know (under Secrecy, if I can engage him to promise it) the Steps I took in it; for fear something should arise hereafter, when I cannot answer for myself, to render any thing dark or questionable in it. A Method I believe very proper to be taken by every marry'd Lady; and I presume the rather to say so, having had a good Example for it: For I have often thought of a little seal'd-up Parcel of Papers, my Lady made me burn in her Presence about a Month before she dy'd. — They are, *Pamela*, said she, such as I have no Reason to be concern'd about, let who will see them, could they know the Springs and Causes of them: But, for Want of a Clue, my Son might be at a Loss what to think of several of those Letters, were he to find them, in looking over my other Papers, when I am no more.

Let me add, that nothing could be more endearing than our Parting with our noble Guests. My Lady repeated her Commands for what she often engaged me to promise, that is to say, to renew the Correspondence begun between us, so much (as she was pleased to say) to her Satisfaction.

I could not help shewing her Ladyship, who was always inquiring after my Writing Employment, most of what pass'd between you and me, Miss; and she admires you much, and wish'd Mr. *H.* had more Wit, that was her Word: She should in that Case, she said, be very glad, to set on Foot a Treaty between you and him.

But that, I fancy, can never be tolerable to you, and I only mention it *en passant*. —There's a *French* Woman for you!

The Countess was full of her kind Wishes for my Happiness; and my Lady *Davers* told me, That if I could give them timely Notice, she would be present on a *certain* Occasion.

But, my dear Miss, what could I say? —I know nothing of the Matter! —Only, that I am a sad Coward, and have a thousand Anxieties, which I cannot mention to any body.

But, if I have such in the honourable Estate of Matrimony, what must those poor Souls have, who have been seduced, and have all Manner of Reason to apprehend, that the Crime shall be followed by a Punishment so *natural* to it? A Punishment *in kind*, as I may say; which if it only ends in Forfeiture of Life, following the Forfeiture of Fame, must be thought merciful and happy beyond Expectation; for how shall they lay Claim to the Hope that is given to Persons in their Circumstance, that *they shall be saved in Child-bearing*, since the Condition is, *if they continue in Faith and Charity, and Holiness with Sobriety?*

Now, my honoured Mother, and my dear Miss, since I am upon this affecting Subject, does not this Text seem to give a comfortable Hope to a virtuous Woman who shall die in this Circumstance, that she shall be happy in the Divine Mercies? For the Apostle, in the Context, says, That he *suffers not a Woman to teach, nor to usurp Authority over the Man, but to be in Silence*—And what is the Reason he gives? Why, a Reason that is a natural Consequence of the Curse on the first Disobedience, that she shall be in Subjection to her Husband. —For, says he, *Adam was not deceived; but the Woman, being deceived, was in the Transgression*. As much as to say, "Had it not been for the Woman, *Adam* had kept his Integrity, and therefore her Punishment shall be, as it is said, *I will greatly multiply thy Sorrow in thy Conception: In Sorrow shalt thou bring forth Children,—and thy Husband shall rule over thee*. But nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the Sharpness of thy Sorrow, thy Death shall be deemed to be such an Alleviation of thy Part of the intailed Transgression, that thou shalt *be saved*, if thou hast continued in Faith, and Charity, and Holiness with Sobriety."

This, my honoured Parents, and my dear Friend, is *my* Paraphrase; and I reap no small Comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself; and, my dear Miss, perhaps, frighten you from entering into a State, in which our poor Sex suffer so much, from the Bridal Morning, let it rise as gayly as it will upon a thoughtful Mind, to that affecting Circumstance, (throughout its whole Progression) for which nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy Husband can make them any Part of Amends. —And when one *is* so bless'd, one has so many Fears added to one's Sorrows; and so much Apprehension, thro' human Frailty, of being separated from so beloved a Partner, that a body had need of all one's Fortitude to support one's self. But may—be I am the weakest and most apprehensive of my Sex—May—be I am! —And when one sees how common the Case is, and yet how few die in it; how uneasy many Ladies are *not* to be in this Circumstance, (my good Lady *Davers* particularly, at times) and *Rachel* and *Hannah* in Holy Writ; and then how a childless Estate might lessen one in the Esteem of one's Husband, one ought to bring these Considerations in Balance, and to banish needless Fears. And so I will, if I can.

But a Word or two more, as to the parting with our honoured Guests. I was a little indispos'd, and my Ladies would excuse me, against my Will, from attending them in the Coach some Miles, which their dear Brother did. Both Ladies most tenderly saluted me, twice and thrice apiece, folding their kind Arms about me, and wishing my Safety and Health, and charging me to *think* little, and *hope* much; for they saw me thoughtful at times, tho' I endeavoured to hide it from them.

My Lord *Davers* was pleased to say, with a Goodness of Temper that is his Peculiar, My dearest, dear Sister,—May God preserve you! —and multiply your Comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, tho' I have so much more need of it! —I *must* leave you—But I leave a Lady that I love and honour next to Lady *Davers*, and ever shall.

Mr. *H.* looked conscientiously silly. —I can say nothing, Madam—but (saluting me) that I shall never forget your Goodness to me. —Adding, in his frothy Way, Now can I say, I have saluted an Angel, if ever there was an Angel on Earth.

I had before, in Mrs. *Jervis's* Parlour, taken Leave of Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*, my Lady's Women: They each, stole, as it were, at the same time, a Hand of mine, and kissed it, begging Pardon, as they said, for the Freedom. But I answer'd, taking each by her Hand, and kissing her, I shall always think of you with Pleasure, my good Friends, for you have encouraged me constantly by your Presence in my private Duties. And may God bless you, and the worthy Families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!

They turned away with Tears, and Mrs. *Worden* would have said something to me, but could not. — Only both taking Mrs. *Jervis* by her Hand, Happy, happy, Mrs. *Jervis!* said they, almost in a Breath. — And happy, happy I, too, repeated I, in my Mrs. *Jervis*, and in such kind and worthy Well-wishers as Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*. Wear this, Mrs. *Worden*; wear this, Mrs. *Lesley*, for my sake; — And I gave each of them a Ring, with a Crystal and Brilliants set about it, which my dearest Mr. *B.* had bought a Week before for this very Purpose; for he has a great Opinion of both the good Folks, and often praised their Prudence, and their quiet and respectful Behaviour to every body, so different from the Impertinence, that was his Word, of most Ladies Women, who are Favourites.

Mrs. *Jervis* said, I have enjoyed many happy Hours in your Conversation, Mrs. *Worden* and Mrs. *Lesley*: I shall miss you very much.

I must endeavour, said I, taking her Hand, to make it up to you, my good Friend, as well as I can. And of late we have not had so many Opportunities together as I should have wished, had I not been so agreeably engaged as you know. — So we must each try to comfort the other, when we have lost, I such noble, and you such worthy Guests.

Mrs. *Jervis's* honest Heart, before touched by the Parting, shew'd itself at her Eyes—Wonder not, my good Friends, said I, to the two Gentle-women, wiping with my Handkerchief her venerable Cheeks, that I always endeavour thus to dry up all my good Mrs. *Jervis's* Tears; and then I kissed her, thinking of you, my dear Mother; and I was forced to withdraw a little abruptly, lest I should be too much moved myself, because I was going up to our noble Guests, who, had they inquired into the Occasion, would perhaps have thought it derogatory (tho' I should not) to my present Station, and too much retrospecting to my former.

I could not, in Conversation between Mr. *B.* and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable Characters of our noble Guests, and of their Behaviour and Kindness to me, help observing, that I had little expected, from some Hints which formerly dropt from Mr. *B.* to find my good Lord *Davers* so polite and so sensible a Nobleman.

He is a very good-natur'd Man, reply'd Mr. *B.* I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful Words of him. But it was the Effect of Passion, at the Time, and with a View to two or three Points of his Conduct in publick Life; for which I took the Liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory Excuses. One of these, I remember particularly, was in a Conference between a Committee of each House of Parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a Gentleman so nearly ally'd to me by Marriage; for all he could talk of, was the Dignity of their House, when the Reason of the Thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my Lot to answer what he said; which I did with some Asperity, which occasioned a Coolness between us for some Time.

But no Man makes a better Figure in private Life than Lord *Davers*; especially now, that my Sister's good Sense has got the better of her Passions, and she can behave with tolerable Decency towards him. For, formerly, *Pamela*, it was not so; the Violence of her Spirit making him appear in a Light too little advantageous either to his Quality or Merit. But now his Lordship improves upon me every time I see him.

You know not, my Dear, continued Mr. *B.* what a Disgrace a haughty and passionate Woman brings upon her Husband, and upon herself too, in the Eye of her own Sex, as well as ours. Nay, even those Ladies, who would be as glad of Dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the Man *most*, who suffers it.

And let me tell you, my *Pamela*, said the dear Gentleman, with an Air that shew'd he was satisfy'd with his own Conduct in this Particular, that you cannot imagine how much a Lady owes to her Husband, as well with regard to *her own* Peace of Mind, as to *both* their Reputations, (however it may go against the Grain with her sometimes) if he be a Man, who has Discretion to keep her incroaching Passions under a genteel and reasonable Controul!

How do you like this Doctrine, Miss? —I'll warrant you believe, that I could do no less, than drop Mr. *B.* one of my best Court'sies, in Acknowledgement of my Obligation to him, for so considerately preserving to me *my* Peace of Mind, and *my* Reputation, as well as *his own*, in this Case.

But after all, when one duly weighs the Matter, I can't tell but what he says may be right in the main; for I have not been able to contradict him, partial as I am to my Sex, when he has pointed out to me Instances in the Behaviour of certain Ladies, who, like Children, the more they have been humour'd, the more humoursome they have grown; which must have occasion'd as great Uneasiness to themselves, as to their Husbands. Will you excuse me, Miss? —This is between ourselves; for I did not own as much to Mr. *B.* —For one should not give up

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one's Sex you know, if one can help it; for the Men will be as apt to impose, as the Ladies to inroach, I doubt.

Well but here, my honoured Father and Mother, and my dear Miss *Darnford*, at last, I end my Journal-wise Letters, as I may call them; our noble Guests being gone, and our Time and Employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in the past Days, of which I have given an Account.

If any thing new or uncommon, or more particularly affecting to me than usual, occurs, I shall not fail to trouble you with it, as I have Opportunity. But I have now my Correspondence with Lady *Davers* to resume; and how shall I do about that? —Oh! I can easily tell; It is but trespassing a little on your indulgent Allowance for me, my ever-dear Parents—And you, my dear Miss, will find it a Relief, instead of an Occasion for Regret, to be eased of a great many Impertinencies, which I write to you in my Heart's Confidence, and in the Familiarity of Friendship—Besides, I shall have the Happiness of changing our Paper-Correspondence into personal Conversation with you, when at *London* —And what a sweet Change for me will that be! —I will end with the joyful Thought; and with the Assurance, that I am,

*My dearest Father and Mother, and best-beloved Miss, Your dutiful and affectionate P. B.*

LETTER XXXIX.

*My dear Miss Darnford*, I hear that Mrs. *Jewkes* is in no good State of Health. I am very sorry for it. I pray for her Life, that she may be a Credit (if it please God) to the Penitence she has so lately assumed. — For if she die, it will look discouraging to some thoughtless Minds, who penetrate not the Methods. Providence takes with its poor Creatures, that as soon as she had changed her Manner of Living, and was in a reformed State, she was taken away: Tho' 'tis certain, that a Person is fittest to die, when worthiest to live. And what a Mercy will it be to her, if she should *not* live long, that she saw her Errors, and repented before 'twas too late?

Do, my dear *good Miss*; vouchsafe to the poor Soul the Honour of a Visit: She may be low-spirited — She may be too much sunk with the Recollection of past Things—Comfort, with that Sweetness which is so natural to Miss *Darnford*, her drooping Heart, and let her know, that I have a Concern for her, and give it her in Charge to take care of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her Health or Peace of Mind.

You'll pardon me, my dear Miss, that I put you upon such an Office; an Office indeed unsuitable from a Lady in your Station, to one in hers; but not to your Piety and Charity, where a Duty so eminent as that of visiting the Sick, and chearing the doubting Mind, is in the Question.

I know your Condescension will give her great Comfort, and if she should be hastening to her Account, what a Pleasure will it give such a Lady as you, to have illuminated a benighted Mind, when it was tottering on the Verge of Life!

But I hope she will get the better of her Indisposition, and live many Years a thankful Monument of God's Mercies, and to do more Good by her Example in the latter Part of her Life, than she may possibly have done Evil in the former.

I know she will want no spiritual Help from good Mr. *Peters*; but then the kind Notice of so generally esteem'd a young Lady, will raise her more than can be imagined; for there is a Tenderness, a Sympathy, in the good Persons of our Sex to one another, that (while the best of the other seem but to act as in Office, saying to one those Things, which, tho' edifying and convincing, one is not certain proceeds not rather from the Fortitude of their Minds, than the Tenderness of their Natures) mingles from Sex to Sex with one's very Spirits, thins the animal Mass, and runs thro' one's Heart, in the same lify Current (I can't cloathe my Thought suitably to express what I *would* express) giving Assurance as well as Pleasure in the most arduous Cases, and brightening our misty Prospects, till we see the Sun of Righteousness rising on the Hills of Comfort, and dispelling the heavy Fogs of Doubt and Diffidence.

This it is makes me wish and long as I do, for the Company of my dear Miss *Darnford*. O when shall I see you? When shall I? —To speak to *Circumstance*, it is *all I long for*; and, pardon my Freedom of Expression, as well as Thought, when I let you know in this Instance, how *early* I experience the *ardent Longings* of one in the Way I am in.

But I ought not to set my Heart upon any thing that is not in my own Power, and which may be subject to Accidents, and the Controul of others. But, let whatever Interventions happen, so I have your *Will* to come, I must be rejoiced in your kind Intention, altho' your *Power* should not prove answerable.

And now, my dearest honoured Mother, let me tell you, that I build no small Consolation in the Hope, that I shall; on a certain Occasion, have your Presence, and be strengthened by your Advice and Comfortings. For this was a Proposal of the best and most considerate of Gentlemen, who is every Day, if he but sees the least Thoughtfulness upon my Brow, studying to say or to do something to dispel it. But I believe it is the grateful Sense I have of his Goodness to me, that makes me thus over-anxious: For the Apprehensions of a Separation from such an excellent Husband, from Hopes so chearing, Prospects so delightful, must at times affect one, let one's Affiance and Desires be ever so strong where they ought to be preferably placed. —Then one *would* live to do a little more Good, if one *might*!

I am a sad weak, apprehensive Body; to be sure I am! How much better fitted for the Contingencies of Life, are the gay, frolick Minds, that think not of any thing before it comes upon them, than such thoughtful Futurity-Pokers as me!

But why should I trouble you, my honoured and dear Friends, with my idle Fears and Follies—just as if

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nobody was ever in my Circumstance before? —Yet weak and apprehensive Spirits will be gloomily-affected sometimes; and how can one help it? —And if I may not hope for the indulgent Soothings of the best of Parents, and of my Miss *Darnford*, in whose Bosom besides can one disburden one's Heart, when oppressed by too great a Weight of Thought?

You *will* come, and be in the House with me, my dear Mother, for some Time, when my best Friend sends to you: —Won't you? —And you will *spare* my dear Mother, my best of Fathers: Won't you? —Yes, yes, I am sure ye will—And I am sure my Miss *Darnford* will be with me, if she can; and these are my Comforts. But how I run on! —For I am so much a Novice, that—

But I will say no more, than that I am, my honoured Father and Mother, your ever-dutiful Daughter; and, my dear Miss *Darnford*,

*Your affectionate and obliged P.B. The End of Vol. III.*

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**Vol. 4**

LETTER I.

*From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.*

*My dearest Mrs. B.* We are greatly obliged to you for every particular Article in your entertaining Journal, which you have brought sooner than we wish'd to a Conclusion. We cannot express how much we admire you for your judicious Charities, so easy to be practised, yet so uncommon in the Manner; and for your inimitable Conduct in the Affair of your frail *Polly*, and the silly *Mr. H.*

Your Account of the Visit of the Four Rakes, and of your Parting with your noble Guests; your Verses, and *Mr. H.'s* Letter, (an Original indeed!) have all greatly entertain'd us, as your Prerogative Hints have amus'd us: But we defer our Opinions of those Hints, till we have the Case more fully explain'd.

But, my dear Friend, are you not in Danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter Part of your Letter, we are afraid you are; and my Mamma, and *Mrs. Jones*, and *Mrs. Peters*, injoin me to write, to caution you on that Head. But there is the less need of it, because your Prudence will always suggest to you Reasons, as it does in that very Letter, that must out-balance your Fears. *Think* little, and *hope* much, is a good Lesson in your Case, and to a Lady of your Temper; and I hope *Lady Davers* will not in vain have given you that Caution. After all, I dare say, your Thoughtfulness is but symptomatical, and will go off, in proper Time.

Mean time, permit me to chuse you a Subject, that will certainly divert you. You must know, that I have been a diligent Observer of the Conduct of People in the marry'd Life to each other, and have often pronounced, that there cannot be any tolerable Happiness in it, unless the one or the other makes such Sacrifices of their Inclinations and Humours, as renders it a State very little desirable to free and generous Minds. Of this I see an Instance in our own Family; for tho' my Papa and Mamma live very happily, it is all owing to one Side, I need not say which. And this, I am sure, must be the Case between *Mr. B.* and you: For you must, even thro' Fire, if requir'd, sacrifice to *Moloch*. I know your Prudence will oblige you to make the best of it; and, like a contented good Wife, you will say, You have your own Will in every thing: A good Reason why, Because you make your own Will his. This, long ago, we all decreed, any Lady must do, be her Quality ever so great, who would be happy with *Mr. B.*—Yet my Sister once hoped (*entre nous*) to be the Person. Fine Work would there have been between two such Spirits, you may believe!—

But to wave this: Let me ask you, *Mrs. B.* Is your Monarch's Conduct to you as *respectful*, I don't mean fond, when you are alone together, as when in Company? —Forgive me, Madam— But you have hinted two or three times, in your Letters, that he always is most complaisant to you in Company; and you observe, that *wisely* does he act in this, Because he thereby does Credit with every body to his own Choice. I make no doubt, that the many charming Scenes which your Genius and fine Behaviour furnish out to him, must, as often as they happen, inspire him with Joy, and even Rapture; and must make him love you more for your Mind than for your Person: —But these rapturous Scenes last very little longer than the present Moment. What I want to know, is, Whether in the *steadier* Parts of Life, when you are both nearer the Level of us common Folks, he gives up any thing of his own Will in Compliment to yours? Whether he acts the Part of a respectful, polite Gentleman, in his Behaviour to you; and breaks not into your Retirements, in the Dress, and with the brutal Roughness, of a Fox-hunter? —Making no Difference, perhaps, between the Field or his Stud, I will not say Kennel, and your Chamber or Closet? —Policy, for his own Credit sake, as I mention'd, accounts to me well, for his Complaisance to you in Publick. But his regular and uniform Behaviour to you in your Retirements, when the Conversation between you turns upon usual and common Subjects, and you have not obliged him to rise to Admiration of you, by such Scenes as those of your two Parsons, *Sir Jacob Swynford*, and the like; are what would most engage my Curiosity, if you please to give me an Instance or two of it.

Now, my dearest *Mrs. B.* if you can give me a Case partly or nearly thus circumstanced, you will highly oblige me:

First, Where he has borne with some Infirmary of your own; and I know of none where you can be guilty of any, except you get into a vapourish Habit, by giving way to a Temper too thoughtful and apprehensive:

Next, That, in Complaisance to *your* Will, he recedes from *his own*, in any one Instance:

Next, Whether he breaks not into your Retirements unceremoniously, and without Apology or Concern; as I

hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. *B.* all I mean, by what I have said; and if you have any pretty Conversation in Memory, where this my bold Curiosity may be answer'd, pray oblige me with it; and we shall be able to judge by it, not only of the inborn Generosity which all that know Mr. *B.* have been willing to attribute to him, but of the Likelihood of the Continuance of both your Felicities, upon Terms suitable to the Characters of a fine Lady and fine Gentleman; and, of consequence, worthy of the Imitation of the most delicate of our own Sex.

This is the Task your *Polly Darnford* presumes to set to her beloved Mrs. *B.* And why? For your own Diversion, in the *first* Place. For my Edification, in the *next*. And that when I have the Pleasure I hope for, of attending you in *London*, I may see what there is in the Conduct of you both, to admire, or to remonstrate against, in the *Third*. For, where there is so little wanting to Perfection between you, I shall be very free with you both, in my Censures, if he imposes, thro' Prerogative, or you permit, thro' an undue Compliance, what I shall imagine ought not to be in either Case. I know, you will excuse me for what I have said; and well you may, since I am sure, I shall have nothing to do, when I am with you, but to admire, and to imitate *you*; and to wish, if ever I marry, I may have just such an Husband (tho' not quite so haughty perhaps) as Mr. *B.* But pray, let not the lordly Man see this Letter, nor your Answer, nor the Copy of it, till you may conclude I have the latter, if then; that you may not be under any undue Influences.

Your obliging *Longings*, my beloved dear Lady, for my Company, I hope, will be soon, very soon, answer'd. My Papa was so pleased with your sweet Earnestness on this Occasion, that he join'd with my Mamma, and both with equal Cheerfulness, said, You should not be many Days in *London* before me. *Murray* and his Mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one Quarrel. The only Person, he, of either Sex, that ever knew *Nancy* so intimately, and so long, without one!

This is all I have to say, at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. *B.* how much I am  
*Your obliged and affectionate Polly Darnford.*

I must add, however, that I expect, from you, almost as many Letters as there are Post-Days, between this and the Time I see you; for I will not part with my Correspondent for any body; no, not for Lady *Davers*.

But I must insist upon your giving me the Conversation with the young Ladies related to Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*.

I will observe every thing you say in relation to Mrs. *Jewkes*; who is much as she was, but not better.

LETTER II.

*My dearest Miss Darnford*, I Was afraid I ended my last Letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly Notice you take of it. It was owing to a Train of Thinking which sometimes I get into, of late; I hope, only symptomatically, as you say, and that the Cause and Effect will soon vanish together.

But what a Task, my dear Miss, I'll warrant, you think you have set me! I thought, in the Progress of my Journal, and in my Letters, I had given so many Instances of Mr. *B's* polite Tenderness to me, that no new ones would be requir'd at my Hands; and when I said he was always *most* complaisant before Company, I little expected, that such an Inference would be drawn from my Words, as would tend to question the Uniformity of his Behaviour to me, when there were no Witnesses to it. But I am glad you give me an Opportunity to clear up all your Doubts on this Subject. To begin then,

You first desire an Instance, Where Mr. *B.* has borne with some Infirmity of mine:

Next, That in Complaisance to my Will, he has receded from his own:

And, lastly, Whether he breaks not into my Retirements unceremoniously, and without Apology or Concern, making no Difference between the Field or the Stud, and my Chamber or Closet.

I know not, my dear Miss, what the Distance is, at which the polite Ladies, and those of Rank, think it proper to endeavour to keep their Husbands: But I will give you, by and by, the Subject of one Conversation only, which will answer all you mean, as I apprehend, and at the same time acquaint you with the Notions and Behaviour of us both, with respect to this Distance, and my Retirements; and then leave you to judge as you think fit.

As to the first, his bearing with my Infirmities, he is daily giving Instances of his Goodness to me on this Head; and I am asham'd to say, that of late I give him so much Occasion for them as I do: But he sees my Apprehensiveness, at times, tho' I endeavour to conceal it; and no Husband was ever so soothing and so indulgent as Mr. *B.* He gives me the best Advice, as to my Malady, if I may call it one: Treats me with redoubled Tenderness; talks to me upon the Subjects I most delight to dwell upon; as of my worthy Parents; what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended Journey to *London*; of the Diversions of the Town; of Miss *Darnford's* Company; and when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. *Jervis* to me, because I should not be alone. At other times, takes me abroad with him; brings this Neighbour and that Neighbour to visit me; and carries me to visit them: Talks of our Journey to *Kent*, and into *Lincolnshire*, and to my Lady *Davers's* to *Bath*, to *Tunbridge*, and I can't tell whither, when the apprehended Time shall be over. —In fine, my dear Miss *Darnford*, you cannot imagine one half of his tender Goodness and Politeness to me! Indeed you cannot! —Then, as to what you call *respectful*, he watches every Motion of my Eye, every Turn of my Countenance; seldom gives his Opinion upon Subjects that he kindly imagines within my Capacity, till he has heard mine; and I have the less Fear of falling into mean Compliances, because his Generosity is my Guardian, and never fails to exalt me, more than I can debase myself, or than it is possible I can deserve. Then he hardly ever goes out to any Distance, but he brings me some pretty Present, that he thinks will be grateful to me: When at home, is seldom out of my Company; delights to teach me *French* and *Italian*, and reads me Pieces of manuscript Poetry, in several of the modern Tongues: (for he speaks them all); explains to me every thing I understand not; delights to answer all my Questions, and to encourage my Inquisitiveness and Curiosity; tries to give me a Notion of Pictures and Medals, and reads me Lectures upon them, for he has a fine Collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my Questions and Observations.

What say you to these things, my dear Miss? Do they come up to your first Question? or do they not? Or is not what I have said, a full Answer, were I to say no more, to *all* your Inquiries? Can there be any such thing as *undue Compliances* to such an Husband, on my Side, think you? And when I have charm'd to sleep, by my grateful Duty, that watchful Dragon *Prerogative*, as Lady *Davers*, in one of her Letters, calls it; and am resolved not to awake it, if I can help it, by the least disobliging or wilfully perverse Act, what have I to apprehend from it?

O my dear Miss, I am thoroughly convinc'd, that half the Misunderstandings among marry'd People, are owing to Trifles, to petty Distinctions, to mere Words, and little captious Follies, to Over-weenings, or unguarded Petulances: And who would forego the solid Satisfactions of Life, for the sake of triumphing in such poor Contentions, if one could triumph?

Are such Foibles as these to be dignify'd by the Name of *Inclinations*, and *Humours*, which, to be given up, would be making such a *Sacrifice*, as shall render the married Life little desirable to free and generous Minds?—

But say not, my dear Miss, to *free and generous Minds*: For every high Spirit deserves not those Epithets: Nor think what I say, a Partiality in behalf of my own Conduct, and an Argument for Tameness of Spirit, and such an one as would lick the Dust; for, let me tell you, my dear Friend, that dearly as I love and honour my Mr. *B.* if he were to require of me any thing that I thought it was my Duty not to comply with, I should be the unhappiest Creature in the World; because I am sure I should withstand his Will, and desire him to excuse my Compliance.

But then I would reserve my Strength for these *greater* Points, and would never dispute with him the *smaller*, altho' they were not intirely to my Likeing: And this would give both Force and Merit to the Opposition, when I found it necessary: But to contest every little Point, where nothing but one's stubborn Will was in the Question, what an inexcusable Perverseness would that be! How ready to enter the Lists against an Husband, would it make one appear to him? And where, besides, is the Merit of Obliging, were we only to yield to what will oblige ourselves?

But you next require of me an Instance, where, in Complaisance to *my* Will, he has receded from *his own*? I don't know, Miss, what to say to this. When Mr. *B.* is all Tenderness and Indulgence, as I have said, and requires of me nothing, that I can have a material Objection to; ought I *not* to oblige him? *Can* I have a Will, that is not his? Or would it be excusable, if I *had*? All little Matters, as I have said, I cheerfully give up: Great ones have not yet occur'd between us, and I hope never will. One Point, indeed, I have some Apprehension *may* happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, We have had a Debate or two on the Subject (which I maintain) of a Mother's Duty to nurse her own Child; and, I am sorry to say it, he seems more determin'd than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far, as to awaken the sleeping Dragon I mention'd, *Prerogative* by Name; but I doubt I cannot give up this Point very contentedly. But as to lesser Points, had I been a Duchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my Husband.

Upon the Whole of this Question then, I have really had no Will of my own to contend for, so generous is Mr. *B.* and so observant and so grateful have I thought it my Duty to be; yet I could give you many respectful Instances, too, of his receding, when he has desir'd to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begg'd to be excus'd. One such Instance I can give since I began this Letter. This is it.

I put it in my Bosom, when he came up: He saw me do so.

Are you writing, my Dear, what I must not see?

I am writing to Miss *Darnford*. Sir; and she begg'd, you might not, at present.

This augments my Curiosity, *Pamela*. What can two such Ladies write, that I may not see?

If you won't be displeas'd, Sir, I had rather you would not, because Miss desires you may not see her Letter, nor this my Answer, till the latter is in her Hands.

Then I will not, return'd Mr. *B.*

Will this Instance, my dear Miss, come up to your Demand for one, where he recedes from his own Will, in Complaisance, to mine?

But now, as to what both our Notions and our Practice are on the Article of my Retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniously, and without Apology, let the Conversation I promised, inform you, which began on the following Occasion:

Mr. *B.* rode out early one Morning, within a few Days past, and did not return till the Afternoon, an Absence I had not been used to of late; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing to me, I had such an Impatience to see him, having expected him at Dinner, that I was forced to retire to my Closet, to try to divert it off, by writing; and the gloomy Conclusion of my last, was then the Subject. He return'd about Four o'Clock, and indeed did *not* tarry to change his Riding-dress, as your Politeness, my dear Friend, would perhaps have expected, but came directly up to me, with an Impatience to see me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon Inquiry, that I was in my Closet.

I heard his welcome Step, as he came up—stairs; which generally, after a longer Absence than I expect, has such an Effect upon my fond Heart, that it gives a responsive Throb for every Step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer and nearer, till, tapping my Breast, I say to it sometimes, Lie still, busy Fool as thou art! Canst thou not forbear letting thy discerning Lord see thy nonsensical Emotions? I love to indulge thee, in them, myself, 'tis ; but then let nobody else observe them; for, generous as thy Master is, thou

mayst not perhaps meet with such favourable Interpretations as thou deservest, when thou art always fluttering thus, as he approaches, and playest off all thy little joyful Frolicks into the glowing Cheek, and brighten'd Eye, of thy Mistress; which makes her look, as if she were conscious of some Misdemeanour; when all the time, it is nothing in the world but grateful Joy, and a Love so innocent, that the purest Mind might own it.

This little Flutter and Chiding of the busy Simpleton, made me meet him but at the Closet-door, instead of the Entrance of my Chamber, as sometimes I do. —So, my dear Love, how do you? folding his kind Arms about me, and saluting me with Ardour. Whenever I have been but a few Hours from you, my Impatience to see my Beloved, will not permit me to stand upon the Formality of a Message to know how you are engag'd; but I break in upon you, even in my Riding-dress, as you see.

Dear Sir, you are very obliging. But I have no Notion of *mere* Formalities of this kind (How unpolite this, my dear Miss, in your Friend!) in a married State; since 'tis impossible a virtuous Wife can be employ'd about any thing, that her Husband may not know; and so need not fear Surprizes.

I am glad to hear you say this, my *Pamela*; for I have always thought the extraordinary Civilities and Distances of this kind, which I have observed among several Persons of Rank, altogether unaccountable. For, if they are exacted by the Lady, I should suspect she had Reserves, which she herself believ'd I could not approve of. If not exacted, but practis'd of Choice by the Gentleman, it carries with it, in my Opinion, a false Air of Politeness, little less than affrontive to the Lady, and dishonourable to himself; for does it not look, as if he supposed, and *allowed*, that; probably, she might be so employed, that it was necessary to apprise her of his Visit, lest he should make Discoveries not to her Credit, or his own?

One would not, Sir, (for I thought his Conclusion too severe) make such a harsh Supposition as this, neither: For there are little Delicacies and Moments of Retirement, no doubt, in which a modest Lady would be glad to be indulg'd by the tenderest Husband.

It may be so, in an *early* Matrimony, before the Lady's Confidence in the Honour and Discretion of the Man she has chosen, has disingag'd her from her Bridal Reserves.

Bridal Reserves! dear Sir; permit me to give it, as my humble Opinion, That a Wife's Behaviour ought to be as pure and as circumspect, in Degree, as that of a Bride, or even of a maiden Lady, be her Confidence in her Husband's Honour and Discretion, ever so great. For, indeed, I think, a gross or a careless Demeanour little becomes that Modesty, which is the peculiar Excellency and Distinction of our Sex.

You account very well, my Dear, by what you now say, for your own over-nice Behaviour, as I have sometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a Practice we make our own, because we *do* make it our own, rather than from the Reason of the Thing?

I hope, Sir, that is not the present Case with me; for, permit me to say, That an over-free or negligent Behaviour in a Lady in the marry'd State, must be a Mark of Disrespect to her Consort; and would shew, as if she was very little solicitous about what Appearance she made in his Eye. And must not this beget in him, a slight Opinion of her, and her Sex too, as if, supposing the Gentleman had been a free Liver, she would convince him, there was no other Difference in the Sex, but as they were within or without the Pale; licens'd by the Law, or acting in Defiance of it?

I understand the Force of your Argument, *Pamela*. But you was going to say something more.

Only, Sir, permit me to add, That when, in my particular Case, you injoin me to appear before you always dress'd, even in the early Part of the Day, it would be wrong, if I was less regardful of my Behaviour and Actions, than of my Appearance.

I believe you are right, my Dear, if a precise or unnecessary Scrupulousness be avoided, and where all is unaffected, easy, and natural, as in my *Pamela*. For I have seen marry'd Ladies, both in *England* and *France*, who have kept a Husband at greater Distance, than they have exacted from some of his Sex, who have been more intitled to his Resentment, than to his Wife's Intimacies.

But to wave a Subject, in which, as I can with Pleasure say, neither of us have much Concern, tell me, my Dearest, how you were employ'd before I came up? Here are Pen and Ink: Here too is Paper; but it is as spotless as your Mind: To whom was you directing your Favours now? May I not know your Subject?

Mr. *H's* Letter was a Part of it; and so I had put it by, at his Approach; and not chusing he should see that; I am writing, reply'd I, to Miss *Darnford*: But I think you must not ask me to see what I have written *this* time. I put it aside, that you should not, when I heard your welcome Step. The Subject is our parting with our noble Guests;

and a little of my Apprehensiveness, on an Occasion upon which our Sex may write to one another; but, for some of the Reasons we have been mentioning, Gentlemen should not desire to see.

Then I will not, my dearest Love (So here, Miss, is another Instance—I could give you an hundred such,—of his receding from his own Will, in Complaisance to mine): Only, continued he, let me warn you against too much Apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine; for such a Mind, as my *Pamela's*, I cannot permit to be habitually overclouded. And yet there now hangs upon your Brow an Over—thoughtfulness, which you must not indulge.

Indeed, Sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my Subject, before you came; but your Presence, like the Sun, has dissipated the Mists that hung upon my Mind. See you not, and I press'd his Hand with my Lips, they are all gone already? smiling upon him, with a Delight unfeigned.

Not quite, my obliging Charmer; and therefore, if you have no Objection, I will change my Dress, and attend you in the Chariot for an Hour or two, whither you please, that not one Shadow may remain visible in this dear Face. And then he saluted me with Ardour.

Whither you please, Sir. A little Airing with you, will be highly agreeable to me.

The dear Obliger went and chang'd his Dress in an Instant; and he led me to the Chariot, with his usual tender Politeness, and we had a charming Airing of several Miles; returning quite happy, chearful, and delighted with each other's Conversation, without calling in upon any of our good Neighbours: For what need of that, my dear Miss, when we could be the best Company in the World to each other?

Now, Miss, do these Instances come up to your Questions? Do they, or do they not? —If you think not, I could give you our Conversation in the Chariot; for I wrote it down, at my first Leisure, so highly was I delighted with it: For the Subject was my dearest Parents; a Subject started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But being tir'd with writing, I may reserve it, till I have the Pleasure of seeing you, if you think it worth asking for. And so I will hasten to a Conclusion of this long Letter.

You will perceive, my dear Miss, by what I have written, in what Sense it may be *justly* said, That Mr. *B.* is *most* complaisant to me before Company, perhaps, politically, as you say, to do Credit to his own generous Choice: —But that he is more tender, yea, *respectfully* tender, (for that's the Word with you) and not less polite to me, in our retired Hours, you will have no Doubt, from what I have related; and could further relate if it was necessary: For every Day produces Instances equal to what I have given you.

Then, my dear Miss, let me say to you, what I could not so freely say to any other young Lady; That I never could have hoped I should be so happy as I am, in other Particulars, from a Gentleman who has given himself the Liberties Mr. *B.* has done: For I never hear from him, in Company, or when alone, the least shocking Expression, or such frothy Jests, as tend to convey impure Ideas to the most apprehensive Mind. There is indeed the less Wonder in this, and that we can glory in a conjugal Chastity, as I have the Vanity to think, his Love, as well as my own, is the Love of the Mind, rather than that of Person; and our tenderest and most affecting Moments, are those which lift us up above Sense, and all that Sense can imagine. But this is a Subject too delicate to be dwelt upon, even to you: And you'll better comprehend all I mean, when your pure Mind meets with a Gentleman of exalted Sense, like Mr. *B.* whom, if you *find* not so good as you wish, your Example will *make* so.

Permit me to add, for the sake of you, my dear Parents, as well as for those of my much—respected Friends, who have join'd in the kind Caution you give me, my dear Miss, against getting into too thoughtful and gloomy a way, that there is no great Fear, that I should continue long in it, when I have so kind and so generous a Comforter as Mr. *B.* For, at his Presence, all my fearful Apprehensions are dissipated, and vanish like a Morning Dream. And depend upon it, that so sure as the Day succeeds to the Night, so sure will my Mind, while capable of the least Sense of Gratitude, be illuminated the Moment he shines out upon me, let it be ever so over—cast in his Absence, thro' imaginary Doubts and apprehended Evils.

I have only further to add, for my Comfort, that next *Thursday* Sev'nnight, if nothing hinders, we are to set out for *London*. And why do you think I say *for my Comfort*? Only that I shall then soon have the Opportunity, to assure you personally, as you give me Hope, how much I am, my dear Miss *Darnford*,

*Your truly affectionate P. B.*

I will shew you, when I see you, the Conversation you require about the young Ladies.

### LETTER III.

*My dear Miss*, One more Letter, and I have done for a great while; because I hope your Presence will put an End to the Occasion. I shall now tell you of my second Visit to the Dairy-house, where we went to Breakfast, in the Chariot and Four, because of the Distance, which is Ten pretty long Miles.

I transcrib'd for you, from Letters written formerly to my dear Parents, an Account of my former Dairy-house Visit, and what the People were, and whom I saw there; and altho' I besought you to keep that Affair to yourself, as too touching a Point to the Reputation of my Mr. *B.* to be known but to you only, and even to destroy it, when you had perused it; yet, I make no doubt, you remember the Story, and so I need not repeat any Part of that Account.

When we arrived there, we found at the Door, expecting us, (for they heard the Chariot-wheels at a Distance) my pretty Miss *Goodwin*, accompanied by two other Misses, who had earned their Ride, and attended by the Governess's Daughter, a discreet young Gentlewoman. As soon as I stepp'd out, Miss ran into my Arms with great Eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the Parlour, asked her abundance of Questions about her Work, and her Lessons; and among the rest, If she had merited this Distinction of the Chaise and Dairy-house Breakfast, or if it were owing to her Uncle's Favour, and to that of her Governess? The young Gentlewoman assur'd me it was to both, and shew'd me Miss's Needleworks, and Penmanship, and the Child was highly pleased with my Commendations.

I took a good deal of Notice of the other two Misses, for their Schoolfellow's sake, and made each of them a Present of some little Toys; and my Miss, of a Number of pretty Trinkets, with which she was highly delighted, and I told her, that I would wait upon her Governess, when I came from *London* into the Country again, and see in what Order she kept her little Matters; for, above all things, I loved pretty housewifely Misses; and then, I would bring her more.

Mr. *B.* observ'd, with no small Satisfaction, the Child's Behaviour, which is very pretty, and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been *more* than her *Uncle*, and yet seem'd under some Restraint, lest it should be taken, that he *was*. Such Power has secret Guilt, poor dear Gentleman! to lessen and restrain a Pleasure, that would, in a happier Light, have been so laudable to have manifested! But how commendable is this his Love to the dear Child, compar'd to that of most wicked Libertines, who have no Delight, but in destroying Innocence; and care not what becomes of the unhappy Infant, or of the still more unhappy Mother!

I am going to let you into a charming Scene, resulting from this Perplexity of the dear Gentleman! A Scene that has afforded me high Delight ever since; and always will, when I think of it: But I will lead to it, as gradually as it happen'd.

The Child was very fond of her Uncle, and told him, She loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her such a good Aunt. —You talked, Madam, said she, when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you— Will you let me, Madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my Book, and my Needle; indeed I will.

Ask your Uncle, my dearest Miss, said I; I should like your pretty Company of all things.

She went to Mr. *B.* and said, Shall I, Sir, go and live with my Aunt? Pray let me, when you come from *London* again.

You have a very good Governess, Miss, said he; and she can't part with you.

Yes, but she can, Sir; she has a great many Misses, and can spare me well enough; and if you please to let me ride in your Coach sometimes, I can go and visit my Governess, and beg a Holiday for the Misses, now—and—then, when I am almost a Woman, and then all the Misses will love me.

Don't the Misses love you now, Miss *Goodwin*? said he. Yes, they love me well—enough, for matter of that; but they'll love me better, when I can beg them a Holiday. Do, dear Sir, let me go home to my new Aunt, next time you come into the Country.

I was much pleased with the dear Child's Earnestness; and permitted her to have her full Argument with her beloved Uncle; but was much moved, and he himself was under some Concern, when the dear Miss said,—But you should, in Pity, let me live with you, Sir; for I have no Papa, nor Mamma neither: They are so far off! —But I

will love you both as if you were my own Papa and Mamma; so, dear now, my good Uncle, promise the poor Girl that has never a Papa nor Mamma!—

I withdrew to the Door: It will rain, I believe, said I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almost a Shower in my Eye; and had I kept my Place, could not have refrained shewing how much I was affected.

Mr. *B.* as I said, was a little mov'd; but for fear the young Gentlewoman should take notice of it, How! my Dear, said he, No Papa and Mamma! — Did they not send you a pretty Black Boy to wait upon you, a while ago? Have you forgot that? — That's , reply'd Miss: But what's a Black Boy to living with my new Aunt? —That's better a great deal than a Black Boy! Indeed it is.

Well, your Aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from *London*. Be a good Girl, mean time, and do as your Governess would have you, and then you don't know what we may do for you! Well then, Miss *Bett*, said she to her young Governess, let me be set two Tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can, to deserve to go to my Aunt.

In this manner the little Prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the Scene I hinted at, open'd as follows:

Mr. *B.* was pleased to say, What a poor Figure does the proudest Mind make, my dear *Pamela*, under the Sense of a concealed Guilt, in Company of the Innocent who know it, and those who do not! Even the casual Expression of a Baby shall strike back Shame upon a guilty Heart, and make one unable to look up without Confusion. I blush'd for myself, continued he, to see how you was affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me so much as with your Eye; for then, the whole Power of Innocence, triumphing over my Guilt, how like a Fool I look'd! Surely I made a most contemptible Figure, *Pamela!* —Did you not disdain me, at that Moment?

Dearest Sir! how can you speak such a Word? A Word I cannot repeat after you! For at that very Time, I beheld you with the more Reverence, for seeing your noble Heart touch'd with a Sense of your Error; and it was such an Earnest to me of the happiest Change I could ever wish for, and in so young a Gentleman, that it was one half Joy for that, and the other half Concern at the little Charmer's accidental Plea, to her best and nearest Friend, for coming home to her new Aunt, that affected me so sensibly as you saw.

You must not talk to me of the Child's coming home, after this Visit, *Pamela*; for how, at this rate, shall I stand the Reproaches of my own Mind, were I to see the little Prater every Day before me, and to think of what her poor Mamma has suffered on my Account! 'Tis enough, that in *you*, my Dear, I have an hourly Reproach before me, for my Attempts on your Virtue; and I have nothing to boast, but that I gave way to your Triumphs: And what then is my Boast?

What is your Boast, dearest Sir? You have every thing to boast, that is worthy of being boasted of: —Brought up to an affluent Fortune, uncontrollable in your Will, your Passions unbridled; God has touched your truly noble Heart, and you have seen your Error, at a Time of Life, when others are rushing into Vices, in the midst of which, perhaps, they are cut off.

You act generously, and with a laudable Affection, to a deserving Baby, which some would have left friendless to the wide World, and have made more miserable, perhaps, than they had made the very miserable Mother: And you have the Comfort to think, that thro' God's Goodness, this *Mother* is not unhappy; and that there is not a lost *Soul*, any more than a lost *Body*, to lay to your Charge.

You have inspirited, by your generous Example, and inabled, by your splendid Fortune, another Person, whom you have made the happiest Creature in the World, to do more Good, if she may say so without Vanity, than Twenty wicked Libertines have done Mischief; besides making every one, that approaches you, easy and happy, with the Bounty of your own Hands.

You are the best of Husbands, the best of Landlords, the best of Masters, the best of Friends; and with all these Excellencies, and a Mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more and more affected with the Sense of its past Mistakes, will you ask, dear Sir, What is your Boast?

O my dearest, dear Mr. *B.* and then I press'd his Hand with my Lips, whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to Reflections so hopeful, you are the Glory and the Boast of your grateful *Pamela!* And permit me to add, Tears standing in my Eyes, and holding his Hand between mine, That I never beheld you in my Life, in a more amiable Light, than when I saw your manly Countenance manifesting the Struggle your Heart labour'd with, as it seem'd to me, between Grace and Consciousness. O Sir! this was a Sight of Joy, of Joy! to one who loves you for your dear *Soul's* sake, more than for that of your Person; and who looks forward to a Companionship with

you, beyond the Term of this transitory Life!

The dear Gentleman look'd down sometimes, and sometimes upon me, without offering to interrupt me; and when I had done speaking, I began to fear, by his Silence, that I had offended him, remembering, just then, one of his former Cautions to me, not to throw a Gloom, by my Over-seriousness, upon his innocent Injoyments; and I said, putting my Arms round his Arm, as I sat, my fearful Eye watching his, I fear, Sir, I have been too serious! I have perhaps broken one of your Injunctions! Have cast a Gloominess over your Mind! And if I have, dear Sir, forgive me!

He clasped his Arm around me: O my beloved *Pamela*, said he; thou dear Augmenter of my Honour! and Confirmer of all my better Purposes! how shall I acknowledge (for reward I never can) your inexpressible Goodness to me? I see every Day more and more, my dear Love, what Confidence I may repose in your Generosity and Discretion! You want no Forgiveness; and my Silence was owing to much better Motives, than to those you were apprehensive of.

Judge ye, my honoured Parents, and you, my dear Miss, the Joy that overspread my Heart, encouraged in a manner so agreeable to all my Wishes. O Sir, Sir! said I, after a short Pause, your Goodness had struck me dumb for a Moment; but my Silence could hold but for that Moment: For had I been naturally dumb, and never spoken before, my Joy for this your Kindness, and the future Hope you raise in my Breast, would have unbarr'd the Doors of my Speech, or my Heart would have been made vocal, had my Tongue remained silent.

Forgive me, my dearest Miss, these flighty Expressions: I know they are above myself, and perhaps out of Nature; but so, in a manner, was your Friend, when she spoke them. If ever it be your Lot to marry such a Gentleman as Mr. *B.* one who is capable of generous and noble Sentiments, and yet has not been so good as you wish him to be; whenever it shall happen, that the Divine Grace, and your Example, shall touch his Heart, and awaken his better Faculties, you'll then know a Joy like this which I have described; which will not only exalt your Heart and Speech, but, upon Reflection, will irradiate many a gloomy Apprehension, that, at times, will cast a Shadow over the brightest and happiest Prospects.

The Chariot brought us home sooner than I wished, and Mr. *B.* handed me into the Parlour. Here, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, meeting her in the Passage, receive your Angel-Lady. I must take a little Tour without you, *Pamela*; for I have had *too much* of your dear Company, and must leave you, to descend again into myself; for you have raised me to such a Pitch, that it is with Pain I bear it.

He kissed my Hand, and went into his Chariot again; for it was but half an Hour after Twelve, and said, he would be back by Two, at Dinner. He left Mrs. *Jervis* wondering at his Words, and at the solemn Air with which he utter'd them. But when I told that good Friend the Occasion, I had a new Joy in the Pleasure and Gratulations of the dear good Woman, on what had passed.

Were I, my dear Friends, to recount to you every Conversation that gives me Delight, when we are *alone*, (my Miss *Darnford*) as well as when we are in Company, I should do nothing but write. Imagine the rest from what I have (but as so many Specimens of my Felicity) informed you of, and then think, if there can possibly be a happier Creature on Earth, than I am at present.

My next Letter will be from *London*, and to you, my honoured Parents (for to you, my dear Miss, I shall not write again, expecting to see you soon). But I must now write seldomer, because I am to renew my Correspondence with Lady *Davers*; with whom I cannot be so free, as I have been with Miss *Darnford*; and so I doubt, my dear Father and Mother, you cannot have the Particulars of that Correspondence; for I shall never find Time to transcribe. But every Opportunity that offers, you may assure yourself, shall be laid hold of, by

*Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P. B.*

Excuse me, dear Miss, a second Subscription; for you need not be told, how much I am, and ever shall be,  
*Your affectiouate P. B.*

LETTER IV.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Know you will be pleased to hear, that we arrived safely in Town last Night. We found a stately, well-furnish'd, and convenient House; and I had my Closet, or Library, and my Withdrawing-room, all in complete Order, which Mr. *B.* gave me Possession of, in a manner the most obliging that can be imagined.

I am in a new World, as I may say, and see such vast Piles of Building every-where, and such a Concourse of People, and hear such a Rattling of Coaches in the Day, that I hardly know what to make of it, as yet. Then the nightly Watch, going their hourly Rounds, disturbed me last Night. But I shall soon be us'd to that, and sleep the sounder perhaps, for the Security it assures to us.

Mr. *B.* is impatient to shew me what is curious in and about this vast City; and to hear, as he is pleased to say, my Observations upon what I shall see; and he has carried me thro' several of the fine Streets this Day, in his Chariot: But, at present, I have too confus'd a Notion of Things, to give any Account of them: Nor shall I trouble you with Descriptions of that kind; for you being within a Day's Journey of *London*, I hope for the Pleasure of seeing you oftener, than I could expect before; and shall therefore leave these Matters to your own Observations, and what you'll hear from others.

I am impatient for the Arrival of my dear Miss *Darnford*; whose Company and Conversation will reconcile me, in a great measure, to this new World.

Our Family, at present, are Mr. *Colbrand*, Mr. *Jonathan*, and six Men-servants, including the Coachman. The four Maids are also with us.

But my good Mrs. *Jervis* was indisposed, so came not up with us; but we expect her, and Mr. *Longman*, in a Day or two: For Mr. *B.* has given her to my Wishes; and *Arthur* the Gardener, and his Wife, with *Benjamin*, are to keep House in the Country. And as Mr. *Longman's* Business will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. *Jervis's* Care will be the better dispens'd with there; and I long to see the dear good Woman, and shall be more in my Element, when I do.

Then I have, besides, my penitent *Polly Barlow*: But the poor Girl has never held up her Head since that deplorable Instance of her Weakness, which I mentioned to you and Miss *Darnford*; yet am I as kind to her, as if nothing had happen'd. I wish, however, some good Husband would offer for her.

Mr. *Adams*, our worthy Chaplain, is, at present, with Mr. *Williams*. He purposes to give us his Company here till *Christmas*, when Matters will be adjusted, probably, so that he can take Possession of his Living. Mean time, that we may not let fall a good Custom, when perhaps we shall have most Occasion for it, I make Mr. *Jonathan*, who is reverend by his Years, and silver Hairs, supply his Place, appointing him the Subjects.

God preserve you both in Health, and continue to me, I beseech you, your Prayers and Blessings, concludes me  
*Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P. B.*

LETTER V.

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dearest Lady*, I Must beg Pardon, for having been in this great Town, more than a Week, and not having found an Opportunity to tender my Devoirs to your Ladyship. You know, dear Madam, what Hurries and Fatigues must attend such a Journey, to one in my way, and to an intire new Settlement, in which an hundred things must be done, and attended to, with a Preference to other Occasions, however delightful. Yet, I must own, we found a stately, a well-order'd, and a convenient House: But although it is not far from Fields, and has an airy Opening to its back Part, and its Front a Square, as it is called, yet I am not reconcil'd to it, so intirely as to the beloved Mansion we left.

My dear Mr. *B.* has been, and is, busily imploy'd in ordering some few Alterations, to make things still more commodious. He has furnish'd me out a little pretty Library; and has allotted me very convenient Apartments besides: And the Furniture of every Place is rich, as befits the Mind and Fortune of the generous Owner. But I shall not offer at Particulars, because we hope to have the Honour of a Visit from my good Lord, and your Ladyship, before the Winter Weather sets in, to make the Roads too dirty and deep; but it is proper to mention, that the House is so large, that we make a great Number of Beds, the more conveniently to receive the Honours your Ladyship, and my Lord, and Mr. *B.*'s other Friends will do us.

I have not yet been at any of the publick Diversions. Mr. *B.* has carry'd me, by gentle Turns, out of his Workmens way, Ten Miles round this over-grown Capital, and through the principal of its numerous Streets. The Villages, that lie spangled about this vast Circumference, as well on the other Side the noble *Thames*, (which I had before a Notion of, from Sir *John Denham's* celebrated *Cooper's Hill*) as well as on the *Middlesex* Side, are beautiful, both by Buildings and Situation, beyond what I could conceive, and several of them seem larger than many of our Country Towns of Note. But it would be impertinent to trouble your Ladyship with these Matters, who are no Stranger to what is worthy of Notice in *London*. But I was surpris'd, when Mr. *B.* observed to me, that this whole County, and the Two Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, are represented by no more than Eight Members of Parliament, when so many Borough Towns in *England* are inferior to the meanest Villages about *London*.

I am in daily Expectation of the Arrival of Miss *Darnford*, and then I shall wish (accompanied by a young Lady of so polite a Taste) to see a good Play. Mr. *B.* has already shewn me the Opera-house, and the Two Play-houses, tho' silent, as I may say; that, as he was pleased to observe, they should not be new to me, and that the Sight might not take off my Attention to the Performance, when I went to the Play: So that I can conceive a tolerable Notion of every thing, from the Disposition of the Seats, the Boxes, the Galleries, the Pit, the Musick, the Scenes, and the Stage; and so shall have no Occasion to gaze about me like a Country Novice, whereby I might attract a Notice, that I should not wish, either for my own Credit, or your dear Brother's Honour.

I have had a Pleasure, which I wished for, and had not in *Bedfordshire*; and that is, that on *Sunday* I was at Church, without gaping Crouds to attend us, and Wishes too loud for my own. Yet, I was more gaz'd at, (and so was Mr. *B.*) than I expected, considering there were so many well-dress'd Gentry, and some Nobility there; and *they* star'd as much as any body; but will not do so, I hope, when we cease to be a Novelty.

We have already had several Visitors to welcome Mr. *B.* to Town, and to congratulate him on his Marriage;—but some, no doubt, to see, and to find Fault with, his Rustick; for it is impossible, you know, Madam, that a Gentleman so distinguish'd by his Merit and Fortune, should have taken a Step of such Consequence to himself and Family, and not be known by every body so to have done.

Sir *Thomas Atkyns* is in Town, and has taken Apartments in the new-built stately Pile of Edifices, called *Hanover-square*; and he brought with him a younger Brother of Mr. *Arthur's*, who, it seems, is a Merchant.

Lord *F.* has been to pay his Respects to Mr. *B.* likewise, whose School-fellow he was *Eaton*, the little time Mr. *B.* was there. His Lordship promises, that his Lady shall make me a Visit, and accompany me to the Opera, as soon as we are fully settled.

A Gentleman of the *Temple*, Mr. *Turner* by Name, and Mr. *Fanshaw*, of *Grey's-Inn*, both Lawyers, and of Mr. *B.*'s former Acquaintance, very sprightly and modish Gentlemen, have also welcom'd us to Town, and made Mr.

*B.* abundance of gay Compliments on my account, to my Face, all in the common frothy Run.—

They may be polite Gentlemen; but I can't say, I over-much like them. —There is something so forward, so opinionated, so seemingly insensible of Rebuke, either from *within* or *without*, and yet not promising to avoid deserving one occasionally, that I could as *lieve* wish Mr. *B.* and they would not renew their former Acquaintance.

I am very bold, your Ladyship will say? —But you command me to write freely: Yet I would not be thought to be uneasy, with regard to your dear Brother's Morals, from these Gentlemen; for, Oh, Madam, I am a blessed Creature, and am hourly happier and happier in the Confidence I have as to that Particular: But I imagine they will force themselves upon him, more than he himself may wish, or would permit, were the Acquaintance now to begin; for they are not of his Turn of Mind, as it seems to me; being, by a Sentence or two that dropt from them, very free, and very frothy, in their Conversation; and by their laughing at what they say themselves, taking that for Wit, which will not stand the Test, if I may be allow'd to say so.

But they have heard, no doubt, what a Character Mr. *B.*'s Goodness to me, has lifted into Notice; and they think themselves warranted to say any thing before his Country Girl.

He was pleased to ask me, when they were gone, How I liked his two Lawyers? And said, they were Persons of Family and Fortune.

I am glad of it, Sir, said I; for their own sakes.

Then you don't approve of them, *Pamela*?—

They are *your* Friends, Sir; and I cannot have any Dislike to them.

They say good Things *sometimes*, returned he.

I don't doubt it, Sir: But you say good Things *always*.

'Tis happy for me, my Dear, you think so. But tell me; What think you of 'em?

I shall be better able, Sir, to answer your Question, if I see them a second time.

But we form Notions of Persons, at first Sight, sometimes, my Dear; and you are seldom mistaken in yours.

I only think, Sir, That they have neither of them any Diffidence: But their Profession, perhaps, may set them above that.

They don't *practise*, my Dear; their Fortunes require it not of them; and they are too studious of their Pleasures, to give themselves any Trouble they are not oblig'd to take.

They seem to me, Sir, to be *qualified* for Practice: They would make great Figures at the Bar, I fancy.

Why so?

Because, Sir, they seem, if I *must* speak, Gentlemen of great Elocution!—

How do you discover that, my Dear?—

Only, that they seem prepared to think *well* of what they shall say *themselves*; and *lightly* of what *other Peop'e* say, or may think of *them*.—

That indeed, my Dear, is the necessary Character of a publick Speaker, be he Lawyer, or what he will: The Man who cannot doubt himself, and can judge contemptibly of his Auditors, never fails to speak with *Self-applause* at least.

But you'll pardon me, good Sir, for speaking my Mind so freely, and so early, of these *your Friends*.

I never, my Love, ask you a Question, I wish you not to answer; and always expect your Answer should be without Reserve; for many times I may ask your Opinion, as a Corrective or a Confirmation of my own Judgment.

How kind, how indulgent was this, my good Lady? —But you know, how generously your dear Brother treats me, on all Occasions; and this makes me so bold as I often am.

It may be necessary, my dear Lady, to give you an Account of our Visitors, in order to make the future Parts of my Writing the more intelligible; because what I may have to write, may turn sometimes upon the Company we see: For which Reason, I shall also just mention Sir *George Stuart*, a *Scotish* Gentleman, with whom Mr. *B.* came acquainted in his Travels, who seems to be a polite, and (Mr. *B.* says, is) a learned Man, and a Virtuoso: He, and a Nephew of his of the same Name, a bashful Gentleman, and who, for that Reason, I imagine, has a Merit that lies deeper than a first Observation can reach, are just gone from us, and were received with so much Civility by Mr. *B.* as intitles them to my respectful Regard.

Thus, Madam, do I run on, in a manner, without Materials; and only to shew you the Pleasure I take in obeying you. I hope my good Lord *Davers* continues in Health, and me in his Favour; which I value extremely, as well as your Ladyship's. Mr. *H.* I hope, likewise enjoys his Health. But let me not forget my particular and thankful

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Respects to the Countess, for her Ladyship's Favour and Goodness to me, which I shall ever place next, in my grateful Esteem, to the Honours I have received from your Ladyship on so many Occasions; and which bind me to be, with the greatest Respect, my dear Lady,

*Your faithful and obliged Servant, P.B.*

LETTER VI.

*My dear Father and Mother*, I Write to you both, at this time, for your Advice in a particular Case, that is the only one, that I have had, or I hope ever shall have, with my dear Benefactor, by way of Dispute; and as he is pleased to insist upon his way, and it is a Point of Conscience with me, I must resolve, I think, to be determin'd by your joint Advice; and if my Father and Mother, and Husband, are of one Opinion, I must yield up my own:

This is the Subject: I think a Mother ought, if she can, to be the Nurse to her own Children.

Mr. *B.* says, he will not permit it.

It is the first *will not* I have heard from him; or given Occasion for: And I tell him, that as it is a Point of Conscience with me, I hope he will indulge me: But the dear Gentleman has an odd way of arguing, that sometimes puzzles me. He pretends to answer me from Scripture; but I have some Doubts of *his* Exposition; and he gives me Leave to write to you, tho' yet he won't promise to be determin'd by your Opinions, if they are not the same with his own; and I say to him, Is this fair, my dearest Mr. *B.*? Is it?—

He has got the Dean's Opinion with him; for our Debate began before we came to Town: But then he would not let me state the Case; but did it himself; and yet 'tis but an half Opinion, as I may say, neither. For it is, That if the Husband is set upon it, it is a Wife's Duty to obey.

But I can't see how that is; for if it be the *natural* Duty of a Mother, it is a *Divine* Duty; and how can a Husband have Power to discharge a Divine Duty?— As great as a Wife's Obligation is to obey her Husband, which is, I own, one Indispensable of the Marriage Contract, it ought not to interfere with what one takes to be a superior Duty: And must not one be one's own Judge of Actions, by which we must stand or fall?—

I'll tell you my Plea:

I say, That where a Mother is unhealthy; subject to communicative Distempers, as scrophulous, or scorbutick, or consumptive Disorders, which have infected the Blood or Lungs; or where they have not Plenty of Nourishment for the Child, as, I have heard, is the Case of some; that in these Cases, a Dispensation lies of course.

But where there is good Health, free Spirits, and plentiful Nourishment; I think it an indispensable Duty.

For this was the Custom, of old, of all the good Wives we read of in Scripture.

Then the Nourishment of the Mother must be most natural to the Child.

Then a Nurse may have a bad Husband, may have Distempers; may have private Vices, as to Liquors, &c. may be careless, and a Self-lover; while a Mother prefers the Health of her Child to her own private Satisfactions, or Appetites.

A Nurse may be of a sordid Nature; and when I have heard Mr. *B.* so satirical on Lords and Gentlemen in Coach-boxes, why may not Charity make one think, that the Lady of the Family was Innocent of sordid and unpardonable Crimes, imputed by severe Judges; and that the Child, when grown up, owes' its Taste to the Coach-box, to its Nurse's being the Coachman's Wife, or the Wife of one of like Degree, who may not have a Mind or Qualities above that Degree; for, as the Blood and Spirits are augmented, with the Child's Growth, by the Food it takes in, a sordid Nature may as well be communicated from a sound Woman, as bad Health by an unsound, as I should imagine.

Then the Child, by the Designation of Nature, generally brings its Nourishment into the World with it: And Art must be used, as I presume, to dry up the Fountains of such its Nourishment: And is not this quite unnatural? And is not what is unnatural, sinful?

Then I have lately read, my Circumstances having made me curious on this Subject; that a newborn Child has, in

its little Bowels, a pitchy Substance, that wants to be purged off; and when it is not, occasions those Gripings and Convulsions which destroy so many miserable Infants, even (as one finds by the weekly Bills here in Town) more than half of those who die in Infancy: Whereas Nature has design'd, it seems, a Cure for this, in the purgative Quality, and fine thin Blueness given to the first Milk, which in three Weeks or a Month, or may—be less, carries off that pitchy Substance, and gives Freedom and Ease to the Bowels of Babies; a Quality which, not being in staler Milk, the poor Child often falls a Sacrifice to this Negligence or Inattention; and the Mother's Pains, and Hazards, are all cast away; and her Grievs, at losing the dear Infant, are much greater than her Joys, at its Birth, when all the Danger was over.

Then, dear Sir, said I, there is another Point, respecting the Health of our Sex.— Great Hurts to one's Constitution may arise from too frequently being in this Circumstance; and, for my own Part, you have made me so happy, that I cannot help being *covetous* of Life, if I may so say.— But the Sin, dear Sir, the Sin of committing that Task to others, which is so right to be performed by one's self, if one has Health and Strength to perform it, is the chief thing with me; and, you know, Sir, that even a Husband's Will is not sufficient to excuse one from a natural or divine Obligation.

These were my Pleas, among others: And this is his Answer; for he was so good to give it me in writing:

"As to what you allege, my Dear, of old Customs; Times and Fashions are much changed. If you tell me of *Sarah's*, or *Rachel's*, or *Rebekah's*, or *Leah's*, nursing their own Children, I can answer, that the one drew Water at a Well, for her Father's Flocks; another kneaded Cakes, and baked them on the Hearth, for her Guests; another personally dress'd savoury Meat, for her Husband; and all of them performed the common Offices of the Houshold: And when our modern Ladies are willing to follow such Examples in *every thing*, their Plea ought to be allow'd in this.

"As to the matter of sordid Natures— We read, that there were among *Jacob's* twelve Sons, bad as well as good Natures, tho' born of, and nursed by, the same Mothers; *Reuben* particularly committed an unpardonable Crime: You are too well read in Scripture—history, to need being told what it was. Two others were Murderers, treacherous Murderers, in cold Blood; and how did all their Hearts burn with sordid and unbrotherly Envy against their Father's favourite Son?

"Then it requires but the more Care in finding out a wholesome Woman, who has an honest and good—natur'd Husband: And, let me tell you, *Pamela*, that the best Natures, and the best Constitutions, (tho' your Case is an Exception) are not always to be met with in High—life; and the less, perhaps, because they don't exercise themselves, as the patriarchal Nurses you hinted at, used to do. Indeed I have seen Spirits, in some of the High—born of your Sex, that one would not wish to be propagated; but contrarily (if there be so much in the Nature of the Nourishment) I should think it matter of Prudence, that the Child should have any other Nurse than its Mother.

"As to the Nurse's private Vices, with regard to Liquors, Distempers, &c. this will be answer'd, by what I have hinted, of the greater Care to be taken in the Choice of the Nurse. And I am so well pleased with your Apprehensions of this Nature, that it is a moral Security to me, that you will make a proper Choice; and I shall be intirely easy, in committing this Province to so prudent and discreet a Wife.

"I allow, that there is a great deal in what you say, as to the pitchy Substance in new—born Children; and I think it very proper, that the Child should have the first Milk: But cannot such a Nurse be found, as may answer this Intention?— If she cannot, I will, provided you deal by me with your usual Sincerity, and not make Scruples against a Recommendation, on purpose to carry your own Point, permit you to be your own Nurse for one Month, or so, if, by the Opinion of proper Judges, it be found necessary. But then, as I know the pretty wire—drawing ways of your Sex, you must not so much as ask to go farther; for I shall not care to have my Rest disturbed; and it may not be quite so well, perhaps, to lay us under the Necessity of separate Beds.

"Besides, my Fondness for your personal Graces, and the laudable, and, I will say, honest Pleasure, I take in that easy, genteel Form, which every body admires in you, at first Sight, oblige me to declare, that I can by no means consent to sacrifice these to the Carelessness into which I have seen very nice Ladies sink, when they became Nurses. Moreover, my chief Delight in you is for the Beauties of your Mind; and, unequall'd as they are, in my Opinion, you have still a Genius capable of great Improvement; and I shan't care, when I want to hear my *Pamela* read her *French* and *Latin* Lessons, which I take so much Delight to teach her, (and to endeavour to

improve myself from her Virtue and Piety, at the same time) to seek my Beloved in the Nursery; or to permit her to be ingross'd by those Baby Offices, which will better befit weaker Minds.

"No, my Dear, you must allow me to look upon you as my Scholar, in one Sense; as my Companion, in another; and as my Instructress, in a third. You know I am not govern'd by the worst Motives: I am half overcome by your Virtue; and you must take care, that you leave not your Work half-done. But I cannot help looking upon the Nurse's Office, as an Office beneath my *Pamela*. Let it have your Inspection, your Direction, and your sole Attention, if you please, when I am abroad: But when I am at home, even a Son and Heir, so jealous am I of your Affections, shall not be my Rival in them: Nor will I have my Rest broken in upon, by your Servants bringing to you, as you once propos'd, your dear Little-one, at Times, perhaps, as unsuitable to my Repose, and your own, as to the Child's Necessities; for I have no Notion of stifling even a Cry, by cramming its little Stomach, when that very Cry, shall, perhaps, be necessary for Exercise to its Lungs, and to open its little Organs.

"You have been often somewhat uneasy, when I have talked, for Argument's sake, in favour of Polygamy. But when you mention the Designations of Nature, and form from thence your Notions of Duty on this Subject, what will you say, if I could, from your very Arguments of this kind, plead for that Practice, and bring all your good patriarchal Folks on my side, on whom you lay such Stress, in one Instance?— For Example, my Dear: Suppose I put you in mind, that while *Rachel* was giving her Little-one all her Attention, as a good Nurse, the worthy Patriarch had several other Wives—Don't be shock'd, my dearest Love—The Laws of one's own Country, are a sufficient Objection to me against Polygamy; at least, I will not think of any more Wives, till you convince me, by your Adherence to the Example given you by the Patriarch Wives, that I ought to follow those of the Patriarch Husbands."

So here is that nasty Word *Polygamy* again! Mr. *B.* knows, I had rather he should mention any thing than that.— But be so good as to mind his next Argument: He is pleased to entertain very high Notions (tho' he puts them not in Practice; and, indeed, I think it my Duty to avoid giving him Occasion for it) of the Prerogative of a Husband. Upon my Word, he sometimes, for Argument's sake, makes a body think a Wife should not have the least Will of her own. He sets up a dispensing Power, in short, altho' he knows, that that Doctrine once cost a Prince his Crown. And thus, proceeding with his Answer to my Plea, he argues:

"The chief Thing, that sticks with you, my dear *Pamela*, is, that you think it unnatural in a Mother not to be a Nurse to her own Child, if she can; and what is unnatural, you say, is a Sin. Now, my Dear, altho' your *Practice* be so unexceptionable, you seem not to have a right Notion of the Obedience which a Wife naturally *owes*, as well as voluntarily *vows*, to a Husband's Will.—

"In all *lawful* Things, you'll say—But suppose, my Dear, you were to make a solemn Vow, either as a single Woman, or as a Wife, to do any thing that you had a natural Power to do. No doubt you would think yourself under an Obligation to perform it, let the Consequence be what it would. But to shew *you*, who are so learned in the old Law, of how little Force even the *Vows* of your Sex are, and how much you are under the Controul of ours, read the following Verses in *Numbers xxx.* *If a Man vow a Vow unto the Lord, or swear an Oath to bind his Soul with a Bond, he shall not break his Word; he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his Mouth.* The Reason of this is, he is sole and independent, and Master of his own Will and Actions. —But what follows? *If a Woman also vow a Vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a Bond, being in her Father's House, in her Youth; and her Father hear her Vow, and her Bond, wherewith, she hath bound her Soul, and her Father shall hold his Peace at her: Then all her Vows shall stand; and every Bond, wherewith she hath bound her Soul, shall stand. But if her Father disallow her in the Day that he heareth, not any of her Vows, or of her Bonds, wherewith she hath bound her Soul, shall stand: And the Lord shall forgive her, because her Father disallowed her.*

"The very same Thing is, with equal Strength, expressed in the Verses immediately following, in relation to a Husband's allowing or disallowing his Wife's Vows; nor is it distinguish'd at all, whether the Vow be just or unjust: And it is worthy of Observation too, that the Laws of *England*, in Consideration of the Obedience a Wife owes to a Husband, will acquit a Woman of certain Crimes, for which they will punish a Man with Death.

"What I have mentioned, therefore, shews how much the *Daughter* is under the absolute Controul of her *Father*, and the *Wife* of her *Husband*: So that, you see, my Dear, even in such a strong Point as a *solemn Vow to the Lord*, the Wife may be absolv'd by the Husband, from the Performance of it.

"And by the way, this is no bad Piece of Information to young Ladies, who are urged by their designing Lovers to enter into Vows and Contracts in their Favour: Not one of which, you see, is of Force, unless the Father, and,

by the same Rule, those who have Authority over her, and stand in the Father's Place, approve and confirm it.

"If this therefore be the Case in so solemn a Point, surely, an Husband may take upon himself to dispense with such a supposed Obligation, as that which you seem so loth to give up, even although you had made a Vow, that you would nurse your own Child. —And the rather, if the Principle an Husband acts upon, is laudable, a Desire to continue his affectionate and faithful Regards to his Wife, to preserve in her, as long as may be preserved, those Graces, and those Delicacies of Person, which he admires in her, and which it is impossible a thorough Nurse should keep up; and as, moreover, in your Case, her Time may be employ'd to so much greater Improvement to her own Mind, and her Husband's Morals, while he can look upon her in a Light above that of an insipid prattling Nurse, who must become a Fool and a Baby herself, before she can be complete in the Character, into which you, my Dear, want to dwindle.

"Some Gentlemen may be fond of having their Ladies undertake this Province, and very good Reasons may be assigned for such their Fondness; but it suits not me at all. And yet no Man would be thought to have a greater Affection for Children than myself, or be more desirous to do them Justice; for I think every one should look forward to Posterity with a Preference: But if my *Pamela* can be *better* employ'd: If the Office can be equally well perform'd: If your Direction and Superintendence will be sufficient; and if I cannot look upon you in that way with equal Delight, as if it was otherwise; I insist upon it, my *Pamela*, that you acquiesce with my *Dispensation*, and don't think to let me lose my beloved Wife, and have an indelicate Nurse put upon me instead of her.

"As to that Hint, the nearest to me of all, of Dangers to your Constitution; there is as much Reason to hope it may *not* be so, as to fear that it *may*. For Children sometimes bring Health with them as well as Infirmity; and it is not a little likely, that the *Nurse's* Office may affect the Health of a dear Lady, who has no very robust Constitution, and thinks it so much her Duty to attend it, that she will abridge herself of half the Pleasures of Life, and on that Account confine herself within Doors, or, in the other Case, must take with her, her Infant and her Nursery-maid, where-ever she goes; and I shall either have very fine Company (shall I not?) or be obliged to deny myself yours.

"Then, as I propose to give you a Smattering of the *French* and *Italian*, I know not but I may take you with me on a little Tour into *France* and *Italy*; at least to *Bath*, to *Tunbridge*, to *Oxford*, to *York*, and the principal Places of *England*: Wherefore, as I love to look upon you as the Companion of my Pleasures, I advise you, my dearest Love, not to weaken, or, to speak in a Phrase proper to the present Subject, *wean* me from that Love *to* you, and Admiration *of* you, which hitherto has been rather increasing than otherwise, as your Merit, and Regard for me, have increased."

These, my dear Parents, are charming Allurements, almost irresistible Temptations! And that makes me mistrust myself the more, and be the more diffident—For we are but too apt to be persuaded into any thing, when the Motives are so tempting as these last! —But do you take it *indeed*, that a Husband has such a vast Prerogative? Can it be, now under the *Gospel*, that this setting themselves, as it were, in God's place, and *dispensing* with our Wills as pleases theirs, is still in Force? —Yet it is said, that our Saviour came not to *break the Law, but to fulfil it*.

I take it for granted, that many Ladies will not chuse to dispute this Point so earnestly as I have done; for we have had several little Debates about it; and it is the only Point I have ever yet debated with him: But one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no Compliment to him to be quite passive, and to have no Will at all of one's own: Yet would I not dispute one Point, but in Supposition of a superior Obligation: And this, he says, he can *dispense* with: —But, alas! my dear Mr. *B.* was never yet thought so intirely fit to fill up the Character of a Casuistical Divine, as that one may absolutely rely upon his Decisions in these serious Points: And you know we must all stand or fall by our own Judgments.

Upon Condition, therefore, that he requires not to see this my Letter, nor your Answer to it, unless I please, I write for your Advice; for you both have always made a Conscience of your Duties, and taught me to do so too, or perhaps I had not been what I am; and I know, moreover, that nobody is more conversant with the Scriptures than you are; and, some how or other, he has got the Dean against me; and I care not to be so free with the worthy Minister of our Parish here, and still less with the younger Clergymen I am acquainted with.

But this I see plainly enough, that he will have his own Way; and if I cannot get over my Scruples, what shall I do? For if I think it a *Sin* to submit to the Dispensation he insists upon as in his Power to grant, and yet *do* submit to it, what will become of my Peace of Mind? For it is not in our Power to believe as one will. Then weak Minds

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will have their Doubts, and the Law allows a Toleration for scrupulous and tender Consciences: But my beloved Husband, my Lawgiver, and my Prince, I doubt, will allow none to poor me!

As to the Liberty he gives me for a Month, I should be loth to take it; for one does not know the Inconveniences that may attend a Change of Nourishment; or if I did, I should rather—But I know not what I would say; for I am but a young Creature to be in this Way, and very unequal to it in every respect! So I commit myself to God's Direction, and your Advice, as becomes

*Your ever-dutiful Daughter, P B.*

LETTER VII.

*My dearest Child*, Your Mother and I have as well considered the Case you put, as we are able; and we think your own Reasons very good; and it is pity, a thousand Pities, your honoured Husband will not allow them, as you, my Dear, make it such a Point with you. Very few Ladies would give their Spouses, we believe, the Trouble of this Debate; and few Gentlemen are so very nice as yours in this respect; for I (but what signifies what such a mean Soul as I think, compar'd to so learned and brave a Gentleman; yet I) always thought your dear Mother, and she has been a pretty Woman too in her Time, never look'd so lovely, as when I saw the dear Creature, like the *Pelican* in the Wilderness, feeding her young ones from her kind Breast:—And had I had ever so noble an Estate, I am sure I should have thought so.

But since the good 'Squire cannot take this Pleasure; since he so much values your Person; since he gives you Warning, that it may estrange his Affections; since he is impatient of Denial, and thinks so highly of his Prerogative; since he may, if disoblige'd, resume some bad Habits, and so you may have all your Prayers and Hopes in his perfect Reformation frustrated, and find your own Power to do Good more narrow'd, as I may say; we think, besides the Obedience you have vowed to him, and is the Duty of every good Wife, you ought to give up the Point, and acquiesce; for this seemeth to us, to be the lesser Evil; and God Almighty, if it should be your Duty, will not be less merciful than Men; who, as his Honour says, by the Laws of the Realm, excuse a Wife when she is faulty by the Command of the Husband; and we hope, the Fault he is pleased to make you commit, (if a Fault, for he really gives very praise-worthy Motives for his Dispensation) will not lie at his own Door. So e'en resolve my dearest Child, to submit to it, and with Cheerfulness too.

God send you an happy Hour! but who knows, when the Time comes, whether it may not be proper to dispense with this Duty, as you deem it, on other Accounts? for every young Person is not inabled to perform it. So, to shew his Honour, that you will cheerfully acquiesce, your dear Mother advises, that you would look out for a wholesome, good-humour'd, honest Body, as near your Complexion, and Temper, and Constitution, as may be; and it may not be the worse, she thinks, if she is Twenty, or One or Two—and-twenty; for she will have more Strength and Perfection, as one may say, than even you can have at your tender Age: And, above all, for the wise Reason you give from your Reading, that she may be brought to-bed much about your Time, if it be possible.— We will look out, if you please, about us for such an one. And as Mr. *B.* is not averse to have the dear Child in the House with you, you will have as much Delight, and the dear Baby may fare as well, under your prudent and careful Eye, as if you were to be oblig'd in the Way you would chuse.

So, God direct you, my dearest Child, in all your Ways, and make you acquiesce in this Point with Cheerfulness, (altho', as you say, one cannot believe as one pleases; for we verily are of Opinion you safely may, at Matters stand) and continue to you, and your beloved and honoured Husband, Health, and all manner of Happiness, are the Prayers of

*Your most affectionate Father and Mother, J. and E. Andrews.*

I have privately shew'd our worthy Minister your Letter: You know, my Dear, he is a learned and judicious Gentleman: And he is of our Opinion, that it is best for you, on all Accounts, to acquiesce. Besides, it may disoblige the 'Squire, and it will signify nothing, after all; for he will have his Way, that's sure enough.

LETTER VIII.

I Thank you, my dearest Parents, for your kind Letter; it was given to Mr. *B.* and he brought it to me himself, and was angry at me: Indeed he was; as you shall hear:

'Tis from the good Couple, my Dear, I see. I hope they are of my Opinion. But whether they be or not—But I will leave you; and do you, *Pamela*, step down to my Closet when you have perus'd it.

He was pleased to withdraw; and I read it, and sat down, and consider'd it well; but, as you know I made it always my Maxim to do that I could not avoid to do, with as good a Grace as possible, I waited on the dear Gentleman.

Well, *Pamela*, said he, a little seriously, what say the worthy Pair?

Oh Sir! they declare for you! They say, it is best for me to yield up this Point.

They are certainly in the right.— But were you not a dear little perverse Slut to give me all this Trouble about your saucy Scruples?

Nay, Sir, don't call them so, said I; little thinking he was displeas'd with me.— I still am somewhat wavering; tho' they advise me to acquiesce: And, as it is your Will, and you have determin'd how it shall be, it is my Duty to yield up the Point.

But do you yield it up chearfully, my Dear?—

I do, Sir; and will never more dispute it, let what will happen!— And I beg Pardon for having so often enter'd into this Subject with you.— But you know, Sir, if a Body's Weakness of Mind gives one Scruples, one should not yield implicitly, till they are satisfy'd; for that would look as if one gave you not the Obedience of a free Mind.—

You are very obliging, *just now*, my Dear: But I can tell you, you had made me half serious; yet I would not shew it, in Compliment to your present *Circumstance*; for I did not expect, that you would have thought *any* Appeal necessary, tho' to your Father and Mother, in a Point that I was determin'd upon, as you must see, every Time we talk'd of it.

This struck me all in a Heap. I look'd down to the Ground; having no Courage to look up to his Face, for fear I should behold his Aspect as mortifying to me as his Words. But he took both my Hands, and drew me kindly to him, and saluted me—Excuse me, my dearest Love! I am not angry with you.— Speak to me, my Dear.— Why drops this precious Pearl, and kiss'd my Cheek! —Speak to me, *Pamela!* —

I will, Sir—I will—as soon as I can—for this being my first Check, so seriously given, my Heart was full. But as I knew he would be angry, and think me obstinate, if I did not speak; I said, full of Concern—I wish, Sir—I wish—you had been pleas'd to spare me longer, a little longer, for the same kind, very kind Consideration!—

But is it not better, my Dear, to tell you I *was* a little out of Humour, than that I *am*?— But you had been very earnest with me on this Point more than once; and you put me upon a hated, because an ungenerous, Necessity of pleading my Prerogative, as I call it: And yet this would not do, but you would appeal against me in the Point I was determin'd upon, for Reasons altogether generous, and in your Favour; and if this was not like my *Pamela*, excuse me, my dearest Love, that I could not help being a little unlike myself.

Ah! thought I, this is not so very unlike your dear Self, if I were to give the least Shadow of an Occasion; for it is of a Piece with your Lessons formerly .

I am sure, said I, I was not in the least aware, that I had offend'd!— But I was too little circumspect: I had been used to your Goodness for so long a Time, that I expected it, it seems; and thought I was sure of your favourable Construction.

Why so you may be, my Dear, in every thing *almost*. But I don't love to speak † twice my Mind on the same Subject; you know I don't; and you have really disputed this Point with me Five or Six times: Insomuch, that I wonder'd what was come to my Dearest!—

I thought, Sir, you would have distinguish'd between a Command where my Conscience was concern'd, and a common Point: You know, Sir, I never had any Will but yours in common Points. —But indeed you make me fearful, because my Task is render'd too difficult for my own weak Judgment. But then, Sir—But I shall offend again—

And then what? Say all you would say, *Pamela*. —And then what?

Why, Sir, if I must speak—You threaten me so at every Turn with that cruel Word *Polygamy*, that it shews me, it is too much in your Mind— But I shall make you angry again.

Was not the Patriarch Husbands Practice, *Pamela*, a fit Thing to be oppos'd to that of the Patriarch Wives? But do you say, I *threaten* you with that Word? Take care, my Love: You have been a *faultless Angel* hitherto. Don't let me find you ready to make such harsh Constructions as a *mere Woman* is accustom'd to make, when she is dispos'd to be captious; altho' a better Construction lies before her.

I was silent, but by my Tears.

Now I doubt, *Pamela*, your Spirit is high. You won't speak, because you are out of Humour at what I say. I will have no sullen Reserves, my Dearest. What means that heaving Sob? I know, my dear Love, that this is a Time with your Sex, when, sadden'd with your Apprehensions, and indulg'd because of them, by the fond Husband, it is needful, for both their sakes, to watch over the Changes of their Temper. For Ladies in your Way, are often like incroaching Subjects: They are apt to extend what they call their Privileges, on the Indulgence shewed them; and the Husband never again recovers the Ascendant he had before.

You know these Things better than I, Mr. *B*. But I had no Intention to invade your Province, or go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a Right to a little Free-will, a very little; especially on some greater Occasions.

Why so you have, my Dear. But you must not plead one Text of Scripture in Behalf of your own Will; and refuse to another its due Weight, when it makes for mine.

Well, Sir, I must needs say, I have one Advantage above others of my Sex: For if Wives in my Circumstance are apt to grow upon Indulgence, I am very happy, that your kind and watchful Care will hinder me from falling into that Danger.

He gave me a kind Tap on the Neck: Let me beat my beloved Sawcebox, said he: Is it thus you railly my watchful Care over you for your own Good? But tell me truly, *Pamela*, are you not a little sullen? Look up to me, my Dear—Are you not?

I believe I am; but 'tis but a very little, Sir—It will soon go off—Please to let me withdraw, that I may take myself to Task about it;—for at present, I know not what to do, because I did not expect the Displeasure I have incurr'd.

Is it not the same Thing, reply'd he, if this our first Quarrel end here, without your withdrawing? —I forgive you heartily, my *Pamela*; and give me one Kiss, and I will think of your saucy Appeal against me no more.

I will comply with your Conditions, dear Sir; but I have a great Mind to be saucy. I wish you would let me for this once.

What would you say, my Dearest? Be saucy then, as you call it, as saucy as you can.

Why then, Sir, I am a little sullen at present, that I am:—And I am not fully convinc'd, whether it must be I that forgive you, or you me.— For indeed, till I can recollect, I cannot think my Fault so great in this Point, that was a Point of Conscience to me, as (pardon me) Sir, to stand in need of your Forgiveness.

Well then, my Dearest, said he, clasping his kind Arms about me, we will forgive another; but take this with you, That it is my Love to you, that makes me more delicate than otherwise I should be; and you have inur'd me so much to a faultless Conduct, that I can hardly bear with natural Infirmities from you.— But, giving me another Tap, Get you gone; I leave you to your Recollection; and let me know what Fruits it produces; for I must not be put off with a Half-compliance; I must have your whole *Will* with me, if possible. \*

So I went up, and recollecting every thing, *sacrific'd to my Sex*, as Mr. *B*. calls it, when he talks of a Wife's Reluctance to give up a favourite Point; for I shed a good many Tears, because my Heart was set upon it; and this Patriarchal Retort hung heavy upon my Mind.

And so, my dear Father and Mother, Twenty charming Ideas and Pleasures, which I had formed to myself, had I obtained this Permission, are vanished from me, and my Measures are quite broken. But after my Heart was relieved by my Eye, I was lighter and easier. And the Result is, we have heard of a good sort of Body, that is to be my poor *Baby's Mother*, when it comes; and so your kindly-offer'd Inquiries are needless, I believe.

I can't tell but this sort of Rebuff might be a little necessary, after all; for I had forgotten, thro' Mr. *B*'s past Indulgence for so long a Time, his Injunctions and Lessons, and this awfully-inforced Remembrance shews me, that the Rules he formerly prescribed, were not Words of Course, but that he intended to keep me up to the Letter of them.— So I must be a little more circumspect, I find that, than of late I thought I had Occasion to be.

But he is the best and tenderest of Husbands, for all this; and yet I was forced to accept of *his* Forgiveness, and he did not think himself obliged to me for *mine*; and has carry'd his Point all to nothing, as the Racing Gentlemen say. But I can see one Thing, nevertheless, on this Occasion, that the Words *Command* and *Obey* are not quite blotted out of his Vocabulary, as he said they should be .

But, truly, I did not imagine before, that the Husband had so very extensive a Prerogative neither.— Nor do I believe, that many Ladies would sit down so satisfy'd with it, as I am forced to do.— Yet he vows, that it must have been so, had he marry'd a *Princess*; —and that it is not because of the former Inequality of Condition between us.

I can't tell what to say to that: But I fancy there would then have been some *princely* Struggles between them, had it been so.— It may be, if he could not have conquer'd, he would not have liv'd with her; or, perhaps, would have run into his wicked Polygamy Notions.

Mr. *B.* to my further great *Comfort*, has just been telling me, how little a Wife of his must expect from her Tears; and has most nicely been distinguishing between Tears of *Sullenness*, and Tears of *Penitence*: The one, he declares, shall always meet with his Indulgence and Kindness, and never pass unrewarded: But the other, being the last Resources of the Sex, after they are disarmed of all others, and by which they too often, as he says, carry all their Purposes, he will never suffer to have any Force at all upon him.

Very heroick, truly!— One stands a poor Chance in a Contest with such an Husband.— It must be all pure unmixed Obedience and Submission! And I find half the Tears a poor Wife might shed in matrimonial Bickerings, (so frequent with some, even of those not unhappily married, as the World goes) would be of no Effect, were all Men of his Mind.

'Tis well for our Sex in general, that there are not many Gentlemen who distinguish thus nicely. For, I doubt, there are but very few so well intitled to their Ladies Observances as Mr. *B.* is; and who would act so generously and so tenderly by a Wife as he does, in every material Instance on which the Happiness of Life depends.

But we are quite reconciled, altho', as I said, upon his own Terms: And so I can still style myself,  
*My dear honoured Parents, Your happy, as well as dutiful Daughter, P. B.*

LETTER IX.

*From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.*

*My dear Pamela*, I have sent you a Present, the completest I could procure, of every thing that may suit your approaching happy Circumstance; as I hope it will be to you, and to us all. But it is with a Hope annex'd, That altho' both Sexes are thought of in it, yet that you will not put us off with a Girl: No, Child, we will not permit, may we have our Wills, that you shall *think* of giving us a Girl, till you have presented us with half a dozen fine Boys. For our Line is gone so low, that we expect that human Security from you in your first Seven Years, or we shall be disappointed, I can tell you that.

And now, *Pamela*, I will give you their Names, if my Brother and you approve of them: Your First shall be Billy; my Lord *Davers*, and the Earl of *C*———, shall be Godfathers; and it must be doubly God—mother'd too, or I am afraid the Countess and I shall fall out about it. Your Second, shall be *Davers*; besure remember that——Your Third, shall be Charley; your Fourth, Jemmy; your Fifth, Harry; your Sixth——Dudley, if you will—and your Girl, if you had not rather call it *Pamela*, shall be Barbara——The rest you must name as you please.—— And so, my Dear, I wish all Seven happily over with you.

I am glad you got safe to Town; and long to hear of Miss *Darnford's* Arrival, because I know you'll be out of your Biass in your new Settlement till then. She is a fine Lady; and writes the most to my Taste of any one of her Sex, that I know, next to you. I wish she'd be so kind to correspond with me. But besure don't omit to give me the Sequel of her Sister and *Murray's* Affair, and what you think will please me in relation to her. You do well to save yourself the Trouble of describing the Town and the publick Places. We are no Strangers to them; and they are too much our Table—talk, when any Country Lady has, for the first time, been carried to Town, and return'd: Besides, what *London* affords, is nothing that deserves Mention, compar'd to what we have seen at *Paris*, and at *Versailles*, and other of the *French* Palaces. You exactly, therefore, hit our Tastes, and answer our Expectations, when you give us, in your peculiar manner, Sentiments on what we may call the *Soul of Things*, and such Characters as you draw with a Pencil borrow'd from the Hand of Nature, intermingled with those fine Lights and Shades, of Reflections and Observations, that make your Pictures glow, and instruct as well as inform.

There, *Pamela*, is Incouragement for you to proceed in obliging us. We are all of one Mind in this respect; and more than ever, since we have seen your Actions so well answer to your Writings; and that Theory and Practice, with regard to every Excellence that can adorn a Lady, is the same thing with you.

We are pleas'd with your Lawyers Characters. There are Life and Nature in them; but never avoid giving all the Characters that occur to you; for that seems to be one of your Talents; and in the ugliest you can draw, there will be Matter of Instruction; especially as you seem naturally to fall upon such as are so general, that no one who converses, but must see in them the Picture of one or other he is acquainted with.

By this Time, perhaps, Miss *Darnford* will be with you—Our Respects to her, if so.— And you will have been at some of the Theatrical Entertainments. So will not want Subjects to oblige us.—— 'T was a good Thought of your dear Man's, to carry you to see the several Houses, and to make you a Judge, by that Means, of the Disposition and Fashion of every thing in them. Tell him, I love him better and better. I am proud of my Brother, and do nothing but talk of what a charming Husband he makes. But then, he gives an Example to all who know him, and his uncontroled Temper, (which makes against many of us) that it is possible for a good Wife to make even a bad Man a worthy Husband: And this affords an Instruction, which may stand all our Sex in good stead.—— But then they must have been cautious first, that they have chosen a Man of natural good Sense, and good Manners, and not a brutal or abandon'd Debauchee.

But hark—ye—me, my sweet Girl, what have I done to you, that you won't write yourself *Sister* to me? I could find in my Heart to be angry with you on this Account. Before my last Visit, indeed, I was scrupulous to subscribe myself so to *you*. But since I have seen myself so much surpass'd in all manner of Excellence, that I would take Pleasure in the Name, you assume a Pride in your Turn, and think it an undervaluing of yourself, I suppose, to call *me* so.—— Ay, that's the Thing, I doubt——Altho', I can tell you, I have endeavour'd, by several Regulations since my Return, (and the Countess, too, keeps your Example in distant View, as well as I) to be more worthy of the Appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the Reproaches of secret Pride, under the Shadow of so remarkable

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an Humility, for the future never omit subscribing, as I do, with great Pleasure,  
*Your truly affectionate Sister, and Friend, B. Davers.*

I always take it for granted, that my worthy Brother sends his Respects to us; as you must, that Lord *Davers*, the good Countess, and *Jackey*, (who, as well as his Uncle, talks of nothing else but you) send theirs; and so unnecessary Compliment will be always excluded our Correspondence.

LETTER X.

*In Answer to the preceding.*

How you overwhelm me with your Goodness, my dearest Lady, in every Word of your last welcome Letter, is beyond my Power to express! How nobly has your Lady contrived, in your ever-valu'd Present, to encourage a doubting and apprehensive Mind! And how does it contribute to my Joy and my Glory, that I am deemed by the noble Sister of my best Beloved, not wholly unworthy of being the humble Means to continue, and, perhaps, to perpetuate, a Family so antient and so honourable!—

This, Madam, when I contemplate, and look upon what I was—What can I say!— How shall I express the Sense of the Honour, done me!— And when, skipping over for a few Moments, the other engaging Particulars in your Ladyship's Letter, I come to the last charming Paragraph, I am doubly affected to see myself seemingly upbraided, but so politely imbolden'd to assume an Appellation, that otherwise I hardly dar'd to assume.

I—*humble I*—who never had a Sister before! —To find one now in *Lady Davers*! O Madam, you, and *only* you, can teach me Words fit to express the Joy and the Gratitude that fill my delighted Heart!— But thus much I am taught, and thus much I can say, tho' at a Loss for other Words, that there is something more than the Low-born can imagine in Birth and Education. This is so evident in your Lady's Actions, Words, and Manner, that it strikes one with a becoming Reverence; and we look up with Awe to a Condition we emulate in vain, when raised by partial Favour, like what I have found; and are confounded, when we see Grandeur of Soul join'd with Grandeur of Birth and Condition; and a noble Lady acting thus nobly, as *Lady Davers acts*.

My best Wishes, and a thousand Blessings, attend your Ladyship in all you undertake! And I am persuaded the latter will, and a Peace and Satisfaction of Mind incomparably to be preferr'd to whatever else this World can afford, in the new Regulations, which you, and my dear Lady Countess, have set on Foot in your Families: And when I can have the Happiness to know what they are, I shall, I am confident, greatly improve my own Methods by them. Were we to live for ever in this Life, we might be careless and indifferent about these Matters; but when such an Uncertainty as to the Time, and such a Certainty as to the Event, is before us, a prudent Mind will be always preparing, till prepared; and what can be a better Preparative, than charitable Actions to our Fellow-creatures in the Eye of that Majesty, which wants nothing of us himself, but to do just and merciful Things to one another? Pardon me, my dearest Lady, for this my free Style. Methinks I am out of myself; I know not how to descend all at once from the Height to which you have raised me: And you must forgive the Reflections to which you yourself, and your own noble Actions, have given Birth!

Here, having taken Respite a little, I find I naturally enough sink into *Body* again.— And will not your Ladyship confine your Expectations from me within narrower Limits?— I hope you will.— For, Oh! my excellent Lady, I cannot, even with my Wishes, so swiftly follow your Expectations, if such they are! But, however, leaving Futurity to Him, who only can govern Futurity, and who conducts us all, and our Affairs, as shall best answer his own Divine Purposes, I will proceed, as well as I can, to obey your Ladyship in those Articles, which are, at present, more within my own Power.

My dear Miss *Darnford*, then, let me acquaint your Ladyship, arrived here on *Thursday* last: She had given us Notice, by a Line, of the Day she set out; and Sir *Simon* and Lady *Darnford* saw her Ten Miles on the Way to the Stage-coach in Sir *Simon's* Coach, Mr. *Murray* attending her on Horseback; they parted with her, as was easy to guess from her Merit, with great Tenderness; and we are to look upon the Visit, (as we do) as a high Favour from her Papa and Mamma; who, however, charge her not to exceed a Month in and out, which I regret much. Mr. *B.* kindly proposed to me, as Miss came in the Stage-coach, attended with one Maid-servant, to meet her Part of the Way in his Coach and Six, if, as he was pleased to say, it would not be too fatiguing to me; and we would go so early, as to dine at *St. Albans*. I gladly consented, and we got thither about One o'Clock, attended by Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham* and *John*; and while Dinner was preparing, he was pleased to shew me the great Church there, and the curious Vault of the Good Duke of *Gloucester*, and also the Monument of the Great Lord Chancellor *Bacon* in *St. Michael's* Church; all which, no doubt, your Ladyship has seen.

There happen'd to be Six Passengers in the Stage-coach, and Miss was exceedingly glad to be relieved from them, tho' the Weather was cold enough, Two of the Passengers being not very agreeable Company, one a rough

military Man, the other a positive humoursome old Gentlewoman; and the other Two, not such as she had Reason to regret parting with; Two Sisters, who jangled now—and—then, said Miss, as much as *my* Sister, and my Sister's *Sister*.

Your Ladyship will judge how joyful this Meeting was to Miss and to me. Mr. *B.* was no less delighted, and said, He was infinitely obliged to Sir *Simon* for this precious Trust.

Miss said, I came with double Pleasure to see the greatest Curiosity in *England*, an Husband and a Wife, who have not, in so many Months, that you have been marry'd, if I may believe Report, and your Letters, Mrs. *B.* once repented. You are severe, Miss, said Mr. *B.* upon People in the marry'd State: I hope there are many such Instances.

There might, said she, if there were more such Husbands as Mr. *B.* makes.— Oh! you are a charming Man!— I hated you once, and I thought you very wicked; but I revere you now.

If you will *revere* any body, my dear Miss, said he, let it be this good Girl; for it is all owing to her Conduct and Discretion, that I make a tolerable Husband: Were there more such Wives, I am persuaded, there would be more such Husbands, than there are.

You see, my dear Miss, said I, what it is to be wedded to a generous Mind! Mr. *B.* by his noble Treatment of me, creates a Merit in me, and disclaims the natural Effects of his own Goodness.

Well, you're a charming Couple—Person and Mind, I know not any Equal either of you have. —But, Mr. *B.* I will not compliment you too highly. I may make *you* proud, for Men are saucy Creatures; but I cannot make your *Lady* so: And in this Doubt of the one, and Confidence in the other, I must join with you, that *her* Merit is the greatest—Since, excuse me, bold Gentleman, as I know you have been! her Example has reformed her Rake; and you have only confirm'd in her the Virtues you found ready formed to your Hand.

That Distinction, said Mr. *B.* is worthy of Miss *Darnford's* Judgment.

My dearest Miss, my dearest Mr. *B.* said I, takeing each by the Hand, how can you go on thus! — As I look upon every kind thing, Two such dear Friends say to me, as Incentives for me, to endeavour to deserve them, you must not task me too high; for then, instead of encouraging, you'll give me Despair.

The dear Gentleman clasped us both in his Arms, and saluted each———And called us his Two Nonpareils.

He led us into the Coach, placing Miss and me on the Front-seat, and himself on the other, with Miss's Maid-servant, a genteel, prudent young Body, whom her Lady would fain have left in the Stage, to avoid the Honour of sitting with Mr. *B.* And in a free, easy, joyful Manner, not in the least tir'd or fatigu'd, did we reach the Town and Mr. *B.'s* House; with which, and its Furniture, and the Apartments allotted for her, Miss is highly pleased.

But the dear Lady put me into some little Confusion, when she saw me first, taking Notice of my Improvements, as she called them, before Mr. *B.* I look'd at him, and look'd at her———Dear Miss! said I, with a blushing Cheek and down-cast Eye. He smiled at Miss, and said, Would *you*, my good Miss, look so silly, after such a Length of Time, with an Husband you had no Occasion to be asham'd of?——— No, indeed, Sir, not I, I'll assure you; nor will I forgive those Maiden Airs in a Wife so happy as you are. I said nothing. But I wish'd myself, in Mind and Behaviour, to be just what Miss *Darnford* is.

But, my dear Lady, Miss *Darnford* has had those early Advantages from Conversation, which I had not; and so I must never expect to know how to deport myself with that modest Freedom and Ease, which, altho' some of my Favourers attribute to me, yet I know I want, and shall always want. For, I am every Day more and more sensible of the great Difference there is in being us'd to the politest Conversation as an Inferior, and in being born to bear a Part in it: In the one, all is set, stiff, awkward, and the Person just such an Ape of Imitation as poor I. In the other, all is natural Ease and Sweetness—like Miss *Darnford*.———

Knowing this, I don't indeed aim at what I am sensible I cannot attain; and so, I hope, am less exposed to Ridicule, than I should be, if I did. For, I have heard Mr. *B.* observe with regard to Gentlemen who build fine Houses, and make fine Gardens, and open fine Prospects, that Art should never take place of, but be subservient to Nature; and a Gentleman, if he is confin'd to a Situation, had better conform his Designs to that, than to do as at *Chatsworth* was done, that is to say, level a Mountain at a monstrous Expence; which, had it been suffered to remain, in so wild and romantick a Scene as *Chatsworth* affords, might have been made one of the greatest Beauties of the Place.

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So I, Madam, think I had better endeavour to make the best of those natural Defects I cannot master, than by assuming Airs and Dignities in Appearance, to which I was not born, act neither Part tolerably. By this means, instead of being thought neither Gentlewoman nor Rustick, as Sir *Jacob* hinted, (*Linsey-wolsey*, I think, was his Term too) I may be look'd upon as an Original in my Way; and all Originals pass Muster well enough, you know, Madam, even with Judges.

Now I am upon this Subject, I can form to myself, if your Ladyship will excuse me, two such polite Gentlemen, as my Lawyers, mention'd in my former, who, with a *London* Magnanimity and Penetration,——(For, Madam, I fancy your *London* Criticks will be the severest upon the Country Girl) will put on mighty significant Looks, forgetting, may-be, they have any Faults themselves, and apprehending they have nothing to do, but to sit in Judgment upon others, expressing themselves after this manner: "Why, truly, *Jack*, the Girl is well enough!—*considering*—I can't say"—(then a Pinch of Snuff, perhaps, adds Importance to their Air) "but a Man might love her for a Month or two." (These Sparks talk'd in this manner of other Ladies before me)—She behaves better than I expected from her— *considering*"—again will follow—"So I think, cries the other; and tosses his Tye behind him with an Air partly of Contempt, and partly of Rakery. "—As you say, *Jemmy*, I expected to find an aukward Country Girl; but she tops her Part, I'll assure ye!—Nay, for that matter, behaves very tolerably for *what she was*—And is right, not to seem desirous to drown the Remembrance of her Original in her Elevation—And, I can't but say"—(for something like it they did say) "is mighty pretty, and passably genteel." And thus, with their poor Praise of Mr. *B.*'s Girl, they think they have made a fine Compliment to his Judgment.

But for *his* sake—for as to my own, I am not solicitous about *such* Gentlemens good Opinions, I owe them a Spite; and believe, I shall find an Opportunity to come out of their Debt. For I have the Vanity to think, now your Ladyship has made me proud by your kind Incouragements and Approbation, that the Country Girl will make 'em look about 'em with all their *genteel Contempts*, which they miscal *Praise*.

But how I run on! Your Ladyship expects me to write as freely, as I used to do to my Parents. I have the Merit of obeying you, that I have; but, I doubt, too much to the Exercise of your Patience. This (like all mine) is a long Letter; and I will only add to it Miss *Darnford's* humble Respects and Thanks for your Ladyship's kind Mention of her, which she receives as no small Honour.

And now, Madam, with a greater Pleasure than I can express, will I make use of the Liberty your Ladyship so kindly allows me to take, of subscribing myself, with that profound Respect which becomes me,

*Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.*

Mr. *Adams*, Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, are just arrived; and our Houshold is now complete.

LETTER XI.

*From Lady Davers Mrs. B.*

*My dear Pamela,* After I have thanked you for your last agreeable Letter, which has added the Earl, and Lord *John*, and Lady *Jenny*, to the Number of your Admirers, (you know Lady *Betty*, their Sister, was so before) I shall tell you, that I now write, at all their Requests, as well as at those of my Lord *Davers*, the Countess you so dearly love, and Lady *Betty*, for your Decision of an odd Dispute, that, on reading your Letter, and talking of your domestick Excellencies, happen'd among us.

Lady *Betty* would have it, That notwithstanding any Aukwardness which you attribute to yourself, she cannot but decide, by all she has seen of you, and has heard us say, that yours is the perfectest Character she ever heard or read of.

The Countess said, That you wrong yourself, in supposing, that you are not every thing that is polite and genteel, in your Behaviour, as well as Person; and that she knows not any Lady in *England*, who better becomes her Station than you do.

Why then, said Lady *Jenny*, Mrs. *B.* must be quite perfect; that's certain. So said her Brother, Lord *John*. So said the Earl, their Father. So said they all. And Lord *Davers* confirm'd, that you were. And *Jackey* swore to it.

Yet, as we are sure, there cannot be such a Character, in this Life, as has not one Fault, altho' we could not tell where to fix it, the Countess started a whimsical Motion:—Lady *Davers*, said she, pray do you write to Mrs. *B.* and acquaint her with our Subject; and as it is impossible, that one who can act as she does, should not know herself better than any body else can do, desire her to acquaint us with some of those secret Foibles, that leave room for her to be still more perfect.

A good Thought! said I: A good Thought! said they all.— And this is the present Occasion of my writing; and pray see, that you accuse yourself of no more than you know yourself guilty: For Over-modesty borders so nearly on Pride, and too liberal Accusations seem to be but so many Traps for Acquittal with Applause, that you (whatever other Ladies might) will not be forgiven, if you deal with us in a way so poorly artful: Let them, therefore, be such Faults, as you think we can subscribe to, from what we have *seen* of you, and *read* of yours; and you must try to extenuate them too, as you give them, lest we should think you above that Nature, which in the most and *best* Cases is your undoubted Talent.

I congratulate you and Miss *Darnford*, on her Arrival: She is a charming young Lady; but tell her, that we shall not allow her to take you at your Word, and to think, that she excels you in any one thing: Only, indeed, we think you nicer in some Points, than you need to be, as to your present agreeable Circumstance. And yet, let me tell you, that the easy and unaffected conjugal Purity, in Word and Behaviour, between your good Man and you, is worthy of Imitation, and what the Countess and I have with Pleasure contemplated since we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both: And 'tis good Policy too, Child, as well as high Decorum; for it is what will make you ever new and respectful to one another.

But *You* have the Honour of it all, whose sweet, natural, and easy Modesty, in Person, Behaviour, and Conversation, forbid Indecency, even in Thought, much more in Word, to approach you; insomuch that no Rakes can be Rakes in your Presence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their Restraint.

However, as People who see you, will take it for granted, that you and Mr. *B.* have been very intimate together, I should think you need not be asham'd of your Appearance, because, as he rightly observes, you have no Reason to be asham'd of your Husband.

Excuse my Pleasantry, my Dear: And answer our Demand upon you, as soon as you can; which will oblige us all; particularly

*Your affectionate Sister, B. Davers.*

## LETTER XII.

*My dearest Lady*, What a Task have you imposed upon me! And, according to the Terms you annex to it, how shall I acquit myself of it, without incurring the Censure of Affectation, if I freely accuse myself as I may deserve, or of Vanity, if I do not? Indeed, Madam, I have a great many Failings; and you don't know the Labour it costs me to keep them under; not so much for fear the World should see them, for, I bless God, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they should become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, surely, I need not have told your Ladyship, and my Lady Countess, who have read my Papers, and seen my Behaviour in the kind Visit you made to your dear Brother, and had from *both* but too much Reason to censure me, did not your generous and partial Favour make you overlook my greater Failings, and pass under a kinder Name many of my lesser: For, surely, my good Ladies, you must both of you have observed, in what you have read and seen, that I am naturally of a spiteful, saucy Temper; and, with all my appearing Meekness and Humility, can resent, and sting too, when I think myself provoked.

I have also discover'd in myself, on many Occasions, (of some of which I will by-and-by remind your Ladyship) a Malignancy of Heart, that, it is, lasts but a little while—nor had it need—but for which I have often called myself to Account—to very little Purpose, hitherto.

And, indeed, Madam, (now for a little Extenuation, as you expect from me) I have some Difficulty, whether I ought, in the Station to which I am raised, to take much Pains to subdue myself in some Instances, that otherwise it would have become me to attempt to do: For it is no easy Task, for a Person in my Circumstances, to distinguish between the *ought* and the *ought not*; to be humble without Meanness, and decent without Arrogance. And let me add, That if every body thought as justly as I flatter myself I do, of the Inconveniencies, as well as Conveniencies, which attend the being rais'd to a Condition above them, they would not imagine all the World was their own, when they come to be distinguish'd as I have been: For, what with the Contempts of superior Relations on one side, (which all such must undergo at first) the Envy of the World, and low Reflections arising from that Envy, on the other, from which no one must hope to be totally exempted, and the Aukwardness, besides, with which they support their elevated Condition, if they have Sense to judge of their own Imperfections; and if the Gentleman be not such an one as mine— (and where will such another be found?)— On all these Accounts, I say, they will be made sensible, That whatever they might once think, Happiness and an high Estate, are Two very different things.

But I shall be too grave, when your Ladyship, and all my kind and noble Friends, expect, perhaps, I should give the uncommon Subject a pleasanter Air: Yet what must that Mind be, that is not serious, when it is oblig'd to recollect, and give Account of, its Defects?

But I must not *only* accuse myself, it seems: I must give *Proofs*, such as your Ladyship can subscribe to, of my Imperfections. There is so much *real Kindness* imply'd in this *seeming Hardship*, that I will obey you, Madam, and produce Proofs in a Moment, which cannot be controverted.

Let me then, in the first Place, as to the Self-accusation of *Spitefulness*, refer your Ladyship, and those of my noble Friends who have read my Papers, to the Character I gave in them of poor Mrs. *Jewkes*; also to honest Mr. *Colbrand's* Character, as I gave it, when I suspected he was to be employ'd for the worst Purposes†; both of which, tho' not un in the main, are so drawn, as to shew a very spiteful Nature in the Characterizer.

And as to my *Sauciness*, those Papers will give an hundred Instances against me—as well to your dear Brother, as to others—Indeed, to extenuate, as you command me, as I go along, these were mostly when I was apprehensive for my Honour, that they were.

And then, my dear Lady, I have a little Tincture of *Jealousy*, which sometimes has made me more uneasy than I ought to be, as the Papers you have not seen, would have demonstrated, particularly in Miss *Godfrey's* Case, and in my Conversation with your Ladyships, in which I have frequently betray'd my Apprehensions of what might happen when we came to *London*: Yet, to extenuate again, I have examin'd myself very strictly on this Head; and I really think, that I can ascribe a great Part of this Jealousy to laudable Motives; no less than the Concern I have for your dear Brother's future Happiness, in the Hope, that I may be an humble Means in the Hands of Providence, to induce him to abhor those Crimes in which young Gentlemen too often indulge

themselves, and to bring him over to the Practice of those Virtues, in which he will for ever have Cause to rejoice.— Yet, my Lady, some other Parts of the Charge must stand against me; for, as, to be sure, I love his Person, as well as his Mind, I have Pride in my Jealousy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to support myself as I ought, under the Trial of a Competition, in this tender, very tender Point.

And this obliges me to own, that I have a little— not a little, perhaps—Spark of *secret Pride* and *Vanity*, that will arise, now—and—then, on the Honours done me; but which I keep under as much as I can: And to this Pride, let me tell your Ladyship, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourself.

So you see, my dear Lady, what a naughty Heart I have, and how far I am from being a faultless Creature—I hope I shall be better and better, however, as I live longer, and have more Grace, and more Wit: For here, to recapitulate my Faults, is, in the first Place, *Vindictiveness*, I will not call it downright Revenge, that I will not—For, as the Poet says, *Revenge is but a Frailty, incident To craz'd and sickly Minds; the poor Content Of little Souls, unable to surmount An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.*

And I would not be thought to have a *little Mind*, because I know I would not do a *little Thing*. *Vindictiveness*, then, let it stand, tho' that's a harsh Word to accuse one's self of— *Spitefulness—Jealousy— Secret Pride—Vanity*—which I cannot, for my Life, keep totally under—O dear Madam, are not here Faults enow, without naming any more?— And, how much room do all these leave for Amendment, and greater Perfection!

Had your Ladyship, and my Lady Countess, favour'd us longer, in your late kind Visit, it had been impossible but I must have improv'd, every Day, by your delightful Conversations, so as to have got over such of these Foibles as are not rooted in Nature: For, to behold that natural Ease and Dignity, which accompany every thing your Ladyships do and say, must have made me more than emulate those Perfections, which, at present, I can only at an awful Distance revere; as becomes,

*My dear Ladies, Your most humble Admirer, and obliged Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XIII.

*From Miss Darnford, to her Father and Mother.*

*My ever-honoured Papa and Mamma*, I Arriv'd safely in *London* on *Thursday*, after a tolerable Journey, considering *Deb.* and I made Six in the Coach, (Two having been taken up on the Way, after you left me) and none of the Six highly agreeable. *Mr. B.* and his Lady, who looks very stately upon us, (from the Circumstance of *Person*, rather than of *Mind*, however) were so good as to meet me at *St. Albans*, in their Coach and Six. They have a fine House here, richly furnish'd in every Part, and allotted me the best Apartments in it.

We are happy beyond Expression: *Mr. B.* is a charming Husband; so easy, so pleas'd with, and so tender of his Lady; and she so much All that we saw her in the Country, as to Humility and Affability, and improv'd in every thing else, which we hardly thought possible she could be—that I never knew so happy a Matrimony. —All that *Prerogative Sauciness*, which we apprehended would so eminently display itself in his Behaviour to his Lady, had she been ever so distinguish'd by Birth and Fortune, is vanish'd, and no Traces of it left. I did not think it was in the Power of an Angel, if our Sex could have produc'd one, to have made so tender and so fond an Husband of *Mr. B.* as he makes. And should I have the Sense to follow *Mrs. B.'s* Example, if ever I marry, I should not despair of making myself happy, let it be to whom it would, provided he was not a Brute, nor sordid in his Temper, which two Characters are too obvious to be conceal'd, if Persons take due Care, and make proper Inquiries, and if they are not led by blind Passion. May *Mr. Murray*, and *Miss Nancy*, make just such an happy Pair!

You commanded me, my honour'd Mamma, to write to you an Account of every thing that pleas'd me—I said I would: But what a Task should I then have! —I did not think I had undertaken to write Volumes! —You must therefore allow me to be more brief than I had intended.

In the first place, It would take up five or six long Letters to do Justice to the Oeconomy observed in this happy Family. You know, (and we have often admir'd and applauded her for it) that *Mrs. B.* has not chang'd one of the Servants of the Family, and only added her *Polly* to the Number. This is an unexampled thing, especially as they were all her *Fellow-servants*, as we may say: But since they have the Sense to admire so good an Example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and her Power, I think it one of her peculiar Felicities to have continued them, and to chuse to reform such as were exceptionable, rather than dismiss them.

Their Mouths, *Deb.* tells me, are continually full of their Lady's Praises, and Prayers, and Blessings, utter'd with such Delight and Fervour for the happy Pair, that it makes her Eyes, she says, ready to run over to hear them.

Moreover, I think it an extraordinary Piece of Policy, whether design'd or not, to keep them (as they were honest and worthy Folks); for had she turn'd them all off, what had she done but made as many Enemies as Persons; and as many more, as those Persons had Friends and Acquaintance? And we all know, how much the Reputation of Families lies at the Mercy of Servants, and 'tis easy to guess to what Cause each would have imputed their Dismission. And so she has escaped, as she ought to escape, the Character of Pride; and has made every one, instead of reproaching her with her Descent, find those Graces in her, which turn that very Disadvantage to her Glory.

She is exceeding affable to every one of them; always speaks to them with a Smile; but yet has such a Dignity in her Manner, that it secures her their Respect and Reverence; and they are ready to fly at a Look, and seem proud to have any Commands of hers to execute: Insomuch that the Words, *My Lady commands so or so*, from one Servant to another, are sure to meet with an indisputable Obedience, be the Duty requir'd what it will.

If any one of them is the least out of Order, her Care and Tenderness for them ingage the Duty, and the Veneration, and Gratitude, of all the rest, who see in that Instance, how kindly they will be treated, should they ail any thing themselves. And in all this, I must needs say, she is very happy in *Mrs. Jervis*, who is an excellent Second to her admirable Lady; and is treated by her with as much Respect and Affection, as if she was her Mother.

You may remember, Madam, that in the Account she gave us of her *benevolent Round*, as *Lady Davers* calls it, she says, That as she was going to *London*, she should leave Directions with *Mrs. Jervis* about some of her *Clients*, as I find she calls her Poor, to avoid a Word, that her Delicacy accounts harsh with regard to them, and ostentatious with respect to herself. I ask'd her, how (since, contrary to her then Design, *Mrs. Jervis* was permitted

to be in Town with her) she had provided to answer her Intention as to those her Clients, whom she had referr'd to the Care of that good Woman?

She said, That Mr. *Barlow* her Apothecary was a very worthy Man, and she had given him a plenary Power in that Particular, and likewise desir'd him to recommend any new and worthy Case to her, that no distressful Circumstance among the deserving and destitute sick Poor, might be unreliev'd by reason of her Absence.

And here in *London* she has applied herself to Dr. —(her Parish—minister, a fine Preacher, and sound Divine, who promises at all Opportunities to pay his Respects to Mr. *B.*) to recommend to her any poor Housekeepers, who will be glad to accept of some private Benefactions, and yet, having liv'd creditably, till reduced by Misfortunes, are asham'd to apply for publick Relief: And she has several of these already on her *benevolent List*, to some of whom she sends Coals now on the Entrance of the wintry Season, to some a Piece of *Irish* or *Scotish* Linen, or so many Yards of *Norwich* Stuff, for Gowns and Coats for Girls, or *Yorkshire* Cloth for the Boys; and to some, (of whose Prudence she is most assur'd in laying it out in the way they best can judge of) Money. And she has moreover *mortify'd*, as the *Scots* call it, 150 *l.* as a Fund for Loans, without Interest, of 5, 10, or 15, but not exceeding 20*l.* to answer some present Exigence in some worthy Families, who find the best Security they can to repay it in a given Time; and this Fund she purposes, as she grows richer, she says, to increase; and prides herself every now—and—then, upon her Frugality, to have sav'd so much Money already; and estimates pleasantly her Worth by this Sum, saying sometimes, Who would ever have thought I should have been worth 150*l.* already? I shall be a rich Body in time. But in all these things she enjoins Secrecy, which the Doctor has promis'd.

She told the Doctor, what Mr. *Adams's* Office was in her Family; and hop'd, she said, he would give her his Sanction to it; assuring him, That she thought it her Duty to ask it, as she was one of his Flock, and he, on that account, her principal Shepherd, which made a spiritual Relation between them, the Requisites of which, on her Part, were not to be dispensed with. You may be sure, the good Gentleman very chearfully and applaudingly gave her his Consent; and when she told him, how well Mr. *Adams* was provided for, and that she should apply to him to supply her with a Town—Chaplain, when she was depriv'd of him, he wish'd, that the other Duties of his Function (for he has a large Parish) would permit him to be the happy Person himself; saying, That till she was supply'd to her Mind, either he or his Curate would take care, that so laudable a Method should be kept up.

You will do me the Justice, Madam, to believe, that I very chearfully join in my dear Friend's *Sunday* Duties, and am not a little edify'd with the good Example, and with the Seriousness, Harmony, and Good—will, that this lovely Method contributes to keep up in the Family.

I must own, I never saw such a Family of Love in my Life: For here, under the Eye of the best and most respected of Mistresses, they twice every *Sunday* see one another all together, as in the Country, in a Body, superior as well as inferior Servants; and *Deb.* tells me, after Mrs. *B.* and I are withdrawn, there are such friendly Salutations among them, that she never heard the like—Your Servant, good Maister *Longman*; Your Servant, Master *Colbrand*, cries one and another: How do you, *John*? I'm glad to see you, *Abrabam!*— All blessedly met once more! cries *Jonathan* the venerable Butler, with his silver Hairs, as Mrs. *B.* always distinguishes him: Good Madam *Jervis*, cries another, you look purely this blessed Day, thank God! — And they return to their several Vocations, so light, so easy, so pleas'd, so even—temper'd in their Minds, as their chearful Countenances, as well as Expressions, testify, that it is an Heaven of an House: And being wound up thus constantly once a Week, like a good Eightday Clock, no Piece of Machinery, that ever was made, is so regular and uniform, as this Family is.

What an Example does this dear Lady set to all who see her, to all who know her, and to all who hear of her, and have the Grace to imitate her! — What a publick Blessing would such a Mind as hers be, could it be vested with the Robes of Royalty, and adorn the Sovereign Dignity! —But what are the Princes of the Earth, look at them, in every Nation, and what have they been for Ages past, compar'd to this Lady? who acts from the Impulses of her own Heart, unaided by any human Example. And how can one avoid thinking of Inspiration in this Case; or that she was dropp'd down, when the creating MIND was forming Angels, (forgive the Enthusiasm, which the Contemplation of her innumerable Excellencies raises) to be received into bodily Organs, and to live among Men and Women, in order to shew what the first of the Species was designed to be?

This reminds me of what my honoured Papa said once at our own House to Mr. *B.* That there was but one such Angel descended from Heaven in a thousand Years, and he had got her.

And yet, here is the Admiration: That one sees all these Duties performed in such an easy and pleasant manner, as any body may perform them; for they interfere not with any Parts of the Family Management; take up no Time

from the most necessary Employments; but rather aid and inspirit every one in the Discharge of all their domestick Services; and, moreover, keep their Minds in a State of Preparation for the more solemn Duties of the Day; and all without the least Intermixture of Affectation, Enthusiasm, or Ostentation. O my dear Papa and Mamma! permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all these good Lessons, and how happy shall I be!

I am mindful, my dear Mamma, of yours and our good Neighbours Requests to Mrs. *B.* to oblige you with the Conversations she mentioned, the one with the young Ladies related to Mrs. *Towers* and Mrs. *Arthur*; the other with Mr. *B.* on her Father and Mother; a Subject, which always, however humble, raises her admired Pen, and of Consequence our Expectations; and I will prevail upon her to let me transcribe them for your Entertainment. She writes down every thing that passes, which she thinks may one Day be of Use to Miss *Goodwin*, and to her own Children, if she shall live to have any, and to see them grown up. What a charming Mamma, as well as Wife and Mistress, will this dear Lady make!

As to the Town, and the Diversions of it, I shall not trouble you with any Accounts of them, because you know the one, and from the Time we passed here last Winter, as well as your former thorough Knowledge of both, you will want no Information about the other; for, generally speaking, all who reside constantly in *London*, allow, that there is little other Difference in the Diversions of one Winter and another, than such as are in Cloaths; a few Variations of the Fashions only, which are mostly owing to the ingenious Contrivances of Persons who are to get their Bread by diversifying them.

Mrs. *B.* has undertaken to give Lady *Davers* an Account of Matters as they pass, and her Sentiments on what she sees. There must be something new in her Observations, because she is a Stranger to these Diversions, and unbiassed intirely by Favour or Prejudice; and so will not play the partial Critick, but give to a Beauty its due Praise, and to a Fault its due Censure, according to that Truth and Nature which are the unerring Guides of her Actions, as well as Sentiments. These I will procure for you, as she gives me Leave to transcribe what she writes; and you'll be so good as to return them when perus'd, because I will lend them, as I used to do her Letters, to her good Parents; and so I shall give her a Pleasure at the same time, in the accommodating them with the Knowledge of all that passes, which she makes it a Point of Duty to do, because they take Delight in her Writings.

My Papa's Observation, that a Woman never takes a Journey that she don't forget something, is justify'd by me; for with all my Care, I have forgot my Diamond Buckle, which Miss *Nancy* will find in the inner Till of my Bureau, wrapt up in Cotton; and I beg it may be sent me, by the first Opportunity. With my humble Duty to you both, my dear indulgent Papa and Mamma, Thanks for the Favour I now rejoice in, and affectionate Respects to Miss *Nancy*, (I wish she would love me as well as I love her) and Service to Mr. *Murray*, and all our good Neighbours, conclude me,

*Your dutiful and highly favour'd Daughter, M. Darnford.*

Mr. *B.* and Mrs. *B.* desire their Compliments of Congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. *Peters*, on the happy Marriage of their worthy Niece, which they knew nothing of till I told them of it: Also to your honoured Selves they desire their kind Respects and Thanks for the Loan of your worthless Daughter.

I experience every Hour some new Token of their Politeness and Affection; and I make no Scruple to think I am with just such a Brother, and such a Sister, as any happy Creature may rejoice in, and be proud of.—Mr. *B.* I cannot but repeat, is a charming Husband, and a most polite Gentleman. His Lady is always accusing herself to me of Aukwardness and Insufficiency; but not a Soul who sees her, can find it out: She is all genteel Ease; and the Admiration of every one who beholds her. — Only I tell her, with such Happiness in Possession, she is a little of the gravest sometimes.

The Letter which contains the Account of the Conversation, requested by Miss *Darnford*, p. 5. of this Volume, and promised by Mrs. *B.* p. 17 and mentioned by Miss in the preceding Letter, will be found the last Letter but one of this Volume. For Miss *Darnford*, having mislaid the first Copy of it, requested another, two or three Years after this, when married herself, for the sake of two young Ladies in her Neighbourhood, whose inconsiderate Rashness had given great Affliction to their honourable Parents. And Mrs. *B.* with a View to their particular Case, having made divers Additions and Improvements to it, it will come in more properly, as we conceive, in the Course of these Letters, at or near the Time when those Improvements were made to it.]

LETTER XIV.

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My good Lady,* You command me to acquaint you with the Proceedings between Mr. *Murray* and Miss *Nanny Darnford*: And Miss *Polly* makes it very easy for me to obey you, in this Particular, and in very few Words; for she says, Every thing was adjusted before she came away, and the Ceremony, she believes, may be performed by this Time. She rejoices that she was out of the way of it: For she says, Love is so aukward a Thing to Mr. *Murray*, and Good-humour so uncommon an one to Miss *Nancy*, that she hopes she shall never see such another Courtship.

Mr. *B.* teizes Miss, that she is a little piqu'd, and that she shew'd it by a satirical Fling or two in a former Letter to me, that her humble Servant took her at her Word: And yet he acknowleges, that he believes she despises him, as by his Conduct he has shewn, that he deserves to be despised by her.

She says, nothing has piqu'd her in the whole Affair, but the Triumph it gave to *that ill-natur'd Girl*, as she justly calls her Sister, who has insulted her unmercifully on that Account; and yet with so low and mean a Spite, that she has been vex'd at herself to shew the least Concern on the Occasion. But ungenerous Teizing is an intolerable thing, as she says; and often repeated, will vex a Mind naturally above it: Had it, says she, come from any body else, I should not have heeded it; but how can one despise a Sister?

We have been at the Play-house several times; and give me Leave to say, Madam, (for I have now read as well as seen several) That I think the Stage, by proper Regulations, might be made a profitable Amusement. But nothing more convinces one, than these Representations, of the Truth of the common Observation, That the best Things, corrupted, may prove the worst. The Terror and Compunction for evil Deeds, the Compassion for a just Distress, and the general Beneficence which those lively Exhibitions are so capable of raising in the human Mind, may be of great Service, when directed to right Ends, and induced by proper Motives; where the Actions which the Catastrophe is designed to punish, are not set in such advantageous Lights, as shall destroy the End of the Moral, and make the Vice that ought to be censured, imitable; where the Distress arises from proper Motives; where Instruction is kept in View all the Way; and Vice is punished, and Virtue rewarded.

But give me Leave to say, that I think there is hardly one Play I have seen or read hitherto, but has too much of Love in it, as that Passion is generally treated. How unnatural in some, how inflaming in others, are the Descriptions of it! —In most, rather Rant and Fury, like the Loves of the fiercer Brute Animals, as *Virgil*, translated by *Dryden*, describes them, than the soft, sighing, fearfully-hopeful Murmurs, that swell the Bosoms of our gentler Sex; and the respectful, timorous, submissive Complaining of the other, when the Truth of the Passion humanizes, as one may say, their more rugged Hearts.

In particular, my dear Lady, what strange Indelicates do these Writers of Tragedy often make of our Sex? They don't enter into the Passion at all, if I have any Notion of it: But when the Authors want to paint it strongly, (such as in those Plays I have seen and read) their Aim seems to be to raise a Whirlwind, as I may say, which sweeps down Reason, Religion, and Decency, and carries every laudable Duty away before it; so that all the Example can serve to shew, is, how a disappointed Lover may rage and storm, resent and revenge.

The Play I first saw, was the Tragedy of the *Distress'd Mother*, and a great many beautiful Things I think there are in it: But half of it is a tempestuous, cruel, ungoverned Rant of Passion, and ends in Cruelty, Bloodshed, and Desolation, which the Truth of Story not warranting, as Mr. *B.* tells me, makes it the more Pity, that the original Author (for it is a *French* Play translated, you know, Madam) had not conducted it, since it was in his Choice, with less Terror, and with greater Propriety, to the Passions intended, and actually raised in many Places.

I need not tell your Ladyship what the Story is; and yet it is necessary, as you demand my Opinion, that I should give a little Sketch of it. It is this then: "*Pyrrhus*, the Son of *Achilles*, is betrothed to *Hermione*, the Daughter of *Menelaus*; but *Hector's* Widow, *Andromache*, with *Astyanax*, her Son by *Hector*, in the Division of the *Trojan* Captives, falls to the Lot of *Pyrrhus*, who slighting *Hermione*, (actually sent to his Court, and in his Court, waiting his good Pleasure to espouse her) falls in Love with *Andromache*. *Orestes*, the Son of *Agamemnon*, in Love with *Hermione*, is sent Ambassador from the other *Greek* Princes to demand the Life of *Astyanax*, for fear the poor Infant should become another *Hector*, and avenge his Father's Death; a most improbable, unprincely, and

base-hearted Fear, as *Pyrrhus* himself represents it. *Pyrrhus*, in hopes to gain the Mother's Love, which he seeks on honourable Terms, offers to break with all his Allies, rather than give up the Child; but finding her resolv'd on Widowhood, determines to sacrifice the Child, and to marry *Hermione*. This creates a fine Distress in *Andromache*, between a laudable Purpose to continue the Widow of so great and so deserving a Prince, and her Desire to preserve the Life of her Son, by that beloved Hero; and at last, overcome by maternal Tenderness, finding no other Way, she resolves to marry *Pyrrhus*, and yet to destroy herself after the Marriage Ceremony had intitled her Son to her new Husband's Protection: A very strange, and not very certain Expedient to answer her View! and so to die the Widow of *Hector*, tho' she gave her Hand to *Pyrrhus*, and vow'd herself his at the Altar, and of Consequence had a still less Power over her own Life than before. —*Hermione*, a high-spirited Lady, raging in her Love to *Pyrrhus*, and for the Slight and Disappointment she met with, obliges *Orestes*, on Promise of giving her Heart and Hand to him, to murder *Pyrrhus* at the Altar, while the Ceremony of Marriage with *Andromache* was performing. He causes this to be done. When done, he applies to *Hermione*, expecting her Applause, who then violently upbraids him for having obey'd her; and flying towards the Temple, meets the Body of *Pyrrhus*, and stabs herself upon it.

"Upon this *Orestes* runs mad, and it is said to be the finest mad Scene in any *English* Play. —*Andromache* remains Queen; her Son lives; and being diverted from her own bloody Purpose, she has nothing to do, but to give Orders for the Funeral of *Pyrrhus*, and to bring her Son in Triumph from a Prison to a Palace."

This is, in brief, the Story. Now, Madam, since you will have me, I will tell you, in my artless Way, what I think not quite so pretty, and what is great and beautiful in this Play; which, upon the Whole, however, I was much pleased with, and should have been more, had there been less Terror in it, and more Probability, as I presume to say, in some of its Parts; and had not the softest Passion in Nature been treated as such a flaming Thing, as cannot be a worthy Example to Female Minds.

And first, I could not but observe, that the Plea of the Princes of *Greece* for the Murder of *Astyanax*, a helpless Infant, to procure which, and for nothing else, they send one of the chief Princes of *Greece* Ambassador to *Pyrrhus*, is a very poor one, and most easily answer'd. —For thus *Orestes* says, among other very pompous Things: *Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector? The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd Sword, That fill'd their States with Widows and with Orphans, For which they call for Vengeance on his Son. Who knows what he may one Day prove?—*

And in another Place: *Troy may again revive, and a new Hector Rise in Astyanax.*

And in another Place: *Sir, call to mind th' unrivall'd Strength of Troy, Her Walls, her Bulwarks, and her Gates of Brass, Her Kings, her Heroes, and imbattled Armies.*

What Tragedy Pomp is this! How poor the Plea, from Princes and Heroes, when it is so easily answer'd by *Pyrrhus*, in this manner! *I call them all to mind; and see them all Confus'd in Dust; all mix'd in one wide Ruin; All but a Child, and he in Bondage held. What Vengeance can we fear in such a Troy?*

And a little before: *Let dastard Souls be timorously wise: But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form Far-fansy'd Ills, and Dangers out of Sight.*

And still with greater Contempt: —*I thought your Kings were met On more important Counsels. When I heard The Name of their Ambassador, I hop'd Some glorious Enterprize was taking Birth. Is Agamemnon's Son dispatch'd for this? And do the Grecian Chiefs, renown'd in War, A Race of Heroes, join in close Debate, To plot an Infant's Death?—*

But, what if this very *Pyrrhus*, after twenty humane and generous Things, which the Poet makes him say, shews, that all this right Thinking is only owing to his Passion for the Mother? And as soon as she gives him to understand she is resolved to remain *Hector's* Widow, he determines to give way to the Embassy and Threats of the *Grecian* Princes, which he had so justly despised, and to destroy the Infant. But first he tells her: *'Tis , Hermione was sent to share My Throne and Bed—*

A fine Errand for a high-spirited Lady; and to wait afterwards his good Pleasure in his own Court, thro'a Series of Sights and Contempts, for the Performance of his Vows! And he generously, like a insulting Man, boasts: —*And would with Transport hear The Vows which you neglect.—*

To which *Andromache* nobly answers: —*She has no Troy, No Hector to lament: She has not lost A Husband by your Conquests: Such a Husband, Tormenting Thought! whose Death alone has made Your Sire immortal!—*

This inrages the Hero; and what he should have admir'd her for, had his Soul been half as noble as hers, he thus

resents: *I've been too tame; I will awake to Vengeance! The Son shall answer for his Mother's Scorn. The Greeks demand him: Nor will I indanger My Realms, to pleasure an ungrateful Woman.*

Accordingly he resolves to sacrifice the Child; to do Justice to *Hermione*, out of Spite to *Andromache*: And, most ungenerously, knowing *Orestes* loves *Hermione* to Distraction, tells him, he shall grace his Nuptial Rites, and he will receive *Hermione* from his Hands.

But now again, see what succeeds to this: One Look of Favour from *Andromache* reverses all his new Resolves, makes him throw new Indignities on *Hermione*, new Contempts upon the *Greek* Princes, and shew, that if he acts right in one Point, the saving of the Child, it is from wrong and unjustifiable Motives; and yet the Poet seems to design him an amiable Character.

Now, Madam, could not a Distress have been formed in this Story from more laudable and proper Motives? Should this Passion of unbridled Love be represented in such a strong, such an irresistible Light, to an Audience, who must be taught, that the highest Ingratitude, the most rageful Extreme of sensual Passion, the most unjustifiable Actions, and the Sacrifice of all Considerations of publick Good, and private Right, had Examples all in this Piece to warrant them?

'Tis, *Pyrrhus* is punish'd by a cruel Assassination — *Hermione* falls by her own Hand for murdering him by the Hands of the *Greeks*, and the Phrensy of *Orestes* becomes his Punishment: But what a Scene of Terror does all this raise? How unlikely to be an Exemplar either to publick or private Life? And what a hard Fate is that of *Hermione*, slighted, despised, insulted, by the Man she lov'd, to whom she was betrothed, and whose Resentment therefore was warranted, had it shewn itself in almost any Act short of the Murder, which, in the Violence of her Passion, she commanded *Orestes* to perpetrate?

Then, Madam, the Love of *Hermione* for *Pyrrhus* is not, I think, of that delicate Sort which ought to be set before our Sex for an Example. — 'Tis Rage, not Love, that of a Woman slighted; and, however just, supposing our Sex to have such revengeful Hearts, when slighted by the Man they love, is not so exemplary as one would wish: And besides, she is represented as sometimes *sighing and wishing for Orestes*; when a Love bears not the Thought of any Object, but that one it sighs for, even should that be ungrateful. Thus it is said of *Orestes* by her Confidante: *Orestes, whose Return you oft had wish'd, The Man whose Suff'rings you so oft lamented, And often prais'd his Constancy and Love.*

Then *Hermione* repeats her Woman's Words: *That Love, that Constancy, so ill requited— Upbraids me to myself: I blush, to think How I have us'd him; and would shun his Presence.*

The Motive for this, however, is neither Justice nor Generosity, but Pride; indeed, it must be own'd, a Pride too natural to a Female Mind, in such a Circumstance as hers: *What will be my Confusion, when he sees me Neglected and for saken, like himself? "Her Insolence at last is well repaid!" I cannot bear the Thought.*

And then, the Moment she sees him,—this is her blunt Question to him, notwithstanding all her Shame to see him: *How am I to interpret, Sir, this Visit? Is it a Compliment of Form or Love?*

Does this, Madam, shew any thing of the Delicacy of Sex or Condition? —And would one think it right, after she has thus extorted from him a repeated Confession of his Love, or *Weakness*, as he calls it, to upbraid him, that it ill becomes the Ambassador of *Greece*, *to talk of Love or Dying?*

In short, Madam, I think none of the Love in this Piece is such a Love, however suited to *Hermione's* Character and Circumstance, as is fit to be recommended to our Example: 'Tis a Love that shocks one, and is rather Rage and Tumult than Love, and succeeds accordingly. So that of *Pyrrhus* is ungovern'd, wild, unjust, ungenerous Caprice. *Hermione's* is founded in confess'd Ingratitude to *Orestes*, and she perseveres in it to *Pyrrhus*, when the Indignities put upon her should have made her sooner wish for Death than for so perjurd a Man; and yet, I think, she shews an inconsistent Tenderness for *Orestes*, (as I have hinted) while her Passion for *Pyrrhus* flames out with so much Violence.

The Motive of *Andromache*, (for hers is the most perfect Character in the Piece, and designed to be so by the Poet) to save her Son, is the best a Woman could have to excuse her for marrying the Man who had slaughter'd all her Relations: But the Uncertainty of securing that Point, by the mere Formality of joining Hands with *Pyrrhus*, and her Resolution to destroy herself, in Defiance of her Vows just plighted to be his, was a strange Expedient to preserve her Widowhood, and her Child: For was it very likely, that a Man so wildly in Love with her, as to forego all other just and prudent Considerations for her, (and who had shewn, that he would have destroy'd her Son, but for the sake of *her* Person) would, when disappointed by so great a Rashness, have hazarded his Realms

in Defence of her Son?

But of all Things, commend me to the noble Regard for *Self*, of her Woman and Confidante *Cephisa*, to whom *Andromache* communicates her rash Purpose, injoining her a willing Secrecy; the only way the Poet had to let us know it, as it was not put in Execution; for she shews that Regard to her dear *Self*, in this tragick Performance, which, in a Comedy, would have raised a Laugh, no doubt, as a Satire on Lady's Women: *Alas! I fear, I never shall outlive you!*

These Things struck me, Madam, when I saw the Play; and when I came to read it, I was more confirm'd in my Sentiments. But now I will transcribe some Passages, which pleased me much.

The Storms, and Doubts, and Uncertainty of wild ungovern'd Love, is very naturally, I humbly think, painted in several Scenes of this Play, in the Characters of *Hermione* and *Pyrrhus*; and no-where more affectingly than in the Upbraidings of *Hermione* to *Orestes*, after she found her bloody Purposes too well comply'd with. Thus: *What, if transported by my boundless Passion, I could not bear to see him wed another? Were you t' obey a jealous Woman's Phrensy? You should have divid'd into my inmost Thoughts: My Heart, tho' full of Rage, was free from Malice; And all my Anger was Excess of Love. Why did you take me at my Word? You saw The Struggles of my Soul; you heard me rave. You should have question'd me a thousand times; Yet still have doubted, still have question'd on, Before you ventur'd on a Life so precious. Why did you not return? Why not consult me A second time? And, undetermin'd still, Again return, and still find new Delays?*

The Scene between *Andromache* and *Hermione*, when the former supposes the latter on the Point of marrying *Pyrrhus*, and bespeaking her Interest for her Son's Life, affected me much, and was nobly acted by Mrs. *Oldfield*; who after assuring her, that her slain Lord's was the only Love she could ever indulge, as *Hermione* flies her, cries—*Ah! Madam, whither, whither do you fly? Where can your Eyes behold a Sight more pleasing Than Hector's Widow, suppliant, and in Tears? I come not an alarm'd, a jealous Foe, To envy you the Heart your Charms have won.— But oh! I have a Son:—And you, one Day, Will be no Stranger to a Mother's Fondness.*

Was not this, Madam, a moving and interesting Plea? And is not what follows affectingly noble? *But Heav'n forbid, that you should ever know A Mother's Sorrow for an only Son, Her Joy! her Bliss! her last surviving Comfort! When ev'ry Hour she trembles for his Life. Your Pow'r o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my Fears. Alas! what Danger is there in a Child, Sav'd from the Wreck of a whole ruin'd Empire? Let me go hide him in a desert Isle. You may rely upon my tender Care To keep him far from Perils of Ambition: All he can learn of me, will be to weep.*

This is sweetly moving, nobly pathetick. But I am angry at the Poet, if he could have help'd it, for drawing in *Hermione* such an ungenerous and unprincely Insult upon the Royal Mourner, when in the Height of her own Prosperity, as she imagin'd, and her Rival subjected beneath her Feet. —Fie upon him, thus to make her say, like a Woman, as our Censurers will reflect! *Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to Pity, No Woman does it better than yourself: If you gain him, I shall comply of course.*

This from one Woman to another, much more from one Princess to another; from the Elated to the Captive, could not be said, surely! —'Twas all the Poet; nor do I see there was need for it. For had he made *Hermione* on this Occasion capable (her own Empire secured, as she thought) of a more generous and humane Answer, would it not have heighten'd the Distress, when such a Character sunk, who had been basely injur'd by the Man she lov'd, and whose Crime was the Rage of slighted Love? Why would he chuse to make *Andromache's* Part thus nobly moving, at the Expence of the other Character, in a Point, where Justice, Generosity, and Humanity, were so much concern'd? And would not a fine Instruction have lain here for the Audience, to have had Compassion for the Distresses of another; and so much the more, as that other was a Rival sunk at the Feet of the Prosperous? —Indeed *Hermione*, which by the way Mrs. *Porter* acted incomparably, is a Character full of Rage and Violence; of Jealousy, and great Cause she had for it: But what then? Could she not, a Princess as she was, when her own Love was secured, have been made capable of feeling a Distress so nobly pleaded, by Motives so becoming a Mother's Lips, and a bridal Virgin's Prospects? —But I am upon the Author's Beauties

*Andromache's* Plea to *Pyrrhus*, when, thus insulted by *Hermione*, she sees no Hope of any way to preserve her Son, but by soothing the proud Heart of the Prince, whom her Refusal had incensed, is very pretty in the Mouth of Captive Royalty: —*Oh, Sir, excuse The Pride of Royal Blood, that checks my Soul, And knows not how to be importunate You know, alas! I was not born to kneel, To sue for Pity, and to own a Master.*

And afterwards: *Behold, how low you have reduc'd a Queen! These Eyes have seen my Country laid in Ashes;*

*My Kindred fall in War; my Father slain; My Husband dragg'd in his own Blood; my Son Condemn'd to Bondage; and myself a Slave. Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of Woes, 'Twas some Relief to find myself your Captive; And, that my Son, deriv'd from antient Kings, Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his Master, When Priam kneel'd the great Achilles wept; I hop'd I should not find his Son less noble: I thought the Brave were still the most compassionate. O do not, Sir, divide me from my Child, If he must die—*

Then there is a fine Scene recollected by *Andromache* to her Woman, between *Hector* and herself, on the Morning he set out for the Action in which he was slain. *That Morn, Cephisa! that ill-fated Morn! My Husband bid thee bring Astyanax. He took him in his Arms; and, as I wept, My Wife, my dear Andromache, said he, (Heaving with stifled Sighs, to see me weep)—*

Finely said, and the Hero all preserv'd! He sigh'd not for Fear of the Foe, but to see his beloved Lady weep! —From that Humanity, which should always be inseparable, I think, whether in Fiction or Fact, from Heroism: And that other Inseparable, Piety; as follows: *What Fortune may attend my Arms, the Gods Alone can tell. To thee I give the Boy; Preserve him as the Token of our Loves. If I should fall, let him not miss his Sire While thou surviv'st; but, by thy tender Care, Let the Son see, that thou didst love his Father.*

And the Advice, left by *Andromache* with *Cephisa*, for her Son, when she resolves to kill herself, after the Nuptial Ceremony is perform'd, is very worthy; after a Scene of passionate Fondness well express'd: —*Let him know, I dy'd to save him—And would die again.— Season his Mind with early Hints of Glory: Make him acquainted with his Ancestors; Trace out their shining Story in his Thoughts: Dwell on th' Exploits of his immortal Father; And sometimes—*

Very pretty! —*let him hear his Mother's Name: Let him reflect upon his Royal Birth With modest Pride. Pyrrhus will prove a Friend: But let him know, he has a Conqu'ror's Right. He must be taught to stifle his Resentments, And sacrifice his Vengeance to his Safety.*

And to his *Gratitude* too, Madam, should it not have been said, when he was so generously protected against the Demand of confederate Kings? *Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd, He then would frustrate all his Mother's Virtue, Provoke his Fate; and I shall die in vain!*

Very nobly said! But I cannot forbear making one Observation on occasion of Self-murder, which, however the Poets may be justify'd by the Examples of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when they draw their Stories from them, yet, in such a gloomy, saturnine Nation as ours, where Self-murders are more frequent, than in all the Christian World besides, methinks all those Stories should be avoided, for publick Entertainment: Or, where there is a Necessity, as in *Cato*, for Example, to introduce such a wicked Practice, the bad Example should be obviated, and the Poison it may administer, antidoted by more forcible Lessons than what these few doubtful Words express— *I fear I've been too hasty!—*

So, in this Tragedy I am speaking of, when *Hermione* destroys herself, and *Andromache* designs to do the like, should the *English* Poet have left this Practice unguarded or unaccompany'd by proper Lessons and Censures in such a Country as ours?

The staggering Doubts and Distress of *Hermione*, after she had engaged *Orestes* in the Murder of *Pyrrhus*, between her Love and her Resentment; her Questions to her Woman, that as he approach'd the Temple to marry her Rival, in Breach of his Vows of Betrothment to her, whether his Countenance shewed not some Tokens of Remorse; are very natural to one in her amorous Circumstance, I fancy: *But, say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well? Was his Brow smooth? Say, did there not appear Some Shade of Grief? Some little Cloud of Sorrow? Did he not stop? Did he not once look back? Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded? Did he not—Oh! be quick, and tell me all.*

This, Madam, I think, is charmingly natural. And on *Cleone's* Answer, That he went to the Temple all Joy and Transport, unguarded, and all his Cares employ'd to gratify *Andromache* in her Son's Safety, the Poet palliates a little, for a rageful Mind to say, *Enough! he dies!—the Traitor!—Where's Orestes?*

There are several Circumstances of Horror in this Play, that shocked me much; but I think none like the Description the Poet puts into the Mouth of *Pylades*, the inseparable Friend of *Orestes*, who, far from avoiding to shock the Soul of his Friend, by gently insinuating the Fate of that *Hermione*, on whom he had fixed his Happiness, thus terribly, with all the Aggravations that could attend such a Circumstance, points out the horrid Action; taking care even to make her as impious in her Reproaches of the Deity for her own Rashness, as she was in the Violence by which she dies; and so leaving a dreadful Example, that I presume was not needful to be left,

of a final Impenitence, especially in a suffering Character, that had not merited the Evils she met with.

Thus it is mentioned; and I am affected with the Transcription of a Passage, which the Poet has labour'd more than he ought, I think, to shew the Force of his descriptive Vein: *Full of Disorder, Wildness in her Looks, With Hands expanded, and dishevell'd Hair, Breathless and pale, with Shrieks she sought the Temple. In the Mid-way she met the Corps of Pyrrhus: She startled at the Sight: Then, stiff with Horror, Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire Amaze, She rais'd her Eyes to Heav'n, with such a Look, As spoke her Sorrows, and reproach'd the Gods. Then plung'd a Poniard deep within her Breast, And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in Death.*

This, from a Friend to a Lover of the miserable *Hermione*, tho' the Poet might think it the only Way he had left to make *Orestes* run quite distracted, yet was not, I presume to say, very judiciously put into the Mouth of a beloved Friend anxious for his Safety, and to get him off, after the Murder; and whose Part, till now, had been rather that of soothing, like a Friend, the Sorrows of his Mind.

The Moral of the Story only regards *Andromache*; nor is there, indeed, any thing but Violence and Terror in the rest of the Story and Characters, as if the Poet was determin'd to sink all into one, and make that great, at the Expence of the rest. 'Tis, however, in my humble Opinion, a good one, to shew, that Persons in Distress ought never to despond, be their Afflictions what they will; and ought to have weigh'd with *Andromache* herself, to make her avoid the Crime of Suicide, which she had resolved upon, since this Moral is put into her Mouth; but so late, that it seems rather to make her good by an Event she could not foresee, than by the Prudence of her Reflections, which would not without that Event, have prevented her from a rash Action; that would have rendered the Moral ineffectual. *Tho' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care, Yet never let the noble Mind despair. Where press'd by Dangers, and beset with Foes, The Gods their timely Succour interpose; And when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief, By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief.*

Now, Madam, good as this Moral is, I should rather, in Generosity, have had it recommended from any Mouth than that of *Andromache*: For what is the Consolation she receives? What are the Expedients she so much rejoices in? Why, in the first place, the Murder of a Prince who lov'd her more than his own Glory, and to whom she had just given her Faith, as a second Husband, tho' forced to it, from a laudable Motive: And next, The Self-murder of *Hermione*, the Distraction of *Orestes*, and the Prospect of succeeding with her Son to the Throne of the murder'd Prince; from which, however, she could not expect but to be driven, and her Son at last to be destroy'd, by those vengeful Confederates, who had joined, by a solemn Embassy, to demand his Life, and who now, by his Elevation, had stronger Reasons to apprehend Danger from him; and the less Difficulty to effect his Ruin, as *Pyrrhus* was no more.

But, judge, my dear Lady, what, after the Play was over, I must think of the Epilogue, and indeed of the Audience, who call'd out for it: An Epilogue spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield* in the Character of *Andromache*, that was more shocking to me, than the most terrible Parts of the Play; as by lewd, and even senseless *Double-entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous Sentiments, which the Tragedy was design'd to raise.

The Pleasure this was receiv'd with by the Men, was equally barbarous and insulting; every one turning himself to the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries, where Ladies were, to see how they look'd, and how they stood an emphatical and too-well pronounc'd Ridicule, not only upon the Play in general, but upon the Part of *Andromache* in particular, which had been so well sustain'd by an excellent Actress; and I was extremely mortify'd to see my favourite (and the only perfect) Character, debas'd and despoil'd, and the Widow of *Hector* Prince of *Troy*, talking Nastiness to an Audience, and setting it out with all the wicked Graces of Action, and affected Archness of Look, Attitude, and Emphasis.

I stood up—Dear Sir! —Dear Miss!—said I—

What's the matter, my Love? said Mr. *B.* smileing, who expected, as he told me afterwards, to see me mov'd by this vile Epilogue—for it is always call'd for, it seems.

Why have I wept the Distresses of the injur'd *Hermione*? whisper'd I: Why have I been mov'd by the Murder of the brave *Pyrrhus*, and shock'd by the Madness of *Orestes*? Is it for this? See you not *Hector's* Widow, that noble *Andromache*, inverting the Design of the whole Play, satirizing her own Sex, but indeed most of all ridiculing and shaming, in my Mind, that Part of the Audience, who can call for this vile Epilogue, and those who can be delighted with it, after such Scenes of Horror and Distress?

He was pleas'd to say, smiling, I expected, my Dear, that your Delicacy, and Miss's too, would be shock'd on

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

this preposterous Occasion. I never saw this Play, Rake as I was, but the Impropriety of the Epilogue sent me away dissatisfy'd with it, and with human Nature too: And you only see, by this one Instance, what a Character that of an Actor and Actress is, and how capable they are to personate any thing for a sorry Subsistence.

Well, but, Sir, said I, are there not, think you, extravagant Scenes and Characters enough in most Plays, to justify the Censures of the Virtuous upon them, that the wicked Friend of the Author must crown the Work in an Epilogue, for fear the Audience should go away improv'd by the Representation? It is not, I see, Sir, always Narrowness of Spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the Mouths of good People against these Diversions.

In this wild way, talk'd I; for I was quite out of Patience at this unnatural and unexpected Piece of Ridicule, tack'd to so serious a Play, and coming after such a Moral.

Here is a Specimen, my dear Lady, of my Observations on the first Play I saw. How just, or how impertinent, I must leave to your better Judgment. I very probably expose my own Ignorance and Folly in them; but I will not say, Presumption, because you have put me upon the Task, which otherwise I should hardly have attempted. I have very little Reason therefore to blame myself on this score; but, on the contrary, if I can escape your Ladyship's Censure, have Cause to pride myself in the Opportunity you have thereby given me to shew my Readiness to obey you; and the rather, since I am sure of your kindest Indulgence, now you have given me Leave to style myself

*Your Ladship's obliged Sister, And humble Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XV.

*My dear Lady*, I gave you in my last, my bold Remarks upon a Tragedy—*The Distress'd Mother*—I will now give you my shallow Notions of a Comedy—*The Tender Husband*.

I lik'd this Title; tho' I can't say I was pleas'd at all with its second; with an explanatory *Or*,—*The Accomplish'd Fools*. But when I was told it was written by Sir *Richard Steele*, and that Mr. *Addison* had given some Hints towards it, if not some Characters, O dear Sir, said I, give us your Company to this Play; for the Authors of the *Spectators* cannot possibly produce a faulty Scene!

Mr. *B.* indeed smil'd; for I had not then read the Play: And the Earl of *F.* his Countess, Miss *Darnford*, Mr. *B.* and myself, agreed to meet with a Niece of my Lord's in the Stage-Box, which was taken on purpose:

There seems to me, my dear Lady, to be a great deal of Wit and Satire in the Play: But, upon my Word, I was grievously disappointed as to the Morality of it: Nor, in some Places, is *Probability* preserved; and there are divers Speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such from the Names I mention'd.

I should be afraid of being censur'd for my Presumption, were I to write to any body less indulgent to my Boldness, than your Ladyship: But I will make no Apologies to you, Madam. —Let me see, then, can I give you the brief History of this Comedy, as I did of the Tragedy? —I profess I hardly know, whether I can or not; at least, whether I should or not. —But I'll try.

The *Tender Husband*, Mr. *Clerimont*, has for his Wife a Lady who has travell'd, and is far gone in all the *French* Fashions: "She brought me," says he, "a noble Fortune; and I thought, she had a Right to share it; therefore carry'd her to see the World, forsooth, and make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, where she learn'd to lose her Money gracefully, to admire every Vanity in *our* Sex, and condemn every Virtue in *her own*; which, with ten thousand other Perfections, are the ordinary Improvements of a travell'd Lady."

Tender as the Husband was to be suppos'd to the Wife, which, by the way, is not extremely apparent, in *proper* or *right* Instances of Tenderness, I presume to think, he shews no great Delicacy to the Sex in general in this Speech.

But what is the Method he takes to reclaim the Lady? —Why this: He sets a former Mistress of his own to work, in Man's Cloaths, to insnare his Lady: And thus he declares himself—"Now I can neither mortify her Vanity, that I may live at Ease with her, or quite *discard* her, till I have catch'd her a little inlarging her innocent Freedoms, as she calls them. For this End I am content to be a *French* Husband, tho', now-and-then, with the secret Pangs of an *Italian* one; and therefore, Sir, or Madam," (to his Mistress *Lucy*, under the Name of Mr. *Fainlove*, in the Dress of a young Coxcomb) "you are thus equip'd to attend and accost her Ladyship." A Speech unnecessary to *Fainlove*, who was dress'd before for that Purpose, and had actually won Money, in that Character, of Mrs. *Clerimont*. But the Poet had no other way to let the Audience know it, as it should seem. —"It concerns you," continues he, "to be diligent: If we (*i.e.* he and his Lady) wholly part—I need say *no more*: If we do *not*—I'll see thee *well provided* for."

Here's a fine moral Scene open'd, my Lady, with regard to Mr. *Clerimont*, his Lady, and his kept Mistress! Mr. *Fainlove*, alias Mrs. *Lucy*, undertakes the Task, in Hopes to live with Mr. *Clerimont*, in case of a Divorce from his Wife; or to be provided for, in case the Plot does not succeed: Which looks pretty plainly, that, to say nothing of his Morality, the poor *Lucy* had not met with a generous Man in Mr. *Clerimont*, since, after the Forfeiture of her Honour, she was still to do a more infamous Jobb, if possible, to procure for herself a Provision from him.

Then Mr. *Clerimont* proceeds to instruct the new-made Man, how to behave like a Coxcomb, in order to ingage his Lady's Attention, and to join in all her Foibles, till she can furnish him with an Opportunity to detect them in such a way, as shall give a Pretence for a Divorce; and this in such free Language and Action, as must disgust any modest Body.

Then the Poet causes this faithful Mistress, in order to make her Character shine above that of the Wife, and indeed above his own likewise, to present her Employer with Bills for 500*l.* which she tells him she won of his Wife the preceding Night; and makes up 2000*l.* which Mr. *Clerimont* says, this unprovided—for Mistress of his has won from his Lady, and honestly given him; or else he could not, he says, have supply'd her Gaming Losses. And *Lucy* declares, she will gain him for ever from his Lady, if she can: Yet, you'll see, by-and-by, that it is not

Love to his particular Person, more than any other, that is her Inducement: Of course then, it must be Wickedness for Wickedness sake!

The next Character is Captain Clerimont, Brother to the other Gentleman, a Man of Fashion and the World, who being a younger Brother, has his Fortune to make; and we shall see presently, how he proposes to make it.

The next is Pounce, an infamous Jobber or Broker of Stocks, Marriages, or any thing—whose Character be pleas'd to take in his own Words: "Now 'tis my Profession to assist a *free-hearted* young Fellow against an *unnatural long-liv'd* Father—to disincumber Men of Pleasure of the Vexation of unwieldy Estates; to support a feeble Title to an Inheritance!" —One that Mr. *Clerimont* says, by way of Praise, he has seen prompting a stammering Witness in *Westminster-hall*, that wanted Instruction; and could venture his Ears with great Bravery for his Friend.

A worse Character than this, can there be? Yet is it not produc'd to be punished, neither.

The next Person introduc'd is Hezekiah Tipkin, a Banker in *Lombard-street*, of an infamous and sordid Character, and a vile Usurer: Who has a beautiful Niece, Miss Bridget Tipkin, over-run with Affectation and Romance; with a great Fortune in Money, which so attracts the Captain, that he supposes, in a sordid, but witty manner enough, all imaginable Perfections in her Person, before he has a Sight of it. This young Lady, by a Treaty between her Uncle *Tipkin* and Sir Harry Gubbin, a tyrannical, positive, hot-headed Country Gentleman, is design'd to be marry'd to Humphrey the Son of Sir *Harry*, a Creature so savage, so rough, and so stupid, that there cannot be drawn a stronger Contraste between his Character and that of Miss *Bridget's*.

Mr. *Pounce*, who is employ'd as a Broker in *their* Match, is, for a Reward of 1000*l.* to cheat them and poor *Humphrey*, and to procure this young Lady for Captain *Clerimont*. Admirable Justice and Morality, all round! you'll say, my Lady. —For this Purpose, Mr. *Pounce* finds Mr. *Humphrey* so great a Fool, that, tho' he never saw him before, he very easily sets him against his Father, and against his Cousin *Bridget*, and all this on the Wedding day, in order to induce him to make Court to a Person he tells him of, but never saw: And who should be this Person, but the Sister of *Fainlove*, *Clerimont's* Man-dress'd Mistress, which Sister, however, was to be *Fainlove*, or *Lucy* herself, with a worthy Intent to impose upon him as a Wife, this cast-off Mistress of *Clerimont*: A just, a generous, an exemplary Plot this!

The next Character is an old Maiden Gentlewoman, Aunt to Miss *Bridget*, an antiquated Virgin, who, as *Pounce* says, has a mighty Affectation for Youth, and is a great Lover of Men and Money— and she is set over her Niece as a Promoter of the Match with *Humphrey*—Over this Lady Mr. *Pounce* has a great Ascendant, half for sordid Reasons, and half for amorous ones, which makes her a thorough ridiculous Character; and he introduces Captain *Clerimont* into the Company of the Aunt and Niece; and entertains the former, while the Captain engages the latter on the Subject of her beloved Romance. These, with Mrs. *Clerimont's* Maid *Jenny*, are the principal Characters.

I need not, my Lady, take up much of your Time, or my own, to tell you how they proceed.

Mr. *Clerimont*, then, after bearing from his Wife, what hardly any Gentleman could bear, surprises *Fainlove* as a Man (and a very wicked Scene it is, in every Part) taking shocking Freedoms with her: And falling into a feigned Rage, threatening to kill *Fainlove*, the Lady at first menaces, and is haughty and arrogant; but finding by her Husband's Behaviour to *Lucy*, whom he then addresses with Fondness before her Face, that she is trick'd by a Woman in Man's Habit, in her Turn would kill the Impostor as *Lucy*, whom as *Fainlove* she try'd to save; and a Scene on this Occasion occurs, to my thinking, very ridiculous. Mr. *Clerimont* then upbraids her Guilt; and, what was hardly ever known in Nature, she reforms *instantly* on the Spot, and expresses all the Signs of Contrition imaginable. He forgives and receives her, guilty as she is in her Intention, her Person only untainted, and an Adulteress in her Mind, as she would have been in Fact, had *Fainlove* been a Man: And a moving Scene, had it been from proper Motives, follows. Yet, (still more preposterous, excuse me, Madam) afterwards she resumes all her travell'd and nonsensical Airs, all her Follies, to help to support the Plot in favour of Captain *Clerimont* upon Miss *Bridget*, and that of *Pounce's* and Mr. *Clerimont's* against poor *Humphrey*, the only *innocent* Character in the Play, and the only *suffering* one; and this latter, as well as the former Plot, being brought about, a laughing Scene is produced, by Sir *Harry's* soundly cudgelling his stupid Son, for permitting himself to be so foolishly drawn in.

Now, my good Lady, can you see one Character, and, I think, I have given them justly, fit to be set up for an Example in this celebrated Play of an Author so celebrated? I must own, as I said before, I was greatly disappointed in my Expectations of it. There is, indeed, a great deal of sprightly Wit, and Knowledge of the wicked

Part of the World, display'd in it, as it seems to me, by what I have heard Mr. *B.* talk sometimes; but there is not one Character in it, but what is shockingly immoral, and, at the same time, either *above* or *below* Nature; so that the Ridicule which is intended in it, on the bad Characters, cannot, in my poor Opinion, be just or efficacious.

For, first, there never, I believe, could be a Gentleman, so foolishly tender, yet so plottingly cruel, to his Lady, as Mr. *Clerimont*.

There never could be such a very fantastical Lady, as Mrs. *Clerimont*. —And there is such an Improbability in the intimate Access, which *Lucy* in Man's Cloaths has to her; in that Creature's lewd Views, yet faithful and generous Conduct in giving back to *Clerimont*, who had not provided for her, 2000*l.* won of the fantastical Lady; and yet in her being so little delicate in her *Love* to *Clerimont*, which one would expect should be her Motive, as to join to trick and marry one of the greatest Fools in the World; that it was surprising to me, that it could pass either Author or Audience.

Then *Tipkin's* Character is unnaturally, stupidly, yet knavishly bad.

Sir *Harry Gubbin* is a Father, who never could have his Fellow; and after furiously beating his Son, is reconciled to his Marriage, as instantly as Mrs. *Clerimont* is converted; and that to an unknown Person, who appears to *him* in Man's Cloaths, for the sake of 3000*l.* Fortune only, altho' he had been quarrelling with *Tipkin*, about 1000*l.* out of 10000*l.* which his Son was to have with *Bridget*.

*Numps*, his Son, is a Character, take it all together, quite out of Nature and Probability: 'Tis hardly possible, that a Savage, brought up in a Wood, who never convers'd with Man or Woman, could be so stupid; and easily might a Poet form a Plot for a Play, if such a Character could be admitted, as *Numps's*.

The Aunt is credulous and affected beyond Probability also.

Miss *Bridget* delicately indelicate in many Places, and improbably fantastick in all.

*Pounce* shamelessly glorying, and *succeeding* in his Villainy, and deeming the worst of Rogueries a Panegyrick: And such Immoralities, mingled with Obscenities, that I was glad when the Play was over.

But yet, to say Truth, there are very pretty Descriptions, and a great deal of Wit and Humour in it. The Dialogue is lively. The Painter's Scene entertaining; and that between Sir *Harry* and *Tipkin*, diverting, tho' low; which, together with the fantastick Airs of Mrs. *Clerimont* and Miss *Bridget*, and the farcical Humours of *Numps*, make it the less Wonder, that such as did not attend to Nature, Probability, and Morality, were struck with the Life and Spirit of the Performance: And especially as Mr. *Wilks*, who acted Captain *Clerimont*, and Mrs. *Oldfield*, who acted Miss *Bridget*, so incomparably perform'd their Parts, as must have saved a Play even of a worse Tendency than the *Accomplish'd Fools*.

The Moral I will transcribe, altho', I doubt, it is a very inapplicable one to the Characters; and so is far from making Amends for a long Performance, that in such a Variety of Characters has not *one* moral one in it; nor so much as one just or generous Design pursued throughout the Play: *You've seen th' Extremes of the domestick Life, A Son too much confin'd—too free a Wife. By gen'rous Bonds you either should restrain, And only on their Inclinations gain.*

This I call inapplicable, because it was needless Advice to such Husbands as Mr. *Clerimont*, for whom it seems design'd; for he was generous to Excess, carrying her abroad to *Italy* and *France*, and paying all her Debts of Honour implicitly: Whence the Name of the Play, *The Tender Husband. Wives, to obey, must love—*

*Clerimont* did everything to make a grateful Woman love him, before his strange Plot to reclaim her. —*Children revere, While only Slaves are govern'd by their Fear.*

Mrs. *Clerimont* was not treated like a *Slave*, yet is reclaim'd only by *Fear*. So that the Moral seems to be calculated for the *Numps's* (the Fools and Idiots) and the *Sir Harries*; two Characters, that, as I humbly apprehend, never were in Nature, any more, it is to be hoped, than are the rest.

It looks to me, in short, as if the Author had forgot the Moral all the way; and being put in mind of it by some kind Friend, (Mr. *Addison*, perhaps) was at a Loss to draw one from such Characters and Plots as he had produc'd; and so put down what came uppermost, for the sake of Custom, without much regard to Propriety. And truly, I should imagine likewise, that the Play was begun with a Design to draw more amiable Characters, answerable to the Title of *The Tender Husband*; but that the Author being drawn away by the Luxuriancy of a Genius, which he had not the Heart to prune, on a general Survey of the Whole, distrusting the Propriety of that Title, added the under-one: With an—OR, *The Accomplish'd Fools*, in Justice to his Piece, and Compliment to his Audience. And, pardon me, Madam, had he called it *The Accomplish'd Knaves*, I would not have been angry at him, because

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

there would have been more Propriety in the Title.

I wish I could, for the sake of the Authors, have praised every Scene of this Play: I hoped to have Reason for it. Judge then, my dear Lady, what a Mortification it was to me, not to be able to say I liked above one, the *Painter's Scene*, and am forc'd to disapprove of every Character in it, and the Views of every one. I am, dearest Madam,

*Your most obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XVI.

*My dear Lady*, Altho' I cannot tell how you receiv'd my Observations on the Tragedy of *The Distress'd Mother*, and the Comedy of *The Tender Husband*; yet will I proceed to give your Ladyship my Opinion of the Opera I was at last Night.

But what can I say, when I have mention'd what you so well know, the fine Scenes, the genteel Company, the charming Voices, and delightful Musick?

If, Madam, like the Nightingale, one were all Voice, or were all Ear, and lost to every Sense but that, and Harmony, surely the *Italian* Opera would be a transporting Thing! —But when one finds good Sense, and Instruction, and Propriety, sacrific'd to the Charms of Sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary Delight does it afford! For what does one carry home, but the Remembrance of having been pleas'd so many Hours by Air, well beaten and play'd upon; which being but Sound, you cannot bring away with you; and must therefore enter the Time pass'd in such a Diversion, into the Account of those blank Hours, from which one has not reap'd so much as one improving Lesson?

I speak this with regard to myself, who know nothing of the *Italian* Language: But yet I may not be very unhappy, that I do not, if I may form my Opinion of the Sentiments by the enervating Softness of the Sound, and the unmanly Attitudes and Gestures made use of to express the Passions of the Men—Performers, and from the amorous Complaining of the Women; as visible in the soft, the too—soft, Action of each.

Then, tho'I cannot but say, That the Musick is most melodious, yet to see a Hero, as an *Alexander*, or a *Julius Cæsar*, warbling out his Atchievements in War, his military Conquests, as well as his Love, in a soft Song, it seems to me to be making a Jest of both.

And how much more absurd is it still, to hear some dying Chieftain, some unfortunate Hero, chanting forth his Woes and his Calamities, and taking his Leave of the World (with less Propriety than our *English* Criminals at the fatal Tree) in a Sonetta! What can this move, how can this *piece*, be the Story ever so dismal, any thing but one's Ears?

Every Nation, Mr. *B.* says, has its peculiar Excellence: The *French* Taste is Comedy and Harlequinery; the *Italian*, Melody and Opera; the *English*, masculine and nervous Sense, whether in Tragedy or Comedy. —Why can't one, methinks, keep to one's own particular national Excellence, and let others retain theirs? For Mr. *B.* observes, That when once Sound is preferr'd to Sense, we shall depart from all our own Worthiness, and, at best, be but the Apes, yea, the Dupes, of those whom we may *strive* to imitate; but never can reach; much less excel.

Mr. *B.* says, sometimes, that this Taste is almost the only good Fruit our young Nobility gather, and bring home from their foreign Tours; and that he found the *English* Nation much ridicul'd on this Score by those very People who are benefited by the Depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other Qualifications be, which they bring home? —Yet every one does not return with so little Improvement, it is to be hop'd.

But what have I said, what can I say, of an *Italian* Opera? —Only, little to the Purpose as it is, I wonder how I have been able to say so much: For who can describe Sound? Or what Words shall be found to imbody Air? —And when we return, and are ask'd our Opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above, The Scenery is fine; The Company splendid and genteel; The Musick charming for the Time; —The Action not extraordinary; The Language unintelligible; and, for all these Reasons—The Instruction none at all.

This is all that the Thing itself gives me to say of the *Italian* Opera; very probably, for want of a polite Taste, and a Knowledge of the Language.

In my next, I believe I shall give you, Madam, my Opinion of a Diversion or Amusement, which, I doubt, I shall like still less; and that is a *Masquerade*, for I fear I shall not be excus'd going to one, altho' I have no manner of Liking to it; especially in my present Way. I am, Madam,

*Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful P. B.*

I must add another Half—sheet to this Letter on the Subject—matter of it, the Opera; and am sure your Ladyship will not be displeas'd with the Addition.

Mr. *B.* coming up, just as I had concluded my Letter, asked me, What was my Subject? I told him, I was giving

your Ladyship my Notions of the *Italian* Opera. Let me see, said he, what they are, my Dear; for this is a Subject, that very few of those who admire them, and fewer still of those who decry them, know any thing of.

He read the above, and was pleased to commend it. *Italian* Operas, said he, are very sad Things in *England*, to what they are in *Italy*. And the Translations given of them, abominable; and, indeed, our Language will not do them Justice.

Every Nation, as you take notice, has its Excellencies; and you say well, that ours should not quit the manly nervous Sense, which is the Distinction of the *English* Drama. One Play of our celebrated *Shakespeare* will give infinitely more Pleasure to a sensible Mind, than a dozen *English Italian* Operas. But, my Dear, in *Italy* they are quite another Thing: And the Sense is not, as here, sacrific'd so much to the Sound, but that they are both very compatible.

Be pleased, Sir, to give me your Observation on this Head in Writing, and then I shall have something to send worthy of Lady *Davers's* Acceptation. Do, Sir, pray do.

I will, my Dear; and he took the Pen in his Hand, and wrote the inclosed; which I beg your Ladyship to return me; because I will keep it by me, for my Instruction, if I should be led to talk of this Subject in Company. You must let my Sister know, said he, that I have given myself no Time to re-peruse what I have written. She will do well therefore to correct it, and return it to you.

"In *Italy*, Judges of Operas are so far from thinking the Drama a Poetical Part of their Opera's Nonsense, as the Unskilled in *Italian* rashly conclude in *England*, that if the *Libretto*, as they call it, is not approved, the Opera, notwithstanding the Excellence of the Musick, will be condemned. For the *Italians* justly determine, that the very Musick of an Opera cannot be complete and pleasing, if the Drama be incongruous, as I may call it, in its Composition; because, in order to please, it must have the necessary Contraste of the Grave and Light; that is, the Diverting, equally blended through the Whole. If there be too much of the first; let the Musick express, as I may say, Love and the Tender, ever so much, it will come out heavy and tiresome; if the latter prevail, it will surfeit with Jig and Minuit: Wherefore it is the Poet's Business to adapt the Words for this agreeable Mixture: For the Musick is but secondary and subservient to the Words; and if there be an artful Contraste in the Drama, there will be the same in the Musick, supposing the Composer to be a skilful Master.

"Now, as in *England*, the Practice has been to mutilate, curtail, and patch up a Drama in *Italian*, in order to throw in a Glut of minuitish Airs, collected from an Author, the Contraste has always been broken thereby, and the Opera damn'd, without knowing the Reason: And as ignorant mercenary Prompters, tho' *Italians*, have been employ'd in the Hotch-potch, and in translating our Drama's from *Italian* into *English*, how could such Opera's appear any other than incongruous Nonsense?

*Recitativo's.*

"To avoid the natural Dissonance and Irregularity in common Speech, *Recitativo's* in Musick and dramatical Performances were invented; and, altho' the Time in pronouncing the Words contain'd in them, is scarce longer, than in common Conversation, yet the Concatenation of Sounds is, by this Means, so artfully contrived, as that the Cadences or Dialogue of Basses shall unite and delight the Ear with their Opposites, the highest Tenors and Trebles. Wherefore *Recitativo's* are a regular way of speaking by Art, as I may say, in order to avoid and correct the Irregularities of Speech, often found in Nature, and to express the Passions, without Offence to the Ear."

Permit me, dear Madam, to repeat my Assurances, that I am, and must ever be,

*Your obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XVII.

Well, now, my dear Lady, I will give you my poor Opinion of a Masquerade, to which Mr. *B.* persuaded me to accompany Miss *Darnford*; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great Indifference, or rather Dislike, to go, and Miss therefore wanted so powerful a Second, to get me with her; because I was afraid the Freedoms which I had heard were used there, would not be very agreeable to my apprehensive Temper, at *this* Time especially.

But finding Mr. *B.* chose to have me go, if, as he was pleased to say, I had no Objection; I said, I *will* have none, Sir, I *can* have none, when you tell me it is your Choice; and so send for the Habits you like, and that you would have me appear in, and I will chearfully attend you.

The Habit Mr. *B.* pitch'd upon, was that of a *Spanish* Don, and it well befitted the Majesty of his Person and Air, and Miss chose that of a young Widow; and Mr. *B.* recommended that of a Quaker for me. We all admir'd one another in our Dresses; and Mr. *B.* promising to have me always in his Eye, we took Coach, and went thither.

But I never desire to be present at another. Mr. *B.* was singled out by a bold Nun, who talk'd *Italian* to him with such free Airs, that I did not much like it, tho' I know not what she said; for I thought the dear Gentleman no more kept to his *Spanish* Gravity, than she to the Requisites of the Habit she wore: When I had imagin'd, that all that was tolerable in a Masquerade, was the acting up to the Characters each Person assum'd: And this gave me no Objection to the Quaker's Dress; for I thought I was prim enough for that naturally.

I said softly, Dear Miss, (for Mr. *B.* and the Nun were out of Sight in a Moment) What is become of that Nun? —Rather, whisper'd she, What is become of the *Spaniard*?

A Cardinal attack'd me instantly in *French*: But I answer'd in *English*, not knowing what he said, Quakers are not fit Company for Red-hats.

They are, said he, in the same Language; for a Quaker and a Jesuit is the same Thing.

Miss was address'd by the Name of the sprightly Widow: Another ask'd, How long she intended to wear those Weeds? And a Footman, in a rich Livery, answer'd for her Eyes, thro' her Mask, that it would not be a Month.

But I was startled, when a Presbyterian Parson came up to me, and bid me look after my *Musidorus* —So that I doubted not by this, it must be somebody who knew my Name to be *Pamela*; and I presently thought of one of my Lawyers, whose Characters I gave in a former Letter.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was sorry, on more Accounts than that of my Timorousness, to have lost Sight of him. Out upon these nasty Masquerades! thought I; I can't abide them already!

An egregious beauish Appearance came up to Miss, and said, You hang out a very pretty *Sign*, Widow.— Not, reply'd Miss, to invite such Fops as you to my Shop.

Any Customer would be welcome, return'd he, in my Opinion. —I whisper this as a Secret.

And I whisper another, said Miss, That no Place warrants ill Manners.

Are you angry, Widow?

She affected Laugh: No, indeed; it i'n't worth while.

He turn'd to me—and I was afraid of some such Hit as he gave me—I hope, Friend, thou art prepar'd with a Father for the Light within thee? — That was his free Word.

Is this Wit? said I, turning to Miss: I have enough of this Diversion, where nothing but coarse Jests appear *barefac'd*.

At last Mr. *B.* accosted us, as if he had not known us: So lovely a Widow, and so sweet a Friend! no wonder you do not separate: For I see not in this various Assemblée a third Person of your Sex fit to join with you.

Not one, Sir! —said I—Will not a penitent Nun make a good Third with a mournful Widow, and a prim Quaker?

Not for more than Ten Minutes, at most.

Instantly the Nun, a fine Person of a Lady, with a noble Air, tho' I did not like her, join'd—us, and spoke in *Italian* something very free, as it seem'd by her Manner, and Mr. *B.*'s smiling Answer; but neither Miss nor I understood that Language, and Mr. *B.* would not explain it to us.

But she gave him a Signal to follow her, seeming to be much taken with his Person and Air; for tho' there were three other *Spanish* Habits there, he was call'd *The stately Spaniard* by one, and *The handsome Spaniard* by

another, in our Hearing, as he pass'd with us to the Dessert, where we drank each of us a Glass of Champaign, and eat a few Sweet-meats, with a Croud about us; but we appear'd not to know one another: While several odd Appearances, as One *Indian* Prince, One *Chinese* Mandarin, several *Domine's*, of both Sexes, a *Dutch* Skipper, a *Jewish* Rabbi, a *Greek* Monk, an Harlequin, a *Turkish* Bashaw, and a *Capuchin* Frier, glided by us, as we return'd into Company, signifying, that we were Strangers to them, by squeaking out, *I know you!* —Which is half the Wit of the Place.

Mr. *B.* had more Attacks made upon him by Ladies, than we had by Gentlemen; and his fine Person, noble Air, and a Deportment so suited to his Habit, (only in the Encounter of the Nun, when he had more of the *French* Freedom, as I thought, than the *Spanish* Gravity) made him many Admirers; and more, when the *Spanish* Minister, who was there in a *French* Dress, spoke to him in *Spanish*, and receiv'd a polite Answer from him in the same; while there were several who personated Foreign Characters, and knew nothing of the Language of the Country, whose Habits they assumed.

There were divers Antick Figures, some with Caps and Bells, one dress'd like a Punch; several Harlequins, and other ludicrous Forms, that jump'd and ran about like mad; and seem'd as if they would have it thought, that all their Wit lay in their Heels.

Two Ladies, one in a very fantastick party-colour'd Habit, with a Plume of Feathers, the other in a rustick one, with a Garland of Flowers round her Head, were much taken notice of for their Freedom, and having something to say to every body. They were as seldom separated as Miss and I, and were follow'd by a Croud, where-ever they went.

The party-colour'd one came up to me: Friend, said she, there is something in thy Person, that attracts every one's Notice: But if a Sack had not been a profane Thing, it would have become thee almost as well.

I thank thee, Friend, said I, for thy Counsel; but if thou hadst been pleas'd to look at home, thou wouldst not have taken so much Pains to join such Advice, and such an Appearance, together, as thou makest!

This made every one that heard it, laugh—One said, The Butterfly had met with her Match.

She return'd, with an affected Laugh—Smartly said! —But art thou come hither, Friend, to make thy Light shine before Men or Women?

Verily, Friend, neither, reply'd I; but out of mere Curiosity to look into the *Minds* of both Sexes; which I read in their *Dresses*.

A general Satire on the Assembly, by the Mass! said a fat Monk.

The Nun whisk'd to us: We're all concern'd in my Friend's Remark.—

And no Disgrace to a fair Nun, return'd I, if her Behaviour answer her Dress—Nor to a Reverend Frier, turning to the Monk, if his Mind be not a Discredit to his Appearance—Nor yet to a Country Girl, turning to the party-colour'd Lady's Companion, if she has not Weeds in her Heart to disgrace the Flowers on her Head.

An odd Figure, representing a *Merry Andrew*, took my Hand, and said, I had the most piquant Wit he had met with that Night: And, Friend, said he, let us be better acquainted!

Forbear, said I, withdrawing my Hand, not a Companion for a Jack-pudden neither!

A *Roman* Senator just then accosted Miss; and Mr. *B.* seeing me so much engag'd, 'Twere hard, said he, if our Nation, in Spite of *Cervantes*, produc'd not one Cavalier to protect a fair Lady thus surrounded.

Tho' surrounded, not distress'd, my good Knight-Errant, said the Nun: The fair Quaker will be too hard for half a dozen Antagonists, and wants not your Protection:—But your poor Nun bespeaks it, whisper'd she, who has not a Word to say for herself.

Mr. *B.* answer'd her in *Italian*, (I wish I understood *Italian!*)—and she had recourse to her Beads.

You can't imagine, Madam, how this Nun haunted the dear Gentleman! —Indeed, my Lady, you can't imagine it!

I must needs say, I don't like these Masquerades at all. Many Ladies, on these Occasions, are so very free, that the Censorious will be apt to blame the whole Sex for *their* Conduct, and to say, their Hearts are as faulty as those of the most culpable Men, since they scruple not to shew as much, when they think they cannot be known by their Faces. But it is my humble Opinion, that could there be a Standard fix'd, by which one could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* Wit, Decency would not be so often wounded, by Attempts to be witty, as it is. For here every one, that can give himself the Liberty to say Things that shock a modester Person, not meeting with due Rebuke, but perhaps a Smile, (without considering whether it be of Contempt or Approbation) mistakes Courage

for Wit; and every thing sacred or civil becomes the Subject of his frothy Jest.

How else can one account for the Liberties of Expression and Behaviour taken by some of those who personated Bishops, Cardinals, Priests, Nuns, &c.? —For the freest Things I heard said, were from Persons in those Habits; who behav'd with so much Levity and Indecorum, as if they were resolved, as much as in them lay, to throw those venerable Characters into Ridicule, for no other Reason, than because they are by the Generality of the World deem'd *venerable*: But if it was once determin'd, that nothing should be call'd Wit, as nothing certainly ought, but what will stand the Test of Examination, but what is consistent with Decency and good Manners, and what will make an innocent Heart brilliant and cheerful, and give its Sanction to the happy Expression, by trying to keep up and return the Ball in like virtuous and lively Raillery; then we should have our publick Entertainments such as the most Scrupulous might join to countenance and applaud.

But what a Moralizer am I! will your Ladyship say: Indeed I can't help it:—And especially on such a Subject as a *Masquerade*, which I dislike more than any thing I ever saw. I could say a great deal more on this Occasion; but, upon my Word, I am quite out of Humour with it; for I liked my *English* Mr. *B.* better than my *Spaniard*; and the Nun I approved not by any means; tho' there were some who observed, that she was one of the gracefulest Figures in the Place. And indeed, in spite of my own Heart, I could not help thinking so too.

Your Ladyship knows so well what *Masquerades* are, that I may well be excus'd saying any thing further on a Subject I am so little pleas'd with: For you only desire my Notions of those Diversions, because I am a Novice to them; and this, I doubt not, will doubly serve to answer that Purpose.

I shall only therefore add, That after an hundred other Impertinencies spoken to Miss and me, and retorted with Spirit by Miss, and as well as I could by myself, quite sick of the Place, I feign'd to be more indisposed than I was, and so got my beloved *Spaniard* to go off with us, and reached Home by Three in the Morning. And so much for *Masquerades*. I hope I shall never have Occasion to mention them again to your Ladyship. I am, my dearest Lady,

*Your ever-obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XVIII.

*My dearest Lady*, My mind is so wholly ingross'd by Thoughts of a very different Nature from those which the Diversions of the Town and Theatres inspire, that I beg to be dispens'd, for the present, from these lighter Subjects. But yet, if it please God to spare my Life, as your Ladyship does not disapprove of my Remarks, I intend to make a little Book, which I will present to your Ladyship, containing my poor Observations on all the Dramatick Entertainments I have seen, and shall see, this Winter; and for this Purpose I have made brief Notes in the Margin of the printed Plays I have bought, as I saw them, with a Pencil; by referring to which, as Helps to my Memory, I shall be able to give your Ladyship my Thoughts at the Time of seeing them, pretty nearly with the same Advantage as if I had written them at my Return from each.

I have obtained of Sir *Simon*, and Lady *Darnford*, the very great Pleasure of their Permission to Miss to stay with me, till it shall be seen how it will please God to deal with me; and I owe this Favour partly to a kind Letter written in my Behalf to Sir *Simon*, by Mr. *B.* and partly to Miss's earnest Request to her Papa, to oblige me; Sir *Simon* having made some Difficulty to comply, as Mr. *Murray* and his Bride have left them, and he says, he cannot live long, if he has not the Company of his beloved Daughter.

I cannot but say, I have many more Anxieties and Apprehensions, than perhaps I ought, on the approaching Occasion; but I was always a sad Coward, and too thoughtful a good deal: But I have so *much* to lose; such a dear, dear Gentleman to part with, if I *must* part with him; such generous Friends and Lovers, as I may say, of both Sexes: And then the Circumstance itself has so many Terrors to an apprehensive Mind, attending it, that I am out of Breath sometimes at the Thoughts of it, and want to run away from myself, if I could. —But it cannot be; and when I charge my Mind with the Reflections that Religion inspires, and ask myself, Who it was that gave me all these Blessings? and, Who it is that has a Right to recall them, if He pleases, and *when*, and in *what way*, He pleases? and that if I leave them not *now*, I must be separated from them *another Day*; I endeavour to bring my Mind to a Resignation to the Divine Will.

But what shall I say, Madam, when I find my Frailty is so much increased, that I cannot, with the same Intenseness of Devotion, that I used to be blest with, apply myself to the Throne of Grace, nor, of Consequence, find my Invocations answer'd by that Delight, and inward Satisfaction, with which I used to please myself, when the present near Prospect was more remote?

I hope I shall not be deserted in the Hour of Trial, and that this my Weakness of Mind will not be punish'd with a spiritual Dereliction, for suffering myself to be too much attach'd to those worldly Delights and Pleasures which no Mortal ever enjoy'd in a more exalted Degree than myself. And I beseech you, my dearest Lady, let me be always remember'd in your Prayers—*Only* for a Resignation to the Divine Will; a *cheerful* Resignation! I presume not to prescribe to His gracious Providence; for if one has but *that*, one has every thing that one need to have. Yet, my dear Lady, there is such a natural Repugnance between Life and Death, that Nature will shrink, when one comes to the Trial, let one have never so much Fortitude at a Distance. Yet, I hope, I may be forgiven; for now—and—then I comfort myself with the Divine Exemplar, which prayed in bloody Sweats for the bitter Cup to be removed; but gave us the Example of Resignation, that I am wishing to be able to follow: *However, not mine, but thy Will be done!*

Forgive me, my dearest Lady, for being so deeply serious. I have just now been contending with a severe Pang, that is, for the present, gone off; what Effect its Return may have, God only knows. And if this is the last Line I shall ever write, it will be the more satisfactory to me, as (with my humble Respects to my good Lord *Davers*, and the dear Countess, and praying for the Continuance of all your Healths and Happiness, both here and hereafter) I am permitted to subscribe myself,

*Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XIX.

*From Lady Davers to Mr. B.*

*My dearest Brother*, Altho' I believe it is needless to put a Gentleman of your generous Spirit in mind of doing a worthy Action; yet, as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a Line or two with regard to the good old Couple in *Kent*.

I am sure, if, for our Sins, God Almighty should take from us my incomparable Sister, (forgive me, my dear Brother, but to intimate what *may* be, altho' I hourly pray, as her trying Minute approaches, that it will not) you will, for her sake, take care that her honest Parents have not the Loss of your Favour, to deepen the inconsolable one, they will have, in such a Case, of the best of Daughters.

I say, I am sure you will do as generously by them as ever: And I dare say, your sweet *Pamela* doubts it not: Yet as you know how sensible she is of every Favour done to them, it is the Countess's Opinion, and mine, and Lady *Betty's* too, that you give *her* this Assurance in some *legal* Way; for as she is naturally apprehensive, and thinks more of her Circumstance, than, for your sake, she chuses to express to you, it will be like a Cordial to her dutiful and grateful Heart; and I do not know, if it will not contribute, more than any *one* Thing, to make her go thro' her Task with Ease and Safety.

I know how much your Heart is wrapp'd up in the dear Creature: And you are a worthy Brother, to let it be so! —You will excuse me therefore, I am sure, for this my Officiousness.

I have no Doubt that God will spare her to us, because, altho' we may not be worthy of so much Excellence, yet we now all unite so gratefully to thank Him for such a worthy Relation, that I hope we shall not be depriv'd of an Example so necessary to us all.

I can have but one Fear; and that is, that, young as she is, she seems ripen'd for Glory; she seems to have liv'd long enough for *herself*. But for *You*, and for *Us*, that God will *still* spare her, shall be the hourly Prayer of,

*My dear worthy Brother, Your ever affectionate Sister, B. Davers.*

Have you got her Mother with you? I hope you have. God give you a Son and Heir, if it be his blessed Will! But however that be, preserve your *Pamela* to you! For you never can have such *another* Wife.

LETTER XX.

*From Mrs. B. to Mr. B.*

*My ever dear, and ever honoured Mr. B.*

As I know not how it may please God Almighty to deal with me on the approaching Occasion, I should think myself inexcusable, if I could not find one or two select Hours to dedicate to you, out of the very many, in the writing Way, in which your Goodness has indulged me, because you saw I took Delight in it.

But yet think not, O best Beloved of my Heart! that I have any Boon to beg, any Favour to ask, either for myself, or for my Friends, or so much as the *Continuance* of your Favour to the one or the other. As to them, you have prevented and exceeded all my Wishes: As to myself, if it please God to spare me, I know I shall always be rewarded beyond my Desert, let my Deservings be what they will. I have only therefore to acknowledge, with the deepest Sense of your Goodness to me, and with the most Heart-affecting Gratitude, that from the happy, the thrice happy Hour, that you so generously made me yours, till *this* Moment, you have not left me one Thing, on my own Part, to wish for, but the Continuance and Increase of your Felicity, and that I might be worthier and worthier of the unexampled Goodness, Tenderness, and Condescension, where—with you have always treated me.

No, my dearest, my best beloved Master, Friend, Husband, my *first*, my *last*, and *only* Love! believe me, I have nothing to wish for but your Honour and Felicity, temporary and eternal; and I make no doubt, that God, in his infinite Goodness and Mercy, will perfect his own good Work, begun in your dear Heart; and whatever may now happen, give us a happy Meeting never more to part from one another. For, altho', as you were pleased to question t'other Day, when you were resolving some of my Doubts—(and, Oh! what a sweet Expositor have you been to me upon all those Occasions, on which my diffident Mind led me to you for Information and Direction!) whether the Happiness of the Blessed was not too exalted an Happiness to be subjected to the poor Ties of Relationship and Sense, which now delight, and attach so much to them, our narrow Minds and Conceptions; yet cannot I willingly give up the pleasing, the *charming* Hope, that I shall one Day rejoice, *distinguishingly* rejoice, in the Society of my best beloved Husband and Friend, and in that of my dear Parents; and I will keep and encourage this dear Hope, so consolatory to us in the Separation, which dearest Friends *must* experience, so long as it can stand me in any stead; and till I shall be all Intellect, and above the soothing Impressions which are now so agreeable to Sense, and to conjugal and filial Piety.

Let me then beg of you, my dearest Protector, and best Friend, to pardon all my Imperfections and Defects; and if, ever since I have had the Honour to be yours, I have in *Looks*, or in *Word*, or in *Deed*, given you Cause to wish me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the Score of natural Infirmary (for in Thought or Intention, I can truly boast, I never wilfully err'd). Your Tenderness for me, and your generous Politeness to me, always gave me Apprehension, that I was not what you wish'd me to be, because you would not find Fault with me, so often as I fear I deserved: And this makes me beg of you to do, as I hope God Almighty will, pardon all my involuntary Errors and Omissions.

You have enabled me, Sir, to do all the Good to my poor Neighbours, and to distressed Objects, that was in my own Heart to do; and I hope I have dispensed the Power you have so generously intrusted to my Disposal, without Extravagance or Dishonour, with regard to you, and with Comfort and Suitableness to the particular Cases recommended to me: But yet, as it is necessary I should render some Account of my Stewardship, in relation to the large Sums you have put into my Hands for charitable Uses, you will find, my beloved *Master*, and best *Friend*, your poor *Steward's* Accounts of every thing, in the Cabinet that was my honoured Lady's, till your Goodness made it mine, in a† Vellom Book, which is written on the first Leaf, Title-page wise, Humble Returns for Divine Mercies; and you will see a Balance struck, down to this very Day, and the *little Surplus* in the green Purse upon the Book. And if you will be pleased, Sir, to perfect, by your Generosity, the Happiness of the Cases I have marked with a Star, thus, which are such as are not fully recover'd, and will be pleased to keep up my little School, I dare ask no more; for, my dearest Mr. B. if I should be called from *your Service* to my *new Place*, your *next* Steward (and long, I hope, for your honourable Family's sake, you will not be without one) may find out another and *better* Method for your Honour and her own, to dispense your Bounty, than that I have taken.

The rich Jewels and Equipage, with which your generous Goodness adorned my Unworthiness, will be found

in the same Cabinet, in the private Drawer: And if I may be pardon'd for one extravagant Wish, (your Circumstances, dear Sir, are very great! and your future Lady will not wear any thing that was mine) it is, that my dear Miss *Darnford* may be desir'd, as the Effect of your own Goodness, and generous Consideration for my Memory, to wear the Diamond Necklace, which, I know, she admires; but is far from wishing for it, or expecting it, altho' the Neck that it was given to adorn, and to make more worthy of you, should be laid low by the irresistible Leveller.

In the bottom Drawer, on the Left-hand of the Cabinet, you will find, Sir, all my unfinish'd Scribble, and among the rest, a little Parcel, indorsed, Mr. *H.* and *P. Barlow*. The Title will surprise you; but as I know not what may happen to make Doubts and Puzzles in the Affair mentioned in those Papers, when I cannot obviate them, I thought it was best to give a brief History of it in Writing, with his Letter to me on the Occasion; and I humbly beg, the Whole may be kept within your own Breast, unless that vile Affair, which has much disturb'd me, should be reviv'd: Altho' I have no Reason to apprehend it will, because the poor Girl, I hope, is sincerely penitent, and Mr. *H.* himself seems in another way of thinking as to her.

Will you be pleased, Sir, to bestow on my dearest Miss *Goodwin*, as a Remembrance of her Aunt's Love, the Diamond Solitaire, and the second Pair of Ear-rings? Perhaps, my dearest Lady *Davers* would not disdain to wear, as a Present from her beloved Brother, my best Diamond Ring. And if my most beloved and most valued Ring of all, the dear first Pledge of my Happiness, were, for the first time since I was honoured with it, by your own putting it on, taken from my Finger and inamell'd, it would be a mournful, yet a pleasing Token for my poor Mother, and a sweet *Memento* of your Bounty to them, and of your inexpressible Goodness and Favour to her poor Daughter! ———But how I presume! And yet just now said, I had nothing to ask!

Now I am, unawares to myself, upon the Subject of petitioning, how it would please me, could I know it, if the dear Child I have just named, were given to the Care and Example of my excellent Miss *Darnford*, if she would be pleased to accept of the Trust; and if Lady *Davers* has no Objection, and would not chuse to take the pretty Soul under her own Wing!

I had once great Pleasure in the Hope of having this dear Miss committed to my Care—But what Pleasures, what Happiness, have I not had crowd'd into this last, and this first happy, thrice happy Year—even more than most of my Sex have had to boast of, and those not unhappy neither, in a long, long Life! Every Day has brought with it some new Felicity, some new Happiness, as unlook'd for, as undeserv'd; for, Oh! best Beloved of my Heart, how have you always met me in your Comings—in, left me at your Goings—out, with Smiles and Complacency, the *latter* only distinguish'd from the *former*, by a kind Regret, as the *other* was from *that*, by a Joy, next to Transport, when all *your* dear generous Heart appeared in your noble Countenance, and set *my* faithful one into responsive Flutters, to meet and receive it with all the grateful Emotions that the chastest conjugal Flame could inspire!—

But I must not dwell upon these charming, charming Reflections! —My present Doubts will not permit me to indulge them! For, if I were — how would my Desires be rivett'd to this Earth! —With what Regret should I transfer my Thoughts to a *still* more important and more necessary Subject! and with what Ingratitude look up to a diviner, and still more noble Master, who ought to be the Ultimate of all our Wishes and Desires! And who has given me You, my dearest Mr. *B.* and *with* You, all that this World can make desirable! —And has therefore a Right to take away, what he has given! —And if I now die, what a Glory will it be to me, to be permitted to discharge Part of my Obligations to the worthiest of Gentlemen, by laying down my Life in the Service of his honourable Family!

But let me say one Word for my dear worthy Mrs. *Jervis*. Her Care and Fidelity will be very necessary for your Affairs, dear Sir, while you remain single, which I hope will not be long. But whenever, Sir, you make a second Choice, be pleased to allow her such an Annuity as may make her independent, and pass away the Remainder of her Life with Comfort and Ease. And this the rather I presume to request, as my late honoured Lady once intimated the same thing to your Generosity. If I were to name what that may be, it would not be with the Thought of *heightening*, But of *limiting* rather, the natural Bounty of your Heart; and Fifty Pounds a Year would be a rich Provision in her Opinion, and will intail upon you, dear Sir, the Blessings of one of the faithfulest and worthiest Hearts in the Kingdom.

Nor will Christian Charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent *Jewkes*. I understand by Miss *Darnford*, that she begs for nothing but to have the Pleasure of dying in your Service, and of having, by that

means, an Opportunity given her of atoning for some small Slips and Mistakes in her Accounts, which she had made formerly, as she accuses herself; for she will have it, that Mr. *Longman* has been better to her than she deserv'd in passing one† Account particularly, to which he had; with too much Reason, objected. Do, dear Sir, if your *future* happy Lady has no *great* Dislike to the poor Woman, be pleased to grant her Request, except her own Mind should alter, and she desire her Dismission: And be pleased to present her with my little Book of select Devotions, with my Notes in the Inter-leaves: It is in the bottom Drawer of the Right-hand, among my devotional Miscellanies: Or rather, much rather, be pleased to order a Copy of it to be made out for her, and to give the Original, being mostly my own Hand-writing, to my dear Father. This is a better Thought by much; for the dear good Man will esteem it the more for that. I wonder I did not think of this before.—

To the other Servants, I have only to leave my Thanks, and best Wishes, for their respectful Love and dutiful Behaviour to one, who from being once hardly the Equal to some of them, has been exalted to the honourable Station of their Mistress, by your superlative Goodness and Favour. No Servants, my dear Mr. *B.* ever deserved a Mistress's Thanks, if they do not; for they, every one of them, most chearfully came into all my little Schemes and Regulations, and they have encouraged me, by their ready Obedience, and their respectful Loves, to pursue to them the natural Dictates of my own Heart, and have made all Assumings and Pride as unnecessary, as they would have been grievous to me, and censurable by every one else: For was it not my high Concern so to behave myself to all, Low as well as High, that my best beloved Benefactor should not, by *my* Arrogance or Inattention, have Censurers of *him*, added to Envious of *me*, for the Step he had taken, so derogatory to his own Honour, and to that of his antient and splendid Family?

To the Favour of the best of Masters I therefore leave them, with this Testimony of their Merits, and my kind Regard to them, which makes me venture to call them, without one Exception, from my Silver-hair'd *Jonathan*, to the lowest Menial, *The best Set of Servants* that Gentleman ever had: Nor, by Miss *Darnford's* Account of the Behaviour of those at the Hall, do I find them at all unworthy of being class'd with these here, in the happy Character. And let me say, my dearest Mr. *B.* that I have been not a little attentive to their respective Behaviours, as well from my own, as (more particularly) from Mrs. *Jervis's* Observations; because I thought it my Duty, as well in Justice to your dear Self, as to them.

As to *Polly Barlow*, to whom I was willing to behave with an Eye to my dear good Lady's Kindness to myself, I have nothing to say, by way of Distinction from the rest; having hinted to Mrs. *Jervis* to give her *her* Advice, from time to time, and that if a good honest Husband should offer, she should advise the poor Girl not to decline it.

Forgive me, dearest Sir, for thus mentioning to you, in this solemn Letter, so particularly, your Servants. But the Pleasure which their Regularity and Worthiness have given me, together with the Knowledge I have of their Fidelity and affectionate Duty to You, methinks call for this Testimony of my Satisfaction in them, and Recommendation of them to your Favour.

And now, what have I farther to say, but to beg of God to shower down his most precious Blessings upon you, my dearest, my *first*, my *last*, and my *only* Love! and to return to You an hundred-fold, the Benefits, which you have conferr'd upon Me and Mine, and upon so many poor Souls, as you have bless'd thro' my Hands! And that you may in your next Choice be happy with a Lady, who may have every thing I want; and who may love and honour you, with the same affectionate Duty, which has been my Delight, and my Glory to pay you: For in this, I am sure, no one *can* exceed me! —And after having given you long Life, Prosperity, and Increase of Honour, translate you into a blessed Eternity, where, through the Merits of our common Redeemer, I hope I shall be allowed a Place, and be permitted (O let me indulge that pleasing, that *consolatory* Thought!) to receive and rejoice in my restored Spouse, and principal earthly Good, for ever and ever; are the Prayers, the *last* Prayers, if it so please God! of, my dearest dear Mr. *B.*

*Your dutiful and affectionate Wife, and faithful Servant, P. B.*

## LETTER XXI.

*From Miss Darnford to Lady Darnford.*

*My honoured Mamma*, You cannot conceive how you and my dear Papa have delighted the Heart of my good Mrs. *B.* and obliged her Mr. *B.* by the Permission you have given me to attend her till the important Hour shall be over with her; for the dear Lady is exceedingly apprehensive, and one can hardly blame her; for I don't believe there is such a happy Couple in the World.

I am glad to hear, that the Ceremony is over, so much to both your Satisfactions: May this Matrimony be but a Tenth Part as happy, as that I am Witness to; and Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* will have that to boast of, which few married People have, even among those we call happy!

For my Part, I believe I shall never care to marry at all; for tho' I cannot be so deserving, yet I shall not bear to think of an Husband much less excellent than Mr. *B.* And by what I see in *her* Apprehensions, and by what I can conceive of the *Circumstance*; I don't think a young Lady can be requited with a *less* worthy one, for all she suffers on an Husband's Account, and for the sake of *his* Family and Name.

Mrs. *Andrews*, a discreet worthy Soul, as ever I knew, and who in her Aspect and Behaviour, is far from being a Disgrace even to Mr. *B.*'s Lady, is with her dear Daughter, to her no small Satisfaction, as you may suppose; who now—and—then says, What a foolish Creature, my dear Mother, have you for a Daughter! —*You* did not behave so weakly as I do, when you were in the same Circumstances, I dare say; and yet you had a dear good Husband, tho' not a rich one, to hope to live for! —But, come, I will have a good Heart, to make myself as worthy of the Company and Chearings of Three such Friends, as I am bless'd with, in my Mother, my Miss *Darnford*, and Mrs. *Jervis*!

Mr. *B.* ask'd my Advice Yesterday, about having in the House a Midwife, to be at hand, at a Moment's Warning. I told him I fear'd the Sight of such a Person would terrify her: And so he instantly started an Expedient, which her Mother, Mrs. *Jervis*, and myself, approved of, and have put into Practice; for, this Day, I have Mrs. *Harris*, a distant Relation of *mine*, tho' not of yours, Sir and Madam, come to make me a Visit from *Essex*, and Mr. *B.* was so good as to prevail upon her, in *Compliment to me*, as was pretended, to accept of her Board in his House, while she stays in Town, which, she says, will be about a Week.

Now, you must know, that this Mrs. *Harris* being a discreet, modest, matron-like Person, Mrs. *B.* took a Liking to her at first Sight, and is already very familiar with her; and understanding that she is a Gentlewoman who was a Doctor of Physick's Lady, and takes as much Delight in administring to the Health of her own Sex, as her Husband used to do to that of both, Mrs. *B.* says, It is very fortunate, that she has so experienc'd a Lady to consult, as she is such a Novice in her own Case.

Mr. *B.* however, to carry on the honest Imposture better, just now, in Presence of Mrs. *Harris*, and Mrs. *Andrews*, and me, ask'd the former, If it was not necessary to have in the House the good Woman? This frighted Mrs. *B.* who turn'd pale, and said she could not bear the Thoughts of it. Mrs. *Harris* said, It was highly necessary, that Mrs. *B.* if she would not permit the Gentlewoman to be in the House, should see her; and that then, she apprehended, there would be no Necessity, as she suppos'd she did not live far off, to have her in the House, since Mrs. *B.* was so uneasy upon that Account. This pleas'd Mrs. *B.* much, and Mrs. *Thomas* was admitted to attend her.

Now, you must know, that this is the Assistant of my new Relation; and she, being appris'd of the Matter, came; but never did I see so much Shyness and Apprehension as Mrs. *B.* shew'd all the time Mrs. *Thomas* was with her, holding sometimes her Mother, sometimes Mrs. *Harris*, by the Hand, and being ready to sweat with Terror.

Mrs. *Harris* scrap'd Acquaintance with Mrs. *Thomas*, who, pretending to recollect her, gave Mrs. *Harris* great Praises; which increas'd Mrs. *B.*'s Confidence in her: And she undertakes to govern the Whole so, that the dreaded Mrs. *Thomas* need not come till the very Moment; which is no small Pleasure to the dear over-nice Lady. And she seems every Hour to be better pleas'd with Mrs. *Harris*, who, by her prudent Talk, will more and more familiarize her to the Circumstance, unawares to herself in a manner. But notwithstanding this Precaution, of a Midwife in the House, Mr. *B.* intends to have a Gentleman of the Profession in Readiness, for fear of the worst.

I tell Mr. *B.* he is very happy, in this Stratagem; but that, I suppose, he has been more us'd to Contrivances of this sort, than he ought; and was so free as to add, That I presum'd his Lady is hardly the first he has cheated into a Child. And, indeed, I think, Mrs. *B.*'s Merit to the rest of her Sex, is very great, were it only in reforming such an uncommonly agreeable and manly Rake as this; for no doubt he has done, and would have done, a world of Mischief among the Thoughtless and Indiscreet in Upper Life; for his Taste, when at the worst, always lay, it seems, above the Vulgar.

Mrs. *B.* has written a Letter, and the Superscription following will tell you to whom it is directed: "To the ever honour'd and ever dear Mr. *B.* with Prayers for his Health, Honour, and Prosperity in this World, and everlasting Felicity in that to come. *P. B.*" It is seal'd with black Wax, and she gave it me this Moment, on her being taken ill, to give to Mr. *B.* if she dies. But God, of his Mercy, avert that! and preserve the dear Lady, for the Honour of her Sex, and the Happiness of all that know her, and particularly for that of your *Polly Darnford*; for I cannot have a greater Loss, I am sure, while my honour'd Papa and Mamma are living: And may that be for many, very many, happy Years!

I will not close this Letter, till all is over: Happily, as I hope! —Mrs. *B.* is better again, and has, occasionally, made some fine Reflections, directing herself to me, but design'd for the Benefit of her *Polly*, on the Subject of the Inconsideration of some of our Sex, with regard to this Circumstance; inferring, that if *such* are *her* Apprehensions, tho' a lawful Wife, and *such* the Danger attending this Case, how must it leave a poor Creature destitute of all spiritual Consolation, (as well as of the Assistance and Comfortings of the nearest Friends, and of a kind Husband) when she has sacrific'd her Honour, and cannot think of any thing so probable, as the Moment approaches, but that God will punish her *in Kind*, as she called it; that is to say, added she, by the very Sufferings, which are the natural Consequences of the Sin she has so wickedly committed!

I knew what her Design was, and said, Ay, *Polly*, let you and me, and every single young Body, bear these Reflections in Mind, pronounced by so excellent a Lady, in Moments so arduous as these!

The Girl wept, and very movingly fell down by the Door, on her Knees, praying to God to preserve her dear Lady, and she should be happy for ever! —*That*, as Mrs. *B.* so often prettily writes, *was her Word!*

Mrs. *B.* is exceedingly pleas'd with my new Relation, Mrs. *Harris*, as we call her, who behaves with so much Prudence, that she suspects nothing, and told Mrs. *Jervis*, she wish'd nobody else was to come near her. And as she goes out (being a Person of Eminence in her way) two or three times a Day, and last Night staid out late, Mrs. *B.* said, she hop'd she would not be out, when she should wish her to be at home.

I have the Pleasure, the very great Pleasure, my dear Papa and Mamma, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that just half an Hour ago, my dear Mrs. *B.* was brought to-bed of a fine Boy.

We are all out of our Wits for Joy almost. I ran down to Mr. *B.* myself, who receiv'd me with trembling Impatience. A Boy! a fine Boy! dear Mr. *B.* said I: A Son and Heir indeed!

But how does my *Pamela*? Is *she* safe? Is *she* like to do well? We hope so, said I: Or I had not come down to you, I'll assure you. He folded me in his Arms, in a joyful Rapture: How happy you make me, dearest Miss *Darnford!* If my *Pamela* is safe, the Boy is welcome, welcome indeed! —But when may I go up to thank my Jewel?—

Mrs. *Andrews* is so overjoy'd, and so thankful, that there's no getting her from her Knees.

A Man and Horse is dispatch'd already to Lady *Davers*; and another order'd to *Kent*, to the good old Man.

Mrs. *Jervis*, when I went up, said, she must go down, and release the good Folks from their Knees; for, half an Hour before, they declar'd they would not stir from that Posture, till they heard how it went with their Lady; and when the happy News was brought them of her Safety, and a young Master, they were quite ecstasick, she says, in their Joy, and not a dry Eye among them, shaking Hands, and congratulating one another, Men and Maids: Which must make it one of the most affecting Sights that can be imagin'd. And Mr. *Longman*, who had no Power to leave the House for three Days past, (tho' Business requir'd his Presence in *Bedfordshire* sought his worthy Principal; and never was so much moving Joy seen, as this honest-hearted Steward ran over with.

I have not Mrs. *B.*'s Pen; so cannot draw these affecting Scenes of Joy, as she could have done, had she been in my Case. —Let me only say, I never saw such a Family-Joy in my Life: And who would care for Royalty, and all its Pageantry, when Virtue can thus interest every body in its Concerns, and, on such an Occasion as this, give that general and sincere Joy to all within its Circle, that could fill a Nation on the Birth of a first-born Prince from Sovereigns the most beloved?

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I did a foolish thing in my Joy—I gave Mr. *B.* the Letter design'd for him, had an unhappy Event follow'd: and he won't give it me again; but says, he will obtain Mrs. *B.*'s Leave, when she is better, to open it; and the happier Turn will augment his Thankfulness to God, and Love to her, when he shall, by this means, be blest with Sentiments so different from what the other Case would have afforded. But I will get it from him, if I can, and give it her back; for one knows not what it may contain; yet her Innocence and Purity make one less apprehensive a good deal; for, I dare say, she has no Excuses to make for Failings he knows nothing of.

Mrs. *B.* had a very sharp Time. Never more, my dear Papa, talk of a Husband to me. Indeed, in the Mind I am in, I will never be marry'd. — Place all your Expectations on *Nancy!* Not one of these Men, that I have yet seen, Mr. *B.* excepted, (and you know what a Chance it was, that he would be so good) is worth running these Risques for! But his Indearments and Tenderness to his Lady, his thankful and manly Gratitude and Politeness, when he was admitted to pay his Respects to her, and his Behaviour to Mrs. *Andrews*, and to us all, tho' but for a Visit of ten Minutes, was alone worthy of all her Risque!

I would give you a Description of it, had I Mrs. *B.*'s Pen, and of twenty agreeable Scenes and Conversations besides: But, for want of that, must conclude, with my humble Duty, as becomes, honour'd Sir and Madam,

*Your ever grateful Polly Darnford.*

You may guess at our Hurry; for I have been Three Days writing this Letter, Piece by Piece.

LETTER XXII.

*From the same.*

*My honoured Papa and Mamma,* We have nothing but Joy and Festivity in this House; and it would be endless to tell you the Congratulations the happy Family receives every Day, from Tenants and Friends. Mr. *B.* you know, was always deem'd one of the kindest Landlords in *England*; and his Tenants are so overjoy'd, at the happy Event which has given them a young Landlord of his Name, (for all those who live in that large Part of the Estate, which came by Lady *B.* his Mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir *Jacob Swynford's* Family for their Landlord, who, they say, are all made up of Pride and Cruelty, and would have racked them to Death) that they had a voluntary Meeting of about Twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the Occasion, and it was unanimously agreed to make a Present of a Piece of gilt Plate to serve as a Bason for the Christening, to the Value of One hundred Guineas; on which is to be engraven the following Inscription:

In Acknowledgement of the Humanity and Generosity of the Best of Landlords, and as a Token of his Tenants Joy on the happy Birth of a Son and Heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his Father's Generosity, and his Mother's Virtues, this Piece of Plate, is, with all due Gratitude, presented, as a Christening Bason to all the Children that shall proceed from such worthy Parents, and their Descendants, to the End of Time,

By the obliged and joyful Tenants of the maternal Estate in *Bedfordshire* and *Gloucestershire*, the Initials of whose Names are under—engraven; viz.—

Then are to follow the first Letters of each Persons Christian and Surname.—

What an Honour is this to a Landlord! In my Opinion far, very far, surpassing the *mis-nomer'd* Free gifts that we read of in some Kingdoms on extraordinary Occasions, some of them like this! For here it is all truly spontaneous—A Free Gift *indeed*; and Mr. *B.* took it very kindly, and has put off the Christening for a Week, to give Time for its being completed and inscribed as above.

Such good Tenants, such a good Wife, such Blessings from Heaven following him, nobody, I tell Mr. *B.* has so much Incouragement to be good, as he has; and if hereafter he should swerve, he would not have the least Excuse, and would be the ungratefulest Man breathing.

The Earl and Countess of *C—*, and Lord and Lady *Davers*, are here, to stand in Person at the Christening; and you cannot conceive how greatly my Lady *Davers* is transported with Joy, to have a Son and Heir to the Estate: She is, every Hour almost, thanking her dear Sister for him; and reads in the Child all the great Qualities she forms to herself in him. 'Tis, indeed, a charming Boy, and has a great deal (if one may judge of a Child so very young) of his Father's manly Aspect. The dear Lady herself is still but weak; but the Joy of all around her, and her Spouse's Tenderness and Politeness, give her chearful and free Spirits, and she is all Serenity, Ease, and Thankfulness.

Mrs. *B.* as soon as the Danger was over, asked me for her Letter with the black Seal. I had been very earnest to get it from Mr. *B.* but to no Purpose: So I was forced to tell her who had it. She said, but very composedly, she was sorry for it, and hop'd he had not open'd it.

He came into her Chamber soon after, and I demanded it before her. He said, he had designed to ask her Leave to break the Seal, which he had not yet done; nor would, without her Consent.

You will see nothing in it, Sir, said the dear Lady, but a grateful Heart, a faithful Love, and my Prayers, that God will be as good to You, as you have been to Me.

Will you give me Leave, my Dear, said he, to break the Seal? If you do, Sir, let it not be in my Presence; but it is too serious. Not, my Dear, now the Apprehension is so happily over: It may now add to my Joy and my Thankfulness on that Account. Then do as you please, Sir: But I had rather you would not.

Then here it is, Miss *Darnford*; I had it from you: It was put into your Hands; and there I place it again. That's something like, said I, considering the Gentleman. Mrs. *B.* I hope we shall bring him into good Order between us in time.

So I return'd it to the dear Writer; who lifted up her Eyes, and her Lips moving, shew'd a thankful Ejaculation,

that she was spared to receive it back again; and put it into her Bosom.

I related to Lady *Davers*, when she came, this Circumstance; and she, I believe, has got Leave to take it with her. She is very proud of all Opportunities now of justifying her Brother's Choice, and doing Honour to his Spouse, with Lady *Betty C.* who is her great Favourite, and who delights to read Mrs. *B.*'s Letters.

You desire to know, my honoured Papa, how Mr. *B.* passes his Time, and whether it be in his Lady's Chamber? No, indeed! Catch Gentlemen, the best of them, in too great a Complaisance that way, if you can. What then, does he pass his Time with me, you are pleased to ask? What a Disadvantage a Man lies under, who has been once a Rake! But I am so generally with Mrs. *B.* that when I tell you, Sir, that his Visits to her are pretty much polite Form, I believe I answer all you mean by your Questions; and especially when I remind you, Sir, that Lady and Lord *Davers*, and the Earl and Countess, and your unworthy Daughter, are at Dinner and Supper-time always together; for Mrs. *Andrews*, who is not yet gone back to *Kent*, breakfasts, dines, and sups with her beloved Daughter, and is hardly ever out of her Room.

Then, Sir, Mr. *B.* and the Earl, and Lord *Davers*, give pretty constant Application to the Business of Parliament; and, now-and-then, sup abroad— So, Sir, we are all upon Honour; and I could wish, (only that your Pleasantry always gives me Joy, as it is a Token, that you have your much-desired Health and Freedom of Spirits) that, even in Jest, my *Mamma's* Daughter might pass unquestioned.

But I know why you do it: It is only to put me out of Heart to ask to stay longer. Yet I wish— But I know you won't permit me to go thro' the whole Winter here. —Will my dear Papa grant it, do you think, my honoured Mamma, if you were to lay the highest Obligation upon your dutiful Daughter, and petition for me? And should you care to try?

I dare not hope it myself, you see, Madam: But when one sees a Gentleman here, who denies his Lady nothing that she asks, it makes one be ready to wish, methinks, that Lady *Darnford* was as happy in that Particular as Lady *B.*—

Your Indulgence, for this Winter, this *one* Winter, or rather, this small *Remainder* of Winter, I make not so much doubt of, you see, Madam. I know you'll call me a bold Girl; but then you always, when you do, condescend to grant my Request: And I will be as good as ever I can afterwards. I will fetch up all the lost Time; rise an Hour sooner in the Morning, go to-bed an Hour sooner at Night; flower my Papa any thing he pleases; read him to sleep, when he pleases; put his Gout into good Humour, when it will be soothed—And Mrs. *B.* will, to crown all, come down with me, by Permission of her sovereign Lord, who will attend her, you may be sure; and will not *all* this do, to procure me a Month or two more? —If it won't, why then, I will thank you for your past Indulgence, and, with all Duty and Chearfulness, bid Adieu to this dear *London*, this dearer Family, and attend a *still* dearer Papa and Mamma; whose dutiful Daughter I will ever be, whilst

Polly Darnford.

LETTER XXIII.

*To the same.*

*My honoured Papa and Mamma,* I Have received your joint Commands, and intend to set out on *Wednesday* next Week. I hope I shall find my Papa in better Health than he is at present, and in better Humour too; for I am very sorry he is displeas'd with my petitioning for a little longer Time in *London*. It is very severe to impute to me Want of Duty and Affection to you both, which would, if deserved, make me very unworthy of your Indulgence.

Mr. *B.* and his dear Lady are resolv'd to accompany me in their Coach and Six, till your Chariot meets me, if you will be pleas'd to permit it so to do; and even set me down at your Gate, if it do not; but he vows, that he will not alight at your House, nor let his Lady neither. But I say, that this is a misplaced Resentment, because I ought to think it a Favour, that you have indulg'd me so much as you have. And yet even this is likewise a Favour on *their* Side to me, because it is an Instance of their Fondness for your unworthy Daughter's Company.

Mrs. *B.* is, if possible, more lovely since her Lying-in, than before. She has so much Delight in her Nursery, that I fear it will take her off from her Pen, which will be a great Loss to all whom she used to oblige with her Correspondence. Indeed, this new Object of her Care is a charming Child; and she is exceedingly pleas'd with her Nurse;—for she is not permitted, as she very much desired, to perform that Office herself.

She makes a great Proficiency in the *French* and *Italian* Languages; and well she may; for she has the best Schoolmaster in the World, and one whom she loves better than Lady ever lov'd a Tutor. He is lofty, and won't be disput'd with; but I never saw a more polite and tender Husband, for all that; and well may a Lady, bless'd as she is, bear with a little Imperiousness sometimes; which, however, she nips in the Bud, by her Sweetness of Temper, and ready Compliance. But then he is a Man of Sense; and a Lady need be the less concern'd to yield a Point to a Man of Sense, and of Generosity, as he is: Who is incapable of treating her the worse for her Resignation and Complacency. Whenever I marry, it shall be to a Man of Sense, and a generous Man, against the World; for such an one cannot treat a Woman ill; as Mrs. *B.* often observes.

We had a splendid Christening, and exceedingly well order'd, and every body was highly delighted at it. The Quality Gossips went away but on *Tuesday*; and my Lady *Davers* took Leave of her charming Sister, with all the Blessings, and all the Kindness, and affectionate Fondness to her, that could be express'd.

Mr. *Andrews*, that worthy old Man, came up to see his Grandson Yesterday, and in order to attend his Wife down. You would never have forgotten the good Man's Behaviour (had you seen it) to his Daughter, and to the charming Child: I wish I could describe it to you; but I am apt to think Mrs. *B.* will take notice of it to Lady *Davers*; and if she enters into the Description of it while I stay, I will beg a Copy of it, to bring down with me; because I know you were pleas'd with the sensible, plain, good Man, and his Ways, when at the Hall in your Neighbourhood,

The Child is nam'd *William*, that I should have told you; but I write without any manner of Connection, just as things come uppermost: But don't, my dear Papa, cons this too as an Instance of Disrespect. I wish you was not so angry with me; it makes me almost afraid to see you! —As I said, I shall set out next *Wednesday* in Mr. *B.*'s Coach and Six; and as we shall keep the main Road all the Way, I shall see, by my being met, how I am to be received, or whether pardon'd or not. Mr. *B.* says, he will take me back again, if my dear Papa frown at me ever so little, and he will not deliver me up into any other Hands but his neither.

We have been at several Plays, and at the Opera divers times; for we make the best of our Time, as it is so short; and we fear'd how it would be; tho' I hop'd I should not have Anger neither. Mrs. *B.* is taken up with writing, between whiles, Remarks upon the Plays, &c. she sees, in a little Book, for Lady *Davers*. She sent that Lady her Remarks upon one or two, with which she is so well pleas'd, that she will not let even her Nursery pass for an Excuse from writing on upon those Subjects; and this will so ingross the dear Lady's Pen, that I shall not be favour'd so much as I used to be; but Lady *Davers* promises me to lend me the Book, when she has read it; so that will be some Satisfaction.

I see but one thing that can possibly happen to disturb the Felicity of this charming Couple; and that I will mention, in Confidence. Mr. *B.* and Mrs. *B.* and myself, were at the Masquerade, before she lay-in: There was a

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Lady greatly taken with Mr. *B.* She was in a Nun's Habit, and followed him where-ever he went; and Mr. *Turner*, a Gentleman of one of the Inns of Court, who visits Mr. *B.* sometimes, and is an old Acquaintance of his, tells me by the Bye, that the Lady took an Opportunity to unmask to Mr. *B.* Mr. *Turner* has since found she is the young Countess Dowager of ———, a fine Lady; but not the most prudent in her Conduct of late, since her Widowhood. And he has since discovered, as he says, that a Letter or two has passed between Mr. *B.* and that Lady, if not more.

Now Mrs. *B.* with all her Perfections, has, as she owns, a little Spice of Jealousy; and should she be once alarm'd, I tremble for the Consequences to both their Happiness.

It is my Opinion, that if ever any thing makes a Misunderstanding between them, it will be from some such Quarter as this. But 'tis a thousand pities it should. And I hope, as to the actual Correspondence begun, Mr. *Turner* is mistaken.

But be it as it will, I would not for the World, the first Hints of this Matter should come from me. —Mr. *B.* is a very enterprising and gallant Gentleman, is a fine Figure of a Man, and very genteel, and I don't wonder a Lady may like him. But he seems so pleas'd, so satisfy'd with his Lady, and carries it to her with so much Tenderness and Affection, that I hope her Merit, and this his Affection for her, will secure his conjugal Fidelity.

If it prove otherwise, and she discovers it, I know no one that would be more miserable than Mrs. *B.* as well from Motives of Piety and Virtue, as from the excessive Love she bears him. —But I hope for better Things, for both their sakes.—

My humble Thanks for all your Indulgences to me, with Hopes, that you will not, my dear Papa and Mamma, hold your Displeasure against me, when I throw myself at your Feet, as I now soon hope to do, conclude me

*Your dutiful Daughter, M. Darnford.*

LETTER XXIV.

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dear Lady,* We are just return'd from accompanying the worthy Miss *Darnford* as far as *Bedford*, in her Way home, where her Papa and Mamma met her in a Coach and Four. Sir *Simon* put on his pleasant Airs, and schooled Mr. *B.* for persuading his Daughter to stay so long from him; *me* for putting her upon asking to stay longer; and *Miss* for being persuaded by us.

I think he is worse than ever, in his way of Talk, and for my Rebukes to him; for he ran on a deal of Stuff about me, and my late Circumstance; and would have it, that I am so much improv'd, that I ought to make a Court'sy to Mr. *B.* once an Hour. He said, when I was angry at him, and his Lady blam'd him, that it was all pure Revenge for my Letter, and for keeping Miss so long from him.

We tarry'd two Days together at *Bedford*; for we knew not how to part; and then we took a most affectionate Leave of each other.

We struck out of the Road a little, to make a Visit to the dear House, where we tarry'd one Night; and next Morning, before any body could come to congratulate us, (designing to be *incog.*) we proceeded on our Journey to *London*, and found my dearest, dear Boy, in charming Health.

What a new Pleasure has God Almighty's Goodness bestow'd upon me; which, after every little Absence, rises upon me, in a maternal Tenderness, every Step I move toward the dear little Blessing! — Yet, sometimes, I think your dear Brother is not so fond of him, as I wish him to be. He says, 'tis time enough for him to mind him, when he can return his Notice, and be grateful! —A negligent Word, i'n't it, Madam? —Considering—

My dear Father came to Town, to accompany my good Mother down to *Kent*, and they set out three or four Days after your Ladyship left us. It is impossible to describe the Joy with which his worthy Heart overflow'd, when he congratulated us on the happy Event. And as he had been apprehensive for his Daughter's Safety, judge, my Lady, what his Transports must be, to see us all safe and well, and happy, and a Son given to dear Mr. *B.* by his greatly honoured Daughter.

I was in the Nursery when he came. So was my Mother. Miss *Darnford* also was there. And Mr. *B.* who was in his Closet at his Arrival, after having received his most respectful Congratulations himself, brought him up (tho' he has not been there since: indeed he han't!): *Pamela*, said the dear Gentleman! see who's here.

I sprung to him, and kneeled for his kind Blessing: O my Father! said I, see! pointing to the dear Baby at the Nurse's Breast, how God Almighty has answer'd all our Prayers!

He dropp'd down on his reverend Knees by me, clasping me in his indulgent Arms: O my Daughter! —O my blessed Daughter! —And do I once more see you! And see you safe and well! —I do! I do! —Blessed be thy Name, O gracious God, for these thy Mercies!

While we were thus joined, happy Father, and happy Daughter, in one Thanksgiving Prayer, the sweet Baby having fallen asleep, the Nurse had put it into the Cradle; and when my Father rose from me, he went to my Mother, God bless my dear *Betty*, said he: I long'd to see you, after this Separation. Here's Joy! Here's Pleasure! O how happy are we! And taking her Hand, he kneeled down on one Side the Cradle, and my Mother on the other, both looking at the dear Baby, with Eyes running over; and, Hand in Hand, he prayed, in the most fervent manner, for a Blessing upon the dear Infant; and that God Almighty would make him an Honour to his Father's Family, and to his Mother's Virtue that was his kind Word,) and that, in the Words of Scripture, *be might grow on, and be in Favour both with the Lord, and with Men!* —

They both rose, and Mr. *B.* taking my Hand, and Miss *Darnford's*; (your Ladyship may guess how *we* were moved! for Miss is a sweet-natur'd Lady, you know, Madam) My dear *Pamela*! How these kind, these grateful Hearts affect me!— Do you often, my dear Miss *Darnford*, see Scenes wrought up by the Poets to this moving Height? —Here we behold and admire that noble Simplicity, in which Nature always triumphs over her Hand-maid Art! —And which makes a Scene of Joy as affecting to a noble Mind, as that of the deepest Distress! Else, how could it display its Force thus sweetly on your lovely Cheek! And he saluted the dear Miss, and me too!

Mr. *B.* has just put into my Hands Mr. *Locke's* Treatise on Education, and he commands me to give him my Thoughts upon it in Writing. He has a very high Regard for this Author, and tells me, That my Tenderness for

*Billy* will make me think some of the first Advice given in it, a little harsh, perhaps; but altho' he has not read it through, only having dipp'd into it here and there, he believes, from the Name of the Author, I cannot have a better Directory: And my Opinion of it, after I have well considered it, will inform him, he says, of my own Capacity and Prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the Point of a *first Education*.

I ask'd, If I might not be excus'd Writing, only making my Observations here and there, to himself, as I found Occasion? But he says, I shall myself better consider it, and be more a Mistress of the Subject, and he shall the better attend to my Reasonings, when they are put into Writing: And surely, my Dear, said he, you may, in such an important Point as this, as well oblige *me* with a little of your Penmanship, as our other dear Friends.

After this, your Ladyship will judge, I had not another Word to say. He cuts one to the Heart, when he speaks so seriously.

I have look'd a little into it. It is a Book quite accommodated to my Case, being written to a Gentle—Gentleman, the Author's Friend, for the Regulation of his Conduct towards his Children. But how shall I do, Madam, if in such a fam'd and renowned Author, I see already some few things, that I think want clearing up? Won't it look like intolerable Vanity, in such a one as me, to find fault with such a Genius as Mr. *Locke's*?

But I will consider of the Matter thoroughly, before I set Pen to Paper; for, altho' he writes in a very familiar and intelligible Style, perhaps I may not understand him at once reading.

But I must, on this Occasion, give your Ladyship the Particulars of a short Conversation between your dear Brother and me; which, however, perhaps, will not be to my Advantage, because it will shew you what a teizing Body I can be, if I am indulged. —But Mr. *B.* will not spoil me neither in that way: No fear of that, I dare say! —Your Ladyship will see this in the very Dialogue I shall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. *Locke's* Book, and Mr. *B.* asked me, How I lik'd it? Exceedingly well, Sir. But I have a Proposal to make, which, if you will be pleased to comply with, will give me a charming Opportunity of understanding Mr. *Locke*.

What is your Proposal, my Dear? I see it is some very particular one, by that sweet Earnestness in your Look.

Why so it is, reply'd I: And I must know, whether you are in a high good Humour with me, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me; and my Proposal will not then do, I'm sure.

You have all the amusing Ways of your Sex, my dear *Pamela*. But tell me what you would say: You know I don't love Suspense.

May be you're busy, Sir. Perhaps I break in upon you. I believe you were going into your Closet.

Woman! —said he; how you love to put one upon the Tenters! Yet, my Life for yours, by your Parade, what I just now thought important, is some pretty Trifle. —Speak it at once, or I'll be angry with you; and tapp'd my Cheek.

Well, I wish I had not come just now! —I see you are not in a quite good Humour enough for my Proposal. —So, pray, Sir, excuse me, till Tomorrow.

He took my Hand, and led me to his Closet, calling me his pretty Impertinent; and then urging me, I said—You know, Sir, I have not been us'd to the Company of Children. Your dear *Billy* will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any Part of Education. I can learn of the charming Boy nothing but the Baby Conduct: But now, if you would permit me to take into the House some little Master of three or four Years old, or Miss of five or six, I should watch over all their little Ways; and now reading a Chapter in the *Child*, and now a Chapter in the *Book*, I shall be inabled to look forward, and with Advantage, into the Subject; and to go thro' all the Parts of Education tolerably, for one of my Capacity; for, Sir, I can, by my own Defects, and what I have wished to mend, know how to judge of, and supply that Part of Life, which carries one up to Eleven or Twelve Years of Age, which was mine, when my Lady took me.

A pretty Thought, *Pamela*! But tell me, Who will part with their Child, think you? Would *you* do it, if it were your own Case, altho' you were ever so well assur'd of the Advantages your Little—one would reap by it? —For, don't you consider, my Dear, that the Child ought to be wholly subjected to your Authority? That its Father or Mother ought seldom to see it; because it should think itself absolutely dependent upon you? —And where, my Dear, will you meet with Parents so resign'd? —Besides, one would have the Child descended of genteel Parents, and not such as could do nothing for it; otherwise the Turn of Mind and Education you would give it, might do it more Harm than Good.

All this is, Sir, very . But would you have no other Objection, if one could find a genteelly descended young

Master? And would you join to persuade his Papa to give me up this Power, only from three Months to three Months, as I liked, and the Child liked, and as the Papa approved of my Proceedings?

This is so reasonable, with these last Conditions, *Pamela*, that I should be pleased with your Notion, if it could be put in Practice, because the Child would be benefited by your Instruction, and you would be improved in an Art, that I could wish to see you an Adept in.

But, perhaps, Sir, you had rather it were a Miss, than a Master!

I had, my Dear, if a Miss could be found, whose Parents would give her up to you: But I suppose you have some Master in your Head, by your putting it upon that Sex at first.

Let me see, Sir, You say you are in a good Humour! Let me see, if you be! —Looking boldly in his Face.

He saluted me: What now would the pretty Fool be at?

Only, Sir, that you have nothing to do, but to speak the Word, and there is a Miss whose Papa, and Mamma too, I am sure, would consent to give up to me, for my own Instruction, as well as for her sake; and if, to speak in the Scripture Phrase, I have found *Grace in your Sight*, kind Sir, speak this Word to the dear Miss's Papa.

And have you thus come over with me, *Pamela*! — Go, I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner against myself. This looks so artful, that I won't love you!; Dear Sir! —And dear Madam! too! Begone, I say! —You have surpris'd me by Art, when your Talent is Nature, and you should keep to that!

I was sadly balk'd and vex'd, and had neither Power to go nor stay! —At last, seeing I had put him into a kind of Flutter, as now he had put me, I moved my unwilling Feet towards the Door. —He took a Turn about the Closet mean time. —Yet stay, said he, there is something so generous in your Art, that, on Recollection, I cannot part with you.

He took Notice of the starting Tear—I am to blame! —You had surpris'd me so, that my hasty Temper got the better of my Consideration. Let me kiss away this pearly Fugitive. Forgive me, my dearest Love! What Brutes are such passionate Wretches as me, when compar'd to such Angels as my *Pamela*! I see, at once now, all the Force, and all the Merit of your amiable Generosity: And to make you amends for this my Hastiness and inconsiderate Harshness, I will coolly consider of this Matter, and will either satisfy you by my Compliance, or by the Reasons I will give for the contrary.

But say, my *Pamela*; can you forgive my Hastiness? —Can I, Sir! Yes, indeed, clasping my Arms about him; and bid me Go, and Begone, twenty times a Day, if I am to be thus kindly called back to you, thus nobly, and condescendingly treated, in the same Breath almost! —I see, dear Sir, continued I, that I must be in Fault, if ever you are lastingly displeas'd with me. —For as soon as you turn yourself about, your Anger vanishes, and you make me rich Amends for speaking a few harsh Words. Only one thing, dear Sir, let me add, If I have dealt artfully with you, impute it to my Fear of offending you, thro' the Nature of my Petition, and not thro' Design. And that I took the Example of the Prophet, to King *David*, in the Parable of the *Ewe-Lamb*.

I remember it, my Dear—and you have well pointed your Parable, and had nothing to do, but to say, *Thou art the Man!*

I am called upon by my dear Benefactor for a little Airing; and he suffers me only to conclude this long Letter, knowing to whom I have the Honour to write, this being Post-day. And so I am oblig'd, with greater Abruptness than I had design'd, to mention thankfully your Ladyship's Goodness to me; particularly in that kind, kind Letter, which your dear Brother shew'd me *this Morning*, and not before—I believe, for fear I should be so much oppress'd by the Sense of your Ladyship's unmerited Goodness to me, had he shew'd it me before your Departure from us, that I should not be able to look up to you; heaping Favours and Blessings upon me, as you hourly were besides. What a happy, happy Creature am I! —But my Gratitude runs me into Length; and sorry I am, that I cannot have time just now to indulge it.

But yet I am apt sometimes to doubt, whether I ought to think myself so very happy; and whether it is not an Argument of a mean Spirit; because I am under Obligations, *unreturnable* Obligations, to every living Soul, as well as to your Ladyship; and yet can rejoice in them; as if it was such a glorious Thing to be oblig'd, when it is not in one's Power to oblige again.

Is there nothing, my dear Lord and Lady *Davers*, is there nothing, my dear Countess, and my good Lord *C*. that I can do, to shew, at least, that I have a *Will*, and am not an ingrateful, and a sordid Creature?

And yet, if you give me Power to do any thing that will have the Appearance of a Return, even that *Power* will be laying a fresh Obligation upon me—Which, however, I should be very proud of, because I should thereby

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convince you, by something more than Words, how much I am (most particularly to yourself, my dearest Lady *Davers*, (my Sister, my Friend, my Patroness)

*Your most obliged, and faithful Servant, P. B.*

Your dear Brother joins in respectful Thankfulness to his Four noble Gossips. And I made my *Billy*, by his Lips, subscribe his. I hope so to direct his earliest Notions, as to make him sensible of his dutiful Obligations to such noble and good God–papa's and Mamma's.

LETTER XXV.

*From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.*

*My dearest Pamela*, Talk not to us of unreturnable Obligations, and all that, as by your last Letter. You do more for us, in the Entertainment you give us all, by your Letters, than we *have* done, or ever *can*, for you. And as to me, I know no greater Pleasure in the World, than my Brother's Felicity and yours. God continue it to you both. I am sure it will be *his* Fault, and not yours, if it be at all diminish'd.

We have heard some idle Rumours here, as if you were a little uneasy of late; and having not had a Letter from you for this Fortnight past, it makes me write, to ask, How you all do? and whether you expected an Answer from me to your last?

I hope you won't be punctilious with me, my *Pamela*. For we have nothing to write to you about, except it be, how much we all love and honour you; and that you believe already; or else you don't do us Justice.

I suppose you'll be going out of Town soon, now the Parliament is rising. My Lord is resolv'd to put his Proxy into another Hand, and intends, I believe, to take my Brother's Advice in it. Both the Earl and his Lordship are highly pleas'd with my Brother's moderate and independent Principles. He has got great Credit among all unprejudic'd Men, by the Part he acted throughout the last Sessions, in which he has shewn, that he would no more join to distress and clog the Wheels of Government, by an unreasonable Opposition, than he would do the dirty Work of any Administration. As he has so noble a Fortune, and wants nothing of any Body, he would be doubly to blame, to take any other Part than that of his Country, in which he has so great a Stake.

May he act *out* of the House, and *in* the House, with equal Honour; and he will be his Country's Pride, and your Pride, and mine too! Which is the Wish of

*Your affectionate Sister, B. Davers.*

If you want a Pretence to kiss my dear Boy, give him, now—and—then, one for me. I hope he improves, under the Eye of so careful a Mamma; the little Rogue will else be unworthier than I wish him to be. I hope you proceed with my Book. I must see your Observations on *Locke* too. 'Twas a charming pretty Thought of yours, that of Miss *Goodwin*. A hasty Wretch! how could he be angry! —'Twas well he so soon consider'd of the Matter, and ask'd Pardon.

**LETTER XXVI.**

*My dearest Lady*, I Have been a little in Disorder, that I have. Some little Rubs have happen'd. I hope they will be happily removed. But I am unwilling to believe all that is said. This is a wicked Town, though! I wish we were out of it. But I see not when that will be. I wish Mr. *B.* would let me and my *Billy* go into *Kent*: But I don't care to leave him behind me, neither, and he is not inclin'd to go. Excuse my Brevity, my dearest Lady! But I must break off, with only assuring your Ladyship, that I am, and ever will be,

*Your obliged and grateful P. B.*

**LETTER XXVII.**

*My dearest* Pamela, I Understand Things go not so well as I wish. If you think my coming up to Town, and residing with you, while you stay in it, will be of Service to you, or help to get you out of it, I will set out directly. I will pretend some Indisposition, and a Desire of consulting your *London* Physicians; or any thing you shall think fit to be done, by

*Your affectionate Sister, and faithful Friend, B. Davers.*

**LETTER XXVIII.**

*My dearest Lady,* A Thousand Thanks for your Goodness to me! But I hope all will be well. I hope God will enable me to act so prudent a Part as will touch his generous Breast. Be pleased to tell me what your Ladyship has heard; but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any Appeals; for, I know, those will not be excus'd; and I do all I can to suppress my Uneasiness before him. But I pay for it, when I am alone. My Nursery, and my Reliance on God, (I should have said the latter first) are all my Consolation. —God preserve and bless you, my good Lady, and my Noble Lord; (But I am apt to think your Ladyship's Presence will not avail) prays,  
*Your affectionate and obliged P. B.*

**LETTER XXIX.**

Why does not my sweet Girl subscribe *Sister*, as usual? I have done nothing amiss to you! I love you dearly, and ever will. I can't help my Brother's Faults. But I hope he uses you with Politeness and Decency. He shall be none of my Brother, if he don't. I rest a great deal upon your Prudence, and it will be very meritorious, if you can overcome yourself, so as to act unexceptionably, tho' it may not be deserv'd, on this Occasion: For in doing so, you'll have a Triumph over Nature itself; for, my dear Girl, as you have formerly own'd, you have a little Touch of Jealousy in your Composition.

What I have heard, is no Secret to any body. The injured Party is generally the last that hears in these Cases, and you shall not first be told any thing by me that must *afflict* you, but cannot *you*, more than it does *me*. God give you Patience and Comfort! The wicked Lady has a deal to answer for, to disturb such an uncommon Happiness. But no more, than that I am

*Your ever affectionate Sister, B. Davers.*

I am all Impatience to hear how you conduct yourself on this trying Occasion. Let me know *what* you have heard, and *how* you came to hear it.

LETTER XXX.

Why don't I subscribe Sister? asks my dearest Lady *Davers*? —I have not had the Courage to do it of late. For my Title to that Honour, arises from the dear, thrice dear Mr. *B.* And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot say. But since you command it, I will call your Ladyship by that beloved Name, let the rest happen as God shall see fit.

Mr. *B.* cannot be unpolite; but he is cold, and a little cross, and short in his Speeches to me. I try to hide my Grief from every body, and from him most; for, my dear Lady, neither my Father, Mother, nor Miss *Darnford*, know any thing from me. Mrs. *Jervis*, from whom I seldom hide any thing, as she is on the Spot with me, hears not my Complaining, nor my Uneasiness; for I would not lessen the dear Gentleman. He may *yet* see the Error of the Way he is in. God grant it, for his own sake, as well as mine! —I am even sorry your Ladyship is afflicted with the Knowledge of the Matter.

The poor unhappy Lady, God forgive her! is to be pity'd: She loves him, and having strong Passions, and being unus'd to be controul'd, is lost to a Sense of Honour and Justice; poor, poor Lady! —O these wicked Masquerades! From them springs all my Unhappiness! My *Spaniard* was too amiable, and met with a Lady who was no Nun, but in Habit. Every one was taken with him in that Habit, so suited to the natural Dignity of his Person! —O these wicked, wicked Masquerades!

I am all Patience in Appearance, all Uneasiness in Reality. I did not think I could, especially in *this* Point, this most *affecting* Point, be such an Hypocrite. It has cost me—Your Ladyship knows not what it has cost me! to be able to assume that Character! Yet my Eyes are swell'd with crying, and look red, altho' I am always breatheing on my Hand, and patting them with that, and my warm Breath, to hide the Distress that will, from my over-charged Heart, appear in them.

Then he says, What's the matter with the little Fool! You're always in this Way. What ails you, *Pamela*?

Only a little vapourish, Sir! —Nasty Vapours! Don't be angry at me! —Then *Billy*, I thought, was not very well!

This Boy will spoil your Temper: At this Rate, what should be your Joy, will become your Misfortune. Don't receive me in this Manner, I charge you.

In what Manner, Sir? I always receive you with a grateful Heart! If any thing troubles me, it is in your Absence: But see, Sir, (then I try to smile and seem pleas'd) I am all Sunshine now you are come! —Don't you see I am?

Yes, your Sunshine of late is all thro' a Cloud! —I know not what's the matter with you. Your Temper will alter, and then ——

It shan't alter, Sir—It shan't—if I can help it. —And then I kiss'd his Hand; that dear Hand, that, perhaps, was last about his more beloved Countess's Neck—Distracting Reflection!

But come, may-be I think the worst! —To be sure I do! —For my Apprehensions were ever aforehand with Events; and bad must be the Case, if it is worse than I think it. But it will ripen of itself; it is a corroding Evil: It will increase to its Crisis, and then it may dissipate happily, or end in Death!

All that grieves me, (for I have had the Happiness of a whole Life crouded thick upon me into a few past Months, and so ought to be grateful for the Good I have reaped) is for his own dear sake, for his Soul's sake. —But, come, he is a young Gentleman, and may see his Error:—This may be a Trial to *him*, as well as to *me*. And if he *should* conquer it, what a charming, charming Thing would that be!

You command me to let you know *what* I have heard, and how I *came* to hear it. I told your Ladyship, in one of my former, that two Gentlemen, brought up to the Law, but above the Practice of it, tho', I doubt, not above Practices less honourable, had visited us, on coming to Town.

They have been often here since, Mr. *Turner* particularly; and sometimes by himself, when Mr. *B.* has happen'd to be out; and he it was, as I guess'd, that gave me, at the wicked Masquerade, the Caution of looking after my *Musidorus* †.

I did not like their Visits, and *his* much less: For he seem'd to me a Man of an intriguing Spirit. But about Three Weeks ago, Mr. *B.* setting out upon a Party of Pleasure to *Oxford*, he came, and pretending great Business

with me, and I happening to be at Breakfast in the Parlour, only *Polly* attending me, admitted him to drink a Dish of Chocolate with me. And when *Polly* had stept down, he told me, after many Apologies, that he had discover'd who the Nun was at the Masquerade, that had ingag'd Mr. *B.*

I said, It was very indifferent to me, who the Lady was.

He reply'd, (making still more Apologies, and pretending great Reluctance to speak out) That it was no less a Lady than the young Countess Dowager of —, a Lady noted for her Wit and her Beauty; but of a gay Character, tho' he believ'd not yet culpable.

I was alarm'd; but would not let him see it; and he run into the Topick of the Injustice of marry'd Gentlemen, who had virtuous Wives, and gave themselves up to Intrigues of this kind.

I remember'd some of Mr. *B.*'s Lessons formerly, of which I once gave your Ladyship a Transcript § , particularly, that of drawing a kind Veil over his Faults, and extenuating those I could not hide; and still more particularly that Caution, that if ever Rakes attempted a marry'd Lady, their Incouragement proceeded from the Slights and Contempts with which they endeavour'd to inspire her against her Husband; and I told Mr. *Turner*, That I was so well satisfy'd in Mr. *B.*'s Affection for me, and his well-known Honour, that I could not think myself obliged to any Gentleman, who should endeavour to give me a less Opinion of either, than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me, that the very Party Mr. *B.* was upon, was with the Countess for one, and the Lord —, who had marry'd her Sister.

I said, I was glad he was in such good Company, and wished him all manner of Pleasure in it.

He hoped, he said, he might trust to my Discretion, that I would not let Mr. *B.* know from whom I had the Information: That, indeed, his Motive was Self-interest in mentioning it to me; for that he had presum'd to make some Overtures of an honourable Nature to the Countess, in his own Behalf; which had been rejected since that Masquerade Night: And that he hoped the prudent Use I would make of the Intimation, might, some-how, be a Means to break off that Correspondence, before it was attended with bad Consequences.

I told him, coldly, tho' it stung me to the Heart, That I should not interfere in the Matter at all: That I was fully assur'd of Mr. *B.*'s Honour; and was sorry, he, Mr. *Turner*, had so bad an Opinion of a Lady, for whom he professed so high a Consideration. And rising up, Will you excuse me, Sir, that I cannot attend at all to such a Subject as this; and think I ought not; and so must withdraw?

Only, Madam, one Word. He offer'd to take my Hand, but I would not permit it—And then he swore a great Oath, that he had told me his and his only Motive: And that Letters had passed between the Countess and Mr. *B.*; adding, That one Day I would blame myself for not endeavouring to stifle a Flame, that might now perhaps be kept under; but which, if it got Head, would be of more fatal Consequence to my Repose than I at present imagin'd. —But, said he, I beg you'll keep it in your own Breast; else it may, from two such hasty Spirits, as his and mine, possibly be attended with still worse Consequences.

I will never, Sir, enter into a Subject, that is not proper to be communicated, every Tittle of it, to Mr. *B.*; and this must be my Excuse for withdrawing. And away I went from him.

Your Ladyship will judge with how uneasy an Heart; which became more so, when I sat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was resolv'd to give it as little Credit as I could, or that any thing would come of it, till Mr. *B.*'s own Behaviour should convince me, to my Affliction, that I had some Reason to be alarm'd: So I open'd not my Lips about it to Mrs. *Jervis*, or any body.

At Mr. *B.*'s Return, I receiv'd him in my usual affectionate and unreserved Manner; and he behav'd himself with as great Goodness and Kindness to me as usual; or, at least, with so little Difference, that had not the Gentleman's Officiousness made me more watchful, I should not have perceived it.

But, next Day, a Letter was brought by a Footman for Mr. *B.* He was out: So *John* gave it to me. The Superscription was a Lady's Writing: The Seal, the Dowager Lady's, with a Coronet. This gave me great Uneasiness: And when Mr. *B.* came in, I said, Here is a Letter for you, Sir; and from a Lady too!

What then?—said he with Quickness.

I was balked, and withdrew. For I saw him turn the Seal about and about, as if he would see if I had endeavour'd to look into it.

He needed not to have been so afraid; for I would not have done such a Thing, had I known my Life was to depend upon it.

I went up, and could not help weeping at his quick Answer; yet I did my Endeavour to hide it, when he came

up.

Was not my Girl a little inquisitive upon me, just now?

I spoke pleasantly, Sir! —But you were very quick upon your Girl.

'Tis my Temper, my Dear—You know I mean nothing. You should not mind it.

I should not, Sir, if I had been *used* to it.

He look'd at me with Sternness. —Do you doubt my Honour, Madam?

*Madam!* did you say, Sir! —I won't take that Word! —Dear Sir, call it back—I won't be call'd *Madam!* —Call me your Girl, your Rustick, your *Pamela*—Call me any thing but *Madam!*

My Charmer, then, my Life, my Soul; will any of those do? and saluted me: But whatever you do, let me not see, that you have any Doubts of my Honour to you.

The very Mention of the Word, dear Sir, is a Security to me; I want no other; I cannot doubt: But if you speak short to me, how shall I bear that!

He withdrew, speaking nothing of the Contents of his Letter; as I dare say he would, had the Subject been such as he chose to mention to me.

We being alone, after Supper, I took the Liberty to ask him, Who was of his Party to *Oxford*? He nam'd the Viscountess — and her Lord, Mr. *Howard* and his Daughter, Mr. *Herbert* and his Lady: And I had a Partner too, my Dear, to represent you.

I am much obliged to the Lady, Sir, be she who she would.

Why, my Dear, you are *so* engag'd in your Nursery! Then this was a sudden Thing; as, you know, I told you.

Nay, Sir, as long as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do, but to be pleas'd with it.

He watched my Eyes, and the Turn of my Countenance—You look, *Pamela*, as if you'd be glad to return the Lady Thanks in Person. Shall I engage her to visit you? She longs to see you.

Sir,—Sir,—hesitated I—as you please—I can't be—I can't be—displeas'd.

*Displeas'd!*—interrupted he; why that Word? And why that Hesitation in your Answer? You speak very volubly, my Dear, when you're not moved.

Dear Sir, said I, almost as quick as himself, Why should I be moved? What Occasion is there for it? I hope you have a better Opinion of me than—

Than what? —*Pamela*—What would you say? I know you're a little jealous Slut. I know you are.

But, dear Sir, why should you think of imputing Jealousy to me on *this* Score? —What a Creature must I be, if you could not be abroad with a Lady, but I must be jealous of you? —No, Sir, I have Reason to rely upon your Honour; and I *do* rely upon it; and—

And what? Why, my Dear, you are giving me Assurances, as if you thought the Case requit'd it!

Ah! thought I, so it does, I see too plainly, or apprehend I do; but I durst not say so; nor give him any Hint about my Informant; tho' now I was enough confirm'd of the Truth of what Mr. *Turner* had told me.

Yet, I resolv'd, if possible, not to alter my Conduct. But my frequent Weepings, when by myself, could not be hid as I wish'd; my Eyes not keeping my Heart's Counsel.

And this gives Occasion to some of the stern Words which I have mention'd above.

All that he further said, at this Time, was, with a negligent, yet a determin'd Air—Well, *Pamela*, don't be doubtful of my Honour. You know how much I love you. But, one Day or other, I shall gratify this Lady's Curiosity, and will bring her to pay you a Visit, and you shall see you need not be asham'd of her Acquaintance! —Whenever you please, Sir, — was all I car'd to say farther; for I saw he was upon the Catch, and look'd stedfastly upon me whenever I mov'd my Lips; and I am not a finish'd Hypocrite; and he can read the Lines of one's Face, and the Motions of one's Heart, I think.

I am sure mine is a very uneasy one. But 'till I reflected and weigh'd well the Matter, it was worse, and my natural Imperfection of this sort made me see a Necessity to be the more watchful over myself, and to doubt my own Prudence. And thus I reason'd when he withdrew:

Here, thought I, I have had a greater Proportion of Happiness, without Alloy, fallen to my Share, than any of my Sex; and I ought to be prepar'd for some Trials.

'Tis, this is of the sorest Kind; 'tis worse than Death itself to me, who had an Opinion of the dear Gentleman's Reformation, and prided myself not a little on that Account. So that the Blow is full upon my sore Place. 'Tis on the Side I could be the most easily penetrated. But *Achilles* could be touch'd only in his Heel; and if he was to die

by an Enemy's Hand, must not the Arrow find out that only vulnerable Place? —My Jealousy is that Place with me, as your Ladyship observes, but is seated deeper than the Heel: It is in my *Heart*, and the barbed Dart has found it out, and there it sticks up to the very Feathers.

Yet, thought I, I will take care, that I do not exasperate him by Upbraidings, when I should try to move him by Patience and Forbearance. For the Breach of *his* Duty cannot warrant the Neglect of *mine*. My Business is to reclaim, and not to provoke. And when, if it please God, this Storm shall be over-blown, let me not, by my present Behaviour, leave any Room for Heart-burnings; but, like a skilful Surgeon, so heal the Wound to the Bottom, tho' the Operation be painful, that it may not fester, and break out again with fresh Violence, on future Misunderstandings, if any shall happen.

He is a young Gentleman, has been used to have his own Will, thought I. This may be a permitted Stumbling-block in his Way, to make him stand the firmer, when recover'd. The Lady may be unhappy that she cannot conquer her faulty Love. They may both see their Error, and stop short of Crime. If not, he is a Gentleman of fine Sense; he may run an undue Length, but may reclaim; and then I shall be *his* Superior, by my preserved Virtue and Duty, and have it in my Power to forgive the dear Gentleman, and so repay him some of those Obligations which I shall never otherwise have it in my Power to repay; —nor indeed wish to have it, in this way, if it please God to prevent it.

Then, thought I, how much better is it to be the *suffering* than the *offending* Person! —But yet, Madam, to have so fine a Gentleman, who had advanced so far up the Hill of Virtue, to slide back all at once; and (between your Ladyship and me) to have him sink down to the Character he had despised; and, at last, if his dear Life should be spared, (as is my hourly Prayer) to have him carry his Vices into advanced Years, and become such a poor Gentleman, as we see Sir *Simon Darnford*, retaining a Love of his juvenile Follies, even after the Practice has left him; how my Heart shudders at such a Thought for my Mr. *B.*!

Well, but, thought I, let the worst come to the worst, he may perhaps be so good as to permit me to pass the Remainder of my Days, with my dear *Billy*, in *Kent*, with my Father and Mother; and so, when I cannot rejoice in Possession of a virtuous Husband, I shall be employ'd in praying for him, and enjoy a two fold Happiness, that of doing my own Duty to my dear Baby, — and a pleasing Entertainment that will be! — and that of comforting my worthy Parents, and being comforted by them; — and no small Consolation this! —And who knows, but I may be permitted to steal a Visit now—and—then to dear Lady *Davers*, and be called Sister, and be deem'd a *faultless* Sister too! — and that will be a fine Thing! But, remember, my dear Lady, that if ever it come to this, I will not bear, that for my sake, you shall, with too much Asperity, blame your dear Brother; for I will be ingenious to find Excuses or Extenuations for him; and I will now—and—then, in some disguised Habit, steal the Pleasure of seeing him, and his happier Countess; and give him, with a silent Tear, my Blessing for the Good I and mine have reaped at his dear Hands.

But, oh! if he takes from me my dear *Billy*, who must, after all, be his Heir, and gives him to the cruel Countess, he will at once burst asunder the Strings of my Heart! For, Oh my happy Rivaless! if you tear from me my Husband, he is in his own Disposal, and I cannot help it: —Nor can I indeed, if he will give you my *Billy*. But this I am sure of, that my Child and my Life must go together!

Your Ladyship will think I rave. Indeed I am almost crazed at times. For the dear Gentleman is so negligent, so cold, so haughty! that I cannot bear it. He says, just now, You are quite alter'd, *Pamela*. I believe I am, Madam. But what can I do! He knows not, that I know so much. I dare not tell him. For he will have me then reveal my Intelligencer: And what may be the Case between them?

I weep in the Night, when he is asleep; and in the Day, when he is absent: And I am happy when I can, unobserv'd, steal this poor Relief. I believe already I have shed as many Tears as would drown my poor Baby. How many more I may have to shed, God only knows! —For oh! Madam, after all my Fortitude, and my Recollection, to fall from so much Happiness, and so soon, is a trying Thing!

But I will hope still the best, and resign to God's Will, and his, and see how far the dear Gentleman will be permitted to exercise me. So don't, my good Lady, be over-much concern'd for me— For you know I am apt to be too apprehensive! And should this Matter blow over, I shall be asham'd of my Weakness, and the Trouble I must give to your generous Heart, for one so undeservedly favour'd by you, as is

*Your obliged Sister, and most humble Servant, P. B.*

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Dear my Lady, let no Soul see any Part of this our present Correspondence, for your dear Brother's sake, and your sake, and my sake.

LETTER XXXI.

*My dearest Pamela*, You need not be afraid of any body's knowing what passes between us on this cutting Subject. Tho' I hear of it from every Mouth, yet I pretend 'tis all Falshood and Malice. Yet Lady *Betty* will have it, that there is more in it than I will own, and that I know my Brother's Wickedness, by my pensive Looks. She will make a Vow, she says, never to marry any Man living.

I am greatly mov'd by your affecting Periods. Charming *Pamela!* what a Tempest do you raise in one's Mind, when you please, and lay it too, at your own Will! Your Colourings are strong; but, I hope, your Imagination carries you much farther than it is possible he should go.

I am pleased with your prudent Reasonings, and your wise Resolutions. I see nobody can advise or help you. God only can! And his Direction you beg *so* hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that on the noble Uncle of this vile Lady — (why don't you call her so as well as I?) —expostulating with her on the Scandals she brought on her Character and Family, she pretended to argue, foolish Creature! for Polygamy; and said, She had rather be a certain Gentleman's second Wife, than the first to the greatest Man in *England!*

I leave you to your own Workings; but if I find your Prudence unrewarded by the Wretch, the Storm you saw raised at the Hall, shall be nothing to the Hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the Roots all the Happiness the two Wretches propose to themselves!

Don't let my Intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you over-much. Try some way to move the Wretch. What must be done, must be by touching his Generosity: He has that in some Perfection. But how in *this* Case to move it, is beyond my Power or Skill to prescribe.

God bless you, my dearest *Pamela!* You shall be my *only* Sister. And I will never own my Brother, if he be so base to your superlative Merit. Adieu once more!

*From your Sister and Friend, B. Davers.*

LETTER XXXII.

*My dearest Lady*, A Thousand Thanks for your kind, your truly Sisterly Letter and Advice. Mr. *B.* is just return'd from a Tour to *Portsmouth*, I believe, with the Countess; but am not sure.

Here I am forc'd to leave off— Let me scratch thro' this last Surmise. It seems, she was not with him. This is some Comfort, however.

He is very kind; and *Billy* not being well, when he came in, my Grief passed off without Blame. He has said a great many kind Things to me: But added, That if I gave myself so much Uneasiness every Time the Child ailed any thing, he would hire the Nurse to over-lay him. Bless me, Madam! what hard-hearted, what shocking Things are these Men capable of saying! —The farthest from their Hearts, indeed; so they had need! —For he was as glad of the Child's being better as I could be.

In the Morning he went out in the Chariot for about an Hour, and return'd in a very good Humour, saying twenty agreeable Things to me, which makes me so proud, and so pleas'd!

He is gone out again.

Could I but find this Matter happily conquer'd, for his own Soul's sake! —But he seems, by what your Ladyship mentions, to have carry'd this Polygamy Point with the Lady.

Can I live with him, Madam, —Ought I—if this be the Case? I have it under his Hand, that the Laws of his Country were sufficient to deter him from this Practice. But oh! he knew not this Countess then! They say, she is a fine Woman! —

But here I must break off. He is return'd, and coming up. Go into my Bosom, for the present, O Letter dedicated to dear Lady *Davers* — Come to my Hand, the Play Employment, so unsuited to my present afflicted Mind! —Here he comes!

O but, Madam, Madam! my Heart is almost broken! —Just now Mr. *B.* tells me, that the Countess—Dowager, and the viscountess her Sister, are to be here to see my *Billy*, and to drink Tea with me, this very Afternoon!

I was all Confusion, when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon every thing but him.

Will not my Friends be welcome, *Pamela*? said he, sternly.

O yes, Sir, very welcome! —But I have these nasty Vapours so, that I wish I might be excus'd. —I wish I might be allow'd to take an Airing in the Chariot for two or three Hours; for I shall not be fit to be seen by such—Ladies—said I, half out of Breath.

You'll be fit to be seen by nobody, my Dear, if you go on thus. —But, do as you please.

He was going, and I took his Hand: Stay, dear Sir, let me know what you would have me to do. If you would have me stay, I will.

To be sure I would.

Well, Sir, then I will. For it is hard, thought I, if an innocent Person cannot look up, in her own House too, as it is at present, as I may say, to a guilty one! —Guilty in her Heart, at least! —Tho', poor Lady, I hope she is not so in Fact, and, if God hears my Prayers, never will, for all Three of our sakes.

But, Madam, think for me, what a Task I have! How my Heart throbs in my Bosom! How I tremble! How I struggle with myself! What Rules I form for my Behaviour to this naughty Lady! How they are dash'd in Pieces as soon as form'd, and new ones taken up! And yet I doubt myself, when I come to the Test.

But one Thing will help me. I *pity* the poor Lady; and as she comes with the Heart of a Robber, to invade me in my lawful Right, I pride myself in a Superiority over this Countess; and will endeavour to shew her the Country—Girl in a Light which would better become *her* to appear in.

I must be forced to leave off here; for Mr. *B.* is just come in to receive his Guests; and I am in a sad Flutter upon it. All my Resolution fails me: What shall I do! —O that this Countess was come, and gone! —I tremble so, that I shall behave like a guilty one before the Guilty, who will enjoy their Minds, I'll warrant, as if they were innocent! — Why should that be? —But, surely, if all was bad, as this *Turner* has said, they could not act thus barbarously by me! For I have not deserv'd to be given up to be insulted! I hope I have not! —For what have I done?

I have one Comfort, however, in the midst of all my Grievs; and that is in your Ladyship's Goodness, who

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gives me Leave to assume the honour'd Title, that, let what will happen, will always give me equal Pride and Pleasure, in subscribing myself,

*Your Ladyship's obliged Sister? and humble Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXXIII.

*My dear Lady*, I Will now pursue my last affecting Subject; for the Visit is over: But a sad Situation I am in with Mr. *B.* for all that: But I'll try to forget it, till I come to it in course, bad as it is.

At Four in the Afternoon Mr. *B.* came in to receive his Guests, whom he expected at Five. He came up to me. I had just closed my last Letter; but put it up, and set before me your Ladyship's Play Subjects.

So, *Pamela!* —How do you now?

Your Ladyship may guess, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary Account of myself. —As well—As well, Sir, as possible. —Half out of Breath.

You give yourself strange melancholy Airs of late, my Dear! —You don't do well! —All that Cheerfulness which used to delight me whenever I saw you, I'm sorry for it, is quite vanish'd of late. —You and I must shortly have a little serious Talk together.

When you please, Sir. —I believe it is only not being us'd to this smoaky thick Air of *London!* —I shall be better when you carry me into the Country. —I dare say I shall! —But I never was in *London* so long before, you know, Sir.

All in good time, *Pamela.* —But is this the best Appearance you chuse to make to receive such Guests?

If it displease you, Sir, I will dress otherwise in a Minute.

You look well in any thing. —But I thought you'd have had your Jewels— Yet they would never have less become you; for of late your Eyes have lost that Brilliancy that used to strike me with a Lustre, much surpassing that of the finest Diamonds.

I am sorry for it, Sir. —But as I never could pride myself in deserving such a kind Compliment, I should be too happy, forgive me, my dearest Mr. *B.* if the Failure be not rather in *your* Eyes than *my own.*

He looked at me stedfastly! —I fear, *Pamela*— But, don't be a Fool!

You are angry with me, Sir!

No, not I.

Would you have me dress better?

No, not I—If your Eyes look'd a little more brilliant, you want no Addition.

Down he went.

Strange, short Speeches, these, my Lady, to what you have heard from his dear Mouth! —Yet they shall not rob me of the Merit of a patient Sufferer, I am resolv'd, thought I.

Now, my Lady, as I doubted not, my Rival would come adorn'd with every outward Ornament, I put on only a white Damask Gown, having no Desire to vie with her in Appearance; for a virtuous and honest Heart is my Glory, I bless God! I wish the Countess had the same to boast of!

About Five, their Ladyships came in the Countess's new Chariot; for she has not been long out of her transitory Mourning, and dress'd as rich as Jewels and a Profusion of Expence could make her.

I saw them from the Window alight. O how my Heart throbb'd! —Lie still, said I, busy Thing! Why all this Emotion? —Those shining Ornaments cover not such a guileless Flutterer as thou. Why then, all this Emotion?

I would not be so officious as to be below to receive them. *Polly Barlow* came up instantly, from Mr. *B.*

I hastened down; tremble, tremble, tremble, went my Feet, in spite of all the Resolution I had been so long endeavouring to collect together.

Mr. *B.* presented the Countess to me, both of us cover'd with Blushes; but from very different Motives, as I imagine.

The Countess of —, my Dear.

She saluted me, and looked, as I thought, half with Envy, half with Shame: But one is apt to form Peoples Countenances by what one judges of their Hearts.

O too lovely! too charming Rivaless! thought I. —Would to Heaven I saw less Attractions in you! —For indeed, indeed, Madam, she is a charming Lady! —Yet she could not help calling me Mrs. *B.* that was some Pride; and said, She had heard me so much praised, that she quite long'd to see me.

Oh! these villainous Masquerades, thought I! — You would never have wanted to see me, but for them, poor

naughty Nun, that was!

Mr. *B.* presented also the Viscountess to me: I saluted her Ladyship; her Sister saluted me.

She is a graceful Lady; better, as I hope, in Heart; but not equal in Person to her Sister.

You have taken no Pains, my Dear, in your Dress To-day.

The Ladies will excuse it, Sir; I am so often in the Nursery, when you are absent.

Mrs. *B.* answers her Character, said the Countess; she wants no Ornaments. You have a charming little Master, I am told, Madam; but no Wonder, from such a Pair!

O dear Heart, thought I, i'n't it so! —Your Ladyship may guess, what I thought further.

Will your Ladyship see him now? said Mr. *B.*

He did not look down, no, not one bit!—tho' the Countess play'd with her Fan, and looked at him, and looked at me, and then looked down, by Turns, a little consciously: While I wrapt up myself in my Innocence, my first Flutters being over, and thought I was superior, by reason of that, to a Countess.

With all my Heart, Mr. *B.* said she.

I rang, *Polly*, bid Nurse bring *my Billy* down—*My*, said I, with an Emphasis.

I met the Nurse at the Stairs Foot, and brought in my dear Baby in my Arms: Such a Child, and such a Mamma, said the Viscountess!

Will you give Master to my Arms, one Moment, Madam? said the Countess.

Yes, thought I, much rather than my dear naughty Gentleman should any other.

I *yielded* it to her: I thought she would have stifled it with her warm Kisses! Sweet Boy! Charming Creature! And press'd it to her too lovely Bosom, with such Emotion, looking on the Child, and on Mr. *B.* that I liked it not by any means.

Go, you naughty Lady! thought I:—But I durst not say so. And go, naughty Man, too! thought I; for you seem to look too much gratify'd in your Pride, by her Fondness for your Boy. I wish I did not love you so well as I do! —But neither, your Ladyship may believe, did I say this.

Mr. *B.* looked at me, but with a Bravery, I thought, too like what I had seen him look in some former Scenes, in as bad a Cause. —But, thought I, God delivered me *then*: I will confide in Him. — He will *now*, I doubt not, restore thy Heart to my Prayers; untainted, I hope! for thy own dear sake, as well as mine.

The Viscountess took the Child from her Sister, and kissed him with great Pleasure. She is a marry'd Lady. Would to God! the Countess was too; for Mr. *B.* never corresponded, as I told your Ladyship once, with marry'd Ladies: So I was not afraid of her Love to my *Billy*. —But let me, said the Viscountess, have the Pleasure of restoring Master to his charming Mamma. I thought, added she, I never saw a lovelier Sight in my Life, than when in his Mamma's Arms.

Why, I *can't say*, said the Countess, but Master and his Mamma do Credit to one another. Dear Madam let us have the Pleasure of seeing him still on your Lap, while he is so good.

I wonder'd the dear Baby was so quiet; tho' he is generally so: But *he* might surely, if but by Sympathy, have complained for his poor Mamma, tho' she durst not for herself.

How apt one is to engage every thing in one's Distress, when it is deep! And one wonders too, that Things animate and inanimate look with the same Face, when we are greatly moved by any extraordinary and interesting Event!

I sat down with my Baby on my Lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous Boldness (I will call it so; for well says the Text, *The Righteous is as bold as a Lion!*) now on my *Billy*, now on his dear Papa, and now on the Countess, with such a *Triumph* in my Heart! for I saw her blush, and look down, and the dear Gentleman seem'd to eye me with a kind of conscious Tenderness, as I thought.

A Silence of five Minutes, I believe, succeeded, we all Four looking upon one another, and the little Dear was awake, and stared full upon me with such innocent Smiles, as if he promised to love me, and make me Amends for all.

I kissed him, and took his pretty little Hand in mine—You are very good, my Charmer, in this noble Company! said I.

I remember'd, Madam, a Scene that made greatly for me in the Papers you have seen, when, instead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. *Longman*, for hard Usage, (for Oh! my Lady, your dear Brother has a hard Heart, indeed he has, when he pleases) I only prayed for him on my Knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had Dignity and a proud Superiority in my vain Heart, over them all. —Then it was not my Part to be upon Defiances, where I lov'd, and where I hoped to reclaim. Besides, what had I done by it, but justify'd, seemingly, by After-Acts in a passionate Resentment, to their Minds, at least, their too wicked Treatment of me? Moreover, your Ladyship will remember, that Mr. *B.* knew not, that I was acquainted with his Intrigue, I must call it so! —If he had, he is too noble to insult me by such a Visit; and he had told me, I should see the Lady he was at *Oxford* with.

And this, breaking Silence, he mention'd; saying, I gave you Hope, my Dear, that I should procure you the Honour of a visit from the Lady who put herself under my Care at *Oxford*.

I bow'd my Head to the Countess; but my Tears being ready to start, I kiss'd my *Billy*: Dearest Baby, said I, you are not going to cry, are you? —I would have had him just then to cry, instead of me.

The Tea Equipage was brought in. *Polly*, carry the Child to Nurse. I gave it another Kiss, and the Countess desired another. I grudged it, to think her naughty Lips should so closely follow mine. Her Sister kissed it also, and carry'd him to Mr. *B.* Take him away, *Polly*, said he: —I owe him my Blessing!

Oh! these young Gentlemen Papa's! said the Countess— They are like young unbroken Horses, just put into the Traces! —Are they so, thought I! —Matrimony must not expect your good Word! I doubt!

Mr. *B.* after Tea, at which I was far from being talkative, (for I could not tell what to say; tho' I try'd, as much as I could, not to appear sullen) desir'd the Countess to play one Tune upon the Spinet. She did, and sung, at his Request, an *Italian* Song to it, very prettily; too prettily, I thought! I wanted to find some Faults, some great Faults in her: But Oh! Madam! she has too many outward Excellencies! Pity she wants a good Heart.

He could ask nothing, that she was not ready to oblige him in! Indeed he could not!

She desired *me* to touch the Keys. I would have been excus'd: but could not. And the Ladies commended my Performance: But neither my Heart to play, nor my Fingers in playing, deserv'd their Praises. Mr. *B.* said indeed, You play better sometimes, my Dear! —Do I, Sir? was all the Answer I made.

The Countess hoped, she said, I would return her Visit; and so said the Viscountess.

I reply'd, Mr. *B.* would command me whenever he pleas'd.

She said, She hoped to be better acquainted — (I hope not, thought I) and that I would give her my Company for a Week or so, upon the Forest: It seems she has a Seat upon *Windsor* Forest.

Mr. *B.* says, added she, you can't ride a single Horse; but we'll learn you there. 'Tis a sweet Place for that Purpose.

How came Mr. *B.* thought I, to tell *you* that, Madam? I suppose you know more of me than I do myself. Indeed, my Lady, this may be too ; for she may know what is to become of me!

I told her, I was very much oblig'd to her Ladyship; but Mr. *B.* directed all my Motions.

What say you, Sir? said the Countess.

I can't promise that, Madam; for Mrs. *B.* wants to go down to *Kent*, before we go to *Bedfordshire*, and I am afraid I can't give her my Company thither.

Then, Sir, I shan't chuse to go without you.

I suppose not, my Dear. But, if you are disposed to oblige the Countess for a Week, as you never were at *Windsor*—

I believe, Sir, interrupted I, what with my little Nursery, and *one* thing or *another*, I must deny myself that Honour, for this Season.

Well, Madam, then I'll expect you in *Pallmall*.

I bow'd my Head, and said, Mr. *B.* would command me.

They took Leave with a Politeness natural to them.

Mr. *B.* as he handed them to their Chariot, said something in *Italian* to the Countess: The Word *Pamela* was in what he said: She answer'd him, with a downcast Look, in the same Language, half pleas'd, half serious; and the Chariot drove away.

I would give, said I, a good deal, Sir, to know what her Ladyship said to you; she look'd with so particular a Meaning, if I may so say.

I'll tell you, truly, *Pamela*: I said to her, Well, now your Ladyship has seen my *Pamela*! —Is she not the charming'st Girl in the World?

She answer'd, Mrs. *B.* is very grave, for so young a Lady: But I must needs say, She is a lovely Creature.

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And did you say so, Sir? And did her Ladyship so answer? —And my Heart was ready to leap out of my Bosom for Joy.

But my Folly spoil'd all again; for, to my own Surprize and great Regret, I burst out into Tears; tho' I even sobb'd to have suppress'd them, but could not; and so I lost a fine Opportunity to have talked to him while he was so kind: For he was angry with me.

What made me such a Fool, I wonder! But I had so long struggled with myself; and not expecting so kind a Question from the dear Gentleman, or such a favourable Answer from the Countess, I had no longer any Command of myself.

What ails the little Fool? said He, with a wrathful Countenance, that made me worse. —Take care, take care, *Pamela!* —You'll drive me from you in spite of my own Heart.

So he went into the best Parlour, and put on his Sword, and took his Hat, —Sir, Sir! with my Arms expanded, was all I could say; but he avoided me, putting on his Hat with an Air, and out he went, bidding *Abraham* follow him.

This is the Dilemma, into which, as I hinted at the Beginning of this Letter, I have brought myself with Mr. *B.* How strong, how prevalent, is the Passion of Jealousy, that thus it will shew itself uppermost, when it is uppermost, in spite of one's most watchful Regards!

My Mind is so perplex'd, that I must lay down my Pen: And, indeed, your Ladyship will wonder, all Things consider'd, that I could write the above Account as I have done, in this cruel Suspense, and with such Apprehensions. But Writing is all the Diversion I have, when my Mind is oppress'd. 'Tis a temporary Relief; and this Interview was so interesting, that it took up a great deal of my Attention while I wrote: But now I am come to a Period of it, and so unhappy an one, as has resulted from my ungovern'd Passion, my Apprehensions are return'd upon me with double Strength. Why did I drive the dear Gentleman from me upon such a promising Appearance? —Why did I? —But all this had been prevented, had not this nasty Mr. *Turner* put into my Head worse Thoughts.

How shall I do to look up to him now on his Return! To be sure, he plainly sees, to what my Emotion is owing! —Yet I dare not tell him either my Information, or my Informant, because if he knows the one, he will know the other; and then what may be the Consequence!

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***Past Ten o'Clock at Night.***

I have only Time to tell your Ladyship, (for the Postman waits) that Mr. *B.* is just come in; he is gone into his Closet, and has shut the Door, and taken the Key on the Inside; so I dare not go to him there. In this Uncertainty and Suspense, pity and pray for

*Your Ladyship's afflicted Sister and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXXIV.

*My dear Lady*, I will now proceed with my melancholy Account. Not knowing what to do, and Mr. *B.* not coming near me, and the Clock striking Twelve, I ventur'd to send this Billet to him, by *Polly*.

*Dear Sir*, I know you chuse not to be invaded when you retire into your Closet; and yet, being very uneasy on account of your abrupt Departure, and heavy Displeasure, I take the Liberty to write these few Lines.

I own, Sir, that the sudden Flow of Tears which involuntarily burst from me, at your kind Expressions to the Countess in my Favour, when I had thought for more than a Month past, you were angry with me, and which had distress'd my weak Mind beyond Expression, might appear unaccountable to you. But had you kindly waited but one Moment, till this Fit, which was rather owing to my Joy and my Gratitude, than to Perverseness, had been over, (and I knew the Time when you would have generously soothed it!) I should have had the Happiness of a more serene and favourable Parting.

Will you permit me, Sir, (*Polly* shall wait your Answer) to attend you? I dare not come *without* your Permission; for should you be as angry as you were, I know not how I should bear it. But if you say I may come down, I hope to satisfy you, that I intended not any Offence. Do, dear Sir, permit me to attend you. I can say no more, than that I am

*Your ever dutiful P. B.*

*Polly* return'd with the following. —So, thought I, a Letter! I could have spared that, I am sure. I expected no Favour from it. So, tremblingly, open'd it.

*My Dear*, I would not have you sit up for me. We are getting apace into the matrimonial Recriminations. *You knew the Time!* —So did I, my Dear! —But it seems that Time is over with both; and I have had the Mortification, for some past Weeks, I may say, to come home to a very different *Pamela*, than I used to leave all Company and all Pleasure for. —I hope we shall better understand one another. But you cannot see me at present with any Advantage to yourself; and I would not, that any thing farther should pass, to add to the Regrets of both. I wish you good Rest. I will give your Cause a fair Hearing, when I am more fit than at present, to hear all your Pleas, and your Excuses. I cannot be insensible, that the Reason for the Concern you have lately shewn, must lie deeper than, perhaps, you'll own, at present. As soon as you are prepared to speak all that is upon your Mind, and I to hear it with Temper, then, we may come to an Eclaircissement. 'Till when I am

*Your affectionate, &c.*

My busy Apprehension immediately suggested to me, that I was to be terrified, with a high Hand, into a Compliance with some new Scheme or other that was projecting. But I had resolved to make their Way as clear to one another as was in my Power, if they would have it so; and so I try'd to allay my Grief as much as I could; and it being near One, and hearing nothing from Mr. *B.* I bid *Polly* go to Bed, thinking she would wonder at our Intercourse by Letter, if I should send again.

So down I ventur'd, my Feet, however, trembling all the way, and tapp'd at the Door of his Closet.

Who's that?

I, Sir: One Word, if you please. Don't be more angry, however, Sir.

He open'd the Door: Thus poor *Hester*, to her Royal Husband, ventur'd her Life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that *Eastern* Monarch, great as he was, extended to the fainting Suppliant the golden Sceptre!

He took my Hand: I hope, my Dear, by this Tragedy Speech, we are not to expect any sad Catastrophe to our present Misunderstanding.

I hope not, Sir. But 'tis all as God and you shall please. I am resolv'd to do my Duty, Sir, if possible. But, indeed, I cannot bear this cruel Suspense! Let me know what is to become of me. — Let me know but what is design'd for me, and you shall be sure of all the Acquiescence that my Duty and Conscience can give to your Pleasure.

What *means* the dear Creature! What *means* my *Pamela!* —Surely your Head, Child, is a little affected!

I can't tell, Sir, but it may! —But let me have my Trial, that you write about. Appoint my Day of Hearing, and speedily too; for I would not bear such another Month, as the last has been, for the World.

Come, my Dear, said he, let me attend you to your Chamber. But your Mind has taken much too solemn a

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Turn, to enter further now upon this Subject. Think as well of me, as I do of you, and I shall be happy as ever.

I wept— Be not angry, dear Sir: Your kind Words have just the same Effect upon me now, as in the Afternoon.

Your Apprehensions, my Dear, must be very strong, that a kind Word, as you call it, has such an Effect upon you! But let us wave the Subject for a few Days, because I am to set out on a little Journey at Four, and had not intended to go to Bed for so few Hours.

When we came up, I said, I was very bold, Sir, to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my Life had been the Forfeit: And you receiv'd me with more Goodness than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I ask, Whither you go so soon? And if you had intended to have gone without taking Leave of me?

I go to *Tunbridge*, my Dear. I should have stept up, and taken Leave of you before I went.

Well, Sir, I will not ask you, Who is of your Party? —I will not— No, putting my Hand to his Lips— Don't tell me, Sir: It mayn't be proper.—

Don't fear, my Dear; I won't tell you: Nor am I certain whether it be *proper* or not, till we are come to a better Understanding. —Only, once more, think as well of me, as I do of you!

Would to Heaven, thought I, there was the same Reason for the one as the other!

I intended (for my Heart was full) to enter further into this Subject, so fatal to my Repose: But the dear Gentleman had no sooner laid his Hand on the Pillow, but he fell asleep, or seem'd to do so, and that was as prohibitory to my Talking, as if he had. So I had all my own entertaining Reflections to myself; which gave me not one Wink of Sleep; but made me of so much Service to him, as to tell him when the Clock struck Four, that he should not (tho' I did not say so, you may think, Madam) make my ready Rivaless (for I doubted not her being one of the Party) wait for him.

He arose, and was dress'd instantly; and saluting me, bid me be easy and happy, while it was *yet* in my own Power.

He said, He should be back on *Saturday* Night, as he believ'd. And I wish'd him, most fervently, I am sure! Health, Pleasure, and Safety.

Here, Madam, must I end this Letter. My next will, perhaps, contain my Trial, and my Sentence: God give me but Patience and Resignation, and then, whatever occurs, I shall not be unhappy: Especially while I can have, in the last Resource, the Pleasure of calling myself

*Your Ladyship's most oblig'd Sister and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXXV.

*My dear Lady*, I will be preparing to write to you, as I have Opportunity, not doubting but this present Letter must be a long one; and having some Apprehensions, that, as things may fall out, I may want either Head or Heart to write to your Ladyship, were I to defer it till the Catastrophe of this cruel, cruel Suspense.

O what a Happiness am I sunk from! —And in so few Days too! —O the wicked, wicked Masquerades! They shall be always followed with the Execrations of an injured Wife in me, who, but for that wretched Diversion, had still been the happiest of her Sex!

But I was too secure! It was fit, perhaps, that I should be humbled and mortified; and I must try to make a Virtue of the cruel Necessity, and see, if, by the Divine Grace, I cannot bring *real* Good out of this *appearing* Evil.

The following Letter, in a Woman's Hand, and sign'd, as you'll see, by a Woman's Name, and spelt as I spell it, will account to your Ladyship for my beginning so heavily. It came by the Penny-Post.

*Madame*, I am unknowne to you; but you are not so altogether to me, because I have bene edify'd by your pious Behavior at Church, where I see you with Pleasure every Sabbath Day. I am well acquainted with the Family of the Comptesse of —; and you may possibly have heard what you wish'd not to have heard concerning her. But this very Morning, I can assure you, her Ladyship is gone with your Spouse to *Tonbridge*; and there they are to take Lodgings, or a House; and Mr. *B.* is after to come to Towne, and settle Matters to goe downe to her, where they are to live as Man and Wife. Make what Use you please of this Information; and believe me to have no other Motive, than to serve you, because of your Virtues, which make you deserve a better Returne. I am, thus I shall not set my true Name,

*Your grete Admirer and Servant, Thomasine Fuller.*

*Wednesday Morning, 9 o'Clocke.*

Just above I called my State, a State of *cruel Suspense*! But I recall the Words: For now it is no longer Suspense; since, if this Letter says Truth, I know the worst: And there is too much Appearance that it does, let the Writer be who it will, or his or her Motive what it will; for, after all, I am apt to fancy this, a Contrivance of Mr. *Turner's*; tho', for fear of ill Consequences, I will not say so.

And now, Madam, I am endeavouring, by the Help of Religion, and cool Reflection, to bring my Mind to bear this heavy Evil, and to recollect, what I *was*, and how much more honourable an Estate I *am in*, than I could ever have expected to be; and that my Virtue and good Name are secur'd; and I can return innocent to my dear Father and Mother: And these were once the only Pride of my Hope.

Then, additional to what I was, at that Time, (and yet I pleased myself with my Prospects, poor as they were) I have honest Parents bountifully provided for, thank God, and your ever dear Brother, for this Blessing! —and not only provided for—but made useful to him, to the Amount of their Provision, well nigh! There is a Pride, my Lady!

Then I shall have better Conditions from his Generosity to support myself, than I can wish for, or make use of.

Then I have my dear, charming *Billy*—O! be contented, too charming, and too happy Rivaless, with my Husband! and tear not from me my dearest Baby, the Pledge, the beloved Pledge of our happier Affections, and the dear Remembrance of what I once was. —But if, my dear Mr. *B.* you doubt the Education I can give him, fit for the Heir to your great Fortune, (for such he must be, despised or abandon'd as his poor Mother may be!) and will remove him from me, and Grief kill me not before that sad Hour, let me have some Office, not incompatible with that of his Tutor, to instil Virtue into his ductile Mind; for Tutors, altho' they may make Youth learned, do not always make them virtuous; and let me watch over his Steps, and where-ever he goes, let me go: I shall value no Dangers nor Risques; the most distant Clime shall be native to me, where-ever my *Billy* is; so that I may be a Guard, under God, to his Morals, that he make no Virgin's Heart sigh, nor Mother's bleed, as mine has done in both States.

But how I rave, will your Ladyship be apt to say? —This is no good Symptom, you'll think, that I have reap'd at present that Consolation from religious Considerations, which, to a right Turn of Mind, they will afford in the heaviest Misfortunes. But this was only in fear they would take my *Billy* from me: A thousand pleasing Prospects,

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that had begun to dawn on my Mind, I can bear to have dissipated; but I cannot permit my dear Mr. B's Son and Heir to be torn from me.

Yet I hope they will not be so cruel; for I will give them no Provocation to do it, if I can help it. No Law-suits, no Complainings, no Asperities of Expression, much less bitter Reflections, shall they ever have from me. I will be no Conscience to them: They will be punished too much, greatly too much, in their own, for what I wish; and they shall always be followed by my Prayers. I shall have Leisure for that Exercise, and shall be happy and serene when, I doubt, I doubt, they will not be so!

But still I am running on in a Strain that shews my Impatience, rather than my Resignation: Yet some Struggles must be allow'd me; I could not have loved, as I love, if I could easily part with my Interest in so beloved a Husband. —For, Madam, my Interest I will part with, and will sooner die, than live with a Gentleman, who has another Wife, tho' I was the first. —Let Countesses, if they can, and Ladies of Birth, chuse to humble themselves to this Baseness— The low-born *Pamela* cannot stoop to such Meanness. Pardon me, Madam; you know I only write this with a View to this poor Lady's Answer to her noble Uncle, of which you wrote me Word.

**FRIDAY**

Is now concluding. I hope I am calmer a great deal. For, being disappointed, in all Likelihood, of twenty agreeable Schemes and Projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much Pleasure to myself, as I may. For, my Lady, 'tis one's Duty, you know, to suit one's Mind to one's Condition; and I hope I shall be inabled to do Good in *Kent*, if I cannot in *London* and *Bedfordshire*, and *Lincolnshire*. God every-where provides us with Objects, on which to exercise one's Gratitude and Beneficence.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. *Jervis* with me.

Come, Madam, you must not be too much concern'd for me. After a while, I shall be no unhappy Person; for tho' I was thankful for my splendid Fortunes, and should have been glad, to be sure I should, of continuing in them, with so dear a Gentleman; yet a high Estate had never such dazzling Charms with me, as it has with some: If it had, I could not have resisted so many Temptations, possibly, as God inabled me to resist.

**SATURDAY Night**

Is now come. 'Tis Nine, and no Mr. *B.* —O why, as *Deborah* makes the Mother of *Sisera* say, is his Chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the Wheels of his Chariot?

I have this Note now at Eleven o'Clock:

*My dearest* Pamela, I dispatch this Messenger, lest, expecting me this Night, you should be uneasy. I shall not be with you till *Monday*, when I hope to dine with my dearest Life.

*Ever affectionately yours.'*

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to Bed. Yet 'tis a sad thing! —I have had but poor Rest for a great while; nor shall have any till my Fate is decided. Hard-hearted Gentleman, he knows under what Uneasiness he left me!

**MONDAY Eleven.**

If God Almighty hears my Yesterday's, and indeed my hourly Prayers, the dear Gentleman will be good still: But my aking Heart, every Time I think in what Company he is, (for I find the Countess is certainly one of the Party) bodes me little Satisfaction.

He's come! He's come! now, just now, come! I will have my Trial over before this Night be past, if possible. I'll go down, and meet him with Love unfeigned, and a Duty equal to my Love, altho' he may forget his to me. If I conquer myself on this Occasion, I conquer Nature, as your Ladyship says; and then, by God's Grace, I can conquer every thing. They have taken their House, I suppose; —but what need they, when they'll have one in *Bedfordshire*, and one in *Lincolnshire*? But they know best. God bless him, and reform her! That's all the Harm I wish them! or will wish them!

The dear Gentleman has receiv'd me with great Affection and Tenderness. Sure he cannot be so bad! —Sure he cannot!

I know, my Dear, said he, I left you in great Anxiety; but 'tis an Anxiety you have brought upon yourself; and I have not been easy ever since I left you.

I am sorry for it, Sir.

Why my dear Love, there is still a melancholy Air in your Countenance: Indeed it seems mingled with a kind of Joy, I hope at my Return to you. But 'tis easy to see which of the two is the most natural.

You should see nothing, Sir, that you would not wish to see, if I could help it.

I am sorry you cannot, reply'd he. But I am come Home to hear all your Grievances, and to redress them, if in my Power.

When, Sir, am I to come upon my Trial? I have a great deal to say to you. I will tell you every thing I think! And as it may be the last *Grievances*, as you are pleased to call 'em, I may ever trouble you with, you must promise to answer me not one Word till I have said all I have to say. For, if it does but hold, I have great Courage; I have indeed! —You don't know half the Sauciness that is in your Girl yet, but when I come upon my Trial, you'll wonder at my Boldness.

What means my Dearest? and took me in his Arms. You alarm me exceedingly, by this moving Sedateness.

Don't let it alarm you, Sir! I mean you nothing but Good! —But I have been preparing myself to tell you all my Mind. And as an Instance of what you may expect from me sometimes, Sir, I will be your Judge, and put home Questions to you; and sometimes you shall be mine, and at last pronounce Sentence upon me; or, if you won't, I will upon myself, a severe one to me, it shall be, but an agreeable one, perhaps, to you! —When comes on the Trial, Sir?

He looked steadily upon me, but was silent. And I said, But don't be afraid, Sir, I will invade your Province; for tho' I shall count myself your Judge, in some Cases, you shall be Judge Paramount still.

Dear Charmer of my Heart, said he, and clasped me to his Bosom, what a *new* Pamela have I in my Arms! A mysterious Charmer! Let us, instantly go to my Closet, or yours, and come upon our mutual Trial; for you have fir'd my Soul with Impatience!

No, Sir, if you please, we will dine first. I have hardly eaten any thing these four Days; and your Company will give me an Appetite perhaps. I shall be pleas'd to sit down at Table with you, Sir, taking his Hand, and trying to smile upon him; for the Moments I may have of your Company, may be, some Time hence, very precious to my Remembrance.

I was forced then to turn my Head, to hide from him my Eyes, brimful, as they were, of Tears.

He took me again in his Arms: —My dearest *Pamela*, if you love me, distract not my Soul thus, by your dark and mysterious Speeches. You are displeas'd with me, and I thought I had Reason to take something amiss in your late Conduct: but, instead of your suffering by my Anger, you have Words and an Air, that penetrate my very Soul.

O, Sir, Sir, treat me not thus kindly! Put on an awfuller Brow, or how shall I retain my Purpose! How shall I!

Dear, dear Creature! make not use of *all* your Powers to melt me! *Half* of them is enough. For there is Eloquence in your Eyes I cannot resist; but in your present solemn Air, and affecting Sentences, you mould me to

every Purpose of your Heart; so that I am a mere Machine, a passive Instrument, to be play'd upon at your Pleasure.

Dear, kind Sir! how you revlve my Heart, by your Goodness! Perhaps I have had only a frightsul Dream, of a few Weeks Continuance, and am but just now awaken'd! —But we will not anticipate our Trial. Only, Sir, give Orders, that you are not to be spoken with by any body, when we have din'd; for I must have you *all* to my self, without Interruption.

Just as I had said this, a Gentleman called on him, and I retir'd to my chamber, and wrote to this Place.

Mr. *B.* dismiss'd his Friend, without asking him to dine with him: So I had him all to myself at Dinner. But we said little, and sat not above a Quarter of an Hour; looking at each other, he with Impatience, and some seeming Uneasiness; I, with more Steadiness, I believe; but now—and—then a Tear starting.

I could eat but little, tho' I try'd all I could, and especially as he help'd me, and courted me by Words of Tenderness and Sweetness—— O why were ever such Things as *Masquerades* permitted in a Christian Nation!

I chose to go into *my* Closet rather than into *his*; and here I sit, waiting the dear Gentleman's coming up to me. If I keep but my Courage, I shall be pleased. I know the *worst*, and that will help me; for he is too noble to use me roughly, when he sees I mean not to provoke him by Upbraidings, any more than I will act, in this Case, beneath the Character I ought to assume as his Wife.

For, my dear Lady, this is a Point of high Importance. It has touched and rais'd my Soul beyond its Pitch: I am a *new Pamela*, as he says, and a *proud Pamela*, as he will find— For, Madam, the Person who can support herself under an Injury like this, and can resolve to forgive it, has a Superiority to the Injurer, let him be a Prince, tho' she were but a Beggar—born. But the Difficulty will be, how to avoid being melted by my own Softness, and Love for the Man, more dear to me than Life; yea, more dear to me, than my *Billy*, and than all my Hopes in the charming Boy. But here he comes!

Now, *Pamela*— Now, see what thou canst do! — Thou knowest the worst! Remember that! —And may'st not be unhappy, even *at* the worst, if thou trustest in God.

I am commanded, my dear Lady, now to write particularly my Trial, for a Reason I shall mention to you in the Conclusion of this Letter; and I must beg you to favour me with the Return of all my Letters to you, on this affecting Subject. —The Reason will appear in its Place— And Oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear Lady; for I am happy, and shall be happier than I ever was; and that I thought, so did every body, was impossible. But I will not anticipate the Account of my Trial, and the Effects, the blessed Effects, it has produced. Thus then it was:

Mr. *B.* came up, with great Impatience in his Looks. I met him at my Chamber—door, with as sedate a Countenance, as I possibly could put on, and my Heart was high with my Purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected. —Yet, on Recollection, now, I impute to myself something of that kind of noble Enthusiasm, that was wont to inspire the innocent Sufferers of old, for a still worthier Cause than mine; though their Motives could hardly be more pure, in that one Hope I had to be an humble Means of saving the Man I love and honour, from Errors that might be fatal to his Soul.

I took his Hand with Boldness: Dear Sir, leading him to my Closet, Here is the Bar, at which I am to take my Trial, pointing to the Backs of three Chairs, which I had placed in a join'd Row, leaving just Room to go by on each Side—You must give me, Sir, all my own Way; this is the first, and perhaps the last Time that I shall desire it. —Nay, dear Sir, turning my Face from him, look not upon me with an Eye of Tenderness; if you do, I may lose my Purposes, important to me as they are; and however fantastick my Behaviour may seem to you, I want not to move your Passions, but your Reason; and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no Relapse: The others will raise but a transient Hope, which the Winds of Sense may easily dissipate; and I regard it accordingly.

What means all this Parade, my Dear? Let me perish, that was his Word, if I know how to account for *You*, or your *Humour*.

You will presently, Sir. But give me all my Way— I pray you do, this once— this one Time only!

Well, so, this is your Bar, is it? There's an Elbow—chair, I see; take your Place in it, *Pamela*, and here I'll stand to answer all your Questions.

No, Sir, that must not be. So I boldly led *him* to the Elbow—chair. You are the Judge, Sir; it is I that am to be try'd. Yet I will not say I am a Criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, Sir, you know.

Well, take your way; but I fear for your Head, my Dear, in all this.

I fear only my Heart, Sir, that's all: But there you must sit—So here (retiring to the three Chairs, and leaning on

the Backs, here) I stand.

And now, my dearest Mr. *B.* you must begin first: When you shew'd me the House of Peers, their Bar, at which Causes are heard, and sometimes Peers are try'd, look'd awful to me, and the present Occasion requires, that this should. Now, dear Sir, you must be my Accuser, as well as my Judge.

I have nothing to accuse you of, my Dear, if I *must* give into your moving Whimsy. You are every thing I wish you to be. But for the last Month you have seem'd to be uneasy, and have not done me the Justice to acquaint me with your Reasons for it.

I was in hopes, Sir, my Reasons might prove to be no Reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded Apprehensions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the Point; and methinks I stand here as *Paul* did before *Felix*; and, like that poor Prisoner, if I, Sir, reason of *Righteousness, Temperance* and *Judgment to come*, even to make you, as the great *Felix* did, tremble, don't put me off to *another Day*, to a *more convenient Season*, as that Governor did *Paul*; for you must bear patiently with all I have to say.

Strange, uncommon Girl! how unaccountable is all this! —Pr'ythee, my Dear, and he pulled a Chair by him, Come and sit down by me, and without these romantick Airs let me hear all you have to say; and teize me not with this Parade.

No, Sir, let me stand, if you please, while I *can* stand; when I am weary, I will sit down at my Bar.

Now, Sir, as you are so good as to say, you have nothing but Change of Temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that, and assign a Cause; and I will do it without Evasion, or Reserve: But, I beseech you, say not one Word, but Yes, or No, to my Questions, 'till I have said all I have to say; and then you shall find me all Silence and Resignation.

Well, my strange Dear! —But sure your Head is a little turn'd! —What is your Question?

Whether, Sir, the Nun— I speak boldly; the Case requires it — who followed you at the Masquerade every-where, is not the Countess of ——?

What then, my Dear? (speaking with Quickness) — I *thought* the Occasion of your Sullenness and Reserve was this! —But, *Pamela* —

Nay, Sir, interrupted I, only Yes, or No, if you please: I will be all Silence by-and-by.

Yes, then.

Well, Sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *ask* you not, (it may be too bold in me to multiply Questions) that she *loves* you; that you correspond by Letters with her—Yes, Sir, *before* that Letter from her Ladyship came, which you receiv'd from my Hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear I should have had a Curiosity to see its Contents, which would have been inexcusable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your Polygamy Notions, and her Ladyship seems so well convinc'd of them, that she has declar'd to her noble Uncle, (who expostulated with her on the Occasions she gave for Talk) that she had rather be a certain Gentleman's second Wife, than the first to the greatest Man in *England*; and you are but just return'd from a Journey to *Tunbridge*, in which that Lady was a Party; and the Motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a Letter here in my Hand.

He was displeas'd, and frowned: I look'd down, being resolv'd not to be terrified, if I could help it.

I have caution'd you, *Pamela*——

I know you have, Sir, interrupted I; but be pleas'd to answer me, Has not the Countess taken a House or Lodgings at *Tunbridge*?

She had: —And what then?

And is her Ladyship there, or in Town?

*There*: And what then?

Are you to go to *Tunbridge*, Sir, soon, or not? Be pleas'd to answer me but that one Question.

I will know, rising up in Anger, your Informants, *Pamela*.

Dear Sir, so you shall, in proper Time; you shall know all, as soon as I am convinc'd, that your Wrath will not be attended with bad Consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the Cause of my Reserve in this Point; for I have not a Thought, and never had, since I have been yours, that I wish to be conceal'd from you. —But, dear Sir, your Knowledge of the Informants makes nothing at all as to the Truth of the Information. —Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to go down to *Tunbridge* again.

*I am*: And what then? —Must the Consequence be Crime enough to warrant your Jealousy?

Dear Sir, don't be so very angry, still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. I don't do this, as

you charged me in your Letter, in a Spirit of matrimonial Recrimination: If you don't *tell* me, that you see the Countess with Pleasure, I *ask* it not of you; not have I any thing to say by way of Upbraiding. 'Tis my Misfortune, that she is too lovely, and too attractive; and it is the less Wonder, that a fine young Gentleman as you are, and a fine young Lady as she is, should engage one another's Affections.

I knew all this, except what this Letter, which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble Sisters to visit me: Hence proceeded my Grief; and should I, Sir, have deserv'd to be what I am, if I was *not* griev'd? Religion has helped me, Sir, and God has answer'd my Supplications, to inable me to act this new and uncommon Part before you, at this imaginary Bar. You shall see, Sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your Passions in my Favour; so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your Displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the Moment that my raised Spirits sink down to their usual Level; or are diverted from this my long meditated Purpose, to tell you all my Mind.

I repeat then, Sir, that I knew all this, when the two noble Sisters came to visit your poor Girl, and your *Billy*. Yet, *grave*, as the Countess called me, (dear Sir! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew?) did I betray any Impatience of Speech or Action, any Discomposure?

No, Sir, patting my Hand on my Breast, *here* all the Discomposure lay, struggling, vehemently struggling, now—and—then, and wanting that Vent at my Eyes, which, it seems, (overcome by my Joy, to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the Lady) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it— You might have seen, Sir, I could not!

But I want neither to recriminate, nor expostulate, nor yet, Sir, to form Excuses for my general Conduct; for that you accuse not in the main. —But be pleased, Sir, to read this Letter. It was brought by the Peny-Post, as you'll see by the Mark. Who the Writer is, I know not. And did *you*, Sir, that Knowledge, and your Resentment upon it, will not alter the Fact, or give it a more favourable Appearance.

I stepp'd to him, and giving him the Letter, came back to my Bar, and sat down on one of the Chairs while he read it, drying my Eyes; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could.

He was much moved at the Contents of this Letter. Called it d—n'd Malice, and hoped he might find out the Author of it, saying he would advertise 500 Guineas Reward for the Discoverer.

He put the Letter in his Pocket, Well, *Pamela*, you believe all that you have said, no doubt; and this Matter has a black Appearance indeed, if you do. But who was your *first* Informant? Was that by Letter, or personally? That d—n'd *Turner*, I doubt not, is at the Bottom of all this. The vain Coxcomb has had the Insolence to imagine the Countess would favour an Address of his; and is enraged to meet with a Repulse; and has taken Liberties upon it, that have given Birth to all the Scandals which have been scatter'd about on this Occasion. Nor do I doubt, but he has been the Serpent at the Ear of my *Eve*.

I stood up at my Bar, and said, Don't be too hasty, Sir, in your Judgment—You *may* be mistaken.

But *am* I mistaken, *Pamela*? —You never yet told me an Untruth in Cases the most arduous. *Am* I mistaken?

Dear Sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr. *Turner*, you'll guess at somebody else: And what avails all this to the Matter in Hand? You are your own Master, and must stand and fall by your own Conscience. God grant, that *that* may acquit you! —But my Intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.

But, my Dear, to the Fact then: This is a malicious and a villainous Piece of Intelligence! given you, perhaps, for the sake of Designs and Views, that may not yet be proper to be avow'd.

By God's Grace, Sir, I defy all Designs and Views of any one, upon my Honour!

But, my Dear, the Charge is basely false: We have not agreed upon any such way of Life.

Well, Sir, all this only proves, that the Intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, sit down one Minute or two, to recover my failing Spirits, and then I'll tell you all I purpose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much Brevity as I can, for fear neither my Head nor my Heart should perform the Parts I have been so long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.

I sat down then, he taking the Letter out of his Pocket, and looking upon it again, with much Vexation and Anger in his Countenance; and after a few Tears and Sobs, that would needs be so officious as to offer their Service, unbidden and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my Feet trembling, as well as my Knees; which however, leaning against the Seats of the Chairs, which made my Bar, as my Hand, held by the Back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my Voice, wiped my Eyes, and said:

You have all the Excuses, dear Mr. *B*. that a Gentleman can have, in the Object of your present Passion.

Present Passion, *Pamela!*

Dear Sir, hear me out, without Interruption.

The Countess is a charming Lady. She excels your poor Girl in all those outward Graces of Form, that your kind Fancy (more valu'd by me than the Opinion of all the World besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional Advantages, as Nobleness of Birth, of Alliance, and Deportment, which I want (Happy for you, Sir, that you had known her Ladyship some Months ago, before you disgrac'd yourself by the Honours you have done me!). This, therefore, frees you from the aggravated Crime of those, who prefer to their own Ladies less amiable and less deserving Persons; and I have not the Sting that these must have, who are contemn'd and ill-treated for their Inferiors. Yet cannot the Countess love you better than your Girl; not even for your Person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal Attachment; when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward Eye as you are, that is the least Consideration by far with me: No, Sir, it is your Mind, your generous and beneficent Mind, that is the principal Object of my Affection; and the Pride I took in hoping, that I might be an humble Means, in the Hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more Joy than all the Blessings I reaped from your Name or your Fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. *B.* what my Grief and my Disappointment must be!

But I will not expostulate; I *will not*, because it must be to no Purpose; for could my Fondness for you, and my watchful Duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not now have appear'd before you in this solemn manner; and I know the Charms of my Rivaless are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but Divine Grace can touch your Heart; and that I expect not, from the Nature of the Case, should be instantaneous.

I will therefore, Sir, dear as you are to me, (don't look with such tender Surprize upon me!) give up your Person to my happier, to my *worthier* Rivaless. For, since such is your Will, and such seem to be your Engagements, what avails it me to oppose them?

I have only to beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to *Kent*, to my dear Parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your Favour and Bounty.

I will there (holding up my folded Hands) pray for you every Hour of my Life; and for every one, who shall be dear to you, not excepting your charming Countess.

I will never take your Name into my Lips, nor suffer any other in my Hearing, but with Reverence and Gratitude, for the Good I and mine *have* reap'd at your Hands; nor will I wish to be freed from my Obligations to you, except you shall chuse to be divorced from me; and if you should, I will give your Wishes all the Forwardness that I honourably can, with regard to my own Character, and yours, and that of my beloved Baby.

But you must give me something worth living for along with me; your *Billy* and mine! —Unless it is your Desire to kill me quite; and then, 'tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy Countess's Way, if you tear from my Arms my *second* earthly Good, after I am depriv'd of You, my *first*.

I will there, Sir, dedicate all my Time to my first Duties; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any Accident, any Misunderstanding, between you, you should part by Consent, and you will have it so, my Heart will be ever yours, and my Hopes will be resum'd of being an Instrument still for your future Good, and I will receive your returning ever valu'd Heart, as if nothing had happen'd, the Moment I can be sure it will be wholly mine.

For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your Notions of Polygamy, that I will, were my Life to depend upon it, consent to live with a Gentleman, dear as, God is my Witness, (lifting up my tearful Eyes) you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open Sin with another! You *know*, Sir, and I appeal to you for the Purity, and I will aver Piety, of my Motives, when I say this, that I *would not*; and as you do know this, I cannot doubt, but my Proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my Word! and don't let me be tortur'd, as I have been so many Weeks, with such Anguish of Mind, that nothing but religious Considerations can make supportable to me.

And are you in Earnest, *Pamela?* said the dear Gentleman, coming to me, and folding me in his Arms over the Chair's Back, the Seat of which supported my trembling Knees— Can you so easily part with me?

I can, Sir, and I will! —rather than divide my Interest in you, knowingly, with any Lady on Earth. But say not, however, Can I part with you, Sir; it is you that part with me; And tell me, Sir, tell me, but what you had intended should become of me?

You talk to me, my dearest Life, as if all you had heard against me was ; and you would have me answer you,

(would you?) as if it was?

I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Countess loves you: You know the rest of my Information: Judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe! —You know the Rumours of the World concerning you: Even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least Pains to find out my Wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the Hearing of it; and if you know the License taken with both your Characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me, that you value not your Honour in the World's Eye, nor my Lady hers? I told you, Sir, the Answer she made to her Uncle.

You told me, my Dear, as you were told. Be tender of a Lady's Reputation—for your own sake. No one is exempted from Calumny; and even Words said, and the Occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different Construction from what they would have done, had the Occasion been told.

This may be all, Sir: I wish my Lady would be as tender of her Reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your Affections as she will. But can you say, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that should *not* be, according to *my* Notions of Virtue and Honour, and according to your *own*, Sir, which I took Pride in, before that fatal Masquerade?

You answer me not, continu'd I; and may I not fairly presume you are not able to answer me as I wish to be answer'd? But come, dearest Sir, (and I put my Arms round his Neck) let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your Benefits and your past Kindness to me. I have been a happy Creature; no one, till within these few Weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a Passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a Love as mine: I am sure it cannot.

I see your Difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your Conscience, I will wait with Patience my happier Destiny; and I will wish to live, (if I can be convinc'd you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a Directress to the first Education of my dearest Baby.

You sigh, dear Sir; repose your beloved Face next to my fond Heart. 'Tis all your own: And ever shall be, let it be worthy of the Honour in your Estimation or not.

But, yet, my dear Sir, if one could as easily, in the Prime of sensual Youth, look Twenty Years forward, as one can Twenty Years backward, what an empty Vanity, what a mere Nothing, will be all those grosser Satisfactions, that now give Wings of Desire to our debased Appetites?

Motives of Religion *will* have their due Force upon *your* Mind one Day, I hope; as, blessed be God, they have inabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching Point (after infinite Struggles, I own) with so much Temper and Resignation; and then, my dearest Mr. *B.* when we come to that last Bed, from which the Piety of our Friends shall lift us, but from which, we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear Sir, your Countess, and you, and your poor *Pamela*, must all come to this! —we shall find what it is will give us the Joy, and inable us to support the Pangs of the dying Hour. —Think you, my dearest Sir, and I pressed my Lips to his Forehead, as his Head was reclin'd on my throbbing Bosom, that *then*, in that important Moment, what now gives us so much Pleasure, will have any Part in our Consideration, but as it may give us Woe or Comfort in the Reflection?

But, I will not, I will not, O best Beloved of my Soul, thus afflict you! —Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy Prospects? I have said enough to such a Heart as yours, if Divine Grace touches it. And if not, all I can say, will be of no Avail! —I will leave you therefore to That, and to your own Reflections. And after giving you ten thousand Thanks for your kind, your indulgent Patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a Week for *Kent*, with my dear *Billy*; that you will receive one Letter from me, at least, of Gratitude and Blessings; it shall not be of Upbraids and Exclamations.

But my Child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like his Shadow, every Place wherein you shall put my *Billy*, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me! —And if, moreover, you will permit me to have the dear Miss *Goodwin* with me, as you had almost given me room to hope, I will read over all the Books of Education, and digest them as well as I am able, in order to send you my Scheme, and to shew you how fit I hope your *Indulgence*, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious Trusts reposed in me!

I was silent, waiting in Tears his Answer. But his generous Heart was touch'd, and seem'd to labour within him for Expression.

He came round to me at last, and took me in his Arms: Exalted Generosity! said he; Noble-minded *Pamela*! Let no Bar be put between us henceforth! No Wonder, when one looks back to thy first promising Dawn of Excellence, that thy fuller Day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak Eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and

I have been inconsiderately led on by blind Passion for an Object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my *Pamela*, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my Power) restore to your Virtue an Husband all your own.

Oh! Sir, Sir, (and I should have sunk down with Joy, had not his kind Arms supported me) what have you said? —Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to Deed; God, of his infinite Goodness, continue you both so! —And Oh! that the dear Lady would make me as truly love her, for the Graces of her Mind, as I admire her for the Advantages of her Person!

You are Virtue itself, my dearest Life; and from this Moment I will reverence you as my tutelary Angel. I shall behold you with Awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your Dictates; for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right. —But I will not, my dearest Life, too lavishly promise, lest you should think it the sudden Effect of Passions thus movingly touch'd, and which may subside again, when the Soul, as you observ'd in your own Case, sinks to its former Level: But this I promise you, (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the Pain I have given you, which made me fear, more than once, that your dear Head was affected, so uncommon, yet so like yourself, has been the manner of your Acting) that I will break off a Correspondence, that has given you so much Uneasiness; And my *Pamela* may believe, that if I can be as good as my Word in this Point, she will never more be in Danger of any Rivaless whatever.

But say, my dear Love, (added the charming, charming Man) say you forgive me; and resume but your former Cheerfulness, and affectionate Regards to me; else I shall suspect the Sincerity of your Forgiveness: And you shall indeed go to *Kent*; but not without me, nor your Boy neither; and if you insist upon it, the poor Miss, you have wish'd so often, and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your Disposal.

Do you think, my Lady, I could speak any one distinct Sentence! No indeed I could not— Pardon! Pardon *You*, dear Sir!—and I sunk down on my Knees, from his Arms —All I beg—All I hope— *Your Pardon—my Thankfulness*. —O spare me— spare me but Words—And indeed I was just choak'd with my Joy; I never was so in my whole Life before. And my Eyes were fixed, as the dear Gentleman told me; for he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the Whites; for the Sight was out of its Orbits, in a manner, lifted up to Heaven— in Ecstasy for a Turn so unexpected!

We were forced to separate soon after; for there was no bearing each other, so excessive was my Joy, and his Goodness. He left me, and went down to his own Closet.

Judge my Employment you will, I am sure, my dear Lady. I had new Ecstasy to be blest with, in a Joy and Thankfulness so exalted, that they left me all light and pleasant, as if I had shook off Body, and trod in Air; so much Heaviness had I lost, and so much Joy had I received! From two such Extremes, how was it possible I could presently hit the Medium! —For when I had given up my beloved Husband, as lost to me, and had dreaded the Consequences to his future State; to find him not only untainted as to Deed, but, in all Probability, mine upon better and surer Terms than ever—O, Madam! is not this a Joy beyond all Joy, and surpassing all Expression!

About Eight o'Clock, my dear Mr. *B.* sent me up these Lines from his Closet, which will explain what I meant as to the Papers I must beg your Ladyship to return me.

*My dear Pamela*, "I have so much real Concern at the Anguish I have given you, and am so much affected with the Recollection of the uncommon Scenes between us, just now, that I write, because I know not how to look so excellent a Creature in the Face. —You must therefore sup without me, and take your Mrs. *Jervis* to Bed with you; who, I doubt not, knows all this Affair; and you may tell her the happy Event. You must not interfere with me just now, my Dear, while I am writing upon a Subject which takes up all my Attention; and which requiring great Delicacy; I may, possibly, be all Night, before I can please myself in it. I am determin'd, absolutely, to make good my Promise to you. But if you have written to your Mother, to Miss *Darnford*, or to Lady *Davers*, any thing of this Affair, you must shew me the Copies of your Letters, and let me into every Tittle how you came by your Information. — I solemnly promise you, on my Honour, (that has not yet been violated to you, and I hope never will) that not a Soul shall know or suffer by the Communication, not even *Turner*; for I am confident he has had some Hand in it. This Request you must comply with, if you can confide in me; for I shall make some Use of it, (as prudent an one as I am able) for the sake of every one concern'd, in the Conclusion of the Correspondence between the Lady and myself. Whatever you may have said, in the Bitterness of your Heart, in the Letters I require to see, or whatever any of those, to whom they are directed, shall say, on the bad Prospect, shall be forgiven, and look'd upon as deserv'd, by

*Your ever obliged and faithful, &c."*

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I return'd the following:

*Dearest, dear Sir,* "I will not break in upon you, while you are so importantly employ'd. Mrs. *Jervis* has indeed seen my Concern for some Time past, and has heard Rumours, as I know by Hints she has from Time to Time given me; but her Prudence, and my Reserves, have kept us from saying any thing to one another of it. Neither my Mother, nor Miss *Darnford*, know a Tittle of it from me. I have received a Letter of Civility from Miss, and have answer'd it, taking and giving Thanks for the Pleasure of each other's Company, and best Respects from her, and the *Lincolnshire* Families, to your dear Self. These, my Copy, and her Original, you shall see when you please. But, in Truth, all that has passed, is between Lady *Davers* and me, and I have not kept Copies of mine; but I will dispatch a Messenger to her Ladyship for them, if you please, in the Morning, before 'tis Light; not doubting your kind Promise of excusing every Thing and every Body. I beg, dear Sir, you will take care your Health suffers not by your sitting up; for the Nights are cold and damp. I will, now you have given me the Liberty, let Mrs. *Jervis* know how happy you have made me, by dissipating my Fears, and the idle Rumours, as I shall call them to her, of Calumniators. God bless you, dear Sir, for your Goodness and Favour to

*"Your ever dutiful P. B."*

He was pleased to return me this:

*"My dear Life,* You need not be in such haste to send. If you write to Lady *Davers*, how the Matter has ended, let me see the Copy of it. And be very particular in *your*, or rather *my* Trial. It shall be a standing Lesson to me for my future Instruction, as it will be a fresh Demonstration of your Excellence, which every Hour I more and more admire. I am glad Lady *Davers* only knows the Matter. I think I ought to avoid seeing you, till I can assure you, that every thing is accommodated to your Desire. *Longman* has sent me some Advices, that will make it proper for me to meet him at *Bedford* or *Gloucester*. I will not go to *Tunbridge*, till I have all your Papers; and so you'll have three Days time to procure them. Your Boy, and your Penmanship, will find you no disagreeable Employment till I return. Nevertheless, on second Thoughts, I will do myself the Pleasure of breakfasting with you in the Morning, to re-assure you of my unalterable Purpose, to approve myself,

*"My dearest Life, Ever faithfully Yours."*

Thus, I hope, is happily ended this dreadful Affair. My next shall inform your Ladyship of the Particulars of our Breakfast Conversation. But I would not slip this Post, without acquainting you with this blessed Turn; and to beg the Favour to send me back my Letters, which will lay a new Obligation upon,

*Dear Madam, Your obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXXVI.

*My dearest Lady*, Your joyful Correspondent has obtained Leave to get every thing ready to quit *London* by *Friday* next, when your kind Brother promises to carry me down to *Kent*, and allows me to take my Charmer with me. There's Happiness for you, Madam! To see, as I hope I shall see, upon one blessed Spot, a dear faithful Husband, a beloved Child, and a Father and Mother whom I so much love and honour!

Mr. *B.* told me this voluntarily, this Morning at Breakfast; and then, in the kindest manner, he took Leave of me, and set out for *Bedfordshire*.

But I should, according to my Promise, give your Ladyship a few Particulars of our Breakfast Conference.

I bid *Polly* withdraw, when her Master came up to Breakfast; and I ran to the Door to meet him, and threw myself on my Knees: O forgive me, dearest, dear Sir, all my Boldness of Yesterday! — My Heart was strangely affected—or I could not have acted as I did. But never fear, my dearest Mr. *B.* that my future Conduct shall be different from what it used to be, or that I shall keep up to a Spirit, that you hardly thought had Place in the Heart of your dutiful *Pamela*, till she was thus severely try'd.

I have weigh'd well your Conduct, my dear Life, said the generous Gentleman, raising me to his Bosom; and I find an Uniformity in it, that is surprisingly just.

There is in your Composition indeed, the strangest Mixture of Meekness and high Spirit, that ever I met with. Never was a saucier dear Girl, than you, in your Maiden Days, when you thought your Honour in Danger: Never a more condescending Goodness, when your Fears were at an End. Now again, when you had Reason, as you believ'd, to apprehend a Conduct in me, unworthy of my Obligations to you, and of your Purity, you rise in your Spirit, with a Dignity that becomes an injured Person; and yet you forget not, in the Height of your Resentments, that angelick Sweetness of Temper, and Readiness to forgive, which so well become a Lady who lives as you live, and practises what you practise. My dearest *Pamela*, I see, continued he, serves not God for nought: In a better Sense I speak it, than the Maligner spoke it of *Job*: Since in every Action and Motion of yours, the heavenly Direction you so constantly invoke, shews itself thus beautifully.

And now again, this charming Condescension, the Moment you are made easy, is an Assurance that your affectionate Sweetness is return'd: And I cannot fear any thing, but that I shall never be able to deserve it.

He led me to the Tea-Table, and sat down close by me. *Polly* came in. If every thing, said he, be here, that your Lady wants, you may withdraw; and let Mr. *Colbrand* and *Abraham* know, I shall be with them presently. Nobody shall wait upon me but you, my Dear.

*Polly* withdrew.

You are all Goodness, Sir: And how generously, how kindly, do you account for that Mixture in my Temper you speak of! — Depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will never grow upon this your Indulgence.

I always lov'd you, my Dearest, said he, and that with a passionate Fondness, which has not, I dare say, many Examples in the marry'd Life: But I revere you now. And so great is my Reverence for your Virtue, that I chose to sit up all Night, as now to leave you for a few Days, until, by disingaging myself from all Intercourses that have given you Uneasiness, I can convince you, that I have render'd myself as worthy as I can be of such an Angel, even upon your own Terms. I will account to you, continued he, for every Step I *shall* take, and will reveal to you every Step I *have* taken: For this I can do, because the Lady's Honour is untainted, and wicked Rumour has treated her worse than she could deserve.

I told him, that since *he* had been pleased to name my Lady, I would take the Liberty to say, I was glad, for her own sake, to hear that. He changing the Subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him Pain, told me, as above, that I might prepare on *Friday* for *Kent*; and I parted with him, with greater Joy and Gratitude than ever I did in my Life. So necessary sometimes are Afflictions, not only to teach one how to subdue one's Passions, and to make us, in our happiest States, know we are still on Earth, but even when they are over-blown, to augment and redouble our Joys.

I am now giving Orders, my dear Lady, for my beloved Journey, and quitting this undelightful Town, as it has been, and is, to me. My next will be from *Kent*, I hope; and perhaps I shall then have an Opportunity to acquaint your Ladyship with the Particulars, and (if God answers my Prayers) the Conclusion of the Affair, which has

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given me so much Uneasiness. Mean time, I am, with the greatest Gratitude, for the kind Share you have taken in my past Afflictions, my good Lady,

*Your Ladyship's Most obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXXVII.

*My dearest Pamela*, Inclosed are all the Letters you send for. I rejoice with you upon the Turn this afflicting Affair has taken, thro' your inimitable Prudence, and a Courage I thought not in you. —A Wretch! —to give you so much Discomposure. —But I will not, if he be good now, rave against him, as I was going to do—I am impatient to hear what Account he gives of the Matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this—I won't call her Names; for she loves the Wretch; and that, if he be just to *you*, will be her Punishment.

What Care ought these young Widows to take of their Reputation? —And how watchful ought they to be over themselves? —She was hardly out of her Weeds, and yet must go to a Masquerade, and tempt her Fate, with all her Passions about her, with an Independence, and an Affluence of Fortune, that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

Then her Lord and she had been marry'd but barely Two Years; and one of them, she was forc'd, with the gayest Temper in the World, to be his Nurse: For, always inclin'd to a consumptive Indisposition, he languish'd, without Hope, a Twelvemonth, and then dy'd.

She has good Qualities—is generous—noble—but has strong Passions, and is thoughtless and precipitant.

My Lord came home to me last *Tuesday*, with a long Story of my Brother and her; for I had kept the Matter as secret as I could, for his sake and yours. It seems, he had it from Sir *John*— Uncle to the young Lord *C.* who is very earnest to bring on a Treaty of Marriage between her and his Nephew, who is in Love with her, and is a fine young Gentleman: but has held back, on the Liberties she has lately given herself with my Brother. I hope she is innocent, as to Fact; but I know not what to say to it. He ought to be hang'd, if he did not say she was. Yet I have a great Opinion of his Veracity: And yet he is so bold a Wretch! —And her Inconsideration is so great! —

But lest I should alarm your Fears, I will wait till I have the Account he gives you of this dark Affair; till when, I congratulate you upon the Leave you have obtain'd to quit the Town, and on your setting out for a Place so much nearer to *Tunbridge* (forgive me, *Pamela*; but he is an intriguing Wretch, and I would not have you to be too secure, lest the Disappointment should be worse for you, than what you knew before): For assure yourself, that I am, in all Cases and Events,

*Yours, affectionate Sister and Admirer, B. Davers.*

P. S. Your *Bar*, and some other Parts of your Conduct in your Trial, as you call it, make me (as, by your Account, it seemed to do him) apprehensive, that you would hardly have been able to have kept your Intellect so untouched as were to be wish'd, had this Affair proceeded. And this, as it would have been the most deplorable Misfortune that could have befallen us, who love and admire you so justly, redoubles my Joy, that it is likely to end so happily. God send it may!

LETTER XXXVIII.

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dearest Lady,* Mr. B. with great Goodness came back from *Bedfordshire* to his Time. Every thing being in Readiness, we set out, my Baby, and his Nurse, and *Polly*, and *Rachel*, in the Coach. Mr. B. and myself in the Chariot. The other Maids are to go down with Mrs. *Jervis*, when every thing in *London* is settled by her Direction, to *Bedfordshire*; and all the Men—servants too, except Mr. *Jonathan*, and *Abraham* and *John*, who went down with us on Horseback; as also did Mr. *Colbrand*.

We were met by my Father and Mother in a Chaise and Pair, that your dear Brother had, unknown to me, presented to them, that they might often take the Air together, and go to Church in it, (which is at some Distance from them) on *Sundays*. The Driver is cloathed in a good brown Cloth Suit, but no Livery; for that my Parents could not have borne, as Mr. B.'s Goodness made him consider.

Your Ladyship must needs think, how much we were all overjoy'd at this Meeting: For my own Part, I cannot express how much I was transported when we arrived at the Farm—house, to see all I delighted in, upon one happy Spot together!

Mr. B. is much pleased with the Alterations made here, and it is a sweet, rural, and convenient Place.

We were at Church together on *Sunday*, and welcom'd into these Parts by the Bells, and by the Minister, and the People of most Note.

Mr. B. is to set out on *Tuesday* for *Tunbridge*, with my Papers. A happy Issue attend that Affair, I pray God! He has given me the following Particulars of it, to the Time of my Trial, beginning at the Masquerade.

He says, That at the Masquerade, when, pleased with the fair Nun's Shape, Air, and Voice, he had followed her to a Corner most unobserved, she said, in *Italian*, Why are my Retirements invaded, audacious *Spaniard*?

Because, reply'd he, my dear Nun, I hope you would have it so.

I can no otherwise, return'd she, strike dead they bold Presumption, than to shew thee my Scorn and Anger thus—And unmasking, she surpris'd me, said Mr. B. with a Face as beautiful, but not so soft, as my *Pamela's*! —And I, said Mr. B. to shew I can defy your Resentment, will shew you a Countenance as intrepid, as yours is lovely. And so he drew aside his Mask too.

He says, he observed his fair Nun followed, where—ever she went, by a Mask habited like *Testimony* in *Sir Courtly Nice*, whose Attention was fixed upon them; and he doubted not, that it was Mr. *Turner*. So he and the fair Nun, took different Ways, and he joined me and Miss *Darnford*, and found me ingag'd in the manner I related to your Ladyship; and his Nun at his Elbow, unexpected.

That afterwards, as he was ingag'd in *French* with a Lady who had the Dress of an *Indian Princess*, and the Mask of an *Ethiopian*, his fair Nun said, in broken *Spanish*, Art thou at all Complexions? —By St. *Ignatius*, I believe thou'rt a Rover!

I am trying, reply'd he, in *Italian*, whether I can meet with any Lady comparable to my lovely Nun.

And what is the Result?

Not one; no, not one.

I wish you could not help being in Earnest, said she; and slid from him.

He ingag'd her next at the Side—board, drinking under her Veil a Glass of Champaign. You know, *Pamela*, said he, there never was a sweeter Mouth in the World, than the Countess's, except your own. She drew away the Glass, as if, unobserved by any body, to shew me the lower Part of her Face.

I cannot say, continued he, but I was struck with her charming Manner, and an Unreservedness of Air and Behaviour, that I had not before seen so becoming. —The Place, and the Freedom of Conversation and Deportment allowed there, gave her Manner great Advantages, in my Eye, altho' her Habit requir'd, as I thought, continued he, a little more Gravity and Circumspection: And I could not tell how to resist a secret Pride and Vanity, which is but too natural to both Sexes, when they are taken notice of by Persons so worthy of Regard.

Naturally fond of any thing that carry'd the Face of an Intrigue, I long'd to know, proceeded he, who this charming Nun was. —And next Time I ingag'd her, My good Sister, said I, how happy should I be, if I might be admitted to a Conversation with you at your Grate?

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Answer me, thou bold *Spaniard*, (for that was a Name she seem'd fond to call me by, said he, which gave me to imagine, that Boldness was a Qualification with which she was not displeas'd: 'Tis not unusual with our vain Sex, observed he, to cons even Reproaches to our Advantage) Is the Lady here, whose Shackles thou wearest?

Do I look like a Man shackled, my fairest Nun?

N—No! not much like such an one. But I fancy thy Wife is either a *Widow*, or a *Quaker*?

Neither, reply'd I, taking, by Equivocation, her Question literally.

And art thou not a marry'd Wretch? Answer me quickly! —We are observ'd.

No—said I.

Swear to me, thou art not.—

By St. *Ignatius* then: For, my Dear, I was no *Wretch*, you know.

Enough! said she—and slid away; and the Fanatick would fain have ingag'd her, but she avoided him as industriously.

Before I was aware, continued Mr. *B.* she was at my Elbow, and, in *Italian*, said, That fair Quaker yonder is the Wit of the Assemblée: Her Eyes seem always directed to thy Motions: And her Person shews some Intimacies have passed with somebody! Is it with thee?

It would be my Glory if it was, said I, were her Face answerable to her Person.

Is it not?

I long to know, reply'd Mr. *B.*

I am glad thou dost not.

I am glad to hear my fair Nun say that.

Dost thou, said she, hate Shackles? Or is it, that thy Hour is not come?

I wish! reply'd he, this be not the Hour, the very Hour—pretending (naughty Gentleman! — What Ways these Men have!—) to sigh.

She went again to the Side-board, put her Hand kerchief upon it. Mr. *B.* followed her, and observed all her Motions. She drank a Glass of Lemonade, as he of Burgundy; and a Person in a Domine, who was supposed to be the King, taking every one's Attention, and Mr. *B.* eying her Handkerchief, which he doubted not she laid on purpose to forget taking up, she left it there; and slipping by him, he, unobserv'd, as he believes, took it, and put it in his Pocket, and at one Corner found the Cover of a Letter, To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of ———.

That after this, the fair Nun was so shy, so reserv'd, and seem'd so studiously to avoid him, that he had no Opportunity to return her Handkerchief; and the Fanatick observing how she shunned him, said, in *Erench*, What, Monsieur, have you done to your Nun?

Found her to be a very Coquet; and told her so —and she is offended.

How could you affront a Lady, reply'd he, with such a *charming Face*?

By that, I had Reason to think, said Mr. *B.* that he had seen her unmask; and I said—It becomes not any Character, but that you wear, to pry into the Secrets of others, in order to make ill-natur'd Remarks, and perhaps to take gentlemanly Advantages.

No Man would make that Observation, return'd he, whose Views would bear prying into.

I was nettled, said Mr. *B.* at this warm Retort, and drew aside my Mask: Nor would any Man, who wore not a Mask, tell me so!

He took not the Challenge, and slid from me, and I saw him no more that Night.

So, thinks I, another Instance this might have been of the glorious Consequences of Masquerading, —O my Lady, these Masquerades are abominable Things!—

The King, they said, met with a free Speaker that Night: In Truth, I was not very sorry for it; for if Monarchs will lay aside their sovereign Distinctions, and mingle thus in Masquerade with the worst as well as the highest (I cannot say *best*) of their Subjects, let 'em take the Consequence. —Perhaps they might have a Chance to hear more Truth here than in their Palaces—the only Good that possibly can accrue from them—that is to say—If they made a good Use of it when they heard it. For, you see, my Monarch, tho' told the Truth, as it happened, received the Hint with more Resentment than Thankfulness! —So, 'tis too likely, did the Monarch of us both!

And now, my Lady, you need not doubt, that so polite a Gentleman would find an Opportunity to return the Nun her Handkerchief! —To be sure he would: For what Man of Honour would rob a Lady of any Part of her

Apparel? And should he that wanted to steal a Heart, content himself with a Handkerchief? —No, no, that was not to be expected. —So what does he do, but, the very next Day, after Dinner, the soonest Opportunity he could well take, because of the late Hours the Night before, resolve to pursue this Affair! Accordingly, the poor Quaker little thinking of the Matter, away goes her naughty *Spaniard*, to find out his Nun at her Grate, or in her Parlour rather.

He asks for the Countess. Is admitted into the outward Parlour—Her Woman comes down; requires his Name, and Business. His Name he mentioned not. His Business was, to restore into her Lady's own Hands, something she had dropt the Night before.— Was desir'd to wait.

I should have told your Ladyship, that he was dress'd very richly—having no Design at all, to make Conquests; no, not he! —O this wicked Love of Intrigue! —A kind of Olive-colour'd Velvet, and fine brocaded Waistcoat. I said, when he took Leave of me, You're a charming Mr. *B.*—and saluted him, more pressingly than he return'd it; but little did I think, when I plaited so smooth his rich-lac'd Ruffles, and Bosom, where he was going, or what he had in his plotting Heart. —He went in his own Chariot, that he did: So that he had no Design to conceal who he was—But Intrigue, a new Conquest, Vanity, Pride! —O these Men! —They had need talk of Ladies! —But it is half our own Fault; indeed it is, to incourage their Vanity!

Well, Madam, he waited till his Stateliness was moved to send up again, That he would wait on her Ladyship some other Time. —So down she came, dress'd most richly, Jewels in her Breast, and in her Hair, and Ears—But with a very reserved and stately Air—He approached her—Me thinks I see him, dear saucy Gentleman. You know, Madam, what a noble manner of Address he has!

He took the Handkerchief, from his Bosom, with an Air; and kissing it, presented it to her, saying, This happy Estray, thus restor'd, begs Leave, by me, to acknowlege its lovely Owner!

What mean you, Sir? —Who be you, Sir? — What mean you?

Your Ladyship will excuse me: But I am incapable of meaning any thing but what is honourable. —(No to be sure!)—This, Madam, you left last Night, when the Domine took up every one's Attention but mine, which was much better ingag'd; and I take the Liberty to restore it to you.

She turn'd to the Mark; a Coronet, at one Corner. 'Tis, Sir, I see now it is one of mine: But such a Trifle was not worthy of being brought by such a Gentleman as you seem to be; nor of my Trouble to receive it in Person. Your Servant, Sir, might have delivered the Bagatelle to mine.

Nothing should be called so, that belongs to the Countess of——

She was no Countess, Sir, that *dropt* that Hand-kerchief; and a Gentleman would not attempt to penetrate *unbecomingly*, thro' the Disguises that a Lady thinks proper to assume, especially at such a Place, where every Inquiry should begin and end.

This, Madam, from a Lady, who had unmasked —because *she would not be known!* —Very pretty, indeed! —Oh! these slight Cobweb Airs of Modesty! so easily seen thro'—Hence such Advantages against us are taken by the Men.

She had looked out of her Window, and seen no Arms quartered with his own; for you know, my Lady, I would never permit any to be procured for me: So, she doubted not, it seems, but he was an unmarried Gentleman, as he had intimated to her the Night before.

He told her, it was impossible, after having had the Opportunity of seeing the finest Lady in the World, not to wish to see her again; and that he hop'd, he did not, *unbecomingly*, break thro' her Ladyship's Reserves: Nor had he made any Inquiries either on the Spot, or off of it; having had a much better Direction by Accident.

As how, Sir? said she, as he told me, with so bewitching an Air, between Attentive and Pleasant, that, bold Gentleman, forgetting all manner of Distance, so early too! he clasped his Arms round her Waist, and saluted her, struggling with Anger and Indignation, he says: But I think little of that!—

Whence this Insolence? —How—now, Sir! —Begone! were her Words, and she rung the Bell; but he set his Back against the Door—(I never heard such Boldness in my Life, Madam!)—till she would forgive him. —And it is plain, she was not so angry as she pretended; for her Woman coming, she was calmer: *Nelthorpe*, said she, fetch my Snuff-box, with the Lavender in it.

Her Woman went; and then she said, You told me, Sir, last Night, of your Intrepidity: I think you are the boldest Man I ever met with: But, Sir, surely you ought to know, that you are not now in the *Hay-market*.

I think, truly, Madam, the Lady might have sav'd herself that Speech; for, upon my Word, they neither of 'em wore Masks—Tho' they ought both to have put on one of Blushes. —I am sure I do for 'em, while I am writing.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Her irresistible Loveliness served for an Excuse, that she could not disapprove from a Man she disliked not; and his irresistible—may I say, Assurance, Madam? —found too ready an Excuse.

Well, but, Sir, said I, pray, when her Ladyship was made acquainted, that you were a marry'd Gentleman, how then? —I long to hear, how then! —Pray, did *she* find it out, or did *you* tell her?

Patience, my Dear!

Well, pray, Sir, go on. —What was next?

Why, next, I put on a more respectful and tender Air: I would have taken her Hand indeed, but she would not permit it; and when she saw I would not go, till her Lavender Snuff came down, (for so I told her, and her Woman was not in Haste) she seated herself, and I took my Place by her, and began upon a Subject of a charming Lady I saw the Night before, after I had parted with her Ladyship, but not equal by any means to her: And I was confident this would ingage her Attention; for I never knew the Lady, who thought herself handsome, that was not taken by this Topick. Flattery and Admiration, *Pamela*, are the two principal Engines by which our Sex make their first Approaches to yours; and if you listen to us, we are sure, either by the Sap or the Mine, to succeed, and blow you up, whenever we please, if we do but take care to suit ourselves to your particular Foibles; or, to carry on the Metaphor, point our Batteries to your weak Side: For the strongest Fortresses, my Dear, are weaker in one Place than another! —A fine thing, Sir, said I, to be so learned a Gentleman! —I wish tho' you had always come honestly by your Knowledge, thought I.

When the Lavender Snuff came down, continued he, we were engaged in an agreeable Disputation, that I had raised on purpose to excite her Opposition, she having all the Advantage in it; and in order to give it up, when she was intent upon it, as a Mark of my Consideration for her.

I the less wonder, Sir, said I, at your Boldness (pardon the Word!) with such a Lady, in your first Visit, because of her Freedoms, when mask'd; her Unmasking, and her Handkerchief, and Letter-cover. To be sure the Lady, when she saw next Day, such a fine Gentleman, and such an handsome Equipage, had little Reason, after her other Freedoms, to be so very nice with you, as to decline an insnaring Conversation, calculated on purpose to ingage her Attention, and to lengthen out your Visit. But did she not ask you, who you were?

Her Servants did of mine. —And her Woman (for I knew all afterwards, when we were better acquainted) came, and whispered her Lady, that I was Mr. *B. of Bedfordshire*; and had an immense Estate, to which they were so kind as to add two or three thousand Pounds a Year, out of pure Good-will to me: I thank them.

But pray, dear Sir, what had you in View in all this? Did you intend to carry this Matter at first, as far as ever you could?

I had, at first, my Dear, no View, but such as Pride and Vanity suggested to me. I was carried away by Inconsideration, and the Love of Intrigue, without so much as giving myself any Thought about the Consequences. The Lady, I observed, had abundance of fine Qualities. I thought I could converse with her, on a very agreeable Foot; and her Honour, I knew, at any Time, would preserve me mine, if ever I should find it in Danger: And, in my Soul, I preferr'd my *Pamela* to all the Ladies on Earth, and questioned not, but that, and your Virtue, would be another Barrier to my Fidelity.

As to the Notion of *Polygamy*, I never, but in the Levity of Speech, and the Wantonness of Argument, like other lively young Fellows, who think they have Wit to shew, when they advance something out of the common way, had it in my Head. I thought myself doubly bound by the Laws of my Country, to discourage that way of Thinking, as I was a Five hundredth Part of one of the Branches of the Legislature; and inconsiderable as that is, yet it makes one too considerable, in my Opinion, to break those Laws, one should rather join all one's Interest to inforce.

In a Word, therefore, Pride, Vanity, Thoughtlessness, were my Misguiders, as I said. The Countess's Honour and Character, and your Virtue and Merit, my Dear, and my Obligations to you, were my Defences: But I find one should avoid the first Appearances of Evil. One knows not one's own Strength. 'Tis presumptuous to depend upon it, where Wit and Beauty are in the Way on one Side, and Youth and strong Passions on the other.

You certainly, Sir, say right. But be pleased to tell me, what her Ladyship said, when she knew you were marry'd?

The Countess's Woman was in my Interest, and let me into some of her Lady's Secrets, having a great Share in her Confidence; and particularly acquainted me, how loth her Lady was to believe I was marry'd. I had paid her three Visits in Town, and attended her once to her Seat upon the Forest, before she heard that I was. But when she

was assured of it, and directed her *Nelthorpe* to ask me about it, and I readily own'd it, she was greatly incensed, tho' nothing but general Civilities, and Intimacies not inconsistent with honourable Friendship, had passed between us. The Consequence was, she forbid me ever seeing her again, and set out with her Sister, and the Viscount, for *Tunbridge*, where she stay'd about three Weeks.

I thought I had already gone too far, and blamed myself for permitting her Ladyship so long to believe me a single Man; and here the Matter had dropp'd, in all Probability, had not a Ball, given by Lord—, to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as also the Viscountess, invited, brought us again into one another's Company. The Lady withdrew, after a while, with her Sister, to another Apartment; and being resolved upon personal Recrimination, (which is what a Lady, who is resolved to break with a favoured Object, should never trust herself with) sent for me, and reproached me on my Conduct, in which her Sister join'd.

I own'd frankly, that it was rather Gaiety than Design, that made me give Cause, at the Masquerade, for her Ladyship to think I was not marry'd; for that I had a Wife, who had a thousand Excellencies, and was my Pride, and my Boast: That I held it very possible for a Gentleman and Lady to carry on an innocent and honourable Friendship, in a *Family* way; and I was sure, when she and her Sister saw my Spouse, they would not be displeas'd with her Acquaintance; and all that I had to reproach myself with, was, that after having, at the Masquerade, given Reason to think I was not marry'd, I had been loth, *officiously*, to say I was, altho' it never was my Intention to conceal it.

In short, I acquitted myself so well to both Ladies, that a Family Intimacy was consented to.

I renew'd my Visits, and we accounted to one another's Honour, by entering upon a kind of *Platonick* System, in which Sex was to have no manner of Concern.

But, my dear *Pamela*, I must own myself extremely blameable, because I knew the World, and human Nature, I will say, better than the Lady, who never before had been trusted into it upon her own Feet; and who, notwithstanding that Wit and Vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herself little Time for Consideration, as she had met with a Man whose Person and Conversation she did not dislike, and whose Circumstances and Spirit set him above sordid or mercenary Views: And besides, I made myself useful to her in some of her Affairs, wherein she had been grossly abused; which brought us into more intimate and frequent. Conversations, than otherwise we should have had Opportunities for.

I ought therefore to have more carefully guarded against Inconveniencies, that I knew were so likely to arise from such Intimacies; and the rather, as I hinted, because the Lady had no Apprehension at all of any: So that, my Dear, if I have no Excuse from human Frailty, from Youth, and the Charms of the Object, I am intirely destitute of any.

I see, dear Sir, said I, there is a great deal to be said for the Lady. I wish I could say there was for the Gentleman. But such a fine Lady had been safe, with all her Inconsideration, and so, forgive me, Sir, would the Gentleman, with all his intriguing Spirit, had it not been for these vile Masquerades. Never, dear Sir, think of going to another.

Why, my Dear, he was pleas'd to say, those are least of all to be trusted at those Diversions, who are most desirous to go to them. —Of this I am now fully convinced.

Well, dear Sir, I long to hear the further Particulars of this Story: For this generous Openness, now the Affair is over, cannot but be grateful to me, as it shews me you have no Reserves; and as it tends to convince me, that the Lady was less blameable than I apprehended she was: For dearly do I love, for the Honour of my Sex, to find Ladies of Birth and Quality innocent; who have so many Opportunities of knowing and practising their Duties, above what meaner Persons can have—Else, what *one* fails in thro' Surprize and Ignorance, it will look as if the *others* did from Inclination: And what a Disgrace is that upon the Sex in general? And what a Triumph to the wicked ones of yours?

Well observed, my Dear: This is like your generous and deep way of Thinking.

Well, but dear Sir, proceed, if you please. — Your Reconciliation is now effected: A Friendship Quadrupartite is commenced. And the Viscountess and myself are to find Cement for the erecting of an Edifice, that is to be devoted to *Platonick* Love. What, may I ask, came next? And what did you design should come of it?

The *Oxford* Journey, my Dear, followed next; and it was my Fault, that you made not a Party in it: For both Ladies were very desirous of your Company: But it being about the Time you were going abroad, after your Lying-in, I excused you to them. Yet they both long'd to see you; especially, as by this Time, you may believe,

they knew all your Story: And besides, whenever you were mentioned, I always did Justice, as well to your Mind, as your Person; and this, not only for the Sake of Justice, but, to say Truth, because it gave the two Sisters, and the Viscount, (whose softly Character, and his Lady's prudent and respectful Conduct to him, notwithstanding that, are both so well known) less Cause of Suspicion, that I had any dishonourable Designs upon the Dowager Lady.

Miss *Darnford* will have it, permit me, my dear Lady, to observe, that I have some Merit, with Regard to the rest of my Sex, if I am inabled to reform such a dangerous Spirit of Intrigue, as your dear Brother possessed: And the History of this Affair from his own Mouth, made me begin to pride myself on this Head: For was he not, think you, my Lady, in this Case, a sad Gentleman! —And how deeply was he able to lay his Mischiefs! And how much had this fine Lady been to be pity'd, had she fallen by his Arts, who was the only Man, almost, that from the Gracefulness of his Person, the Nobleness of his Mind, his Generosity, Courage, ample Fortunes, and Wit, could have made her unhappy! —God be praised, that it was stopt in Time, tho', as it seems, but just in Time, as well for the poor Lady's sake, as for Mr. *B.*'s, and my own!

Excuse me, Madam, for this Digression. But yet, for what I am going to repeat, I shall still want further Excuse; for I cannot resist a little rising Vanity, upon a Comparison (tho' only as to Features) drawn, by your dear Brother, between the Countess and me; which, however the Preference he gives me in it, may be undeserved, yet it cannot but be very agreeable, in this particular Case of a Rivalry, to one who takes so much Pride in his good Opinion, and who makes it her chief Study, by all honest and laudable Means, to preserve it; but who, else, I hope, is far from considering such a transitory Advantage, (had I it in as great a Degree as his kind Fancy imputes to me) but as it deserves. I will give it, as near as I can, in his own Words:

It may not be altogether amiss, my Dear, now I have mentioned the Justice I always did your Character and Merit, to give you a brief Account of a Comparison, which once the Countess's Curiosity drew from me, between your Features and hers.

She and I were alone in the Bow-window of her Library, which commands a fine View over *Windsor* Forest, but which View we could not enjoy; for it rain'd, and blew a Hurricane almost, which, tho' ready dress'd to go abroad, detain'd us within.

I began a Subject, which never fails to make the worst of Weather agreeable to a fine Lady; that of praising her Beauty, and the Symmetry of her Features, telling her, how much I thought every graceful one in her Face adorn'd the rest, as if they were all form'd to give and receive Advantage from each other. I added, approaching her, as if the more attentively to peruse her fine Face, that I believ'd it possible, from the transparent Whiteness of her Skin, and the clear Blueness of her Veins, to discover the Circulation, without a Microscope.

Keep your Distance, Mr. *B.* said she. Does your magnifying thus egregiously the Graces you impute to my outward Form, agree with your *Platonick* Scheme? Your Eye, penetrating as you imagine it, pierces not deep enough for a *Platonick*, if you cannot look farther than the White and the Blue, and discover the Circulation of the Spirit; for our Friendship is all Mind, you know.

, Madam; but if the Face is the Index of the Mind, when I contemplate yours, I see and revere the Beauties of both in one. And what *Platonick* Laws forbid us to do Justice to the one, when we admire the other?

Well, sit you down, bold Mr. *B.* sit you down, and answer me a Question or two on this Subject, since you will be always raising my Vanity upon it.

I did, saluting her Hand *only* (That was his Word, which I took notice of in the dear *Platonick*, tho' I said nothing).

Tell me now of a Truth, with all the Charms your too agreeable Flattery gives me, Which is the most lovely, your *Pamela*, or myself?

I told her, you were both inimitable, in a different Way.

Well, said she, I give up the Person and Air in general, because I have heard, that she is slenderer, and better shap'd, than most Ladies; but for a few Particulars, as to *Face*, (invidious as the Comparison may be, and concern'd as you are to justify your Choice) I'll begin with the *Hair*, Mr. *B.* Whose Hair is of most Advantage to her Completion? — Come, I fancy, I shall, at least, divide Perfections with your *Pamela*.

Your Ladyship's delicate light Brown is extremely beautiful, and infinitely better becomes your Completion and Features, than would that lovely shining Auburn, which suits best with my Girl's.

You must know, *Pamela*, I always called you my Girl, to her, as I do frequently to yourself and others.

So she excels me there, I find!

I don't say so.

Well, but as to the Forehead, Mr. B.?

Indeed, Madam, my Girl has some Advantage, I presume to think, in her Forehead: She has a noble Openness and Freedom there, that bespeaks her Mind, and every body's Favour, the Moment she appears: Not but that your Ladyship's, next to hers, is the finest I ever saw.

So! —*Next* to hers! rubbing her Forehead—Well, Brows, Mr. B.?

Your Ladyship's fine Arch-Brow is a Beauty in your fair Face, that a Pencil cannot imitate; but then your fairer Hair shews it not to that Advantage, I must needs say, that her darker Hair gives her; for, as to Complementation, you are both so charmingly fair, that I cannot, for my Life, give a Preference to either.

Well, well, foolish Man, said she, peevishly, thou art strangely taken with thy Girl! —I wish thou wouldst go about thy Business! —What signifies a little bad Weather to Men? —But if her Complementation is as good as mine, it must look better, because of her dark Hair. —I shall come poorly off, I find! —Let's have the Eyes, however.

For black Eyes in my Girl, and blue in your Ladyship, they are both the loveliest I ever beheld. — And, *Pamela*, I was wicked enough to say, That it would be the sweetest Travelling in the World, to have you both placed at Fifty Miles Distance from each other, and to pass the Prime of one's Life from Black to Blue, and from Blue to Black; and it would be impossible to know which to prefer, but the present.

Ah! naughty Mr. B. said I, were you not worse than the Countess a great deal?

The Countess is not bad, my Dear. I was all in Fault.

But what, Sir, did she say to you?

Say! why, the saucy Lady did what very few Ladies have ever done: She made the Powder fly out of my Wig, by a smart Cuff, with her nimble Fingers.

And how, Sir, did you take that?

How, my Dear! —Why I kiss'd her in Revenge.

Fine Doings between two *Platonicks!* thought I.

But I will own to you, Madam, that my Vanity in this Comparison, was too much soothed, not to wish to hear how it was carried on.

Well, Sir, did you proceed further in your Comparison?

I knew, my Dear, you would not let me finish at half your Picture. —O *Pamela*—Who says, you are absolutely perfect? Who says, there is no *Sex* in your *Mind?* and tapp'd my Neck.

All is owing, Sir, to the Pride I take in your Opinion. I care not how indifferent I appear in the Eyes of all the World besides.

The Cheek came next, proceeded Mr. B. I allow'd her Ladyship to have a livelier Carmine in hers; and that it was somewhat rounder, her Ladyship being a little plumper than my Girl; but that *your* Face, my Dear, being rather smaller featur'd of the two, there was an inimitably finer Turn in your Cheek, than I had ever seen in my Life.

Her Ladyship stroked her Cheek-bones, which, however, Madam, I think, are far from being high, (tho', to be sure, she is a little larger featur'd; in excellent Proportion, for all that, as she is of a taller and a larger Make than me) and said, Very well, Sir; you are determined to mortify me. But, added her Ladyship, (which shewed, Madam, she little depended upon *Platonicism* in him) if you have a *View* in this, you will be greatly mistaken, I'll assure you: For, let me tell you, Sir, the Lady who can think meanly of herself, is any Man's Purchase.

The Nose I left in doubt, said Mr. B. but allow'd, that each were exquisitely beautiful on its own proper Face.

Her Ladyship was sure of a Preference in her Mouth. I allow'd, that her Lips were somewhat plumper—and, saluting her by Surprise, (for which I had much ado to preserve my Wig from another Disorder—) a little softer, of Consequence; but not quite so red—for, said I, I never saw a Lip of so rich and balmy a Red in my Life, as my Girl's.

But *your* Smiles, Madam, are more bewitchingly free and attractive; for my Girl is a little too grave.

And, my Lady, charming as your Teeth are, I think hers not a whit inferior in Whiteness and Regularity.

Her Chin, my Lady, is a sweet Addition to her Face, by that easy soft half Round, that looks as if Nature had begun at Top, and gave that as her finishing Stroke to the rest: While, my dear Lady, yours is a little, little too strong featur'd; but such as so infinitely becomes your Face, that my Girl's Chin would not have half the Beauty upon your Face.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Her Ears, my Lady, are just such as your own: —Must they not be beautiful then? Her Neck, tho' it must not presume—let me see, Madam, approaching her—(Keep your Distance, Sir. I was forced to do so)—tho' it must not pretend to excel yours for Whiteness, yet, except yours, did I never see any Neck so beautiful. But your Ladyship, it must be confess'd, being a little plumper in Person, has the Advantage *here*.

I had a smart Rap on my Knuckles with her Fan. And she would hear no more. But was resolv'd she would see you, she said.

And, my Dear, I am the more particular in repeating this comparative Description of the two charming'st Persons in *England*, because you will see the Reason, (and that it was not to insult you, as you rightly judg'd in your Letter to my Sister, but to your Advantage) that I gave way to the Importunity of the Countess to see you; for I little thought you were so well acquainted with our Intimacy; much less, that we had been made more intimate, to you, than ever, in Truth, we were, or, perhaps, might have been: And when I asked you, Why you were not richer dress'd, and had not your Jewels, you may believe, (as I had no Reason to doubt, that the Countess would come in all her Ornaments) I was not willing my Girl should give way to the noble Emulatress in any thing; being concern'd for your own Honour, as well as mine, in the Superiority of Beauty I had so justly given you.

Well, Sir, to be sure, this was kind, very kind; and little was I disposed (knowing what I knew) to pass so favourable a Construction on your Generosity to me.

My Question to her Ladyship, continued Mr. *B.* at going away, Whether you was not the charming'st Girl in the World, which, seeing you together at one View, rich as she was drest, and plain as you, gave me the double Pleasure (a Pleasure she said afterwards I exulted in) of deciding in your Favour; my Readiness to explain to you what we both said, and her not ungenerous Answer, I thought would have intitled me to a better Return than a Flood of Tears; which confirm'd me, that your past Uneasiness was a Jealousy, I was not willing to allow in you; tho' I should have been more indulgent to it, had I known the Grounds you thought you had for it: And this was the Reason of my leaving you so abruptly as I did.

Here, Madam, Mr. *B.* broke off, referring to another time the Conclusion of his Narrative. And, having written a great deal, I will here also close this Letter (tho' possibly I may not send it, till I send the Conclusion of this Story in my next) with the Assurance, that I am

*Your Ladyship's obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XXXIX.

*My dear Lady*, Now I will proceed with my former Subject; and with the greater Pleasure, as what follows makes still more in favour of the Countess's Character, than what went before, altho' that set it in a better Light, than it had once appeared to me in. I began, as follows:

Will you be pleased, Sir, to favour me with the Continuation of our last Subject? I will, my Dear. You left off, Sir, with acquitting me (as knowing what I knew) for breaking out into that Flood of Tears, which occasioned your abrupt Departure. But, dear Sir, will you be pleased to satisfy me about that affecting Information, of your Intention and my Lady's, to live at *Tunbridge* together?

'Tis absolutely Malice and Falshood. Our Intimacy had not proceeded so far; and, thoughtless as my Sister's Letters suppose the Lady, she would have spurn'd at such a Proposition, I dare say.

Well, but then, Sir, as to the Expression to her Uncle, that she had rather have been a certain Gentleman's second Wife?

I believe, she might say something like it in Passion to him: He had been teizing her (from the time that I held an Argument in favour of that foolish Topick *Polygamy*, in his Company, and his Niece's, and in that of her Sister and the Viscount) with Cautions against conversing with a Man, who, having, as he was pleased to say behind my Back, marry'd beneath him, wanted to ingage the Affections of a Lady of Birth, in order to recover, by doubling the Fault upon her, the Reputation he had lost.

She despis'd his Insinuation enough to answer him, That she thought my Arguments in Behalf of *Polygamy* were convincing. This set him a raving, and he threw some coarse Reflections upon her, which could not be repeated, if one may guess at them, by her being incapable to tell me what they were; and then, to vex him more, and to revenge herself, she said something like what was reported: And this was Handle enough for her Uncle, who took care to propagate it with an Indiscretion peculiar to himself; for I heard of it in three different Companies, before I knew any thing of it from herself; and when I did, it was so repeated, as you, my Dear, would hardly have censur'd her for it, the Provocation consider'd.

Well, but then, dear Sir, there is nothing at all amiss, at this Rate, in the Correspondence between my Lady and you?

Not on her Side, I dare say, if her Ladyship can be excused to Punctilio, and for having a greater Esteem for a married Man, than he can deserve, or than may be strictly defended to a Person of your Purity and Niceness.

Well, Sir, this is very noble in you. I love to hear the Gentlemen generous in Points where the Honour of our Sex is concern'd.

But, pray, Sir, what then was there on *your* Side, in that Matter, that made you give me so patient and so kind a Hearing?

Now, my Dear, you come to the Point: At first it was, as I have said before, nothing in me but Vanity, Pride, and Love of Intrigue, to try my Strength, where I had met with some Encouragement, as I thought, at the Masquerade; where the Lady went further too than she would have done, had she not thought I was a single Man. For by what I have told you, *Pamela*, you will observe, that she endeavour'd to satisfy herself on that Head, as soon as she well could. Mrs. *Nelthorpe* acquainted me afterwards, when we were better known to one another, That her Lady was so partial in my Favour, (Who can always govern their Fancies, my Dear?) as to think, so early as at the Masquerade, that if every thing answer'd Appearances, and that I were a single Man, she, who has a noble and independent Fortune, might possibly be induc'd to make me happy in her Choice.

Supposing then, that I was unmarried, she left a Signal for me in her Handkerchief. I visited her; had the Honour, after the customary first Shyness, of being well receiv'd by her; and continued my Visits, till, perhaps, she would have been glad I had not been marry'd: But, when she found I was, she avoided me, as I have told you; till the Accident I mention'd, threw us again upon one another, which renew'd our Intimacy upon Terms perhaps too inconsiderate on one Side, and too designing on the other.

For myself, what can I say? Only that you (without Cause, as I thought) gave me great Disgusts by your unwonted Reception of me: Ever in Tears and Grief; the Countess ever chearful and lively: And apprehending, that your Temper was intirely changing; I believ'd I had no bad Excuse to make myself easy and chearful abroad,

since my Home became more irksome to me, than ever I believ'd it could be. Then, as we naturally love those, who love us, I had Vanity, and some Reason for my Vanity (indeed all vain Men believe they have)—to think the Countess had more than an Indifference for me. She was so exasperated by the wrong Methods taken with an independent Lady of her generous Spirit, to break off the Acquaintance with me, that in Revenge she deny'd me less than ever Opportunities of her Company. The Pleasure we took in each other's Conversation, was reciprocal. The World's Reports had united us in one common Cause; and you, as I said, had made Home less delightful to me, than it us'd to be: What might not then have been apprehended from so many Circumstances concurring with the Lady's Beauty and my Frailty?

I waited on her to *Tunbridge*. She took an House there. Where Peoples Tongues will take so much Liberty, when they have no Foundation for it at all, and where the utmost Circumspection is us'd, what will they not say, where so little of the latter is aim'd at? No wonder then, that Terms were said to be agreed upon between us: From her Uncle's Story, of *Polygamy* propos'd by me, and agreed to by her, no wonder that all your *Thomasine Fuller's* Information was surmised.

And thus stood the Matter, when I was determin'd to give your Cause for Uneasiness a fair Hearing, and to take my Measures according to what should result from that Hearing.

From this Account, dear Sir, said I, it will not be so difficult, as I was afraid it would be, to end this Affair even to her *Ladyship's* Satisfaction!

I hope not, my Dear.

But, if, now, Sir, the Countess should still be desirous not to break with you; from so charming a Lady, who knows what may happen!

Very, *Pamela*: But, to make you still easier, I will tell you, That her Ladyship has a first Cousin marry'd to a Person with a publick Character to several of the *Italian* Courts; and had it not been for my Persuasions, she would have accepted of their earnest Invitations, and pass'd a Year or two in *Italy*, where she once resided for three Years together, which makes her so perfect a Mistress of *Italian*.

Now I will let her know, additional to what I have written to her, the Uneasiness I have given you, and, so far as it is proper, what is come to your Ears, and your generous Account of her, and the Charms of her Person, of which she will not be a little proud; for she has really noble and generous Sentiments, and thinks well (tho', her Sister, in Pleasantry, will have it, a little enviously) of you: And when I shall endeavour to persuade her to go, for the sake of her own Character, to a Place and Country of which she was always fond, I am apt to think she will come into it; for she has a greater Opinion of my Judgment, than it deserves: And I know a young Lord, that may be easily persuaded to follow her thither, and bring her back his Lady, if he can obtain her Consent: And what say you, *Pamela*, to this?

O, Sir! I believe I shall begin to love the Lady dearly, and that is what I never thought I should. I hope this will be brought about.

But I see, give me Leave to say, Sir, how dangerously you might have gone on, both you and my Lady, under the Notion of this *Platonick* Love, till two precious Souls might have been lost: And this shews one, as well in Spirituall as Temporall, from what slight Beginnings the greatest Mischiefs sometimes spring; and how easy at first a Breach may be stopp'd, that, when neglected, the Waves of Passion will improve, and bear down all before them.

Your Observation, my Dear, is just, reply'd he; and tho' I am confident the Lady was more in Earnest than myself in the Notion of *Platonick* Love, yet am I convinc'd, and always was, That *Platonick* Love is *Platonick* Nonsense: 'Tis the Fly buzzing about the Blaze, till its Wings are scorch'd: Or, to speak still stronger, It is a Bait of the Devil to catch the Unexperienc'd and Thoughtless: Nor ought such Notions to be pretended to, till the Parties are Five or Ten Years on the other Side of their Grand Climacterick: For Age, Old-age, and nothing else, must establish the Barriers to *Platonick* Love. But, continued he, this was my comparative Consolation, tho' a very bad one, that had I swerv'd, I should not have been the only Instance, where Persons more scrupulous than I pretend to be, have begun Friendships even with spiritual Views, and ended them as grossly as I could do, were the Lady to have been as frail as her Tempter.

Here, Madam, Mr. *B.* finished his Narrative. He is now set out for *Tunbridge* with all my Papers. I have no Doubt in his Honour, and kind Assurances, and hope my next will be a joyful Letter; and that I shall inform you in it, that the Affair which went so near my Heart, is absolutely concluded to my Satisfaction, to Mr. *B.*'s, and to

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the *Countess's*; for if it be so to all three, my Happiness will be founded on a permanent Basis, I hope. Mean time I am, my dear good Lady,

*Your most affectionate and obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XL.

A new Misfortune, my dear Lady! —But this is of God Almighty's sending; so must bear it patiently. My dear Baby is taken with the Smallpox! To how many Troubles are the happiest of us subjected, in this Life! One need not multiply them by one's own wilful Mismanagements! —I am able to mind nothing else!

I had so much Joy (as I told your Ladyship in the Beginning of my last Letter but one) to see, on our Arrival at the Farm-house, my dearest Mr. *B.* my beloved Baby, and my good Father and Mother, all upon one happy Spot together, that I fear I was too proud. —Yet I was truly thankful—I am sure I was! —But I had, notwithstanding, too much Pride and too much Pleasure, on this happy Occasion.

I told your Ladyship, in my last, that your dear Brother set out on *Tuesday* Morning for *Tunbridge* with my Papers: And I was longing to know the Result, hoping that every thing would be concluded to the Satisfaction of all Three: For, thought I, if this be so, my Happiness must be permanent. But, alas! alas! There is nothing permanent in this Life. I feel it by Experience now! —I knew it before by Theory! But that was not so near and so interesting by half!

For in the Midst of all my Pleasures and Hopes; in the Midst of my dear Parents Joy and Congratulations on our Arrival, and on what had passed so happily since we were last here together, (in the Birth of the dear Child, and my Safety, for which they had been so apprehensive) the dear Baby was taken ill. It was on that very *Tuesday* Afternoon, his Papa set out for *Tunbridge*: But we knew not it would be the Small-pox till *Thursday*! Oh! Madam! how are all the Pleasures I had form'd to myself, sicken'd now upon me! for my *Billy* is very bad.

They talk of a kind Sort; but, alas! they talk at random: for they come not out at all! How then can they say they are kind? —I fear the Nurse's Constitution is too hale and too rich for the dear Baby! —Had *I* been permitted—But, hush! all my repining *ifs*! —Except one *If*; and that,—*If* it be got happily over, it will be best he had it so young, and while at the Breast!

Oh! Madam, Madam! The small Appearance that there was, is gone in again: And my Child, my dear Baby, will die! —The Doctors seem to think so.

They want to send for Mr. *B.* to keep me from him! —But I forbid it! —For what signifies Life or any thing, if I cannot see my Baby, while he is so dangerously ill?

My Father and Mother are, for the first time, quite cruel to me; they have forbid me, and I never was so desirous of disobeying them before, to attend the Darling of my Heart: And why? —For, fear of this poor Face! —For fear I should get it myself! —But I am living low, very low, and have taken proper Precautions by Bleeding, and the like, to lessen the Distemper's Fury, if I should have it: And the rest I leave to Providence. And if Mr. *B.*'s Value is confin'd so much to this poor transitory Sightliness, he must not break with his Countess, I think; and if I am ever so deform'd in Person, my poor Intellects, I hope, will not be impair'd, and I shall, if God spare my *Billy*, be useful in his first Education, and be helpful to dear Miss *Goodwin*— or to any Babies—with all my Heart—he may make me an humble Nurse to! —How peevish, sinfully so, I doubt, does this Accident, and their affectionate Contradiction, make one!

I have this Moment received the following from Mr. *B.*

*Maidstone.*

*My dearest Love*, I am greatly touched with the dear Boy's Malady, which I have this Moment heard of. I desire you instantly to come to me hither, in the Chariot, with the Bearer, Mr. *Colbrand*. I know what your Grief must be: But as you can do the Child no Good, I beg you'll oblige me. Every thing is in a happy Train; but I can think of nobody but you, and (for *your* sake principally, but not a little for *my own*) my Boy. I will set out to meet you; for I chuse not to come myself, lest you should endeavour to persuade me to permit your tarrying about him; and I should be sorry to deny you any thing. I have taken here handsome Apartments for you, till the Event, which I pray God may be happy, shall better determine me what to do. I will be ever

*"Your most affectionate and faithful."*

*Maidstone* indeed is not so very far off, but one may hear every Day once or twice, by a Man and Horse; so I will go, to shew my Obedience, since Mr. *B.* is so intent upon it. —But I cannot live, if I am not permitted to come back. —Oh! let me be enabled, gracious Father! to close this Letter more happily than I have begun it!

I have been so dreadfully uneasy at *Maidstone*, that Mr. *B.* has been so good as to return with me hither; and I find my Baby's Case not yet quite desperate! —I am easier now I see him, in Presence of his beloved Papa—who lets me have all my Way, and approves of my preparative Method for myself; and he tells me, that, since I will have it so, he will indulge me in my Attendance on the Child, and endeavour to imitate my Reliance on God—that is his kind Expression, and leave the Issue to Him. And on my telling him, that I feared nothing in the Distemper, but the Loss of his Love, he said, in Presence of the Doctors, and my Father and Mother, pressing my Hand to his Lips, My dearest Life, make yourself easy under this Affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourself: I love you more for your Mind than your Face. That and your Person will be the same; and were that sweet Face to be cover'd with Seams and Scars, I will value you the more for the Misfortune: And glad I am, that I had your Picture so well drawn in Town, to satisfy those who have heard of your Loveliness, what you were, and hitherto are. For myself, my Admiration lies deeper; and, drawing me to the other End of the Room, whisperingly he said, The last Uneasiness between us was, now I begin to think, necessary, because it has turned all my Delight in you, more than ever, to the Perfections of your Mind; and so God preserves to me the Life of my *Pamela*, I care not, for my own Part, what Ravages the Distemper makes here; and tapp'd my Cheek.

How generous, how noble, how comforting was this! —I will make this Use of it; I will now be resigned more and more to this Dispensation, and prepare myself for the worst; for it is the Dispensation of that God, who gave me my Baby, and all I have!

When I retir'd, the Reflections which I made, on supposing the worst, gave Birth to the following serious Lines, (for I cannot live without Pen and Ink in my Hand) written, as by a third Person, suppose a good Minister. Your Ladyship will be pleas'd to give them your favourable Allowances. *Tell me, fond, weeping Parent, why Thou fearst so much thy Child should die? 'Tis, tho' human Frailty may, Yet Reason can't, have much to say. What is it thou thyself hast found In this dull, heavy, tiresome Round Of Life—to make thee wish thy Son Should thro' the like dark Mazes run? Suppose the worst!—'Twill end thy Fears, And free thee from a world of Cares. For, Oh! what anxious Thoughts arise From hopeful'st Youths, to damp our Joys? Who, from the Morning's brightest Ray, Can promise, what will be the Day?*

When I went from my Apartment, to go to my Child, my dear Mr. *B.* met me at the Nursery Door, and led me back again. You must not go in again, my Dearest. They have just been giving the Child other Things to try to drive out the Malady; and some Pustules seem to promise on his Breast. I made no Doubt, my Baby was then in Extremity; and I would have given the World to have shed a few Tears; but I could not.

With the most soothing Goodness he led me to my Desk, and withdrew to attend the dear Baby himself;—to see his last Gasps, poor little Lamb, I make no doubt!

This Suspense, and my own strange Hardness of Heart, that would not give up one Tear, (for the Passage from *that* to my Eyes seem'd quite choak'd up, which used to be so open and ready on other Occasions, affecting ones too) produced these Lines: *Why does my full-swoln Heart deny*

*The Tear, relief-ful, to my Eye?  
If all my Joys are pass'd away,  
And thou, dear Boy, to Parent Clay  
Art hasting, the last Debt to pay;  
Resign me to thy Will, my God:  
Let me, with Patience, bear this Rod.  
However heavy be the Stroke,  
If thou wilt not his Doom revoke,  
Let me all sinful Anguish shun,  
And say, resign'd, Thy Will be done!*

Two Days have pass'd, dreadful Days of Suspense! and now, blessed be God! who has given me Hope, that our Prayers are heard, the Pustules come kindly out, very thick in his Breast, and on his Face; but of a good Sort, they tell me. —They won't let me see him, indeed they won't! —What cruel Kindness is this! One must believe all they tell one!

But, my dear Lady, my Spirits are so weak, and I have such a violent Head-ach, and have such a strange shivering Disorder all running down my Back, and I was so hot just now, and am so cold at this

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present—Aguishly inclin'd—I don't know how!—that I must leave off, the Post going away, with the Assurance,  
that I am, and will be to the last Hour of my Life,

*Your Ladyship's grateful and obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XLI.

*From Mr. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dear Sister,* I Take very kindly your Solicitude for the Health of my beloved *Pamela*. The last Line she wrote, was to you; for she took to her Bed the Moment she laid down her Pen.

I told her your kind Message, and Wishes for her Safety, by my Lord's Gentleman; and she begg'd I would write a Line to thank you in her Name for your affectionate Regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well: for, with her accustomed Prudence, she had begun to prepare herself by a proper Regimen, the Moment she knew the Child's Illness was the Small-pox.

The worst is over with the Boy, which keeps up her Spirits; and her Mother is so excellent a Nurse to both, and we are so happy likewise in the Care of a skilful Physician, Dr. *M.* (who directs and approves of every thing the good Dame does) that it is a singular Providence, this Malady seiz'd them here; and affords no small Comfort to the dear Creature herself.

When I tell you, that, to all Appearance, her charming Face will not receive any Disfigurement by this cruel Enemy to Beauty, I am sure you will congratulate me upon a Felicity so desirable: But were it to be otherwise, if I were capable of slighting a Person, whose principal Beauties are much deeper than the Skin, I should deserve to be thought the most unworthy and superficial of Husbands.

Whatever your Notions have been, my ever-ready censuring Lady *Davers*, of your Brother, on a certain Affair, I do assure you, That I never did, and never can, love any Lady as I love my *Pamela*.

It is indeed impossible I can ever love her better than I do; and her outward Beauties are far from being indifferent to me; yet, if I know myself, I am sure I have Justice enough to love her *equally*, and Generosity enough to be *more tender* of her, were she to suffer by this Distemper. But, as her Humility, and her Affection to me, would induce her to think herself under greater Obligation to me, for such my Tenderness to her, were she to lose any the *least* valuable of her Perfections, I rejoice, that she will have no Reason for Mortification on that Score.

My Respects to Lord *Davers*, and all your noble Neighbours. I am  
*Your affectionate Brother, And humble Servant.*

LETTER XLII.

*From Lady Davers, in Answer to the preceding.*

*My dear Brother,* I do most heartily congratulate you on the Recovery of Master *Billy*, and the good Way my Sister is in. I am the more rejoic'd, as her sweet Face is not likely to suffer by the Malady; for, be the Beauties of the Mind what they will, those of Person are no small Recommendation, with some Folks, I am sure; and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly possible for *both conjoined* to keep a roving Mind constant, that *one only* would not be sufficient.

This News gives me the more Pleasure, because I am well inform'd, that a certain gay Lady was pleased to give herself Airs upon hearing of my Sister's Illness; as, That she could not be sorry for it; for now she should look upon herself as the prettiest Woman in *England*. She meant only, I suppose, as to *outward* Prettiness, Brother!

You give me the Name of a *ready Censurer*. I own, I think myself to be not a little interested in all that regards my Brother, and his Honour. But when some People are not readier to *censure*, than others to *trespass*, I know not whether they can with Justice be styled *ensorious*.

But however that be, the Rod seems to have been held up, as a Warning—and that the Blow, in the irreparable Deprivation, is not given, is a Mercy, that I hope will be deserved; tho' you never can those very signal ones you receive at the Divine Hands, beyond any Gentleman I know. For even (if I shall not be deemed censorious again) your very Vices have been turned to your Felicity, as if God would try the Nobleness of the Heart he has given you, by overcoming you (in Answer to my Sister's constant Prayers, as well as mine) by Mercies rather than by Judgments.

I might give Instances of the Truth of this Observation, in almost all the Actions and Attempts of your past Life: And take care, (if you *are* displeas'd, I *will* speak it) take care, thou bold Wretch, that if this Method be ingratfully slighted, the uplifted Arm fall not down—with double Weight on thy devoted Head!

I must always love and honour my Brother; but cannot help speaking my Mind: Which, after all, is the natural Result of that very Love and Honour, and which obliges me to style myself,

*Your truly affectionate Sister, B. Davers.*

LETTER XLIII.

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dearest Lady*, My first Letter, and my first Devoirs, after those of Thankfulness to that gracious God, who has so happily conducted me thro' two such beavy Trials, as my Child's and my own Illness, must be directed to your Ladyship, with all due Acknowledgement of your generous and affectionate Concern for me.

We are now preparing for our Journey to *Bedfordshire*; and there, to my great Satisfaction, I am to be favour'd with the Care of Miss *Goodwin*.

After we have tarry'd about a Month there, Mr. *B.* will make a Tour with me thro' several Counties, (taking the Hall in the Way, for about a Fortnight) and shew me what is remarkable everywhere as we pass; for this, he is pleased to think, will better contribute to my Health, than any other Method; for the Distemper has left upon me a kind of Weariness and Listlessness: And he proposes to be out with me till the *Bath* Season begins; and by the Aid of those healing and balsamick Waters, he hopes, I shall be quite establish'd. Afterwards he purposes to return to *Bedfordshire* for a little while; then to *London*; then to *Kent*; and, if nothing hinders, has a great mind to carry me over to *Paris*.

Thus most kindly does he amuse and divert me with his agreeable Schemes and Proposals. But I have made one Amendment to them; and that is, that I must not be deny'd to pay my Respects to your Ladyship, at your Seat, and to my good Lady Countess; and this will be far from being the least of my Pleasures.

I have had Congratulations without Number, on my Recovery; but one, among the rest, I did not expect; from the Countess Dowager: Could you think it, Madam? Who sent me, by her Gentleman, the following Letter, from *Tunbridge*.

"*Dear Mrs. B.* I Hope, among the Congratulations of your numerous Admirers, on your happy Recovery, my very sincere ones, will not be unacceptable. I have no other Motive for making you my Compliments on this Occasion, on so slender an Acquaintance, than the Pleasure it gives me, that the Publick, as well as your private Friends, have not been deprived of a Lady whose Example, in every Duty of Life, is of so much Concern to both. May you, Madam, long rejoice in an uninterrupted State of Happiness, answerable to your Merits, and to your own Wishes, are those of

*"Your most obedient humble Servant."*

To this kind Letter I return'd the following:

"*My good Lady*, I am under the highest Obligation to your generous Favour, in your kind Compliments of Congratulation on my Recovery. There is something so noble and so condescending in the Honour you have done me, on so slender an Acquaintance, that it bespeaks the exalted Mind and Character of a Lady, who, in the Principles of Generosity, and in Nobleness of Nature, has no Example. May God Almighty bless you, my dear Lady, with all the Good you wish me, and with Increase of Honour and Glory, both here and hereafter, prays, and will always pray,

*"Your Ladyship's Most obliged and obedient Servant, P. B."*

This leads me to mention to your Ladyship, what my Illness would not permit me to do before, that Mr. *B.* met with such a Reception and Audience from the Countess, when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propose to her, and in her patient Hearing of what he thought fit to read her from your Ladyship's Letters and mine, that he said, Don't be jealous, my dear *Pamela*; but I must admire her, as long as I live.

He gave me the Particulars, so much to her Ladyship's Honour, that I told him, he should not only be welcome to admire her Ladyship, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good Friends, and with great Professions of Esteem for each other—And as Mr. *B.* had undertaken to inspect into some exceptionable Accounts and Managements of her Ladyship's Bailiff, one of her Servants brought a Letter for him on *Monday* last, wholly written on that Subject. But her Ladyship was so kindly considerate, as to send it unsealed, in a Cover directed to me. When I open'd it, I was frighted, to see it begin, to Mr. *B.* and I hastened to find him, in the Walk up to the new-raised Mount. —Dear Sir—Here's some Mistake—You see the Direction is to Mrs. *B.* —'Tis very plain—But upon my Word, I have not read it.

Don't be uneasy, my Love! —I know what the Subject must be; but I dare swear there is nothing, nor will there

ever be, but what you or any body may see.

He read it, and giving it to me to peruse, said, Answer yourself the Postscript, my Dear—That was—"If, Sir, the Trouble I give you, is likely to subject you or your Lady to Uneasiness or Apprehensions, I beg you will not interfere in it. I will then set about the Matter myself; for my Uncle I will not trouble: Yet, Women enter into these Particulars with as little Advantage to themselves, as Inclination."

I told him, I was intirely easy and unapprehensive; and, after all his Goodness to me, should be so, if he saw the Countess every Day. That's kindly said, my Dear, return'd he; but I will not trust myself to see her every Day, or at all, for the present: I'll assure you, I will not. —But I shall be obliged to correspond with her for a Month or so, on this Occasion: Unless you prohibit it; and it shall be in your Power to do so.

I said, With my whole Heart, he might; and I should be quite easy in both their Honours.

Yet will I not, *Pamela*, said he, unless you see our Letters; for I know she will always, now she has begun, send in a Cover to you, what she will write to me, unseal'd; and whether I am at home or abroad, I shall take it unkindly, if you do not read them.

He went in with me, and wrote an Answer, which he sent by the Messenger; but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and seal it up with his Seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think so much better of the Lady than I did before; and am so well satisfy'd in his own Honour and generous Affection for me; for you saw, Madam, in what I wrote before, that he always loved me, tho' he was angry, at times, at my Change of Temper, as he apprehended it, not knowing, that I was apprised of what passed between him and the Countess.

I really am better pleas'd with this Correspondence than I should have been, had it not been carry'd on; because the Servants, on both Sides, will see, by my Deportment on the Occasion, (and I will officiously, with a smiling Countenance, throw myself in their Observation) that it is quite innocent; and this may help to silence the Mouths of those who have so freely censur'd their Conduct.

Indeed, Madam, I think I have received no small Good myself by that Affair, which once lay so heavy upon me: For I don't believe I shall ever be jealous again; indeed, I don't think I shall. And won't that be an ugly Foible overcome? I see what may be done, in Cases not favourable to our Wishes, by the Aid of proper Reflection; and that the Bee is not the only Creature that may make Honey out of the bitter Flowers, as well as the sweet.

My best and most grateful Respects and Thanks to my good Lord *Davers*; to the Earl, and his excellent Countess; and, most particularly, to Lady *Betty*, with whose kind Compliments your Ladyship acquaints me; and to Mr. *H.* for all your united Congratulations on my Recovery. What Obligations do I lie under to such noble and generous Well-wishers! — I can make no Return, but by my Prayers, that God, by *his* Goodness, will supply all my Defects. And these will always attend you, from, my dearest Lady,

*Your ever obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.*

Mr. *H.* is just arriv'd. He says, He comes a special Messenger, to make a Report how my Face has come off. He makes me many Compliments upon it. How kind your Ladyship is, to enter so favourably into the minutest Concerns, which you think may any way affect my future Happiness in your dear Brother's Wishes! —I want to pour out all my Joy and my Thankfulness to God, before your Ladyship, and my good Lady Countess of *C*———! For I am a happy, yea, a blessed Creature! — Mr. *B.*'s Boy, your Ladyship's Boy, and my Boy, is charmingly well; quite strong, and very forward, for his Months; and his Papa is delighted with him more and more.

LETTER XLIV.

*My dear Miss Darnford*, I hope you are happy and well. You kindly say you can't be so, till you hear of my perfect Recovery. And this, blessed be God! you have heard already from Mr. *B.*

As to your Intimation of the fair Nun, 'tis all happily over. Blessed be God, for that too: And I have a better and more indearing Husband than ever. Did you think that could be?

My *Billy* too improves every Day: And my dear Father and Mother seem to have their Youth renew'd like the Eagle's. How many Blessings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn Travellers, to the Northern Counties, I think, quite to the Borders; and afterwards to the Western, to *Bath*, to *Bristol*, and I know not whither myself. But among the rest, to *Lincolnshire*, that you may be sure of. Then how happy shall I be in my dear Miss *Darnford*!

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. *Jewkes* is better or worse for the Advice of the Doctor, whom I order'd to attend her from *Stamford*; and in what Frame her Mind is.

Do, my dear Miss, vouchsafe her a Visit, in my Name; tell her, if she be low-spirited, what God has done for me, as to my Recovery, and comfort her all you can; and bid her spare neither Expence nor Attendance, nor any thing her Heart can wish for, nor the Company of any Relations or Friends she may desire to be with her.

If she is in her *last Stage*, poor Soul! how noble will it be in you to give her Comfort and Consolation in her dying Hours!

Altho' we can merit nothing at the Hand of God, yet I have a Notion, that we cannot deserve more of one another, and, in some Sense, for that Reason, of him, than in our Charities on so trying an Exigence! When the poor Soul stands shivering, as it were, on the Edge of Life, and has nothing strong, but its Fears and Doubts!—Then a little Balm pour'd into the Wounds of the Mind, a little comforting Advice to rely on God's Mercies, from a good Person; how consolatory must it be! And how, like Morning Mists before the Sun, must all Diffidences and gloomy Doubts be chased away by it!

But, my dear Miss, the great Occasion of my writing to you just now, is, by Lady *Davers's* Desire, on a quite different Subject. She knows how we love one another. And she has sent me the following Lines by her Kinsman, who came to *Kent*, purposely to inquire how my Face far'd in the Smallpox; and accompany'd us from *Kent* hither, (*i. e.* to *Bedfordshire*) and sets out To-morrow for Lord *Davers's*.

*My dear Pamela*, *Jackey* will tell you the Reason of his Journey, my Curiosity, on your own Account: And I send this Letter by him; but he knows not the Contents. My good Lord *Davers* wants to have his Nephew marry'd, and settled in the World: And his noble Father leaves the whole Matter to my Lord, as to the Person, Settlements, &c.

"Now I, as well as my Lord, think so highly of the Prudence, the Person, and Family of your Miss *Darnford*, that we shall be obliged to you, to sound that young Lady on this score.

"I know Mr. *H.* would wish for no greater Happiness. But if Miss is engag'd, or cannot love my Nephew, I don't care, nor would my Lord, that such a Proposal should be receiv'd with undue Slight. His Birth, the Title and Estate he is Heir to, are Advantages that require a Lady's Consideration. He has not indeed so much Wit as Miss; but he has enough for a Lord, whose Friends are born before him, as the Phrase is; is very good-humour'd, no Fool, no Sot, no Debauchee: And, let me tell you, these are Circumstances not to be met with every Day in a young Man of Quality.

"As to Settlements, Fortune, &c. I fancy there would be no great Difficulties. The Business is, If Miss could love him well enough for a Husband? That we leave to you to sound the young Lady; and if she thinks she can, we will directly begin a Treaty with Sir *Simon* on that Subject. I am, my dearest *Pamela*,

*Your ever affectionate Sister, B. Davers.*

Now, my dear Miss, as my Lady has so well stated the Case, I beg you to inable me to return an Answer. I will not say one Word *pro* or *con.* till I know your Mind—Only, that I think he is good-humour'd, and might be easily persuaded to any thing a Lady should think reasonable.

And now, I must tell you another Piece of News in the matrimonial way. Mr. *Williams* has been here to congratulate us, on our multiply'd Blessings; and he has acquainted Mr. *B.* that an Overture has been made him by

his new Patron, (for I suppose you know, that all is adjusted according to the Scheme I formerly acquainted you with, between Mr. *Adams* and him, and both are settled in their respective Livings; only, that I ought to have told you, that Mr. *Williams*, on mature Consideration, declin'd the stipulated 80*l. per Annum* from Mr. *Adams*, as he thought it would have a Simoniacal Appearance) of a Kinswoman of his Lordship's, a Lady of Virtue and Merit, and a Fortune of 3000*l.* to make him Amends, as the Earl tells him, for quitting a better Living to oblige him; and that he is in great Hope of obtaining the Lady's Consent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. *B.* is very much pleased with so good a Prospect in Mr. *Williams's* Favour, and has been in the Lady's Company formerly at a Ball, at *Gloucester*; and he says, she is a prudent and deserving Lady; and offers to make a Journey on Purpose to forward it, if he can be of Service.

But now my Hand's in, let me tell you of a third matrimonial Proposition, which gives me more Puzzle and Dislike a great deal. And that is, Mr. *Adams* has, with great Reluctance, and after abundance of bashful Apologies, requested of me, to know, If I have any Objection to his making his Addresses to *Polly Barlow*? Which, however, he told me, he had not mention'd to her, nor to any body living, because he would first know whether I should take it amiss, as her Service was so immediately about my Person.

This unexpected Motion perplex'd me a good deal. The Gentleman is a worthy and a pious Man. He has now a very good Living; but is but just enter'd upon it; and I think, according to his accustom'd Prudence in other respects, had better have turn'd himself about first.

But that is not the Point with me neither. I have a great Regard to the Function. I think it is as necessary, in order to preserve the Respect due to the Clergy, that their Wives should be nearly, if not quite, as unblemish'd, and as circumspect, as themselves; and this, for the Gentleman's own sake, as well as in the Eye of the World; for how shall he pursue his Studies with Comfort to himself, if he be made uneasy at home? or how shall he expect his Female Parishioners will regard his *publick* Preaching, when he cannot influence the *private* Practice of his Wife?

I can't say, excepting in the Instance of Mr. *H.* but *Polly* is a good sort of Body enough; so far as I know: But that is such a Blot in the poor Girl's Escutcheon, a Thing not *accidental*, not *surpris'd* into, not owing to *Inattention*, but to cool *Premeditation*, after she had slept over and over upon it; that, I think, I could wish Mr. *Adams* a Wife more unexceptionable.

'Tis, Mr. *Adams* knows not this;—but *that* is one of my Difficulties. If I tell him, I shall hurt the poor Maiden irreparably, and deprive her of a Gentleman for a Husband, to whom she may possibly make a good Wife—For she is not very meanly descended—much better than myself, as the World would account it, were they to judge from my my Father's low Estate, when I was exalted. —I never, dear Miss, shall be ashamed of these Retrospections!

She is genteel, has a very innocent Look, a good Face, is neat in her Person, and not addicted to any Excess, that I know of. But, *still*, my dear Miss, that one *premeditated* Fault, is so sad a one, that tho' she might make a good Wife, for any middling Man of Business,—yet she wants, methinks, that Purity, that Conduct, which I would always have in the Wife of a good Clergyman.

Then, besides, she has not apply'd her Thoughts to that sort of Oeconomy, which is proper for the Wife of a Country Clergyman to know something of: And she has a Turn to Dress and Appearance, that I can see, if indulg'd, she would not be one that would help to remove the Scandal which some severe Remarkers are apt to throw upon the Wives of *Parsons*, as they call them.

The Maiden, I believe, likes Mr. *Adams* not a little. She is very courteous to every body, but most to him of any body, and never has miss'd being present at our *Sunday* Duties; and five or six times, Mrs. *Jervis* tells me, she has found her desirous to have Mr. *Adams* expound this Text, and that Difficulty; and the good Man is taken with her Piety: Which, and her Reformation, I hope, is sincere: But, Oh! Miss! she is very sly, very subtle, as I have found in several Instances, as foolish as she was in the Affair I hint at.

So, sometimes, I say to myself, The Girl may love Mr. *Adams*: Ay, but then I answer, So she did Mr. *H.* and on his own very bad Terms too. — In short—but I won't be too censorious neither.

So I'll say no more, than that I was perplexed; and yet should be very glad to have *Polly* well marry'd; for, since *that* Time, I have always had some Diffidences about her—Because, you know, Miss—her Fault was so enormous, and so premeditated! I wanted you to advise with—But this was the Method I took.

I appointed Mr. *Adams* to drink a Dish of Tea with me in the Afternoon. *Polly* attended, as she generally does;

for I can't say I love Men Attendants in these womanly Offices—A Tea-kettle in a Man's Hand, that would, if there was no better Employment for him, be fitter to hold a Plough, or handle a Flail, or a Scythe, has such a Look with it! —This is like my low Breeding, some would say, perhaps—But I cannot call Things polite, that I think unseemly; and, moreover, let me tell you, Lady *Davers* keeps me in Countenance in this my Notion; and who doubts her Politeness?

Well, but *Polly* attended, as I said; and there were strange Simperings, and Bowing, and Court'sying, between them; the honest Gentleman seeming not to know how to let his Mistress wait upon him; while she behav'd with as much Respect and Officiousness, as if she could not do too much for him.

Very well, thought I; I have such an Opinion of your Veracity, Mr. *Adams*, that I dare say you have not, because you told me you have not, mention'd the Matter to *Polly*: But, between her Officiousness, and your mutual Simperings, and Complaisance, I see you have found out a Language between you, that is full as significant as plain *English* Words. *Polly*, thought I, sees no Difficulty in *this* Text; nor need you, Mr. *Adams*, have much Trouble to make her understand, when you come to expound on *this* Subject.

I was forced, in short, to put on a statelier and more reserv'd Appearance than usual, to make them avoid Acts of Complaisance for one another, that might not be proper to be shewn before me, from one who sat as my Companion, to my Servant.

When she withdrew, the modest Gentleman hem'd, and look'd on one Side, and turn'd to the right and left, as if his Seat was uneasy to him, and I saw knew not how to speak; so I began in mere Compassion to him, and said, Mr. *Adams*, I have been thinking of what you mention'd to me, as to *Polly Barlow*.

Hem! Hem! said he; and pull'd out his Handkerchief, and wip'd his Mouth—Very well, Madam; —I hope, no Offence, Madam!

No, Sir, none at all. But I am at a Loss how to distinguish in this Case; whether it may not be from a Motive of too humble Gratitude, that you don't think yourself above matching with *Polly*, as you may suppose her a Favourite of mine; or whether it be your Value for her Person and Qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your Eyes, than any other Person would be.

Madam—Madam, said the bashful Gentleman hesitatingly—I do—I must needs say—I can't but own—that—Mrs. *Mary*—is a Person—whom I think very agreeable; and no less modest and virtuous.

You know, Sir, your own Circumstances. To be sure you have a very pretty House, and a good Living to carry a Wife to. And a Gentleman of your Prudence and Discretion wants not any Advice: But you have reap'd no Benefits by your Living. It has been an Expence to you, rather, that you will not presently get up: Do you propose an early Marriage, Sir? Or were it not better, that you suspended your Intentions of that sort for a Year or two more?

Madam, if your Ladyship chuse not to part with—

Nay, Mr. *Adams*, interrupted I, I say not any thing for my own sake in this Point; that is out of the Question with me. I can very willingly part with *Polly*, were it To-morrow, for her Good and yours.

Madam, said he, I humbly beg Pardon; but— but—Delays—may breed Dangers.

Oh! very well! thought I; I'll be further, if the artful Girl has not let him know, by some Means or other, that she has some other humble Servant.

And so, Miss, it has proved—For, dismissing my Gentleman, with assuring him, that I had no Objection at all to the Matter, or to parting with *Polly*, as soon as it suited with their Conveniency—I sounded her, and asked, If she thought Mr. *Adams* had any Affection for her?

She said, He was a very good Gentleman.

I know it, *Polly*; and are you not of Opinion, he loves you a little?

Dear Ma'm, good your Ladyship—love me! — I don't know what such a Gentleman, as Mr. *Adams*, should see in me, to love me!

Oh! thought I, does the Objection lie on *that* Side then? —I see 'tis not of *thine*.

Well, but, *Polly*, if you have *another* Sweetheart, you should do the fair Thing, that you should; it would be wrong, if you encourag'd any body else, if you thought of Mr. *Adams*.

Indeed, Ma'm, I had a Letter sent me—A Letter that I receiv'd—from—from a young Man in *Bedford*; but I never gave an Answer to it.

Oh! thought I, then thou wouldst not encourage *two at once*; this was as plain a Declaration as I wanted, that

she had Thoughts of Mr. *Adams*.

But how came Mr. *Adams*, *Polly*, to know of this Letter?

How came Mr. *Adams* to know of it, Ma'm!— repeated she—half surpris'd—Why, I don't know, I cann't tell how it was—but I dropp'd it near his Desk—pulling out my Handkerchief, I believe, Ma'm; and he brought it after me; and gave it me again.

Well, thought I, thou'rt an intriguing Slut, I doubt, *Polly*—*Delays may breed Dangers*, quoth the poor Gentleman! —Ah! Girl, Girl! thought I, but did not say so, thou deservest to be blown up, and to have thy Plot spoiled, that thou dost—But if thy Forwardness should expose thee afterwards to Evils, which thou mayst avoid, if thy Schemes take Place, I should very much blame myself. And I see he loves thee—So let the Matter take its Course; I will trouble myself no more about it. 'Tis an invidious Task; and I wish thou wilt but make Mr. *Adams* the Wife he deserves.

And so I dismiss'd her, telling her, That whoever thought of being a Clergyman's Wife, should resolve to be as good as himself; to set an Example to all her Sex in the Parish, and shew how much his Doctrines had Weight with her; should be humble, circumspect, gentle in her Temper and Manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in Dress with the Ladies of the Laity; should resolve to sweeten his Labours, and to be obliging in her Deportment to Poor as well as Rich, that her Husband got no Discredit thro' her Means, which would weaken his Influence upon his Auditors; and that she must be most of all obliging to him, and study his Temper, that his Mind might be more disingag'd, in order to pursue his Studies with the better Effect.

And so much, my dear Miss *Darnford*, for your humble Servant; and for Mr. *Williams's* and Mr. *Adams's* matrimonial Prospects—And don't think me disrespectful, that I have mention'd my *Polly's* Affair in the same Letter with yours. For in High and Low, (I forget the *Latin* Phrase—I have not had a Lesson a long, long while, from my dear Tutor) Love is in all the same! —But whether you'll like Mr. *H.* as well as *Polly* does Mr. *Adams*, that's the Question. But, leaving that to your own Decision, I conclude with one Observation: That altho' I thought ours was a House of as little Intriguing as any body's, since the dear Master of it has left off that Practice; yet I cannot see, that any Family can be clear of some of it long together, where there are Men and Women worth plotting for, as Husbands and Wives.

My best Wishes and Respects attend you all, my most worthy Neighbours. I hope, ere many Months are past, to assure you all, severally, (to wit, Sir *Simon*, my Lady, and your dear Self, Mrs. *Jones*, Mr. *Peters*, and his Lady, and Niece, whose kind Congratulations make me very proud, and very thankful) how much I am obliged to you; and particularly, my dear Miss, how much I am

*Your ever affectionate and faithful Friend and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER XLV.

*From Miss Darnford, in Answer to the preceding.*

My dear Mrs. B. I have been several times (in Company with Mr. *Peters*) to see Mrs. *Jewkes*. The poor Woman is very bad, and cannot live many Days. We comfort her all we can; but she often accuses herself of her past Behaviour to so excellent a Lady; and, with Blessings upon Blessings, heaped upon you, and her Master, and your charming little Boy, she is continually declaring how much your Goodness to her exasperates her former Faults to her own Conscience.

She has her Sister-in-law and her Niece with her, and has settled all her Affairs, and thinks she is not long for this World.

Her Distemper is an inward Decay, all at once, as it were, from a Constitution that seem'd like one of Iron; and she is a mere Skeleton: You would not know her, I'm sure.

I will see her every Day; and she has given me up all her Keys, and Accompts, to give Mr. *Longman*; who is daily expected, and I hope will be here soon; for her Sister-in-law, she says herself, is a Woman of *this World*, as *she* has been.

Mr. *Peters* calling on me to go with him to visit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is much as she was; but your faithful Steward is come. I am glad of it—and so is she. —Nevertheless I will go every Day, and do all the Good I can for the poor Woman, according to your charitable Desires, and excellent Intentions.

I thank you, Madam, for your Communication of Lady *Davers's* Letter. I am much obliged to my Lord, and her Ladyship; and should have been proud of an Alliance with that noble Family: But with all Mr. *H.'s* good Qualities, as my Lady paints them out, I could not, for the World, make him my Husband.

I'll tell you one of my Objections, in Confidence tho' (for you are only to *sound* me, you know); and I would not have it mention'd, that I have taken any Thought about the Matter, because a stronger Reason may be given, such an one as my Lord and Lady will both allow; which I will communicate to you by—and-by.

My Objection arises even from what you intimate of Mr. *H.'s* Good-humour, and his Persuadableness, if I may so say. Now, Madam, were I of a boisterous Temper, and high Spirit, such an one as required great Patience in a Husband, to bear with me, then Mr. *H.'s* Character of Good-humour might have been a Consideration with me. But when I have (I pride myself in the Thought) a Temper not wholly unlike your own, and such an one as would not want to contend for Superiority with a Husband, it is no Recommendation to me, that Mr. *H.* is a good-humour'd Gentleman, and will bear with Faults I design not to be guilty of.

But, my dear Mrs. *B.* my Husband must be a Man of Sense, and must give me Reason to think, he has a superior Judgment to my own, or I shall be unhappy. He will otherwise do wrong-headed Things: I shall be forced to oppose him in them: He will be obstinate and tenacious, and will be taught to talk of Prerogative, and to call himself a Man, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to despise him of course; and so be deem'd a bad Wife, when I hope I have Qualities that would make me a tolerable good one, with a Man of Sense, for my Husband. You know who says, *For Fools (pardon me this harsh Word, 'tis in my Author) For Fools are stubborn in their Way, As Coins are harden'd by th' Alloy; And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff, As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.*

Now you must not think I would dispense with real Good-humour in a Man. No, I make it one of my *Indispensables* in a Husband. A good-natur'd Man will put the best Constructions on what happens: But he must have Sense to *distinguish* the best. He will be kind to little, unwilful, undesigned Failings: But he must have Judgment to distinguish what *are* or are *not* so.

But Mr. *H.'s* Good humour is Softness, as I may call it; and my Husband must be such an one, in short, as I need not be asham'd to be seen with in Company; one, who being my Head, must not be beneath all the Gentlemen he may happen to fall in with; and who, every time he is adjusting his Mouth for Speech, will give me Pain at my Heart, and Blushes in my Face, even before he speaks.

I could not bear, that every Gentleman, and every Lady, we encounter'd, should be prepar'd, whenever he offer'd to open his Lips, by their contemptuous Smiles, to expect some weak and silly Things from him; and when he *had* spoken, that he should, with a booby Grin, seem pleased that he had not disappointed them.

The only recommendatory Point in Mr. *H.* is, that he dresses exceedingly smart, and is no contemptible Figure of a Man. But, dear Madam, you know, that's so much the worse, when the Man's Talent is not Taciturnity, except before his Aunt, Mr. *B.* and you; when he is not conscious of internal Defect, and values himself upon outward Appearance.

As to his Attempt upon your *Polly*, tho' I don't like him the better for it, yet it is a Fault so wickedly common among Gentlemen, that when a Lady resolves never to marry, till a quite virtuous Man addresses her, it is, in other Words, resolving to die single: So that I make not this the *chief* Objection; altho', I must tell you, I would abate in my Expectations of half a dozen other good Qualities, rather than that one of Virtue in a Husband.

But, when I reflect upon the Figure Mr. *H.* made in that Affair, I cannot bear him; and if I may judge of other Coxcombs by him, what Wretches are these smart, well-dressing, Querpo-fellows, many of which you and I have seen admiring themselves at the Plays and Operas!

This is one of my infallible Rules, and I know it is yours too; That he who is taken up with the Admiration of his own sweet Person, will never admire a Wife's. His Delights are centred in himself, and he will not wish to get out of that narrow, that exceeding narrow Circle; and, in my Opinion, should keep no Company, but that of Tailors, Wig-puffers, and Milaners.

But I will run on no further upon this Subject; but will tell you a Reason, that you *may* give to Lady *Davers*, why her kind Intentions to me cannot be answer'd; and which she'll take better than what I *have said*, were she to know it, as I hope you won't let her: And this is, My Papa has had a Proposal made to him from a Gentleman you have seen, and have thought polite. It is from Sir *W. G.* of this County, who is one of *your* great Admirers, and Mr. *B.*'s too; and that, you must suppose, makes me have never the worse Opinion of him, or of his Understanding; altho' it requires no great Sagacity or Penetration to see how much you adorn our Sex, and human Nature too.

Every thing was adjusted between my Papa and Mamma, and Sir *William*, on Condition we approv'd of each other, before I came down, which I knew not, till I had seen him here four times, and then my Papa surpris'd me into an half Approbation of him: And this, it seems, was one of the Reasons I was so hurry'd down from you.

I can't say, but I like the Gentleman as well as most I have seen; he is a Man of Sense and Sobriety, to give him his Due; and is in very easy Circumstances, and much respected by all who know him; and that's no bad Earnest, you are sensible, in a Marriage Prospect.

But hitherto, he seems to like me better than I do him. I don't know how it is; but I have often observ'd, that when any thing is in our own Power, we are not half so much taken with it, as we should be, perhaps, if we were kept in Suspense! Why should this be?

But this I am convinc'd of, There is no Comparison between Sir *William* and Mr. *Murray*.

Now I have nam'd this Brother-in-law of mine; what do you think?

Why, that good Couple have had their House on Fire three times already, and that very dangerously too; for once it was put out by Mr. *Murray's* Mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir *Simon* has been forced to carry Water to extinguish it; for, Truly, Mrs. *Murray* would go home again to her Papa: She would not live with such a surly Wretch: And it was, With all his Heart: A fair Riddance! for there was no bearing the House with such an ill-natur'd Wife:—Her Sister *Polly* was worth a thousand of her!

I am sorry, heartily sorry, for their Unhappiness: But could she think every body must bear with her, and her fretful Ways?

They'll jangle on, I reckon, till they are better us'd to one another; and when he sees she can't help it, why he'll bear with her, as Husbands generally do with ill-temper'd Wives; that is to say, he'll try to make himself happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her Maids instead of him; for she must have somebody to vent her Spleen upon; poor *Nancy*!

I am glad to hear of Mr. *Williams's* good Fortune.

As Mr. *Adams* knows not *Polly's* Fault, and it was prevented in time, they may be happy enough. She is a *sly* Girl. I always thought her so: Something so innocent, and yet so artful in her very Looks! She is an odd Compound of a Girl. But these worthy and piously turn'd young Gentlemen, who have but just quitted the College, are mere Novices, as to the World: indeed, they are *above* it, while *in* it; they therefore give themselves little Trouble to study it, and so depending on the Goodness of their own Hearts, are more liable to be imposed upon, than People of half their Understanding.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

I think, as he seems to love her, you do right not to hinder the Girl's Fortune. But I wish she may take your Advice, in her Behaviour to *him*, at least; for as to her Carriage to her Neighbours, I doubt she'll be one of the Heads of the Parish, presently, in her own Estimation.

'Tis pity, methinks, any worthy Gentleman of the Cloth should have a Wife, who, by a bad Example, should pull down, as fast as he, by a good one, can build up.

This is not the Case of Mrs. *Peters*, however; whose Example I wish was more generally follow'd by Gentlewomen, who are made so by marrying a good Clergyman, if they were not so before.

Don't be surpris'd, if you should hear, that poor *Jewkes* is given over! —She made a very exemplary— Full of Blessings—And more easy and resign'd, than I apprehended she would be.

I know you'll shed a Tear for the poor Woman: —I cann't help it myself. But you will be pleas'd, that she had so much Time given her, and made so good Use of it.

Mr. *Peters* has been every thing that one would wish one of his Function to be, in his Attendances, and Advice, to the poor Woman. Mr. *Longman* will take proper Care of every thing.

So, I will only add, That I am, with the sincerest Respects, in Hopes to see you soon, (for I have a Multitude of things to talk to you about) Dear Mrs. *B*.

*Your ever faithful and affectionate Polly Darnford.*

LETTER XLVI.

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dear Lady Davers*, I Understand from *Miss Darnford*, that before she went down from us, her Papa had encourag'd a Proposal made by *Sir W. G.* whom you saw, when your Ladyship was a kind Visitor in *Bedfordshire*. We all agreed, if your Ladyship remembers, that he was a polite and sensible Gentleman, and I find it is countenanc'd on all Hands.

Poor *Mrs. Jewkes*, Madam, as *Miss* informs me, has paid her last Debt. I hope, thro' Mercy, she is happy! Poor, poor Woman! —But why say I so! —Since in *that* Case, she will be richer than an earthly Monarch! At least till he is levell'd with her in Death!

Your Ladyship was once mentioning a Sister of *Mrs. Worden's*, whom you could be glad to recommend to some worthy Family. —Shall I beg of you, Madam, to oblige *Mr. B.'s* in this Particular? I am sure she must have Merit, if your Ladyship thinks well of her; and your Commands in this, as well as in every other Particular, shall have their due Weight with

*Your Ladyship's Obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.*

Just now, dear Madam, *Mr. B.* tells me, I shall have *Miss Goodwin* brought me hither Tomorrow!

LETTER XLVII.

*From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in Answer to the preceding.*

My dear Pamela, I am glad Miss *Darnford* is likely to be so happy in a Husband, as Sir *W. G.* will certainly make her. I was afraid, that the Proposal I made, would not do with Miss, had she not had so good a Tender. I want *too*, to have the foolish Fellow marry'd—— for several Reasons; one of which is, He is continually teizing us to permit him to go up to Town, in order for him to reside there for some Months, to *see the World*, as he calls it. But we are convinc'd he would *feel* it, as well as *see* it, if we gave way to his Request: For, in Understanding, Dress, and inconsiderate Vanity, he is so exactly siz'd and cut out for a Town Fop, Coxcomb, or pretty Fellow, as it is called, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the Vices of those People; and, perhaps, having such Expectations as he has, will be made the Property of Rakes and Sharpers. He complains, that we use him like a Child in a Go-cart, or a Baby with Leading-strings, and that he must not be trusted out of our Sight. 'Tis a sad thing, that these *Bodies* will grow up to the Stature of Men, when the *Minds* improve not at all with them, but are still those of Boys and Children. Yet, he would certainly make a fond Husband; for, at present, he has no very bad Qualities. But is such a *Narcissus!* —But this between ourselves; for his Uncle is wrapt up in the Fellow—And why? Because he is good-humour'd, that's all. He has vex'd me lately, which makes me write so angrily about him——But 'tis not worth troubling you with the Particulars.

I hope Mrs. *Jewkes* is happy, as you say! —— Poor Woman! she seem'd to promise for a longer Life! But what shall we say?

Your Compliment to me, of my *Beck's* Sister, is a very kind one. I am greatly oblig'd to you for it. Mrs. *Oldham* is a sober, grave Widow, a little aforehand in the World, but not much; has liv'd well; understands Household Management thoroughly; is diligent, and has a Turn to serious Things, which will make you like her the better.

I'll order *Beck* and her to wait on you in a Chaise and Pair, and she will satisfy you in every thing, as to what you may, and may not, expect of her.

You can't think how kindly I take this Motion from you. You forget nothing that can oblige your Friends. Little did I think you would remember me, of (what I had forgotten in a manner) my favourable Opinion and Wishes for her, express'd so long ago——But you are, what you are——a dear, obliging Creature.

*Beck* is all Joy and Gratitude upon it; and her Sister had rather serve you, than the Princess. You need be under no Difficulties about Terms: She would serve you for nothing, if you would accept of her Service.

I am glad, because it pleases you so much, that Miss *Goodwin* will be soon put into your Care. It will be happy for the Child, and I hope she will be so dutiful to you, as to give you no Pain for your generous Goodness to her. Her Mamma has sent me a Present of some choice Products of that Climate, with Acknowledgements of my Kindness to Miss. I will send Part of it to you by your new Servant; for so I presume to call her already.

What a naughty Sister you are, however, to be so far advanc'd again, as to be oblig'd to shorten your intended Excursions, and yet not to send me Word of it yourself? Don't you know how much I interest myself in every thing that makes for my Brother's Happiness and yours? —More especially in so material a Point, as is the Increase of a Family, that it is my Boast to be sprung from— Yet I must find this out by Accident, and by other Hands! — Is not this very slighting? —But never do so again, and I'll forgive you now, because of the Joy it gives me: Who am

*Your truly affectionate and oblig'd Sister, B. Davers.*

I thank you for your Book upon the Plays you saw. Inclosed is a List of some others, which I desire you to read, and to oblige me with your Remarks upon them at your Leisure; tho' you may not perhaps have seen them by the Time you will favour me with your Observations.

**LETTER XLVIII.**

*From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.*

*My dear Lady Davers.* I have a valuable Present made me by the same excellent Lady: So hope you will not take it amiss, that, with abundance of Thanks, I return yours by Mrs. *Worden*; whose Sister I much approve of, and thank your Ladyship for your kind Recommendation of so worthy a Gentlewoman. We begin with so much good Liking to one another, that I doubt not we shall be very happy together.

A moving Letter, much more valuable to me, than the handsome Present, was put into my Hands, at the same time with that; of which the following is a Copy.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

**LETTER**

**From Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B.**

*Happy, deservedly happy, dear Lady!* Permit these Lines to kiss your Hands, from one, who, tho' she is a Stranger to your Person, is not so to your Character: *That* has reach'd us here, in this remote Part of the World, where you have as many Admirers as have heard of you. But *I* more particularly am bound to be so, by an Obligation, that I can never discharge, but by my daily Prayers for you, and the Blessings I continually implore upon You and Yours.

I can write my whole Mind *to* you, tho' I cannot, from the most deplorable Infelicity, receive *from* you the wish'd for Favour of a few Lines in Return, written with the same Unreservedness: So unhappy am I, from the Effects of an Inconsideration and Weakness on one hand, and Temptations on the other, which You, at a tenderer Age, most nobly, for your own Honour, and that of your Sex, have escaped: Whilst I— But let my Tears in these Blots speak the rest— as my Heart bleeds, and has constantly bled ever since, at the grievous Remembrance— But believe me, however, dear Madam, that 'tis Shame and Sorrow, and not Pride and Impenitence, that makes me loth to speak out, to so much Purity of Life and Manners, my own odious Weakness.

Nevertheless, I ought, and I *will* accuse myself by Name: Imagine then, illustrious Lady, truly illustrious, for Virtues, which are infinitely superior to all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune! — Imagine, I say, that, in this Letter, you see before you the *once* guilty, and therefore, I doubt, *always* guilty, but *ever penitent*, *Sarah Godfrey*; the unhappy, tho' fond and tender Mother of the poor Infant, to whom your generous Goodness, as I am inform'd, has extended itself, in such manner, as to make you desirous of taking her under your worthy Protection: God for ever bless you for it! prays an indulgent Mother, who admires, at an awful Distance, that Virtue in you, which she could not practise herself.

'And will you, my dearest Lady, will you take under your own immediate Protection, the poor unguilty Infant? Will you love her, for the sake of her suffering Mamma, whom you know not; for the sake of the Gentleman, now so dear to you, and so worthy of you, as I hear, with Pleasure, he is? And will you, by the best Example in the World, give me a moral Assurance, that she will never sink into the Fault, the Weakness, the Crime (I ought not to scruple to call it so) of her poor, inconsiderate———But You are her Mamma *now*: I will not think of a *guilty* one therefore. And what a Joy is it to me, in the midst of my heavy Reflections on my past Misconduct, that my beloved *Sally* can boast a *virtuous* and *innocent Mamma*, who has withstood the Snares and Temptations, that have been so fatal—elsewhere!—and whose Example, and Instructions, next to God's Grace, will be the strongest Fences, that can be wish'd for, to her Honour! — Once more I say, and on my Knees I write it! God for ever bless you here, and augment your Joys hereafter, for your generous Goodness to my poor, and, till now, *motherless* Infant.

I hope the dear Child, by her Duty and Obligeingness, will do all in her little Power to make you Amends, and never give you Cause to repent this your *unexampled* Kindness to *her* and to *me*. She cannot, I hope, (except her Mother's Crime has had an Influence upon her, too much like that of an original Stain) be of a sordid, or an ingrateful Nature. And, O my poor *Sally*! if you *are*, and if you ever fail in your Duty to your new Mamma, to whose Care and Authority I transfer my *whole* Right in you, remember that you have no more a Mamma in me, nor can you be intitled to my Blessing, or to the Fruits of my Prayers for you, which I make now, on that *only* Condition, your implicit Obedience to all your new Mamma's Commands and Directions.

'You may have the Curiosity, Madam, to wish to know how I live: For no doubt you have heard all my sad, sad Story! ——Know then, that I am as happy, as a poor Creature can be, who has once so deplorably, so inexcusably fallen. I have a worthy Gentleman for my Husband, who marry'd me as a Widow, whose only Child by my former, was the Care of her Papa's Friends, particularly of good Lady *Davers*, and her Brother. —Poor, unhappy I! to be under such a *sad* Necessity, to disguise the Truth! —Mr. *Wrightson* (whose Name I am unworthily honour'd by) has several times earnestly intreated me to send for the poor Child, and to let her be join'd as his—— killing Thought, that it cannot be!—with two others, I have by him! —Judge, my good Lady, how that very Generosity, which, had I been guiltless, would have added to my Joys, must wound me deeper, than even ungenerous or unkind Usage from him could do! And how heavy that Crime must lie upon me, which turns my very Pleasures to Misery, and fixes all the Joy I *can* know, in Repentance for my past Misdeeds! — How happy

are You, Madam, on the contrary, You, who have nothing of this sort to pall, nothing to mingle with your Felicities! who, bless'd in an Honour untainted, and a Conscience that cannot reproach you, are enabled to enjoy every well-deserved Comfort, as it offers itself; and can *improve* it too, by Reflection on *your* past Conduct! While *mine*— alas!— like a Winter Frost, nips in the Bud every rising Satisfaction!

'My Spouse is rich, as well as generous, and very tender of me— Happy, if I could think *myself* as deserving, as *he* thinks me! —My principal Comfort, as I hinted, is in my Penitence for my past Faults; and that I have a merciful God for my Judge, who knows that Penitence to be sincere!

'You may guess, Madam, from what I have said, in what Light I *must* appear here; and if you would favour me with a Line or two, in Answer to the Letter you have now in your Hand, it will be one of the greatest Pleasures I *can* receive: A Pleasure next to that which I *have* receiv'd in knowing, that the Gentleman you love best, has had the Grace to repent of all his Evils; has early seen his Errors; and has thereby, I hope, freed *two* Persons from being, one Day, mutual Accusers of each other: For now I please myself to think, that the Crimes of both may be wash'd away in the Blood of that Saviour God, whom both had so grievously offended!

'May that good God, who has not suffer'd me to be abandon'd intirely to my own Shame, as I deserved, continue to shower down, upon You, those Blessings, which a Virtue like yours may expect from his Mercy! May you long be happy in the Possession of all you wish! And late, very late, (for the Good of Thousands, I wish this!) may you receive the Reward of your Piety, your Generosity, and your filial, your social, and conjugal Virtues! are the Prayers of

*Your most unworthy Admirer, and obliged humble Servant, Sarah Wrightson.*

'Mr. *Wrightson* begs your Acceptance of a small Present, Part of which can have no Value, but what its excelling Qualities, for what it is, will give it at so great a Distance as that dear *England*, which I once left with so much Shame and Regret; but with a laudable Purpose, *however*, because I would not incur still *greater* Shame, and of Consequence give Cause for still *greater* Regret!

To this Letter, my dear Lady *Davers*, I have written the following Answer, which Mr. *B.* will take care to have convey'd to the good Lady.

*Dearest Madam*, I embrace with great Pleasure the Opportunity you have so kindly given me, of writing to a Lady, whose Person tho' I have not the Honour to know, yet whose Character, and noble Qualities, I truly revere.

I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam, for the precious Trust you have reposed in me, and the Right you make over to me, of your maternal Interest in a Child, on whom I set my Heart, the Moment I saw her.

'Lady *Davers*, whose Love and Tenderness for Miss, as well for her Mamma's sake, as your late worthy Spouse's, had, from her kind Opinion of me, consented to grant me this Favour; and I was, by Mr. *B.*'s Leave, in actual Possession of my pretty Ward, about a Week before your kind Letter came to my Hands.

'As I had been long very solicitous for this Favour, judge how welcome your kind Concurrence was to me; and the rather, as, had I known, that a Letter from you was on the Way to me, I should have apprehended, that you had yielded to the Intreaties of your worthy Spouse, and would have insisted upon depriving the surviving Friends of her dear Papa, of the Pleasure they all take in the dear Miss. Indeed, Madam, I believe we should one and all have join'd to disobey you, had *that* been the Case; and it is a very great Satisfaction to us, that we are not under so hard a Necessity, as the disputing with a tender Mamma the Enjoyment of her own Child, would have been

'Assure yourself, dearest, worthiest, kindest Madam, of a Care and Tenderness in me to your dear Miss, truly maternal, and answerable, as much as is in my Power, to the Trust you repose in me. The little Boy, that God has given me, shall not be more dear to me, than my sweet Miss shall be; and my Care, by God's Grace, shall extend to her *future* as well as her *present* Prospects, that she may be worthy of that Piety, and *truly* religious Excellence, which I admire in your Character.

'We all rejoice, dear Madam, in the Account you give of your present Happiness. It was impossible, that God Almighty should desert a Lady so exemplarily deserving; and He certainly conducted you in your Resolutions to abandon every thing that you loved in *England*, after the Loss of your dear Spouse, because it seems to have been the Intention of His Providence, that you should reward the Merit of Mr. *Wrightson*, and meet with your own Reward in so doing.

'Miss is very fond of my little *Billy*: She is a charming Child, is easy and genteel in her Shape, and very pretty; she dances finely, has a sweet Air, and is improving every Day in Musick; works with her Needle, and reads,

admirably, for her Years, and takes a Delight in both, which gives me no small Pleasure. But she is not very forward in her Penmanship, as you will see by what follows: The inditing too is her own; but in that, and the Writing, Miss took a good deal of Time, on a separate Paper.

*Dearest dear Mamma, Your Sally is full of Joy, to have any Commands from her honoured Mamma. I promise to follow all your Directions. Indeed, and upon my Word, I will. You please me mightily in giving me so dear a new Mamma here. Now I know, indeed, I have a Mamma, and I will love and obey her, as if she was you your own Self. Indeed I will. You must always bless me, because I will be always good. I hope you will believe me, because I am above telling Fibs. I am, my honoured Mamma, on the other Side of the Water, and ever will be, as if you was here,*

*Your dutiful Daughter; Sally Goodwin."*

'Miss (permit me, dear Madam, to subjoin) is a very good-temper'd Child, easy to be persuaded, and, I hope, loves me dearly; and I will endeavour to make her love me better and better; for on that Love will depend the Regard which, I hope, she will pay to all I shall say and do for her Good.

'Repeating my Acknowledgements for the kind Trust you repose in me, and with Thanks for the valuable Present you have sent me, we all here join in Respects to worthy Mr. *Wrightson*, and in wishing you, Madam, a Continuance and Increase of worldly Felicity; and I particularly beg Leave to assure you, that I am, and ever will be, with the highest Respect and Gratitude, tho' personally unknown, dearest Madam,

*The affectionate Admirer of your Piety, and your obliged humble Servant, P. B.'*

Your Ladyship will see how I was circumscrib'd and limited; otherwise I would have told the good Lady (what I have mention'd, more than once) how I admire and honour her for her Penitence, and that noble Resolution, which enabled her to do what Thousands could not have had the Heart to do, abandon her Country, her Relations, Friends, Baby, and all that was dear to her, as well as the wicked Seducer, whom she too well loved, and hazard the Sea, the Dangers of Pirates, and possibly of other wicked Attempters of the mischievous Sex, in a World she knew nothing of, among Strangers; and all to avoid repeating a Sin, she had been unhappily drawn into; and for which the dear good Lady still abhors herself.

Must not such a Lady as this, dear Madam, have as much Merit, as many even of those, who, having not had her Temptations, have not fallen? This, at least, one may aver, that next to not committing an Error, is certainly the Resolution to retrieve it all that one may, to repent of it, and studiously to avoid the Repetition of it. But who, besides this excellent Mrs. *Wrightson*, having so fallen, and, being still so ardently solicited and pursued (and flatter'd, perhaps, by fond Hopes, that her Spoiler would, one Day, do her all the Justice he *could*—For who, can do complete Justice to a Lady he has robb'd of her Honour)—could resolve as she resolved, and act as she acted?

Miss is a sweet pretty Dear; but permit me to say, has a little of her Papa's Spirit; hasty, yet generous and acknowledging, when she is convinc'd of her Fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wish her to be; but in every thing else deserves the Character I give of her to her Mamma.

She is very fond of fine Cloaths, is a little too lively to the Servants—Told me once, when I took notice, that Softness and Mildness of Speech became a young Lady; That they were *but* Servants; and she could say no more, than *Pray*, and *I desire*, and *I wish you'd be so kind*—to her Uncle or to me.

I told her, Our Servants were not common Servants, and deserved any civil Distinctions; and that so long as they were ready to oblige her in every thing, by a kind Word, it would be very wrong to give them imperative ones, which could serve for no other End, but to convince every one of the Haughtiness of one's own Temper; and looked, as if one would question their Compliance with one's own Will, unless we would exact it with an high Hand; which might cast a Slur upon the Command we gave, as if we thought it was hardly so reasonable, as otherwise to obtain their Observation of it.

Besides, my Dear, said I, you don't consider, that if you speak as haughtily and commandingly to them on common, as on extraordinary Occasions, you weaken your own Authority, if ever you should be permitted to have any, and they'll regard you no more in the one Case, than in the other.

She takes great Notice of what I say, and when her little proud Heart is subdued by Reasonings she cannot answer, she will sit as if she were studying what to say, that she may come off as flyingly as she can: And as the Case requires, I let her off easily, or I push the little Dear to her last Refuge, and make her quit her Post, and yield up her Spirit, captive to Reason and Discretion, two excellent Commanders, with whom, I tell her, I must bring her to be intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be sure, that I can inspire her with the Love of Virtue, for *its own* Sake, I will rather try to conduct her Spirit to proper Ends, than endeavour totally to subdue it; being sensible our Passions are given us for excellent Ends, and may, by a proper Direction, be made subservient to the noblest Purposes.

I tell her sometimes, there is a decent Pride in Humility, and that it is very possible for a young Lady to behave with so much Dignity, as shall command Respect by the Turn of her Eye, sooner than by Asperity of Speech; and that she may depend upon it, that the Person who is always finding Faults, frequently causes them; and that it is no Glory to be better born than Servants, if she is not better behav'd too.

Besides, I tell her, Humility is a Grace that shines in an *high* Condition, but cannot equally in a *low* one; because that is already too much humbled, perhaps: And that, tho' there is a Censure lies against being *poor and proud*, yet I would rather forgive Pride in a poor Body, than in a rich; for in the Rich it is Insult and Arrogance, proceeding from their high Condition; but in the Poor it may be a Defensative against Dishonesty, and may shew a natural Bravery of Mind, perhaps, if properly directed, and manifested on right Occasions, that the Frowns of Fortune cannot depress.

She says, She hears every Day Things from me, that her Governess never taught her.

That may very well be, I tell her, because her Governess has *many* young Ladies to take care of, I but *one*; and that I want to make her wise and prudent betimes, that she may be an Example to other Misses; and that Governesses and Mamma's shall say to their Misses, When will you be like Miss *Goodwin*? Do you ever hear Miss *Goodwin* say a naughty Word? Would Miss *Goodwin*, think you, have done so or so?

She threw her Arms about my Neck, on one such Occasion as this: Oh, said she, What a charming Mamma have I got! I will be in every thing as like you, Madam, as ever I can! —And then You will love me, and so will my Uncle, and Every-body else.

Mr. *B.* whom, now—and—then she says, she loves as well as if he were her own Papa, sees, with Pleasure, how we go on; and loves us both, if possible, better and better. But she tells me, I must not have any Daughter but her; and is very jealous on the Occasion, about which your Ladyship so kindly reproaches me.

There is a Pride, you know, Madam, in some of our Sex, that serves to useful Purposes, and is a good Defence against improper Matches, and mean Actions; and this is not wholly to be subdu'd, for that Reason; for, tho' it is not *Virtue*, yet, if it can be *Virtue's Substitute*, in high, rash, and inconsiderate Minds, it may turn to good Account. So I will not quite discourage my dear Pupil neither, till I see what Discretion, and riper Years, may add to her distinguishing Faculty. For, as some have no Notion of Pride, separate from Imperiousness and Arrogance; so others know no Difference between Humility and Meanness.

There is a golden Mean in every thing; and if it please God to spare us both, I will endeavour to point her Passions, and such even of those Foibles, which seem too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, to useful Purposes, chusing to imitate Physicians, who in certain Chronical Illnesses, as I have read in Lord *Bacon*, rather proceed by Palliatives, than by harsh Extirpatives, which, thro' the Resistance given to them by the Constitution, may create such Ferments in it, as may destroy that Health it was their Intention to establish.

But, whither am I running? —Your Ladyship, I hope, will excuse this parading Freedom of my Pen: For tho' these Notions are well enough with regard to Miss *Goodwin*, they must be very impertinent to a Lady, who can so much better instruct Miss's Tutoress, than that vain Tutoress can her Pupil. And therefore, with my humblest Respects to my good Lord *Davers*, and your noble Neighbours, and to Mr. *H.* I hasten to conclude myself,

*Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and obedient Servant, P. B.*

Your *Billy*, Madam, is a charming Dear! —I long to have you see him. He sends you a Kiss upon this Paper. You'll see it stain'd, just here. The Charmer has cut Two Teeth, and is about more: So you'll excuse the dear, pretty, slabbering Boy. Miss *Goodwin* is ready to eat him with Love: And Mr. *B.* is fonder and fonder of us all: And then your Ladyship, and my good Lord *Davers*, love us too. O my dear Lady, what a blessed Creature am I!

Miss begs I'll send her Duty to her *Noble* Uncle and Aunt; that's her just Distinction always, when she speaks of you both, which is not seldom. She ask'd me, pretty Dear! just now, If I think there is such a happy Girl in the World, as she is? I tell her, God always blesses good Misses, and makes them happier and happier.

## LETTER XLIX.

*My dear Lady Davers*, I have Three Marriages to acquaint you with, in One Letter. In the first Place, *Sir W. G.* has sent, by the particular Desire of my dear Friend, that he was made one of the happiest Gentlemen in *England*, on the 18th past; and so I have no longer any Miss *Darnford* to boast of. I have a very good Opinion of the Gentleman; but if he be but half as good an Husband, as she will make a Wife, they will be exceedingly happy in one another.

*Mr. Williams's* Marriage to a Kinswoman of his Noble Patron, (as you have heard was in Treaty) is the next; and there is great Reason to believe from the Character of both, that they will likewise do Credit to the State.

The third is *Mr. Adams* and *Polly Barlow*; and I wish them, for both their Sakes, as happy as either of the former. They are set out to his Living, highly pleas'd with one another; and I hope will have Reason to continue so to be.

As to the first, I did not indeed think, the Affair would have been so soon concluded; and Miss kept it off so long, as I understand, that her Papa was angry with her: And indeed, as the Gentleman's Family, Circumstances, and Character, were such, that there could lie no Objection against him, I think it would have been wrong to have delay'd it.

I should have written to your Ladyship before; but have been favour'd with *Mr. B.'s* Company into *Kent*, on a Visit to my good Mother, who was indispos'd. We tarry'd there a Week, and left both my dear Parents, to my thankful Satisfaction, in as good Health as ever they were in their Lives.

*Mrs. Judy Swynford*, or *Miss Swynford* (as she refuses not being call'd, now—and—then) has been with us for this Week past, and she expects her Brother, *Sir Jacob*, to fetch her away about a Week hence.

It does not become me to write the least Word, that may appear disrespectful of any Person, who has the Honour to bear a Relation to your Ladyship and *Mr. B.* Otherwise I should say, That the *B.'s* and the *S—s* are directly the Opposites of one another. But yet, as she says, she never saw your Ladyship but once, you will forgive me to mention a Word or two about this Lady, because she is a Character, that is in a manner new to me.

She is a Maiden Lady, as you know, Madam; and tho' she will not part with the green Leaf from her Hand, one sees by the Grey goose Down on her Brows and her Head, that she cannot be less than Fifty—five. —But so much Pains does she take, by Powder, to have never a dark Hair in her Head, because she has one Half of them white, that I am sorry to see, what is a Subject for Reverence, should be deem'd, by the good Lady, Matter of Concealment.

She is often, in Conversation, indeed, seemingly reproaching herself, that she is an *old Maid*, and an *old Woman*; but it is very discernible, that she expects a Compliment, that she is *not so*, every time she is so free with herself: And if nobody makes her one, she will say something of that sort in her own Behalf.

She takes particular Care, that of all the publick Transactions which happen to be talked of, her Memory will never carry her back above Thirty Years, and then it is, About Thirty Years ago, when I was a Girl, or, when I was in Hanging—sleeves; and so she makes herself, for Twenty Years of her Life, a very useless and insignificant Person.

If her Teeth, which, for her Time of Life, are very good, tho' not over—white, (and which, by the Care she takes of them, she seems to look upon as the last Remains of her better Days) would but fail her, I imagine it would help her to a Conviction, that would set her Ten Years forwarder at least. But, poor Lady! she is so *young*, in Spite of her Wrinkles, that I am really concern'd for her Affectation; because it exposes her to the Remarks and Ridicule of the Gentlemen, and gives one Pain for her.

Surely, these Ladies don't act prudently at all; since, for every Year *Mrs. Judy* would take from her Age, her Censurers add two to it; and, behind her Back, make her going on towards Seventy; whereas, if she would lay Claim to her *Reverentials*, as I may say, and not endeavour to conceal her Age, she would have a great many Compliments for looking so well at her Time of Life. And many a young Body would hope to be the better for her Advice and Experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they suppose she has lived much longer in the World than themselves.

Then she laughs back to the Years she owns, when more flippant Ladies, at the Laughing—time of Life, delight

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

to be frolick: She tries to sing too, altho', if ever she had a Voice, she has outliv'd it; and her Songs are of so antique a Date, that they would betray her; only as she tells us, they were learnt her by her Grandmother, who was a fine Lady at the Restoration: She will join in a Dance; and tho' her Limbs move not so pliantly, as might be expected of a Lady no older than she would be thought to be, and whose Dancing—days are not intirely over, yet that was owing to a Fall from her Horse some Years ago, which, she doubts, she shall never recover, so as to be quite well; tho' she finds she grows better and better *every Year*.

Thus she loses the Respect, the Reverence, she might receive, were it not for this miserable Affectation; takes Pains, by aping Youth, to make herself unworthy of her Years, and even less valuably discreet than she would be thought, for fear she should be imagined older, if she appear'd wiser.

What a sad Thing is this, Madam? —What a mistaken Conduct? —We pray to live to old Age; and it is promised as a Blessing, and as a Reward, for the Performance of certain Duties; and yet, when we come to it, we had rather be thought as foolish as Youth, than to be deemed wise, and in Possession of it. And so we shew how little we deserve what we have been so long coveting; and yet covet on: For what? Why, to be more and more asham'd, and more and more unworthy of what we covet!

How fantastick a Character is this! —Well may irreverent, unthinking Youth despise, instead of revering, the hoary Head, which the Wearer is so much asham'd of.

Will you forgive me, Madam? The Lady boasts a Relationship to you, and to Mr. *B.* and, I think, I am very bold. But my Reverence for Years, and the Disgust I have to see any Body behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater Liberty: Which, however, I shall wish I had not taken, if it meets not with that Allowance, which I have always had from your Ladyship in what I write.

God knows whether ever I may enjoy the Blessing I so much revere in others. For now my heavy Time approaches. But I was so apprehensive before, and so troublesome to my best Friends, with my vapourish Fears, that now (with a perfect Resignation to the Divine Will) I will only add, That I am

*Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister and Servant, P. B.*

My dear *Billy*, and Miss *Goodwin*, improve both of them every Day, and are all I can desire or expect them to be. Could Miss's poor Mamma be here with a Wish and back again, how much would she be delighted with one of our Afternoon Conferences; our *Sunday* Employments, especially! —And let me tell your Ladyship, that I am very happy in another young Gentleman of the Dean's recommending, instead of Mr. *Adams*.

## LETTER L.

*My dearest Lady*, I am once more, blessed be God for all his Mercies to me! enabled to dedicate to you the first Fruits of my Penmanship, on my Upsitting, to thank you, and my noble Lord, for all your kind Sollicitudes for my Welfare. *Billy* every Day improves, Miss is all I wish her to be, and my second dear Boy continues to be as lovely and as fine a Baby as your Ladyship was pleased to think him; and their Papa, the best of Gentlemen, and of Husbands!

I am glad to hear Lady *Betty* is likely to be so happy. Mr. *B.* says, her noble Admirer is as worthy a Gentleman as the Peerage boasts; and I beg of your Ladyship to congratulate the dear Lady, and her noble Parents, in my Name, if I should be at a Distance, when the Nuptials are celebrated.

I have had the Honour of a Visit from my Lady, the Countess Dowager, on Occasion of her leaving the Kingdom for one Year, for which Space she designs to reside in *Italy*; principally at *Naples* or *Florence*.

Mr. *B.* was abroad when her Ladyship came, having taken a Turn to *Gloucester* the Day before, and I expected him not till the next Day. Her Ladyship sent her Gentleman, the preceding Evening, to let me know, that Business had brought her as far as *Wooburn*; and if it would not be unacceptable, she would pay her Respects to me, at Breakfast, the next Morning, being speedily to leave *England*. I return'd, that I should be very proud of that Honour. And about Ten her Ladyship came.

She was exceedingly fond of my two Boys, the little Man, and the pretty Baby, as she called them; and I had very different Emotions from the Expression of her Love to them, and her Visit to me, from what I had once before. She was sorry, she said, Mr. *B.* was abroad; tho' her Business was principally with me. For, Mrs. *B.* said she, I come to tell you all that pass'd between Mr. *B.* and myself, that you may not think worse of either of us than we deserve; and I could not leave *England*, till I had done myself the Pleasure of waiting on you for this Purpose.

I said, I was very sorry, I had ever been uneasy, when I had two Persons of so much Honour—Nay, said she, interrupting me, you have no need to apologize: Things look'd bad enough, as they were represented to you, to justify greater Uneasiness than you express'd.

She ask'd me, Who that pretty genteel Miss was? —I said, a Relation of Lord *Davers*, who was intrusted lately to my Care. Then, Miss, said her Ladyship, and kissed her, you are very happy.

Believing the Countess was desirous of being alone with me, I said, My dear Miss *Goodwin*, won't you go to your little Nursery, my Love? For so she calls my last Blessing—You'd be sorry the Baby should cry for you—For Miss was so taken with the charming Lady, that she was loth to leave us —But on my saying this, withdrew.

When we were alone, the Countess began her Story with a sweet Confusion, that added to her Loveliness. She said, She would be brief, because she should exact all my Attention, and not suffer me to interrupt her till she had done.

She began with acknowledging, "That she thought, when she saw Mr. *B.* first at the Masquerade, that he was the finest Gentleman she had ever seen; that the allow'd Freedoms of the Place had made her take Liberties in following him, and engaging him where-ever he went. She blamed him very freely for passing for a single Gentleman; for, that she said, as she had so splendid a Fortune of her own, was all she was solicitous about; having never, as she confess'd, seen a Gentleman she could like so well; her former Marriage having been in some sort forced upon her, at an Age, when she knew not how to distinguish; and that she was very loth to believe him marry'd, even when she had no Reason to doubt it. Yet, this, I must say, Madam, said her Ladyship, I never heard a Gentleman, when he owned he was married, express himself of a Lady, with more affectionate Regard and Fondness, than he, when he spoke of you to me; which made me long to see you: For I had a great Opinion of those personal Advantages, which every one flatter'd me with: And I was very unwilling to yield the Palm of Beauty to you.

"I believe you will censure me, Mrs. *B.* said she, for permitting his Visits, after I knew how happy he was in such a Lady—these were her Words. To be sure, that was a thoughtless and a faulty Conduct in me—But the World's saucy Censures, and my Friends indiscreet Interposals, incensed me; and, knowing the Uprightness of my own Heart, I was resolved to disregard both, when I found they could not think worse of me than they did.

"I am naturally, said she, of a haughty Spirit, impatient of Contradiction, always gave myself Freedoms, for which, satisfy'd with my own Innocence and Honour, I thought myself above being accountable to any body—And then Mr. *B.* has such noble Sentiments, a Courage and Fearlessness, which I saw on more Occasions than one, that all Ladies, who know the Weakness of their own Sex, and how much they want the Protection of the Brave, are taken with. Then his personal Address was so peculiarly distinguishing, that having an Opinion of his Honour, I was imbarass'd greatly how to deny myself his Conversation; altho', you'll pardon me, Mrs. *B.* I began to be afraid, that my Honour might suffer in the World's Opinion for the Indulgence.

"Then, said she, when I had resolv'd, as several times was the Case, to see him no more, some unforeseen Accident threw him in my way again, at one publick Entertainment or other; for I love Balls, and Concerts, and publick Diversions, perhaps, better than I ought; and I had all my Resolves to begin again.

"Yet this, said she, I can truly say, whatever his Views were, I never heard from his Lips the least indecent Expression, nor saw in his Behaviour to me, aught that might make me very apprehensive; saving, that I began to fear, that by his insinuating Address, and noble Manner, I should be too much in his Power, and too little in my own, if I went on so little doubting, and so little alarm'd, if ever he should pull off the Mask, and avow dishonourable Designs.

"I had often lamented, said her Ladyship, that our Sex were prohibited, by the Designs of the other upon their Honour, and by the World's Censures, from conversing with the same Ease and Freedom with Gentlemen, as with one another. And when once I asked myself, To what this Conversation might tend at last? And where the Pleasure each seem'd to take in the other's might possibly end? I resolv'd to break it off; and told him my Resolution next time I saw him. But he stopp'd my Mouth with a romantick Notion, as I since think it, (tho' a sorry Plea will have Weight in favour of a Proposal one has no Aversion to) of *Platonic* Love; and we had an Intercourse by Letters, to the Number of Six or Eight, I believe, on that and other Subjects.

"All this time, I was the less apprehensive, continued her Ladyship, because he always spoke so tenderly, and even with Delight, whenever he mention'd his Lady; and I could not find, that you were at all alarm'd at our Acquaintance; for I never scrupled to send my Letters, by my own Livery, to your House, sealed with my own Seal.

"At last, indeed, he began to tell me, that from the sweetest and the evenest Temper in the World, you seem'd to be leaning towards Melancholy, were always in Tears, or shew'd you had been weeping, when he came home; and that you did not make his Return to you so agreeable as he used to find it.

"I asked, If it was not owing to some Alteration in his own Temper? If you might not be uneasy at our Acquaintance? And at his frequent Absence from you, and the like? He answer'd, No!— that you were above Disguises, were of a noble and frank Nature, and would have taken some Opportunity to hint it to him, if you had.

"This, however, gave me but little Satisfaction, and I began to think seriously of the Matter, and was more and more convinced, that my Honour requir'd it of me, to break off this Intimacy.

"And altho' I permitted Mr. *B.* to go with me to *Tunbridge*, when I went to take a House there, yet I was uneasy, as he saw. And, indeed, so was he, tho' he tarry'd a Day or two longer than he designed, on account of a little Excursion, my Sister and her Lord, and he and I, made into *Sussex*, to see an Estate that I had Thoughts of purchasing; for he was so good as to look into my Affairs for me, and has put them upon an admirable Establishment.

"His Uneasiness, he told me, was upon your Account, and he sent you a Letter to excuse himself for not waiting on you on *Saturday*, and to tell you, he would dine with you on *Monday*. And I remember, when I said, Mr. *B.* you seem to be chagrin'd at something; you are more thoughtful than usual; his Answer was—Madam, you are right. Mrs. *B.* and I have had a little Misunderstanding. She is so solemn and so melancholy of late, that I fear it will be too easy a Matter to put her out of her right Mind: And I love her so well, that then I should hardly keep my own.

"Is there no Reason, think you, said I, continu'd the Countess, to imagine, that your Acquaintance and mine gives her Uneasiness? You know, Mr. *B.* how that Villain *T.* (a Gentleman, said she, whose insolent Address I rejected with the Contempt it deserv'd) has slander'd us. How know you, but he has found a way to your Wife's Ear, as he has done to my Uncle's, and to all my Friends? And if so, it is best for us both to discontinue a Friendship, that may be attended with disagreeable Consequences!

"He said, he should find it out on his Return to you. And will you, said I, ingenuously, acquaint me with the

Issue of your Inquiries? for, added I, I never beheld a Countenance in so young a Lady, that seem'd to mean more than Mrs. *B.*'s, when I saw you in Town; and notwithstanding her Prudence, I could see a Reserve and Thoughtfulness in it, that, if it was not natural to it, must indicate too much.

"He return'd to you, Madam: He wrote to me, in a very moving Letter, the Issue of your Conference, and referred to some Papers of yours, that he would shew me, as soon as he could procure them, they being out of your own Hands, and let me know that *T.* was the Accuser, as I had suspected.

"In brief, Madam, when you went down into *Kent*, he came to me, and read some Part of your Account to Lady *Davers*, of your Informant and Information; your Apprehensions; your Prudence; your Affection for him; the Reason of your Melancholy; and, according to the Appearance Things bore, Reason enough you had, especially from the Letter of *Thomasine Fuller*, which was one of *T.*'s vile Forgeries: For tho' we had often, for Argument's sake, talked of Polygamy, (he arguing for it, I against it) yet had not Mr. *B. dared*, I will say, nor was he inclined, I verily believe, to propose any such thing to me: No, Madam, I was not so much abandon'd of a Sense of Honour, as to give Reason for any one, but my impertinent and foolish Uncle, to impute such a Folly to me; and he had so behaved to me, that I cared not what *he* thought.

"Then, what he read to me, here and there, as he pleased, gave me Reason to admire you for your generous Opinion of one you had so much seeming Cause to be afraid of: He told me his Apprehensions, from your uncommon Manner, that your Mind was in some Degree affected, and your strange Proposal of parting with an Husband every one knows you so dearly love: And we agreed to forbear seeing each other, and all manner of Correspondence, except the latter, for one Month, by Letter, till some of my Affairs were settled, which had been in great Disorder, and were in his kind Management then; and I had not one Relation, whom I car'd to trouble with them, because of their Treatment of me on Mr. *B.*'s account. And this, I told him, should not be neither, but thro' your Hands, and with your Consent.

"And thus, Madam, said her Ladyship, have I told you the naked Truth of the whole Affair.

"I have seen Mr. *B.* but once since, and that at an Horse-race, in the open Field.

"I respect him greatly; you must allow me to say that. Except in the Article of permitting me to believe, for some Time, that he was a single Gentleman, which is a Fault he cannot be excused for, and which made me heartily quarrel with him, when I first knew it, he has always behaved towards me with so much Generosity and Honour, that I could have wish'd I had been of his Sex, since he has a Lady so much more deserving than myself; and never would there have been then, had he had the same Esteem for me, a more perfect Friendship.

"I am now going, continu'd her Ladyship, to embark for *France*, and shall pass a Year in *Italy*; and then I shall, I hope, return, as solid, as grave, as circumspect, tho' not so wise, as Mrs. *B.*"

In this manner the Countess concluded her Narrative; and I told her, That I was greatly obliged to her Ladyship for the Honour she did me in this Visit, and the kind and considerate Occasion of it: But that Mr. *B.* had made me intirely happy in every Particular, and had done her Ladyship the Justice she so well deserv'd, having taken upon himself the Blame of passing as a single Gentleman, at his first Acquaintance with her Ladyship.

I added, That I could hope her Ladyship might be prevented, by some happy Gentleman, from leaving a Kingdom to which she was so great an Ornament, as well by her Birth, her Quality, and Fortune, as by her Perfections of Person and Mind.

She said, She had not been the happiest of her Sex in her former Marriage; altho' nobody, her Youth consider'd, thought her a bad Wife; and her Lord's Goodness to her, at his Death, had demonstrated his own favourable Opinion of her by Deeds, as he had done by Words, upon all Occasions: But that she was yet young; a little too gay and unsettled; and had her Head turn'd towards *France* and *Italy*, for one Tour, of a Year at least, having pass'd some Time in those Countries, which she thought of with Pleasure, tho' then but a Girl of Twelve or Thirteen: That for this Reason, and having been on a late Occasion still more unsettled, (looking down with Blushes, which often overspread her lovely Face, as she talked) she had refused some Offers, not despicable: That, indeed, Lord *C.*—threatened to follow her to *Italy*, in hopes of meeting better Success there; but if he did, tho' she would make no Resolutions, she believ'd she should be too much offended with him, to give him Reason to boast of his Journey.

She wish'd to see Mr. *B.* and to take Leave of him, but not out of my Company, she was pleased to say. Your Ladyship's Consideration for me, reply'd I, lays me under high Obligation; but, indeed, Madam, there is no Occasion for it, from any Diffidences I have in yours or Mr. *B.*'s Honour. And if your Ladyship will give me the

Pleasure of knowing when it will be most acceptable, I will beg of Mr. *B.* to oblige me with his Company to return this Favour, the first Visit I make abroad.

You are very kind, my dear Mrs. *B.* said she: But I think to go to *Tunbridge* for a Fortnight, when I have disposed of every thing for my Imbarkation, and so set out from thence. And if you should then be both in *Kent*, I should be glad to take you at your Word.

To be sure, I said, Mr. *B.* at least, would attend her Ladyship there, if any thing should happen to deprive me of that Honour; and if it would be agreeable to her Ladyship, I made no doubt he would, with as high a Pleasure, as I should receive in his doing so, attend her Ladyship on board, and see her safe on the other Side.

You are a generous Lady! said the Countess— I take great Concern to myself, for having been the Means of giving you a Moment's Uneasiness formerly: But I must now endeavour to be circumspect, in order to retrieve my Character, which has been so basely traduc'd by that presumptuous Fellow *Turner*, that was her Word, who hoped, I suppose, thereby to bring me down to his Level.

Her Ladyship would not be prevailed upon to stay Dinner, and saying, She should be at *Wooburn* all the next Day, took a very kind and tender Leave of me, wishing me all manner of Happiness, as I did her.

Mr. *B.* came home in the Evening, and next Morning rode to *Wooburn*, to pay his Respects to the Countess, and came back in the Evening. Thus happily, and to the Satisfaction of all Three, as I hope, ended this perplexing Affair.

Mr. *B.* asks me, Madam, How I relish Mr. *Locke's Treatise of Education?* which he put into my Hands some time since, as I told your Ladyship. I answer'd, Very well; and I thought it an excellent Piece, in the main.

I'll tell you, said he, what you shall do. You have not shew'd me any thing you have written for a good while. I would be glad, you would fill up your Leisure-time, as you cannot be without Pen and Ink, with your Observations on that Treatise, that I may know what you can object to it; for you say, *In the main*, which shews, that you do not intirely approve of every Part of it.

But will not that be presumptuous, Sir?

I admire Mr. *Locke*, reply'd he; and I admire my *Pamela*. I have no Doubt of his Excellencies; but I want to know the Sentiments of a young Mother, as well as of a learned Gentleman, upon the Subject of Education; because I have heard several Ladies censure some Part of his Regimen, when I am convinc'd, that the Fault lies in their own over-great Fondness for their Children.

As to myself, Sir, said I, who, in the early Part of my Life, have not been brought up too tenderly, you will hardly meet with any Objection to the Part which I imagine you have heard most objected to by Ladies who have been more indulgently treated in their first Stage. But there are a few other Things that want clearing up to my Understanding; but which, however, may be the Fault of that.

Then, my Dear, suppose me at a Distance from you, cannot you give me your Remarks in the same manner as if you were writing to Lady *Davers*, or Miss *Darnford*, that was?

Yes, Sir, depending on your kind Favour to me, I believe I could.

Do then, return'd he; and the less Restraint you write with, the more I shall be pleased with it. But I confine you not to Time or Place. We will make our Excursions as I once proposed to you; and do you write me a Letter now-and-then upon the Subject; for the Places and Remarkables you will see, will be new only to yourself; nor will either of those Ladies expect from you an Itinerary, or a particular Description of Countries, which they will find better described by Authors, who have made it their Business to treat upon those Subjects. By this Means, you will be usefully employ'd in your own way, which may turn to good Account to us both, and to the dear Children, which it may please God to bestow upon us.

You don't expect, Sir, any thing regular or digested from me?

I don't, my Dear. Let your Fancy and your Judgment be both employ'd; and I require no Method; for I know, in your easy, natural way, that would be a Confinement, that would cram your Genius, and give what you write a stiff, formal Air, that I might expect in a Pedagogue, but not in my *Pamela*.

Well, but, Sir, said I, altho' I may write nothing to the Purpose, yet if Lady *Davers* is desirous to give it a Reading, will you allow me to transmit, what I shall write, to her Hands, when you have perus'd it yourself? For your good Sister is so indulgent to my Scribble, that she will expect to be always hearing from me; and this way I shall oblige her Ladyship, while I obey her dear Brother.

With all my Heart, he was pleased to say.

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So, my Lady, I shall now—and—then pay my Respects to you in the writing way, tho' I must address myself, it seems, to my dearest Mr. *B.*; and I hope I shall be received on these my own Terms, since they are your Brother's Terms also; and, at the same time, such as will convince you, how much I wish to approve myself, to the best of my poor Ability,

*Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.*

LETTER LI.

*My dearest Mr. B:* I have been considering of your Commands, in relation to Mr. *Locke's* Book; and as you are pleas'd to give me Time to acquit myself of the Task, I shall take the Liberty to propose to include in a little Book my humble Sentiments, as I did to Lady *Davers*, in that I shew'd you in relation to the Plays I had seen. And, since you confine me not to Time or Place, perhaps, I shall be three or four Years in completing it, because I shall reserve some Subjects to my further Experience in Childrens Ways and Tempers, and in order to benefit myself by those good Lessons and Instructions, which I shall receive from your delightful Conversation, in that Compass of Time, if God spare us to one another: And then it will, moreover, be more worthy, than it can otherwise be, of the Perusal of the most honour'd and best-beloved of all my Correspondents, much honour'd and beloved, as they all are.

I must needs say, my dear Mr. *B.* that this is a Subject to which I was always particularly attentive; and among the Charities your bountiful Heart permits me to dispense to the Poor and Indigent, I have had always a watchful Eye upon the Children of such, and endeavour'd, by Questions put to them, as well as to their Parents, to inform myself of their little Ways and Tempers, and how Nature delights to work in different Minds, and how it might be pointed to their Good, according to their respective Capacities; and I have for this Purpose erected, with your Approbation, a little School of Seven or Eight Children, among which are Four in the earliest Stages, when they can but just speak, and call for what they want, or love: And I am not a little pleas'd to observe, when I visit them in their School-time, that Principles of Goodness and Virtue may be instill'd into their little Hearts much earlier than is usually imagin'd. And why should it not be so? For may not the Child, that can tell its Wants, and make known its Inclination, be easily made sensible of *yours*, and what you expect from it, provided you take a proper Method? For, sometimes, Signs and Tokens, (and even Looks) uniformly practis'd, will do as well as Words; as we see in such of the Young of the Brute Creation, as we are dispos'd to domesticate, and to teach to practise those little Tricks, of which the Aptness or Docility of their Natures makes them capable.

But yet, dearest Sir, I know not enough of the next Stage, or the *maturer* Life, to touch upon that, as I wish to do; and yet there is a natural Connection and Progression from the one to the other: And I would not be thought a vain Creature, who believes herself equal to *every* Subject, because she is indulg'd with the good Opinions of her Friends, in a *few*, that are supposed to be within her own Capacity. For,

I humbly conceive, that it is no small Point of Wisdom to know, and not to mistake, one's own Talents; and for this Reason, permit me, dear Sir, to suspend, till I am better qualify'd for it, even my own Proposal of beginning my little Book; and, in the mean time, to touch upon a few Places of the admirable Author you have put into my Hand, that seem to me to warrant another way of Thinking, than that which he prescribes.

But, dear Sir, let me premise, that all that your dear Babies can demand of my Attention for some time to come, is their Health; and it has pleas'd God to bless them with such sound Limbs, and, to all Appearance, good Constitutions, that I have very little to do, but to pray for them every time I pray for their dear Papa; and that is hourly, and yet not so often as you confer upon me Benefits, and Favours, and new Obligations, even to the Prevention of all my Wishes, were I to sit down to study for what must be the next.

As to this Point of *Health*, Mr. *Locke* gives these plain and easy to be observed Rules.

He prescribes, First, *Plenty of open Air*. That this is right, the Infant will inform one, who, tho' it cannot speak, will make Signs to be carry'd abroad, and is never so well pleas'd, as when it is enjoying the open and free Air; for which Reason I conclude, that this is one of those natural Pointings, as one may call it, that is implanted in every Creature, teaching it to chuse its Good, and to avoid its Evil.

*Sleep* is the next, which he enjoins to be indulg'd to its utmost Extent: An admirable Rule, as I humbly conceive; since sound Sleep is one of the greatest Nourishers in Nature, both to the *once* Young, and to the *twice* Young, if I may so phrase it. And I the rather approve this Rule to Children, because it keeps the Nurse unemploy'd, who otherwise, perhaps, would be doing it the greatest Mischief, by cramming and stuffing its little Bowels, till they were ready to burst. And, if I am right, what an inconsiderate and foolish, as well as pernicious Practice is it, for a Nurse to *waken* the Child from its nourishing Sleep, for fear it should suffer by Hunger, and instantly pop the Breast into its pretty Mouth, or provoke it to feed, when it has no Inclination to either; and, for

want of Digestion, must have its Nutriment turn to Repletion, and bad Humours!

Excuse me, dear Sir, these lesser Particulars. Mr. *Locke* begins with them; and surely they may be allow'd to a young *Mamma*, writing (however it be to a Gentleman of Genius and Learning) to a *Papa*, on a Subject, that in its lowest Beginnings ought not to be unattended to by either. I will therefore pursue my excellent Author without further Apology, since you have put his Work into my Hands.

The next Thing then, which he prescribes, is *plain Diet*. This speaks for itself; for the Baby can have no corrupt Taste to gratify: All is pure, as out of the Hand of Nature; and what is not plain and natural, must vitiate and offend.

Then, *no Wine*, or *strong Drink*. Equally just; and for the same Reasons.

*Little* or *no Physick*. Undoubtedly right. For the *Use* of Physick, without Necessity, or by way of *Precaution*, as some call it, begets the *Necessity* of Physick; and the very *Word* supposes *Distemper* or *Disorder*; and where there is none, would a Parent beget one, or render its salutary Force ineffectual, by frequent Use, when it was wanted?

Next, he forbids *too warm* and *too streight Cloathing*. Dear Sir, this is just as I wish it. How has my Heart ached, many and many a time, when I have seen poor Babies roll'd and swath'd, ten or a dozen times round, then Blanket upon Blanket, Mantle upon that; its little Neck pinn'd down to one Posture; its Head, more than it frequently needs, triple-crown'd like a young Pope, with Covering upon Covering; its Legs and Arms, as if to prevent that kindly Stretching, which we rather ought to promote, when it is in Health, and is aiming at Growth and Inlargement, the former bundled up, the latter pinn'd down; and how the poor Thing lies on the Nurse's Lap, a miserable little pinion'd Captive, goggling and staring with its Eyes, the only Organs it has at Liberty, as if it was supplicating for Freedom to its fetter'd Limbs! Nor has it any Comfort at all, till, with a Sigh or two, like a dying Deer, it drops asleep; and happy then will it be, till the officious Nurse's Care shall awaken it for its undesired Food, just as if the good Woman were resolv'd to try its Constitution, and were willing to see how many Difficulties it could overcome.

Then this Gentleman advises, that the Head and Feet should be kept cold; and the latter often us'd to cold Water, and expos'd to Wet, in order to lay the Foundation, as he says, of an healthy and hardy Constitution.

Now, Sir, what a Pleasure is it to your Girl, that her Notions, and her Practice too, fall in so exactly with this learned Gentleman's Advice, that, excepting one Article, which is, that your *Billy* has not yet been accusom'd to be *wet-shod*; every other Particular has been observ'd! —And don't you see what a charming, charming Baby he is? —Nay, and so is your little *Davers*, for his Age—pretty Soul!

Perhaps some, were they to see this, would not be so ready, as I know you will be, to excuse me; and would be apt to say, What Nursery Impertinencies are these, to trouble a Man with! —But, with all their Wisdom, they would be mistaken; for if a Child has not good Health, (and are not these Rules, the moral Foundation, as I may say, of that Blessing?) its animal Organs will play but poorly in a weak or crasy Case. These, therefore, are necessary Rules to be observed for the first two or three Years; for then the little Buds of their Minds will begin to open, and their watchful *Mamma* will be employ'd, like a skilful Gardener, in assisting and encouraging the charming Flower thro' its several hopeful Stages to Perfection, when it shall become one of the principal Ornaments of that delicate Garden, your honour'd Family. Pardon me, Sir, if in the above Paragraph I am too figurative. I begin to be afraid I am out of my Sphere, writing to your dear Self, on these important Subjects.

But be that as it may, I will here put an End to this my first Letter, (on the earliest Part of my Subject) rejoicing in the Opportunity you have given me of producing a fresh Instance of that Duty and Affection, wherewith I am, and shall ever be, my dearest Mr. B.

*Your gratefully happy P.B.*

LETTER LII.

I will now, my dearest, my best-beloved Correspondent of all, begin, since the tender Age of my dear Babies will not permit me to have an Eye yet to their *better* Part, to tell you what are the little Matters, to which I am not quite so well reconcil'd in Mr. *Locke*: And this I shall be better inabled to do, by my Observations upon the Temper and natural Bent of my dear Miss *Goodwin*, as well as by those, which the Visits I make now-and-then to the bigger Children of my little School, and those at the Cottages adjacent, have enabled me to form: For human Nature, Sir, you are not to be told, is human Nature, whether in the High-born, or in the Low.

This excellent Author, in his Fifty-second Section, having justly disallow'd of slavish and corporal Punishments in the Education of those we would have to be wise, good, and ingenious Men, adds:—"On the other Side, to flatter Children by Rewards of Things, that are pleasant to them, is as carefully to be avoided. He that will give his Son Apples, or Sugar-plums, or what else of this kind he is most delighted with, to make him learn his Book, does but authorize his Love of Pleasure, and cockers up that dangerous Propensity, which he ought, by all means, to subdue and stifle in him. You can never hope to teach him to master it, whilst you compound for the Check you give his Inclination in one Place, by the Satisfaction you propose to it in another: To make a good, a wife, and a virtuous Man, 'tis fit he should learn to cross his Appetite, and deny his Inclination to Riches, Finery, or pleasing his Palate, &c."

This, Sir, is excellently said; but is it not a little too philosophical and abstracted, not only for the Generality of Children, but for the Age he supposes them to be of, if one may guess by the Apples and the Sugar-plums proposed for the Rewards of their Well-doing? Would not this, Sir, require in Children, that Memory and Reflection, which the same Author, in another Place, calls the Concomitant of Prudence and Age, and not of Childhood?

It is undoubtedly very right, to check an unreasonable Appetite, and that at its first Appearance. But if so small and so reasonable an Inducement will prevail, surely, Sir, it might be comply'd with. A generous Mind takes Delight to win over others by good Usage and Mildness, rather than by Severity; and it must be a great Pain to such an one, to be always inculcating, on his Children or Pupils the Doctrine of Self-denial, by Methods quite grievous to his own Nature.

What I would then humbly propose, is, That the Encouragements offer'd to Youth, should, indeed, be innocent ones, as the Gentleman enjoins, and not such as would lead to Luxury, either of Food or Apparel: But I humbly think it necessary, that Rewards, *proper* Rewards, should be propos'd as Incentives to laudable Actions: For is it not by this Method, that the whole World is influenc'd and govern'd? Does not God himself, by Rewards and Punishments, make it our *Interest*, as well as our *Duty*, to obey Him? And can we propose to ourselves, for the Government of our Children, a better Example than that of the Almighty?

This fine Author seems, dear Sir, to think he had been a little of the strictest, and liable to some Exception. "I say not this," proceeds he, (§53.) "that I would have Children kept from the Conveniencies or Pleasures of Life, that are not injurious to their Health or Virtue. On the contrary, I would have their Lives made as pleasant and as agreeable to them as may be, in a plentiful Enjoyment of whatsoever might innocently delight them." And yet, dear Sir, he immediately subjoins a very hard and difficult Proviso to the Indulgence he has just granted—"Provided," says he, "it be with this Caution, That they have those Enjoyments only as the Consequences of the State of Esteem and Acceptation they are in with their Parents and Governors."

I doubt, my dear Mr. *B.* this is expecting such a Distinction and Discretion in Children, as they are seldom capable of in their tender Years, and requiring such Capacities as are not commonly to be met with: So that it is not prescribing to the *Generality*, as this excellent Author intended. 'Tis, I humbly conceive, next to impossible, that their tender Minds should distinguish beyond Facts: They covet this or that Plaything, and have no other Motive than being gratify'd in the Possession of what they desire. The Parent, or Governor, has another Motive in obliging the Child: He takes Advantage of its Desires, and annexes to the Indulgence which the Child hopes for, such or such a Task or Duty, as a Condition; and shews himself pleas'd with its Compliance with it: So the Child wins its Plaything, and receives the Praise and Commendation so necessary to lead on young Minds to laudable Pursuits. But, dear Sir, shall it not be suffer'd to enjoy the innocent Reward of its Compliance, unless it can give

Satisfaction, that its greatest Delight is not in having the Thing coveted, but in performing the Task, or obeying the Injunctions, impos'd upon it as a Condition of its being oblig'd? I doubt, Sir, this is a little too strict, and not to be expected from Children. A Servant, full-grown, would not be able to shew one, that, on Condition he comply'd with such and such Terms, (which, it is to be suppos'd by the *Offer*, he would not have comply'd with, but for that Inducement) that he should have such and such a Reward; I say, he would hardly be able to shew one, that he preferr'd the Pleasure of performing the requisite Conditions to the stipulated Reward. How then is it to be expected from a Child, who is less capable of distinguishing?

Let therefore, if, Sir, I may presume to say so, innocent Rewards be propos'd, and let us be contented to lead on the ductile Minds of Children to a Love of their Duty, by obliging them with such: We may tell them what we *expect* in this Case; but we ought not, I humbly conceive, to be too rigorous in *exacting* it; for, after all, the Inducement will certainly be the uppermost Consideration with the Child: 'Tis out of Nature to Suppose it otherwise; nor had it been offer'd to it, if the Parent himself had not thought so. And therefore we can only let the Child know his Duty in this respect, and that he *ought* to give a Preference to that, and then rest ourselves contented, altho' we should discern, that the Reward is the chief Incentive, if it do but oblige to the Performance of it. For this, from whatever Motive inculcated, may beget a Habit in the Child of doing it; and then, as it improves in Years, one may hope, that Reason will take place, and enable him, from the most solid and durable Motives, to give a Preference to the Duty.

Upon the Whole, then, may I, Sir, venture to say, That we should not insist upon it, that the Child should so nicely distinguish away its little *innate* Passions, as if we expected it to be born a Philosopher? Self-denial is indeed a most excellent Doctrine, to be inculcated in Children, and it must be done *early* too: But we must not be too severe in our exacting it; for a Duty too rigidly insisted upon, will make it odious. This Mr. *Locke* himself excellently observes in another Place, on the Head of too great Severity; which he illustrates by a familiar Comparison: "Offensive Circumstances," says he, "ordinarily infect innocent Things, which they are joined with. And the very Sight of a Cup, wherein any one uses to take nauseous Physick, turns his Stomach; so that nothing will relish well out of it, tho' the Cup be never so clean and well-shap'd, and of the richest Materials."

Permit me, dear Sir, to add, That Mr. *Locke* proceeds to explain himself still more rigorously on the Subject of Rewards; which I quote, to shew I have not misunderstood him. "But these Enjoyments," says he, "should *never* be offer'd or bestow'd on Children, as the Rewards of this or that particular Performance, that they shew an Aversion to, or to which they would not have apply'd themselves without that Temptation." If, my dear Mr. *B.* the Minds of Children *can* be led on by innocent Inducements to the Performance of a Duty, of which they are capable, what I have humbly offer'd, is enough, I presume, to convince one, that it *may* be done. But if ever a particular Study be propos'd to be master'd, or a Byas to be overcome, that is not an *indispensable* Requisite to his future Life or Morals, to which the Child shews an Aversion, I would not, methinks, have him be too much tempted or compell'd to conquer or subdue it, especially if it appear to be a *natural* or rivetted Aversion.

For, Sir, permit me to observe, That the Education and Studies of Children ought, as much as possible, to be suited to their Capacities and Inclinations: And, by this means, we may expect to have always *useful*, and often *great* Men, in different Professions: For that Genius, that will not take to one Study, may shine in another no less necessary Part of Science. But, if innocent, the Promise of innocent, Rewards, will conquer this *Aversion*, as it is call'd; it will then hardly bear that Name; and let them, by all means, if I may presume to say so, be propos'd for their Encouragement. Nevertheless, I must repeat, that if, as the Child grows up, and is capable of so much Reason, that, from the Love of the *Inducement*, one can raise his Mind to the Love of the *Duty*, it should be done by all means. But, my dear Mr. *B.* I am afraid, that *that* Parent or Tutor will meet but with little Success, who, in a Child's *tender* Years, shall refuse to comply with its Foibles, till he sees it values its Duty, and the Pleasure of obeying its Commands, beyond the little Enjoyment on which its Heart is fixed. For, as I humbly conceive, that Mind, which can be brought to prefer its Duty to its Appetites, will want little of the Perfection of the wisest Philosophers.

Besides, Sir, permit me to say, That I am afraid, this perpetual Opposition between the Passions of the Child, and the Duty to be enforced, especially when he sees how other Children are indulg'd, (for if this Regimen could be observ'd by *any*, it would be impossible it should become *general*, while the fond and the inconsiderate Parents are so large a Part of Mankind) will cow and dispirit a Child; and will, perhaps, produce a Necessity of making use of Severity to subdue him to this Temper of Self-denial; for if the Child refuses, the Parent *must* insist; and

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what will be the Consequence? —Must it not introduce a harsher Discipline than this Gentleman allows of? —And which, I presume to say, did never yet do Good to any but to slavish and base Spirits, if to them. A Discipline which Mr. *Locke* every where justly condemns.

See here, dear Sir, a Specimen of the Presumption of your Girl: What will she come to in time? you will perhaps say—Her next Step will be to arraign myself. —No, no, dear Sir, don't think so: For my Duty, my Love, and my Reverence, shall be your Guards, and defend you from every thing saucy in me, but the bold Approaches of my Gratitude, which shall always testify for me, how much I am

*Your obliged and dutiful P. B.*

## LETTER LIII.

*My dearest Mr. B.* I will continue my Subject, altho' I have not had an Opportunity to know whether you approve of my Notions or not, by reason of the Excursions you have been pleas'd to allow me to make in your beloved Company, to the Sea-ports of this Kingdom, and to the more noted inland Towns of *Essex, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire,* and *Dorsetshire*, which have given me infinite Delight and Pleasure, and inlarg'd my Notions of the Wealth and Power of the Kingdom, in which God's Goodness has given you so considerable a Stake.

My next Topick will be upon an Home Education, which Mr. *Locke* prefers, for several weighty Reasons, to a School one, provided such a Tutor can be procur'd, as he makes next to an Impossibility to procure. The Gentleman has set forth the Inconveniencies of both, and was himself so discourag'd on a Review of them, that he was ready, as he says, to throw up his Pen. My chief Cares, dear Sir, on this Head, are threefold: 1<sup>st</sup>, The Difficulty, which, as I said, Mr. *Locke* makes almost insuperable, to find a Tutor qualify'd. 2<sup>dly</sup>, The Necessity there is, according to Mr. *Locke*, of keeping the Youth out of the Company of the meaner Servants, who may set him bad Examples. And, next, Those still greater Difficulties, which will arise from the Examples of his Parents, if they are not very discreet and circumspect.

As to the Qualifications of the Tutor, Mr. *Locke* supposes, that he is to be so learned, so discreet, so wise, in short, so *perfect* a Man, that, I doubt, and so does Mr. *Locke*, such an one is hardly possible to be met with for this *humble* and *slavish* Employment. I presume, Sir, to call it so, because of the too little Regard that is generally paid to these useful Men in the Families of the Great, where they are too frequently put upon a Foot with the uppermost Servants, and the rather, if they happen to be Men of Modesty.

"I would," says this Gentleman, "from Childrens first beginning to talk, have some discreet, sober, nay, *wise* Person about them, whose Care it should be to fashion them right, and to keep them from all Ill; especially the Infection of bad Company. I think," continues he, "this Province requires great Sobriety, Temperance, Tenderness, Diligence, and Discretion; Qualities hardly to be found united in Persons that are to be had for ordinary Salaries, nor easily to be found anywhere."

If this, Sir, be the Case, does not this excellent Author recommend a Scheme, that is render'd in a manner impracticable from this Difficulty?

As to these Qualities being more rarely to be met with in Persons that are to be had for *ordinary Salaries*, I cannot help being of Opinion, (altho', with Mr. *Locke*, I think, no Expence should be spared, if that *would* do) that there is as good a Chance of finding such an one among the needy Scholars, as among those better provided for: Because the Necessities of the former, as they became a Spur to his own Learning and Improvement, so will they, at first setting out in the World, quicken his Diligence, and, in Hopes of recommending him to a worthier Lot, make him be glad of embracing an Offer of this kind, in a Family, which has Interest enough to prefer him.

I say not this, dear Sir, to encourage that wretched Niggardliness, which this Gentleman justly censures, of those who grudge an handsome Consideration to so necessary and painful a Labour as that of a Tutor, which, where a deserving Man can be met with, cannot be too genteelly rewarded, nor himself too respectfully treated. I only take the Liberty to deliver my Opinion, that an humble Condition is as likely as any other to produce a Gentleman of these good Qualities, as well for the Reason I have hinted at, as for others, which might be mention'd. To which, to name no more, the Merit of Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Adams* will bear Witness.

But Mr. *Locke* proceeds with his Difficulties in this Particular: "To form a young Gentleman as he should be," says he, "'tis fit his Governor should be well-bred, understand the Ways of Carriage, and Measures of Civility, in all the Variety of *Persons, Times,* and *Places*; and keep his Pupil, as far as his Age requires, constantly to the Observation of them. This is an Art," continues he, "not to be learnt or taught by Books. Nothing can give it, but good Company, and Observation, join'd together."

And in another Place, "Besides being well-bred, the Tutor should know the World well; the Ways, the Humours, the Follies, the Cheats, the Faults of the Age he is fallen into, and particularly of the Country he lives in: These he should be able to shew to his Pupil, as he finds him capable; teach him Skill in Men, and their Manners; pull off the Mask, which their several Callings and Pretences cover them with; and make his Pupil discern what lies at the Bottom, under such Appearances, that he may not, as unexperienc'd young Men are apt to

do, if they are unwarn'd, take one thing for another, judge by the Outsides, and give himself up to Shew, and the Insinuation of a fair Carriage, or an obliging Application: Teach him to guess at, and beware of, the Designs of Men he hath to do with, neither with too much Suspicion, nor too much Confidence."

This, dear Sir, is excellently said: 'Tis noble *Theory*. And if the Tutor is a Man void of Resentment and Caprice, and will not be govern'd by partial Considerations in his own Judgment of Persons and Things, it will be well: But if otherwise, he may take Advantage of the Confidence plac'd in him, to the Injury of some worthy Person, and by Degrees monopolize the young Gentleman to himself, and govern his Passions as absolutely, as I have heard some First Ministers have done those of their Prince, equally to his own personal Disreputation, and to the Disadvantage of his People. But,

All this, and much more, according to Mr. *Locke*, is the Duty of a Tutor; and on the finding out such an one, depends his Scheme of an Home Education. No Wonder then, that he himself says, "When I consider the Scruples and Cautions, I here lay in your Way, methinks it looks as if I advised you to something, which I would have offer'd at, but in Effect not done," &c. Permit me, dear Sir, in this Place, to express my Fear, that it is hardly possible for any one, of Talents inferior to those of Mr. *Locke* himself, to come up to the Rules he has laid down on this Subject; and 'tis to be question'd, whether even *he*, with all that vast Stock of natural Reason, and solid Sense, for which, as you tell me, Sir, he was so famous, had attain'd to these Perfections, at his first setting out into Life.

Now, therefore, dear Sir, you can't imagine, how these Difficulties perplex me, as to my knowing how to judge which is best, an Home or a School Education! —For hear what this excellent Author so justly observes on the latter, among other things no less to the Purpose: "I am sure, he who is able to be at the Charge of a Tutor at Home, may there give his Son a more genteel Carriage, more manly Thoughts, and a Sense of what is worthy and becoming, with a greater Proficiency in Learning into the Bargain, and ripen him up sooner into a Man, than any at School can do. Not that I blame the School-master, in this," says he, or think it to be laid to his Charge. The Difference is great between two or three Pupils in the same House, and three or fourscore Boys lodg'd up and down: For, let the Master's Industry and Skill be never so great, it is impossible he should have 50 or 100 Scholars under his Eye, any longer than they are in the School together." But then, Sir, if there be such a Difficulty, as Mr. *Locke* says, to meet with a proper Tutor, what a perplexing thing is this? And what shall one say, as to the Preference he gives to an Home Education, in which such a Tutor is to be suppos'd necessary?

But then, according to this Gentleman, there is another Difficulty attending an Home Education; and is, what I hinted at before, in my second Article, The Necessity there is to keep the Youth out of the Company of the meaner Servants, who may set him bad Examples. For thus he says: "Here is another great Inconvenience, which Children receive from the ill Examples, which they meet with from the meaner Servants. They are *wholly*, if possible, to be kept from such Conversation: For the Contagion of these ill Precedents, both in Civility and Virtue, horribly infects Children, as often as they come within Reach of it. They frequently learn from unbred or debauched Servants, such Language, untowardly Tricks, and Vices, as otherwise they would be ignorant of, all their Lives. 'Tis an hard Matter wholly to prevent this Mischief," continues he; "you will have very good Luck; if you never have a clownish or vicious Servant, and if from them your Children never get any Infection."

Then, Sir, my next Point (which I mention'd in the Beginning of this Letter) is a still greater Difficulty, as it may happen in an Home Education; to wit, The Example of the Parents themselves, if they be not very circumspect and discreet.

All these Difficulties in an Home Education being put together, let me, dear Sir, humbly propose it, as a Matter for your Consideration and Determination, Whether there be not a middle way to be found out in a School Education, that may remedy some of these Inconveniencies? For suppose, Sir, you cannot, as the Task is so difficult, get a Tutor so qualified, as Mr. *Locke* thinks he ought to be, for your *Billy*, as he grows up. Suppose there is Danger from your meaner Servants; and suppose we his Parents should not be able to lay ourselves under the requisite Restraints, in order to form his Mind by our own Examples, which, I hope, by God's Grace, however, will not be the Case—— Cannot some Master be found out, who shall be so well rewarded for his Care of a *few* young Gentlemen, as shall make it worth his while to be contented with those *few*? suppose Five, Six, Seven, or Eight at most; whose Morals and Breeding he may attend to, as well as to their Learning? The farther this Master lives from the young Gentlemens Friends, the better it may be. We will hope, that he is a Man of a mild Disposition, but strict in his Discipline, and who shall make it a Rule not to give Correction for small Faults, or

till every other Method has been try'd; who carries such a just Dignity in his Manner, without the Appearance of Tyranny, that his Looks may be of greater Force, than the Words of some, and his Words than the Blows of others; and who will rather endeavour to shame than terrify a Youth out of his Faults. Then, Sir, suppose such an one was to allot such a Portion of Time for the *more learned* Studies; and before the Youth was tir'd with *them*, suppose such another Portion was allotted for the *Writing* and *Arithmetick* Parts; and then, to relieve his Mind from both, suppose the *Dancing—master* should take his Part; and innocent Exercises of mere Diversion, to fill up the rest, at his own Choice, in which, diverted by such a Rotation of Employments, (all thus render'd delightful by their successive Variety) he would hardly wish to pass much Time. For the Dancing of itself will answer both Parts, that of good Breeding, and that of Exercise: And thus different Studies, at one time, may be master'd.

Moreover the Emulation, which will be inspir'd, where there are several young Gentlemen, will be of inconceivable Use both to Tutor and Pupil, in lessening the Trouble of the one, and advancing the Learning of the other, which cannot be expected, where there is but a single young Gentleman to take care of.

Such a Master will know it to be his Interest, as well as his Duty, to have a watchful Eye over the Conduct and Behaviour of his Servants. His Assistants, in the different Branches of Science and Education, will be Persons of approved Prudence, for whom he will think himself answerable, since his own *Reputation* will depend upon their Behaviour, as well as his *Livelihood*. The young Gentlemen will have young Gentlemen for their Companions, all under the Influence of the same Precepts and Directions; and if some chosen Period were fixed, once a Week, as a Reward for some Excellence, where, at a little Desk, rais'd a Step or two above the other Seats, the excelling Youth should be set to read, under the Master's Direction, a little Portion from the best Translations of the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, and even from the best *English* Authors; this might, in a very engaging manner, initiate them into the Knowledge of the History of past Times, and of their own Country, and give them a Curiosity to pass some of their vacant Hours in the same laudable Pursuit: For, dear Sir, I must still insist, that Rewards, and innocent Gratifications, as also little Honours and Distinctions, must needs be very attractive to the Minds of Youth.

And don't you think, dear Sir, that the little Ride, and Dairy—house Breakfasting, by which Miss *Goodwin's* Governess distinguishes the little Ladies, who excel in their allotted Tasks, is a sweet pretty Encouragement to their ductile Minds? —Yes, it is, to be sure! —And I have often thought of it with Pleasure, and have partaken, in a manner, of the Delight, that I have supposed their pretty Hearts must be fill'd with, on the Occasion. And why may not such little Triumphs be, in Proportion, as incentive to Children to master laudable Tasks, as the *Roman* Triumphs, of different Kinds, and their Mural and Civick Crowns, all which I have heard you speak of, were to their Heroes and Warriors of old? For Mr. *Dryden* well observes, *That Men are but Children of a larger Growth. Our Appetites are apt to change, as theirs, And full as craving too, and full as vain.*

Permit me, Sir, to transcribe four or five Lines more, for the Beauty of the Thought: *And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room, Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing: But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind, Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward To the World's open View—*

Improving the Thought; methinks, I can see the dear little Miss, who has, in some eminent Task, borne away the Palm, making her publick Entry, as I may call it, after her Dairy Breakfast, and pretty Airing, into her Governess's Court—yard, through a Row of her School—fellows, drawn out on each Side, to admire her; her Governess and Assistants receiving her at the Porch, their little Capitol, and lifting her out with Applauses and Encomiums, with a *Thus shall it be done to the Miss, whom her Governess delighteth to honour!* I see not, my Mr. *B.* why the dear Miss, in this Case, as she moves thro' her admiring School—fellows, may not have her little Heart beat with as much Delight, be as gloriously elated, proportionally, as that of the greatest Hero in his Triumphal Car, who has return'd from Exploits, perhaps, much less laudable.

But how I ramble! —Yet, surely, Sir, you don't expect Method or Connexion from your Girl. The Education of our Sex will not permit that, where it is best. We are forced to struggle for Knowledge, like the poor feeble Infant, in the Month, who, as I describ'd in my first Letter on this Subject, is pinn'd and fetter'd down upon the Nurse's Lap; and who, if its little Arms happen, by Chance, to escape its Nurse's Observation, and offer but to expand themselves, are immediately taken into Custody, and pinion'd down to their passive Behaviour. So, when a poor Girl, in spite of her narrow Education, breaks out into Notice, her Genius is immediately tamed by trifling Employments, lest perhaps she should become the Envy of one Sex, and the Equal of the other. But you, Sir, act more nobly by your *Pamela*; for you throw in her Way all the Opportunities of Improvement that can offer; and

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she has only to regret, that she cannot make a better Use of them, and, of consequence, render herself more worthy of your generous Indulgence.

I know not how, Sir, to recover my Thread; and so must break off, with that Delight, which I always take, when I come near the Bottom of my Letters to your dear Self; because then I can boast of the Honour which I have in being

*Your ever dutiful P. B.*

LETTER LIV.

Well, but, my dear Mr. *B.* you will, perhaps, think from my last rambling Letter, that I am most inclin'd to a *School* Education for your *Billy*, some Years hence, if it shall please God to spare him to us. But indeed I cannot say, that I am: I only lay several things together in my usual indigested and roving way, to take your Opinion upon, which, as it ought, will be always decisive with me. And indeed I am so throughly convinc'd by Mr. *Locke's* Reasons, where the Behaviour of Servants can be so well answer'd for, as that of yours can be, where the Example of the Parents will be, as I hope, rather edifying than otherwise, that, without being sway'd, as I think, by maternal Fondness, in this Case, I must needs give a Preference to the Home Education; and the little Scheme I presum'd to form in my last, was only, as you will be pleas'd to remember, on a Supposition, that those necessary Points could not be so well secur'd.

In my Observations on this Head, I shall take the Liberty, Sir, in one or two Particulars, a little to differ from an Author, that I admire exceedingly; and that is the present Design of my writing these Letters; for I shall hereafter, if God spare my Life, in my little Book, (when you have kindly decided upon the Points in which I presume to differ from that Gentleman) shew you, Sir, my great Reverence and Esteem for him; and shall then be able to let you know all my Sentiments on this important Subject, and that more undoubtingly, as I shall be more improv'd by Years, and your dear Conversation; especially, Sir, if I have the Honour and Happiness of a foreign Tour with you, of which you give me Hope; so much are you pleas'd with the Delight I take in these improving Excursions, which you have now favour'd me with, at times, thro' more than half the Kingdom.

Well then, Sir, I will proceed to consider a little more particularly the Subject of an Home Education, with an Eye to those Difficulties, which Mr. *Locke* takes notice of, as I have mention'd in my last.

As to the first, the Difficulty of finding a qualify'd Tutor; we must not expect so much Perfection, I doubt, as Mr. *Locke* lays down as necessary. What, therefore, I humbly conceive is best to be done, will be to avoid chusing a Man of bigotted and narrow Principles, who yet shall not be tainted with sceptical or heterodox Notions; who shall not be a mere Scholar or Pedant; who has travell'd, and yet preserv'd his moral Character untainted; and whose Behaviour and Carriage is easy, unaffected, unformal, and genteel, as well acquiredly as naturally so, if possible; who shall not be dogmatical, positive, overbearing, on one hand; nor too yielding, suppliant, fawning, on the other; who shall study the Child's natural Bent, in order to direct his Studies to the Point, in which he is most likely to excel. In order to preserve the Respect due to his own Character from every one, he must not be a Busybody in the Family, a Whisperer, a Tale-bearer; but be a Person of a benevolent Turn of Mind, ready to compose Differences: who shall avoid, of all things, that Foppishness of Dress and Appearance, which distinguishes the *Petits-mâtres*, and *French* Ushers, (that I have seen at some Boarding-schools) for Coxcombs, rather than Guides of Education: For, as I have heard you, my best Tutor, often observe, the Peculiarities of Habit, where a Person aims at something fantastick, or out of Character, are an undoubted Sign of a wrong Head: For such an one is so kind, as always to hang out on his Sign, what sort of Furniture he has in his Shop, to save you the Trouble of asking Questions about him; so that one may know what he *is*, as much as one can know a Widow by her Weeds.

Such a Person as I have thus negatively describ'd, may be found without very much Difficulty perhaps, because some of these Requisites are personal, and others are such as are obvious, at first Sight, to a common Penetration; or, where not so, may be found out by Inquiry into his general Character and Behaviour: And to the Care of such an one, dear Sir, let me for the present suppose your *Billy* is committed: And so we acquit ourselves of the first Difficulty, as well as we can, that of the Tutor; who, to make himself more perfect, may form himself, as to what he wants, by Mr. *Locke's* excellent Rules on that Head.

But before I quit this Subject, will you give me Leave, Sir, to remind you of your own Opinion upon it, in a Conversation that pass'd between you and Sir *George Stuart*, and his Nephew, in *London*; in which you seem'd to prefer a *Scottish* Gentleman for a Tutor, to those of your own Nation, and still more than to those of *France*. Don't you remember it, dear Sir? And how much those Gentlemen were pleas'd with your facetious Freedom with their Country, and said, You made them Amends for that, in the Preference you gave to their learned and travell'd Youth? If you have forgot it, I will here transcribe it from my *Records*, as I call my Book of Memorandums; for

every time I am pleas'd with a Conversation, and have Leisure, before it goes out of my Memory, I enter it down as near the very Words as I can; and now you have made me your Correspondent, I shall sometimes perhaps give you back some Valuables from your own Treasure.

Miss *Darnford*, and Mr. *Turner*, and Mr. *Fanshaw*, were present, I well remember. These are your Words, as I have them written down:

"Since the Union of the Two Kingdoms, we have many Persons of Condition, who have taken Tutors for their Sons from *Scotland*; which Practice, to speak impartially, has been attended with some advantageous Circumstances, that should not be overlook'd. For, Sir *George*, it must be confess'd, that notwithstanding your narrow and stiff manner of Education in *Scotland*, a Spirit of manly Learning, a kind of poetick Liberty, as I may call it, has begun to exert itself in that Part of the Island. The blustering North, forgive me Gentlemen, seems to have harden'd the Foreheads of her hungry Sons; and the Keeness with which they set out for Preferment in the kindlier South, has taught them to know a good deal of the World betimes. Thro' the easy Terms on which Learning is generally attain'd there, as it is earlier inculcated, so it may, probably, take deeper Root: And since 'tis hardly possible, forgive me, dear Sir *George*, and Mr. *Stuart*, they can go to a worse Country on this Side *Greenland*, than some of the Northern Parts of *Scotland*; so their Education, with a View to travel, and to better themselves by Settlements in other Countries, may perhaps be so many Reasons for them to take greater Pains to qualify themselves for this Employment, and may make them succeed better in it; especially when they have been able to shake off the Fetters which are rivetted upon them under the narrow Influences of a too tyrannical Kirk—discipline, which you, Sir *George*, have just now so freely censur'd.

"To these Considerations when we add the Necessity, which these remote Tutors lie under, of behaving well, because, in the first place, they seldom wish to return to their own Country; and in the next, because *that* cannot prefer them, if it would; and, thirdly, because it would not, if it could, if the Gentleman be of an enlarged Genius, and generous way of Thinking; I say, when we add to the Premises these Considerations, they all make a kind of Security for their good Behaviour: While those of our own Country have often Friends or Acquaintance, on whose Favour they are apt to depend, and for that Reason give less Attention to the Duties requisite for this important Office.

"Besides, as their kind Friend *Æolus*, who is accustom'd to spread and strengthen the bold Muscles of the strong—featur'd *Scot*, has generally blown away that inauspicious Bashfulness, which hangs a much longer time, commonly, on the Faces of the Southern Students; such an one (if he falls not too egregiously into the contrary Extreme, so as to become insufferable) may still be the more eligible Person for a Tutor, as he may teach a young Gentleman, betimes, that necessary Presence of Mind, which those who are confin'd to a private Education, sometimes want.

"But, after all, if a Gentleman of this Nation be chosen for this Employment, it may be necessary, that he should be such an one as has had as genteel and free an Education himself, as his Country and Opportunities will afford; and has had, moreover, the native Roughness of his Climate filed off and polished by Travel and Conversation; who has made, at least, the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, and has a Taste for the Politeness of the former Nation; for, from the natural Boisterousness of a *North Briton*, and the fantastick Politeness of a *Frenchman*, if happily blended, such a Mixture may result, as may furnish out a more complete Tutor, than either of the Two Nations, singly, may be able to produce. But it ought to be remember'd, that this Person should, by all means, have conquer'd his native Brogue, as I may call it, and be a Master of the *English* Pronunciation; otherwise his Conversation will be very disagreeable to an *English* Ear.

"And permit me, Gentlemen, to add, That as an Acquaintance with the Muses contributes not a little to soften the Manners, and to give a graceful and delicate Turn to the Imagination, and a kind of Polish to severer Studies, I believe it would not be amiss, that he should have a Taste of Poetry, altho' perhaps it were not to be wish'd he had such strong Inclinations that way, as to make that lively and delectable Amusement his predominant Passion: For we see very few Poets, whose warm Imaginations do not run away with their Judgments. And yet, in order to learn the dead Languages in their Purity, it will be necessary, as I apprehend, to inculcate both the Love and the Study of the antient Poets, which cannot fail of giving a Youth a Taste for Poetry in general."

Permit me, dear Sir, to ask you, Whether you advanc'd this for Argument—sake, as sometimes you love to amuse and entertain your Friends in an uncommon way? For I should imagine, that our Two Universities, which you have been so good as to shew me, and for which I have ever since had a greater Reverence, even than I had

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before, are capable of furnishing as good Tutors as any Nation in the World: For here the young Gentlemen seem to me to live both in the *World*, and in the *University*; and we saw several Gentlemen who had not only fine Parts, and polite Behaviour, but deep Learning, as you assur'd me; some of whom you entertain'd, and were entertain'd by, in so elegant a manner, that no travell'd Gentleman, if I may be allow'd to judge, could excel them: And besides, my dear Mr. *B.* I know who is reckon'd one of the politest and best-bred Gentlemen in *England* by every body, and learned as well as polite, and yet had his Education in one of those celebrated Seats of Learning. I wish your *Billy* never may fall short of the Gentleman I mean, in all these Acquirements; and he will be a dear happy Creature, I am sure!

But how I wander again from my Subject! I have no other way to recover myself, when I thus ramble, but by bringing back myself to that one delightful Point of Reflection, that I have the Honour to be, dear Sir,

*Your ever dutiful and obliged P. B.*

LETTER LV.

*Dearest Sir*, I now resume my Subject. I had gone thro' the Article of the Tutor, as well as I could; and now let me trouble you with a few Lines upon what Mr. *Locke* says, That Children are wholly, if possible, to be kept from the Conversation of the meaner Servants; whom he supposes to be, as too frequently they are, *unbred and debauch'd*, to use his own Words.

Now, Sir, let me observe, on this Head, that I think it is very difficult to keep Children from the Conversation of Servants at all times. The Care of personal Attendance, especially in the Child's early Age, must fall upon Servants of one Denomination or other, who, little or much, must be conversant with the inferior Servants, and so be liable to be tainted by their Conversation; and it will be difficult in this Case to prevent the Taint being communicated to the Child. Wherefore it will be a *surer*, as well as a more *laudable* Method, to insist upon the regular Behaviour of the whole Family, than to expect the Child, and its immediate Attendant or Tutor, should be the only good ones in it.

Nor is this so difficult a thing to bring about, as may be imagin'd. Your Family, dear Sir, affords an eminent Instance of it: The Good have been confirm'd, the Remiss have been reform'd, the Passionate have been tam'd; and there is not a Family in the Kingdom, I will venture to say, to the Honour of every Individual of it, more uniform, more regular, and freer from Evil, and more regardful of what they say and do, than yours. And, I believe, Sir, you will allow, that tho' they were always honest, yet they were not always so laudably, so exemplarily virtuous, as of late: Which I mention only to shew the Practicableness of a Reformation, even where bad Habits have taken place—For your *Pamela*, Sir, arrogates not to herself the Honour of this Change: 'Tis owing to the Divine Grace shining upon Hearts naturally good; for else an Example so easy, so plain, so simple, from so young a Mistress, who, moreover, had been exalted from their own Station, could not have been attended with such happy Effects.

You see, dear Sir, what a Master and Mistress's Example could do, with a poor Soul so far gone as Mrs. *Jewkes*. And I dare be confident, that if, on the Hiring of a new Servant, Sobriety of Manners, and a virtuous Conversation, were insisted upon; and they were told, that a general Inoffensiveness in Words, as well as Actions, was expected from them, as indispensable Conditions of their Service; and that a Breach of that kind would be no more pass'd over, than a wilful Fraud, or Act of Dishonesty; and if, added to these Requisites, their Principals take care to support these Injunctions by their own Example; I say, in this Case, I dare be confident, that if such a Service did not *find* them good, it would *make* them so.

And why, indeed, should we not think this a very practicable Scheme, when it is consider'd, that the Servants we take, are at Years of Discretion, and have the strong Tie of *Interest* superadded to the Obligations we require of them; and which, they must needs know (let 'em have what bad Habits they will) are right for *themselves* to discharge, as well as for *us* to exact?

We all know of how much Force the Example of Superiors is to Inferiors. It is generally and too justly said, That the Courts of Princes abound with the most profligate of Men, insomuch that you cannot well give a Man a more significantly bad Title, than by calling him a Courtier: Yet even among these, one shall see the Force of *Example*, as I have heard you, Sir, frequently observe: For let but the Land be blest with a pious and religious Prince, who makes it a Rule with him to countenance and promote none but Men of Virtue and Probity; and, to put the Case still stronger, let such an one even succeed to the most libertine Reign, wherein the Manners of the People have seem'd to be wholly deprav'd; yet a wonderful Change will be immediately effected. The flagitious Livers will be chas'd away, or reform'd; or at least will think it their Duty, or their *Interest*, which is a stronger Tie with such, to *appear* reform'd; and not a Man will seek for the Favour or Countenance of his Prince, but by laudable Pretences, or by worthy Actions.

There was a Time, the Reign of King *Richard* III. when, as I have read, Deformity of Body was the Fashion, and the Nobility and Gentry of the Court thought it an indispensable Requisite of a graceful Form to pad for themselves a round Shoulder, because the King was crooked. And can we think human Nature so absurdly wicked, that it would not much rather have try'd to imitate a personal Perfection, than a Deformity so shocking in its Appearance, in People who were naturally strait?

'Tis a melancholy thing to reflect, that of all Professions of Men, the Mariners, who most behold the Wonders of Almighty Power display'd in the great Deep, (a Sight that has struck me with Awe and Reverence only from a Coast Prospect) and who every Moment of their Lives, while at Sea, have but one frail Plank betwixt themselves and inevitable Destruction; are yet, generally speaking, as I have often heard it observ'd, the most abandon'd Invokers and Blasphemers of the Name of that God, whose Mercies they every Moment unthankfully, altho' so visibly, experience. Yet, as I heard it once remark'd at your Table, Sir, on a particular Occasion, we have now living one Commander in the *British* Navy, who, to his Honour, has shewn the Force of an excellent Example supporting the best Precepts: For on board of his Ship not an Oath or Curse was to be heard; while Volleys of both (issued from impious Mouths in the same Squadron out of his Knowledge) seem'd to fill the Sails of other Ships with guilty Breath, calling aloud for that Perdition to overtake them, which perhaps his worthy Injunctions might be of Weight to suspend.

If such then, dear Sir, be the Force of a good Example, what have Parents to do, who are dispos'd to bring up a Child at home under their own Eye, according to Mr. *Locke's* Advice, but, first, to have a strict Regard to *their own* Conduct? This will not want its due Influence on the Servants; especially if a proper Care and Scrutiny be made into their Characters, before they are entertain'd, and a watchful Eye be had over them, to keep them up to those Characters afterwards. And when they know they must forfeit the Favour of a worthy Master, and their Places too, (which may be thought to be the best of Places, because an *uniform* Character must make all around it easy and happy) they will readily observe such Rules and Directions as shall be prescrib'd to them—Rules and Directions, which their own Consciences will tell them are *right* to be prescrib'd; and even *right* for them to follow, were they *not* insisted upon by their Superiors: And this Conviction must go a great way towards their *thorough* Reformation: For a Person wholly convinc'd, is half reform'd. And thus the Hazard a Child will run of being corrupted by conversing with the Servants, will be remov'd, and all Mr. *Locke's* other Rules be better inforc'd.

I have the Boldness, Sir, to make another Objection; and that is, to the Distance which Mr. *Locke* prescribes to be kept between Children and Servants: For may not this be a Means to fill the Minds of the former with a Contempt of those below them, and an Arrogance that is not warranted by any Rank or Condition, to their Inferiors of the same Species?

I have transcrib'd, Sir, what Mr. *Locke* has injoin'd in relation to this Distance, where he says, That the Children are by all means to be kept *wholly* from the Conversation of the meaner Servants. —But how much better Advice does the same Author give for the Behaviour of Children to Servants in the following Words? Which, I humbly presume to think, are not so intirely consistent with the former, as might be expected from so admirable an Author.

"Another way," says he, (§ III.) "to instil Sentiments of Humanity, and to keep them lively in young Folks, will be, to accustom them to Civility in their Language and Deportment towards their Inferiors, and the meaner sort of People, particularly Servants. It is not unusual to observe the Children in Gentlemens Families treat the Servants of the House with domineering Words, Names of Contempt, and an imperious Carriage, as if they were of another Race and Species beneath them. Whether ill Example, the Advantage of Fortune, or their natural Vanity, inspire this Haughtiness, it should be prevented or weeded out; and a gentle, courteous, affable Carriage towards the lower Ranks of Men, plac'd in the Room of it. No Part of their Superiority," continues this excellent Author, "will be hereby lost, but the Distinction increas'd, and their Authority strengthen'd, when Love in Inferiors is join'd to outward Respect, and an Esteem of the Person has a Share in their Submission: And Domesticks will pay a more ready and chearful Service, when they find themselves not spurn'd, because Fortune has laid them below the Level of others at their Master's Feet."

These, dear Sir, are certainly the Sentiments of a generous and inlarg'd Spirit: But I hope I shall be forgiven, if I observe, that the great Distance Mr. *Locke* before enjoins to be kept between Children and Servants, is not very consistent with the above-cited: For if we would prevent this undue Contempt of Inferiors in the Temper of Children, the best way, as I humbly presume to think, is not to make it so unpardonable a Fault for them, especially in their early Years, to be in their Company. For can one make the Children shun the Servants, without rendering them odious or contemptible to them, and representing them to the Child in such disadvantageous Lights, as must needs make the Servants vile in their Eyes, and themselves lofty and exalted in their own? and thereby cause them to treat them with "domineering Words, and an imperious Carriage, as if they were of another

Race or Species beneath them; and so," as Mr. *Locke* says, "nurse up their natural Pride into an habitual Contempt of those beneath them: And then," as he adds, "where will that probably end, but in Oppression and Cruelty?" —But this Matter, dear Sir, as I presume to think, will all be happily accommodated and reconcil'd, when the Servants good Behaviour is secur'd by the Example and Injunctions of the Principals.

Upon the Whole, then, of what Mr. *Locke* has injoin'd, and what I have taken the Liberty to suggest on this Head, it shall be my Endeavour, in that early Part of your dear *Billy's* Education, which your Goodness will intrust to me, to inculcate betimes in his Mind the Principles of universal Benevolence and Kindness to others, especially to Inferiors.

Nor, dear Sir, shall I fear, that the little Dear will be wanting to himself in assuming, as he grows up, an Air of Superiority and Distance of Behaviour equal to his Condition, or that he will descend too low for his Station. For, Sir, there is a Pride and Self-love natural to human Minds, that will seldom be kept so low, as to make them humbler than they ought to be.

I have observ'd, before now, Instances of this, in some of the Families we visit, between the young Masters or Misses, and those Children of lower Degree, who have been brought to play with them, or divert them. On the Masters and Misses Side, I have always seen, they lead the Play, and prescribe the Laws of it, be the Diversion what it will; while, on the other hand, their lower-rank Play-fellows have generally given into their little Humours, tho' ever so contrary to their own; and the Difference of Dress and Appearance, and the Notion they have of the more eminent Condition of their Play-fellows Parents, have begot in them a kind of Awe and Respect, that perhaps more than sufficiently secures the Superiority of the one, and the Subordination of the other.

The Advantage of this universal Benevolence to a young Gentleman, as he grows up, will be, as I humbly conceive, that it will so diffuse itself over his Mind, as to influence all his Actions, and give a Grace to every thing he does or says, and make him admir'd and respected from the best and most durable Motives; and will be of greater Advantage to him for his attaining an handsome Address and Behaviour, (for it will make him conscious, that he *merits* the Distinction he will meet with, and encourage him still *more* to merit it) than the best Rules that can be given him for that Purpose.

I will therefore teach the little Dear Courteousness and Affability, from the properest Motives I am able to think of; and will instruct him in only one Piece of Pride, That of being above doing a mean or low Action. I will caution him not to behave in a lordly or insolent manner, even to the lowest Servants. I will tell him, as I do my dear Miss *Goodwin*, That that Superiority is the most commendable, and will be best maintain'd, that is owing to Humanity and Kindness, and which is grounded on the Perfections of the *Mind*, rather than on the *accidental* Advantages of *Fortune* and *Condition*: That if his Conduct be such as it ought to be, there will be no Occasion to tell a Servant, that he *will* be observ'd and respected: That *Humility*, as I once told my Miss *Goodwin*, is a charming Grace, and most conspicuously charming in Persons of Distinction; for that the Poor, who are humbled by their Condition, cannot glory in it, as the Rich may; and that it makes the lower Ranks of People love and admire the High-born, who can so condescend: Whereas *Pride*, in such, is Meanness and Insult, as it owes its Boast and its Being to accidental Advantages; which, at the same time, are seldom of *his* procuring, who can be so mean as to be proud: That even I would sooner forgive Pride in a low Degree, than in an high; for it may be a Security in the first, against doing a base thing: But in the Rich, it is a base thing itself, and an impolitick one too; for the more Distinction a proud Mind grasps at, the less it will have; and every poor despis'd Person can whisper such an one in the Ear, when surrounded with, and adorn'd by, all his glittering Splendors, that he *was* born, and *must* die, in the *same manner* with those whom he despises.

Thus will the Doctrine of Benevolence and Affability, inculcated early in the Mind of Youth, and duly cultivated, as he grows up, inspire the young Gentleman with the requisite Conduct to command Respect from *proper* Motives; and at the same time that it will make the Servants observe a Decorum towards him, it will oblige them to have a Guard upon their Words and Actions in the Presence of one, whose Manner of Education and Training-up would be so great a Reproach to them, if they were grosly faulty: So that hereby, as I conceive, a mutual Benefit would flow to the Manners of each, and *his* good Behaviour would render him, in some measure, an instructive Monitor to the whole Family.

But permit me, Sir, to inlarge on the Hint I have already given, in relation to the Example of the Parents, in case a Preference be given to the Home Education. For if this Point cannot be secur'd, I should always imagine it were best to put the Child to such a School, as I have taken the Liberty to mention. But yet the Subject, Sir, might

be spar'd by me in the present Case, as I write with a View only to your Family; tho' you will remember, that while I follow Mr. *Locke*, whose Work is publick, I must be consider'd as if I was directing myself to the Generality of the World: For, Sir, I have the Pleasure to say, That your Conduct in your Family is unexceptionable; and the Pride to think, that mine is no Disgrace to it. No one hears a Word from your Mouth unbecoming the Character of a polite Gentleman; and I shall always endeavour to be very regardful of what falls from mine. Your Temper, Sir, is equal and kind to all your Servants, and they love you, as well as awefully respect you: And well does your Generosity, and bountiful and considerate Mind, deserve it of them all: And they, seeing I am watchful over my own Conduct, so as not to behave unworthy of your kind Example, regard me as much as I could wish they should; for well do they know, that their beloved Master will have it so, and greatly honours and esteems me himself. — Your Table-talk is such as Persons of the strictest Principles may hear, and join in: Your Guests, and your Friends, are, generally speaking, Persons of the genteel Life, and of the best Manners:— So that Mr. *Locke* would have advis'd *you*, of all Gentlemen, had he been living, and known you, to give your Children an Home Education, and assign'd these, and still stronger Reasons for it.

But, dear Sir, were we to speak to the Generality, it is to be fear'd, this would be an almost insuperable Objection to it. For (I am sorry to say it, but) when one turns one's Eyes to the bad Precedents given by the Heads of some Families, it is hardly to be wonder'd at, that there is so little Virtue and Religion among Men. For can those Parents be surpris'd at the Ungraciousness of their *Children*, who hardly ever shew them, that their *own* Actions are govern'd by reasonable or moral Motives? Can the gluttonous Father expect a self-denying Son? With how ill a Grace must a Man who will often be disguis'd in Liquor, preach Sobriety? A passionate Man, Patience? An irreligious Man, Piety? How will a Parent, whose Hands are seldom without Cards or Dice, be observ'd in Lessons against the pernicious Vice of Gaming? Can the profuse Father, who is squandering away the Fortunes of his Children, expect to be regarded in a Lesson of Frugality? 'Tis impossible he should, except it were, that the Youth, seeing how pernicious his Father's Example is, should have the Grace to make a proper Use of it, and look upon it as a Sea-mark, as it were, to enable him to shun the dangerous Rocks, on which he sees his Father splitting. And even in this *best* Case, let it be consider'd, how much Shame and Disgrace this thoughtless Parent ought to take to himself, who can admonish his Child by nothing but the *Odioussness* of his own Vice; and how little it is owing to him, that his Guilt is not *doubled*, by his Son's treading in his Steps! Let such an unhappy Parent duly weigh this, and think how likely he may be, by his bad Example, to be the Cause of his Child's Perdition, as well as his own, and stand unshock'd and unamended, if he can!

Give me Leave to add, That it is then of no Avail to wish for discreet Servants, if the Conduct of the Parents is faulty. If the Fountain-head be polluted, how shall the Under-currents run clear? That Master or Mistress, who would exact from their Servants a Behaviour which they themselves don't practise, will be but ill observ'd. And that Child, who discovers great Excesses and Errors in his Parents, will be found to be less profited by their good Precepts, than prejudic'd by their bad Examples. Excessive Fondness this Hour, violent Passions, and perhaps Execrations, the next; unguarded Jests, an Admiration for fashionable Vanities, rash Censures, are perhaps the best, that the Child sees in, or hears from, those who are most concern'd to inculcate good Precepts into his Mind. And where it is so, an Home Education is not by any means, surely, to be chosen.

Having, Sir, as well as my slender Abilities will permit, presum'd to deliver my Opinion upon Three great Points, *viz.* The Qualifications of a Tutor; The Necessity of having an Eye to the Morals of Servants; and, The Example of Parents (all which, being taken care of, gives a Preference, as I imagine, to an Home Education); permit me, dear Sir, to offer one more Point, on this Subject, to your Consideration, altho' I just touch'd upon it before.

It is that of *Emulation*; which I humbly conceive to be of great Efficacy to lead Children on in their Duties and Studies. And how, dear Sir, shall this Advantage be procur'd for a young Master, who has no Schoolfellows, and who has no Example to follow, but that of his Tutor, whom he cannot, from the Disparity of Years, and other Circumstances, without Pain, (because of this Disparity) think of emulating? And this, I conceive, is a very great Advantage to such a School Education, as I mentioned in my former Letter, where there are no more Scholars, than the Master can with Ease and Pleasure instruct.

But one way, in my humble Opinion, is lest to answer this Objection, and still preserve the Reason for the Preference which Mr. *Locke* gives to an Home Education; and that is, what I formerly hinted to you, dear Sir†, to take into your Family the Child of some honest Neighbour of but middling Circumstances, and like Age with your

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own, but who should give apparent Indications of his natural Promptitude, ingenuous Temper, obliging Behaviour, and good Manners; and to let him go hand-in-hand with yours in his several Studies and Lessons under the same Tutor.

This Child would be sensible of the Benefit, as well as the Distinction he receiv'd, and consequently of what was expected from him, and would double his Diligence, and exert all his good Qualities, which would inspire the young Gentleman with the wish'd-for Emulation, and, as I imagine, would be so promotive of his Learning, that it would even greatly compensate the Tutor's Pains with the additional Scholar; for the young Gentleman would be asham'd to be out-done by one of like Years and Stature with himself. And little Rewards might be propos'd to the greatest Proficient, in order to heighten the Emulation.

Then, Sir, permit me to add, That the *Generosity* of such a Method, to a Gentleman of your Fortune, and beneficent Mind, would be its own Reward, were there no other Benefit to be receiv'd by it.

Moreover, such an ingenious Youth might, by his good Morals and Industry, hereafter, be of Service in some Place of Trust in the Family; and it would be easy for a Gentleman of your Interest in the World, if such a thing offer'd not, to provide for the Youth in the Navy, in some of the publick Offices, or among your private Friends—If he prov'd faulty in his Morals, his Dismission would be in your own Power, and would be Punishment enough.

But if, on the other hand, he prov'd a sober and hopeful Youth, such an one would make an excellent Companion for your *Billy* in riper Years; as he would be, in a manner, a Corroborator of his Morals; for, as his Circumstances would not support him in any Extravagance, so those Circumstances would be a Check upon his Inclinations; and this being seconded by the Hopes of future Preferment from your Favour and Interest, which he could not expect but upon the Terms of his Perseverance in Virtue, he would find himself under a Necessity of setting such an Example, as might be of great Benefit to his Companion: Who should be watch'd as he grew up, that he did not (if his ample Fortune became dangerous to his Virtue) contribute of his Affluence to draw the other after him into Extravagance. And to this End, as I humbly conceive, the noble Doctrine of *Independence* should be early instill'd into both their Minds, and, upon all Occasions, inculcated and inforc'd; which would be an Inducement for the one to endeavour to *improve* his Fortune by his honest Industry, lest he should never be inabled to rise out of a State of Dependence; and to the other, to *keep*, if not *improve*, his own, lest he should ever fall into such a servile State, and thereby lose the glorious Power of conferring Obligations on the Deserving; which surely is one of the highest Pleasures that a generous Mind can know.

A Pleasure, Sir, which you have oftener experienc'd than Thousands of Gentlemen: And which may you still continue to experience for a long, long, and happy Succession of Years to come, is the Prayer of one, the most oblig'd of all others in her own Person, as well as in the Persons of her dearest Relations; and who owes to this glorious Beneficence the Honour she boasts, of being

*Your ever dutiful and grateful P. B.*

LETTER LVI.

But now, my dear Mr. *B.* if you will indulge me in a Letter or two more, preparative to my little Book, that I mention'd, I will take the Liberty to touch upon one or two other Places, wherein I differ from this learned Gentleman. But, first, permit me to observe, that if Parents are, above all things, to avoid giving bad Examples to their Children, they will be no less careful to shun the Practice of such fond Fathers and Mothers, as are wont to indulge their Children in bad Habits, and give them their Head, at a time when, like Wax, their tender Minds may be moulded into what Shape they please. This is a Point, that, if it please God, I will carefully attend to, because it is the Foundation, on which the Superstructure of the whole future Man is to be erected. For, according as he is indulg'd or check'd in his childish Follies, a Ground is laid for his future Happiness or Misery; and if once they are suffer'd to become habitual to him, it cannot but be expected, that they will grow up with him, and that they will hardly ever be eradicated. "Try it," says Mr. *Locke*, speaking to this very Point, "in a Dog, or an Horse, or any other Creature, and see whether the ill and resty Tricks they have learn'd when young, are easily to be mended, when they are knit: And yet none of these Creatures are half so wilful and proud, or half so desirous to be Masters of themselves, as Men."

And this brings me, dear Sir, to the Head of *Punishments*, in which, as well as in the Article of *Rewards*, which I have touch'd upon, I have a little Objection to somewhat advanc'd by Mr. *Locke*.

But permit me, Sir, however, to premise, that I am exceedingly pleas'd with the Method laid down by this excellent Writer, rather to shame the Child out of his Fault, than beat him; which latter serves generally for nothing but to harden his Mind.

*Obstinacy*, and telling a *Lye*, and committing a *wilful* Fault, and then *persisting* in it, are, I agree with this Gentleman, the only Causes for which the Child should be punish'd with Stripes: And I admire the Reasons he gives against a too rigorous and severe Treatment of Children.

But I will give Mr. *Locke's* Words, to which I have some Objection.

"It may be doubted," says he, "concerning Whipping, when, as the *last* Remedy, it comes to be necessary, at *what time*, and by *whom*, it should be done; whether presently, upon the committing the Fault, whilst it is yet fresh and hot—I think it should not be done presently," adds he, "lest Passion mingle with it; and so, tho' it exceed the just Proportion, yet it lose of its due Weight. For even Children discern whenever we do things in a Passion."

I must beg Leave, dear Sir, to differ from Mr. *Locke* in this Point; for I think it ought rather to be a Rule with Parents, who shall chastize their Children, to conquer what would be extreme in *their own* Passion on this Occasion, (for those Parents, who cannot do it, are very unfit to be Punishers of the wayward Passions of their Children) than to *defer* the Punishment, especially if the Child knows its Fault has reach'd its Parent's Ear. It is otherwise, methinks, giving the Child, if of an obstinate Disposition, so much more Time to harden its Mind, and bid Defiance to its Punishment.

Just now, dear Sir, your *Billy* is brought into my Presence, all smiling, crowing to come to me, and full of heart-chearing Promises; and the Subject I am upon goes to my Heart. Surely, surely, I can never beat your *Billy!*—Dear little Life of my Life! how can I think thou canst ever deserve it, or I can ever inflict it? —No, my Baby, that shall be thy Papa's Task, if ever thou art so heinously naughty; and whatever *he* does, must be right. —Pardon my foolish Fondness, dear Sir! —I will proceed.

If then, I humbly presume to advise, the Fault be so atrocious as to deserve Whipping, and the Parent be resolv'd on this exemplary Punishment, by no means, I should imagine, ought the Child,—poor dear little Soul!—to come into one's Presence without meeting his due Reward. For else, I should think, a Fondness too natural to be resisted, will get the Upper-hand of one's Resentment, and how shall one be able to whip the dear Creature one cannot be angry with? Then after he has once seen one without meeting his Punishment, will he not be inclin'd to hope for Connivance at his Fault? And may he not be apt (for Childrens Resentments are strong) to impute to Cruelty, a Correction, that should always appear to be inflicted with Reluctance, and thro' Motives of Love?

If, from Anger at his Fault, one should go *above the due Proportion*, (I am sure I might be trusted for this!) let it take its Course! —How barbarously, methinks, I speak! —He ought to *feel* the Lash, first, Because he *deserves*

it, poor little Creature! Next, Because it is *propos'd* to be exemplary. And lastly, Because it is not intended to be *often* us'd: And the very Passion or Displeasure one expresses, (if it be not enormous) will shew one is in Earnest, and inspire him with a necessary Awe, and make him be afraid to offend again. The *End* of the Correction is to shew him the Difference betwixt a kind Parent, and a provok'd one: And as it is proper to take him at his first Offer of a full Submission and Repentance, (and not before) and instantly dispassionate one's self, and shew him the Difference by Acts of Pardon and Kindness, (which will let him see, that one punishes him out of Necessity rather than Choice) so one would not be afraid to make him smart so sufficiently, that he should not soon forget the Severity of the Discipline, nor the Disgrace of it. There's a cruel Mamma for you, Mr. *B.*! What my *Practice* may be, I can't tell; but this *Theory*, I presume to think, is right.

As to the Act itself, I much approve Mr. *Locke's* Advice, to do it by Pauses, mingling Stripes and Expostulations together, to shame and terrify the more; and the rather, as the Parent, by this slow manner of inflicting the Punishment, will less need to be afraid of giving too violent a Correction; for those Pauses will afford *him*, as well as the *Child*, Opportunities for Consideration and Reflection.

But as to the Person, by whom the Discipline should be perform'd, I humbly conceive, that this excellent Author is here also to be objected to.

"If you have a discreet Servant," says he, "capable of it, and has the Place of governing your Child, (for if you have a Tutor, there is no Doubt) I think it is best the Smart should come immediately from another's Hand, tho' by the Parent's Order, who should see it done; whereby the Parent's Authority will be preserv'd, and the Child's Aversion for the Pain it suffers, rather be turn'd on the Person that immediately inflicts it. For I would have a Father seldom strike the Child, but upon very urgent Necessity, and as the last Remedy."

'Tis in such an urgent Case, dear Sir, that we are supposing it should be done at all. If there be not a Reason strong enough for the Father's whipping the Child himself, there cannot be any sufficient for his ordering any other to do it, and standing by to see it done: But, I humbly presume to think, that if there be a Necessity for it, no one can be so fit as the Father himself to do it. The Child cannot dispute *his* Authority to punish, from whom he receives and expects all the good Things of this Life: He cannot question *his* Love to him, and, after the Smart is over, and his Obedience secur'd, must believe that so tender, so indulgent a Father, could have no other End in whipping him, but his Good. Against him, he knows, he has no Remedy, but must passively submit; and when he is convinc'd he *must*, he will in time conclude, that he *ought*.

But to have this severe Office perform'd by a Servant, tho' at the Father's Command; and that professedly, that the Aversion of the Child for the Pain it suffers, should be turn'd on the Person who immediately inflicts it, is, I am humbly of Opinion, the *Reverse* of what ought to be done. And *more* so, if this Servant has any Direction of the Child's Education; and still *much* more so, if it be his Tutor, notwithstanding Mr. *Locke* says, there is no Doubt, if there be a Tutor, that it should be done by him.

For, dear Sir, is there no Doubt, that the Tutor should lay himself open to the Aversion of the Child, whose Morals he is to direct, whose Manners he is to form? Is it not the best Method a Tutor can take, in order to inforce the Lessons he would inculcate, to endeavour to attract the Love and Attention of his Pupil by the most winning, mild, and inviting Ways that he can possibly think of? And yet is *he*, this very Tutor, *out of all Doubt*, to be the Instrument of doing an harsh and disgraceful thing, and that in the last Resort, when all other Methods are found ineffectual; and that too, because he ought to incur the Child's Resentment and Aversion, rather than the Father? No, surely, Sir, it is not reasonable it should be so: Quite contrary, in my humble Notion, there can be no Doubt, that it should be *otherwise*.

It should, methinks, be enough for a Tutor, in case of a Fault in the Child, to threaten to complain to his Father; but yet not to make such Complaint, without the Child obstinately persists in his Error, which, too, should be of a Nature to merit such an Appeal: And this, methinks, would highly contribute to preserve the Parent's Authority; who, on this Occasion, should never fail of extorting a Promise of Amendment, or of instantly punishing him with his own Hands. And, to heighten the Esteem of the Child to his Tutor, and to reconcile him to him for complaining of him, it might not, possibly, be amiss, that his Interposition in the Child's Favour, if the Fault were not too flagrant, should be permitted to save him once or twice from the impending Discipline.

'Tis certain, that the Passions, if I may so call them, of Affection and Aversion are very early discoverable in Children; insomuch that they will, even before they can speak, afford us Marks for the Detection of an hypocritical Appearance of Love to it before the Parents Faces. For the Fondness or Averseness of the Child to

some Servants, as I have observ'd in other Families, will at any time let one know, whether their Love to the Baby is uniform and the same, when one is absent, as present. For in one Case the Child will reject with Sullenness all the little Sycophancies, that are made to it in one's Sight; while, on the other, its Fondness of one, who generally obliges it, is an infallible Rule to judge of such an one's Sincerity behind one's Back. This little Instance shews the Strength of a Child's Resentments, and its Sagacity, at the earliest Age, in discovering who obliges, and who disobliges it: And hence one may infer, how improper a Person *he* is, whom we would have a Child to love and respect, or by whose Precepts we would have it directed, to be the Punisher of his Faults, or to do any harsh or disagreeable Office to it.

For my own Part, dear Sir, I must take the Liberty to declare, that if the Parent were not to inflict the Punishment himself, I think it much better it should be given him, in the Parent's Presence, by the Servant of the lowest Consideration in the Family, and one whose Manners and Example one would be the least willing of any other he should follow. Just as the common Executioner, who is the lowest and most flagitious Officer of the Commonwealth, and who frequently deserves, as much as the Criminal, the Punishment he is chosen to inflict, is pitch'd upon to perform, as a Mark of greater Ignominy, those Sentences which are intended as Examples to deter others from the Commission of heinous Crimes. And this was the Method the Almighty took, when he was dispos'd to correct severely his chosen People: For in that Case He generally did it by the Hands of the most profligate Nations around them, as we read in many Places of the Old Testament.

But the following Rule, among a thousand others, equally excellent, I admire in Mr. *Locke*: "When," says he, "(for any Misdemeanour) the Father or Mother looks sour on the Child, every one else should put on the same Coldness to him, and nobody give him Countenance till Forgiveness ask'd, and a Reformation of his Fault has set him right again, and restor'd him to his former Credit. If this were constantly observ'd," adds he, "I guess there would be little Need of Blows or Chiding: Their own Ease or Satisfaction would quickly teach Children to court Commendation, and avoid doing that which they found every body condemn'd, and they were sure to suffer for, without being chid or beaten. This would teach them Modesty and Shame, and they would quickly come to have a natural Abhorrence for that which they found made them slighted and neglected by every body."

This affords me, dear Sir, a pretty Hint: For if ever your charming *Billy* should be naughty, what would I do, but proclaim throughout your worthy Family, that the little Dear was in Disgrace! And one should shun him, another should decline answering him, a third should say, No, Master, I cannot obey you, till your Mamma is pleas'd with you: A fourth, Who should mind what little Masters bid them do, when little Masters won't mind what their Mamma's say to them? And when the dear little Soul found this, he would come in my Way, and I see (pardon me, my dear Mr. *B.*) he has some of his Papa's Spirit already, indeed he has! and I will direct myself with double Kindness to your beloved *Davers*, and to my Miss *Goodwin*, and take no Notice at all of the dear Creature, if I can help it, till I see his Papa (forgive my Boldness, Sir) banish'd from his little sullen Brow, and all his Mamma rise to his Eyes: And when his musical Tongue shall be unlock'd to own his Fault, and promise Amendment—O then! how shall I clasp him to my Bosom! and Tears of Joy, I know, will meet his Tears of Penitence! —How these Flights, dear Sir, please a body! —What Delights have those Mamma's, (which some fashionable Ladies are quite unacquainted with) who can make their dear Babies, and their first Educations, their Entertainment and Diversion! To watch the beamy Dawnings of Reason in them, to direct their little Passions, as they shew themselves, to this or that particular Point of Benefit and Use; and to prepare the sweet Virgin Soil of their Minds to receive the Seeds of Virtue and Goodness so early, that as they grow up, one need only now a little Pruning, and now a little Watering, to make them the Ornaments and Delights of the Garden of this Life! And then their pretty Ways, their fond and grateful Endearments, some new Beauty every Day rising to Observation—O my dearest Mr. *B.* whose Enjoyments and Pleasures are so great, as those of such Mamma's as can bend their Minds, two or three Hours every Day, to the Duties of the Nursery?

I have a few other things to observe upon Mr. *Locke's* Treatise, which when I have done, I shall read, admire, and improve by the rest, as my Years and Experiences advance; of which, in my propos'd little Book, I shall give you better Proofs than I am able to do at present; raw, crude, and indigested as the Notions of so young a Mamma must needs be. But these shall be the Subjects of another Letter; for now I am come to the Pride and the Pleasure I always have, when I subscribe myself, dearest Sir,

*Your ever dutiful and grateful P. B.*

LETTER LVII.

*Dear Sir*, Mr. *Locke* gives a great many very pretty Instructions relating to the Play-games of Children; but I humbly presume to think what he says, in one or two Places, a little objectionable.

He would not indulge them in any Playthings, but what they make themselves, or endeavour to make. "A smooth Pebble, a Piece of Paper, the Mother's Bunch of Keys, or any thing they cannot hurt themselves with," he rightly says, "serves as much to divert little Children, as those more chargeable and curious Toys from the Shops, which are presently put out of Order, and broken."

These Playthings may certainly do well enough, as he observes, for little ones: But, methinks, to a Person of easy Circumstances, as the making these Toys employs the industrious Poor, the buying them for the Child might be dispens'd with, tho' they *were* easily broken; and especially as they are of all Prices, and some less costly, and more durable, than others.

"Tops, Gigs, Battledors," Mr. *Locke* observes, "which are to be used with Labour, should indeed be procur'd them—not for Variety, but Exercise: But if they had a Top, the Scourge-stick and Leather-strap should be left to their own making and sitting."

But may I presume to say, That whatever be the Good Mr. *Locke* proposes by this, it cannot be equal to the Mischief Children may do themselves in making these Playthings? For must they not have Implements to work with? And is not a Knife, or other edg'd Tool, without which it is impossible they can make or shape a Scourge-stick, or *any* of their Playthings, a fine Instrument in a Child's Hands? This Advice is the Reverse of the Caution warranted from all Antiquity, *That 'tis dangerous to meddle with edg'd Tools*: And I am afraid, the Tutor must often act the Surgeon, and follow the Indulgence with a Styptick and a Plaister; and the young Gentleman's Hands might be so often bound up, that it might indeed perhaps be one way to cure him of his earnest Desire to play; but I can hardly imagine any other Good that it can do him: For I doubt, the excellent Consequences propos'd by our Author from this Doctrine, such as to teach the Child Moderation in his Desires, Application, Industry, Thought, Contrivance, and good Husbandry, Qualities that, as he observes, will be useful to him when he is a Man, are too remote to be ingrafted upon such Beginnings: Altho' it must be confess'd, that, as Mr. *Locke* wisely observes, good Habits and Industry cannot be too early inculcated.

But then, Sir, may I ask, Are not the very Play and Sports, to which Children accustom themselves, whether they make their own Playthings or not, equivalent to the Work or Labour of grown Persons? Yes, Sir, I will venture to say, they are, and more than equivalent to the Exercises and Labour of many.

Mr. *Locke* advises, that the Child's Playthings should be as few as possible, which I intirely agree with: That they should be in his Tutor's Power, who is to give him but one at once: But as it is the Nature of the human Mind to court most what is prohibited, and to set light by what is in its own Power; so I am half doubtful, (only that Mr. *Locke* says it, and the Matter may not be so very important, as other Points, in which I have taken the Liberty to differ from that Gentleman) Whether the Child's absolute Possession of his own Playthings in some little Repository, of which he may be permitted to keep the Key, especially if he make no bad Use of the Privilege, would not make him more indifferent to them; while the contrary Conduct might possibly inhanse his Value of them. And if, when he had done with any Plaything, he were oblig'd to put it into its allotted Place, and was accustom'd to keep Account of the Number and Places of them severally, this would teach him Order, and at the same time instruct him to make a proper Account of them, and to avoid being a Squanderer or Waster: And if he should omit to put them in their Places, or be careless of his Playthings, the Command of them taken away for a time, or threatening to give them away to others, would make him be more heedful.

Mr. *Locke* says, "That he has known a Child so distracted with the Number and Variety of his Play-games, that he tired his Maid every Day to look them over: And was so accustom'd to Abundance, that he never thought he had enough, but was always asking, What more? What new thing shall I have? A good Introduction," adds he, "to moderate Desires, and the ready way to make a contented happy Man!"

All that I shall offer to this, is, that there are few *Men* so philosophical as one would wish them to be; much less *Children*. But no Doubt, that this Variety engag'd the Child's Activity; which, of the two, might be turn'd to better Purposes, than Sloth or Indolence; and if the Maid was tired, it might be, because she was not so much

alive, as the Child; and perhaps the Grievance might not be so great, because, if she was his Attendant, 'tis probable she had nothing else to do.

However, in the main, as Mr. *Locke* says, it is no matter how few Playthings the Child is indulg'd with: But yet I can hardly persuade myself, that Plenty of them can have such bad Consequences, as the Gentleman apprehends; and the rather, because they will excite his Attention, and keep alive his Industry and Activity. His Inquiry after new Things, let him have few or many, is to be expected as a Branch of those natural Desires, which are implanted in him, and will every Day increase: But this may be observ'd, That as he grows in Years, he will be above some Playthings, and so the Number of the old ones will be always reducible, perhaps, in a greater Proportion, than the new ones will increase.

Mr. *Locke* observes, on the Head of good Breeding, That "There are two Sorts of ill Breeding; the one a sheepish Bashfulness, and the other a misbecoming Negligence and Disrespect in our Carriage; both which, says he, are avoided by duly observing this one Rule, Not to think meanly of ourselves, and not to think meanly of others." I think, as Mr. *Locke* explains this Rule, it is an excellent one. But on this Head I would beg Leave to observe, that however discommendable a bashful Temper is, in some Instances, where it must be deem'd a Weakness of the Mind, yet, in my humble Opinion, it is generally the Mark of an ingenuous one, and is always to be preferr'd to an undistinguishing and hardy Confidence, which is, as it seems to me, the genuine Production of unfeeling Ignorance.

What is faulty in it, which Mr. *Locke* calls *Sheepishness*, should indeed be shaken off as soon as possible, because it is an Enemy to Merit in its Advancement in the World: But were I to chuse a Companion for your *Billy*, as he grows up, I should not think the worse of the Youth, who, not having had the Opportunities of knowing Men, or seeing the World, had this Defect. On the contrary, I should be apt to look upon it as an outward Fence or Inclosure, as I may say, to his Virtue, which might keep off the lighter Attacks of Immorality, the *Hussars* of Vice, as I may say, who are not able to carry on a formal Siege against his Morals; and I should expect such an one to be docile, humane, good-humour'd, diffident of himself, and so most likely to improve as well in Mind as Behaviour: While an harden'd Mind, that never doubts itself, must be a Stranger to its own Infirmities, and, suspecting none, is impetuous, over-bearing, incorrigible; and if rich, a Tyrant; if not, possibly an Invader of other Mens Properties.

Mr. *Locke* proposes (§ 148.) a very pretty Method to cheat Children, as it were, into Learning: But then, he adds, "There may be Dice and Playthings with the Letters on them to teach Children the Alphabet by playing." And in another Place, (§ 151.) "I know a Person of great Quality—who by pasting on the six Vowels (for in our Language y is one) on the six Sides of a Die, and the remaining eighteen Consonants on the Sides of three other Dice, has made this a Play for his Children, that he shall win, who at one Cast throws most Words on these four Dice; whereby his eldest Son, yet in Coats, has *play'd* himself into *Spelling* with great Eagerness, and without once having been chid for it, or forced to it."

I must needs say, my dear Mr. *B.* that I should rather your *Billy* should be a Twelvemonth backwarder for want of this Method, than forwarded by it. For what may not be apprehended from so early inculcating the Use of Dice and Gaming upon the Minds of Children? Let Mr. *Locke* himself speak for this in his § 208. and I should be glad to be able to reconcile the two Passages in this excellent Author. —"As to Cards and Dice," says he, "I think the safest and best way is never to learn any Play upon them, and so to be incapacitated for these dangerous Temptations, and incroaching Wasters of useful Time"—and, he might have added, of the noblest Estates and Fortunes; while Sharppers and Scoundrels have been lifted into Distinction upon their Ruins. Yet, in § 153. Mr. *Locke* proceeds to give particular Directions in relation to the Dice he recommends.

But, after all, if some innocent Plays were fix'd upon to cheat Children into Reading, that, as he says, should look as little like a Task as possible, it must needs be of Use for that Purpose. But let every Gentleman, who has a Fortune to lose, and who, if he games, is on a foot with the vilest Company, who generally have nothing at all to risque, tremble at the Thoughts of teaching his Son, tho' for the most laudable Purposes, the early Use of Dice and Gaming.

But, dear Sir, permit me to say, how much I am charm'd with an Hint in Mr. *Locke*, which makes your *Pamela* hope, she may be of greater Use to your Children, even as they *grow up*, than she could ever have flatter'd herself to be. —'Tis a charming, charming Paragraph; I must not skip one Word of it. Thus it begins, and I will observe upon it as I go along. "§ 177. But under whose Care soever a Child is put to be taught," says Mr. *Locke*, "during

the tender and flexible Years of his Life, this is certain, it should be one, who thinks *Latin* and Language the least Part of Education."

How agreeable is this to my Notions; which I durst not have avow'd, but after so excellent a Scholar: For I have long had the Thought, that a deal of precious Time is wasted to little Purpose in the Attaining of *Latin*. Mr. *H.* I think, says, he was Ten Years in endeavouring to learn it, and, as far as I can find, knows nothing at all of the Matter neither! —Indeed he lays that to the wicked Picture in his Grammar, which he took for granted, as he has said several times, as well as once written, was put there to teach Boys to rob Orchards, instead of improving their Minds in Learning, or common Honesty.

But (for this is too light an Instance for the Subject) Mr. *Locke* proceeds—"One who, knowing how much Virtue and a well-temper'd Soul is to be preferr'd to any sort of *Learning* or *Language*," What a noble Writer is this! "makes it his chief Business to form the Mind of his Scholars, and give that a right Disposition:" Ay there, dear Sir, is the Thing! "Which if once got, tho' all the rest should be neglected," charmingly observ'd! "would in *due time*" without wicked Dice, I hope! "produce all the rest; and which if it be not got and settled, so as to keep out ill and vicious Habits, *Languages* and *Sciences*, and all the other Accomplishments of Education, will be to no Purpose, but to make the worse or more dangerous Man." Now comes the Place I am so much delighted with! "And indeed, whatever Stir there is made about getting of *Latin*, as the great and difficult Business, his Mother" O thank you, thank you, dear Sir, for putting this excellent Author into my Hands! "may teach it him herself, if she will but spend two or three Hours in a Day with him," —If she will? Never fear, dear Sir, but I will, with the highest Pleasure in the World! "and make him read the Evangelists in *Latin* to her." How I long to be five or six Years older, as well as my dearest Babies, that I may enter upon this charming Scheme! "For she need but buy a *Latin* Testament, and having got somebody to mark the last Syllable but one, where it is long, in Words above two Syllables, (which is enough to regulate her Pronunciation and Accenting the Words) read daily in the Gospels, and then let her avoid understanding them in *Latin*, if she can." Why, dearest, dear Sir, you have taught me almost all this already; and you, my best and most beloved Tutor, have told me often, I read and pronounce *Latin* more than tolerably, tho' I don't understand it: But this Method will teach *me*, as well as your dear *Children*. But thus the good Gentleman proceeds:] "And when she understands the Evangelists in *Latin*, let her in the same manner read *Æsop's* Fables, and so proceed on to *Eutropius*, *Justin*, and such other Books. I do not mention this," adds Mr. *Locke*, "as an Imagination of what I fancy *may* do, but as of a thing I have *known* done, and the *Latin* Tongue got with Ease this way."

Mr. *Locke* proceeds to mention other Advantages, which the Child may receive from his Mother's Instruction, which I will endeavour more and more to qualify myself for: Particularly, after he has intimated, That "At the same time the Child is learning *French* and *Latin*, he may be enter'd also in Arithmetick, Geography, Chronology, History, and Geometry too; for if," says he, "these be taught him in *French* or *Latin*, when he begins once to understand either of these Tongues, he will get a Knowledge in these Sciences, and the Language to boot:" After he has intimated this, I say, he proceeds: "Geography, I think, should be begun with: For the learning of the Figure of the Globe, the Situation and Boundaries of the Four Parts of the World, and that of particular Kingdoms and Countries, being only an Exercise of the Eyes and Memory, a Child with Pleasure will learn and retain them. And this is so certain, that I now live in an House with a Child, whom his Mother has so well instructed this way in Geography," But had she not, do you think, dear Sir, some of this good Gentleman's kind Assistance, as he liv'd in the House with the Child? "that he knew the Limits of the Four Parts of the World; would readily point, being ask'd, to any Country upon the Globe, or any County in the Map of *England*; knew all the great Rivers, Promontories, Streights, and Bays in the World, and could find the Longitude and Latitude of any Place, before he was six Years old."

There's for you, dear Sir! —See what a Mother can do, if she pleases!

I remember, Sir, formerly, in that sweet Chariot Conference, at the Dawning of my Hopes, when all my Dangers were over; a Conference I still think of with Pleasure; that you ask'd me, how I would bestow my Time, supposing the neighbouring Ladies would be above being seen in my Company; when I should have no Visits to receive or return; no Parties of Pleasure to join in; no Card-tables to employ my Winter Evenings?

I then, Sir, transported with my opening Prospects, prattled to you, how well I would endeavour to pass my Time in the Family Management and Accounts, in Visits now-and-then to the indigent and worthy Poor; in Musick sometimes; in Reading, in Writing, in my superior Duties—And I hope I have not behaved quite

unworthily of my Promises.

But I also remember, dear Sir, what *now*, that the fair Prospect is no longer distant, and that I have been so long your happy, thrice happy Wife, I may speak without those Blushes which then cover'd my Face, that you said, (with a modest Grace, and with that virtuous Endearment, that is so *beautiful* in *your* Sex, as well as *becoming* in *ours*, whether in the Character of Lover or Husband, Maiden or Wife) "And I hope, my *Pamela*, to have superadded to all these, such an Employment" —as—in short, Sir, I am now bless'd with, and writing of! no less than the useful Part I may be able to take in the first Education of your lovely Babies!

And now I must add, That this pleasing Hope sets me above all other Diversions: I wish for no Parties of Pleasure but with you, my dearest Mr. *B.* and these are Parties that will improve me, and make me more capable of the other, and more worthy of your Conversation, and of the Time you pass (beyond what I could ever have promised to my utmost Wishes) in such poor Company as mine, for no other Reason but because I love to be instructed, and take my Lessons well, as you are pleas'd to say: And indeed I must be a sad Dunce, if I did not, from so beloved a Master.

I want no Card-table Amusements: For I hope, (there's a proud Hope!) in a few Years, to be able to teach my dear Little-ones the First Rudiments, as Mr. *Locke* points the Way, of *Latin*, of *French*, and of Geography, and Arithmetick.

O my dear Mr. *B.* by your Help and Countenance, what may I not be able to teach them! and how may I prepare the Way for a Tutor's Instructions, and give them up Minds half cultivated to their Hands! —And all this time improve myself too, not only in Science, but in Nature, by tracing in the little Babes what all Mankind are, and have been, from Infancy to riper Years, and watching the sweet Dawnings of Reason, and delighting in every bright Emanation of that Ray of Divinity lent to the human Mind, for great and happy Purposes, when rightly pointed and directed!

There is no going further in this Letter after these charming Recollections and Hopes: For they bring me to that grateful Remembrance, to whom, under God, I owe them all, and also what I have been for so happy a Period, and what I am, which is, what will be ever my Pride and my Glory; and well it may, when I look back to my Beginning, which I ever shall, with humble Acknowledgement, and can call myself, dearest Mr. *B.*

*Your honoured and honouring, and, I hope I may say, in time, useful Wife, P. B.*

LETTER LLVIII.

*My dearest Mr. B.* Having in my former Letters said as much as is necessary to let you into my Notion of the excellent Book you put into my Hands, and having touch'd those Points in which the Children of both Sexes may be concern'd, (with some *Art* in my Intention, I own) in Hopes that they would not be so much out of the way, as to make you repent of the Honour and Pleasure you have done me in committing the dear Miss *Goodwin* to my Care; I shall now very quickly set myself about the little Book which I have done myself the Honour to mention to you.

You have been so good as to tell me, (at the same time that you have not disapprov'd these my Specimen Letters, as I may call them) that you will kindly accept of my intended Present, and you encourage me to proceed in it; and as I shall leave one Side of the Leaf blank for your Corrections and Alterations, those Corrections will be a fine Help and Instruction to me in the pleasing Task, which I propose to myself, of assisting in the early Education of the dear Children, which it has pleased God to give you. And altho' I shall be Years in writing it, perhaps, as the dear Babies improve, and as I improve, by the Opportunities which their Advances in Years will give me, and the Experience I shall gain, I shall, perhaps, venture to give my Notions and Observations on the more material and nobler Parts of Education, as well as the inferior; for, (but that I think the Subjects above my present Abilities) Mr. *Locke's* Book would lead me into several Remarks, that might not be unuseful, and which appear to me intirely new; tho' that may be owing to my slender Reading and Opportunities perhaps.

But what, my dearest Mr. *B.* I would now touch upon, is a Word or two still more particularly upon the Education of my own Sex; a Topick which naturally rises to me from the Subject of my last Letter. For there, dear Sir, we saw, that the Mothers might teach the Child this Part of Science, and that Part of Instruction; and who, I pray, as our Sex is generally educated, shall teach the *Mothers*? How, in a Word, shall they come by their Knowledge?

I know you'll be apt to say, That Miss *Goodwin* gives all the Promises of a fine young Lady, and takes her Learning, and loves Reading, and makes very pretty Reflections on all she reads, and asks very pertinent Questions, and is as knowing, at her Years, as most young Ladies. This is very, Sir; but it is not every one that can boast Miss *Goodwin's* Capacity, and Goodness of Temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of lost Time, as I must call it; for the first four Years in the dear Child were a perfect Blank, as far as I can find, just as if the pretty Dear was born the Day she was four Years old: For what she had to *unlearn* as to Temper, and Will, and such things, set against what little Improvements she had made, might very fairly be compounded for, as a Blank.

I would indeed have a Miss brought up to her Needle; but I would not have *all* her Time employ'd in Samplers, and learning to mark, and to do those unnecessary things, which she will never, probably, be call'd upon to practise.

And why, pray, my dear Mr. *B.* are not Girls intitled to the same first Education, tho' not to the same Plays and Diversions, as Boys; so far at least, as it is supposed by Mr. *Locke* a Mother can instruct them?

Would not this lay a Foundation for their future Improvement, and direct their Inclinations to useful Subjects, such as should make them above the Imputations of some unkind Gentlemen, who allot to their Parts common Tea-table Prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing else, and then upbraid them for it? And would not the Men find us better and more suitable Companions and Assistants to them in every useful Purpose of Life? —O that your lordly Sex were all like my dear Mr. *B.* —I don't mean, that they should all take raw, uncouth, unbred, lowly Girls, as I was, from the Cottage, and, destroying all Distinction, make such their Wives. I cannot mean this: Because it is a far greater Likelihood, that such an one, when she comes to be lifted up into so dazzling a Sphere, would have her Head made giddy with her Exaltation, than that she would balance herself well in it: And then to what a Blot, over all the fair Page of a long Life, would this little Drop of dirty Ink spread itself! What a standing Disreputation to the Choice of a Gentleman!

But *this* I mean, that after a Gentleman had enter'd into the Marriage State with a young Creature (saying nothing at all of Birth or Descent) far inferior to him in Learning, in Parts, in Knowledge of the World, and in all the Graces that make Conversation agreeable and improving, he would, as you do, endeavour to make her fit

Company for himself, as he shall find she is *willing* to improve, and *capable* of Improvement: That he would direct her Taste, point out to her proper Subjects for her Amusement and Instruction; travel with her now—and—then, a Month in a Year perhaps; and shew her the World, after he has encourag'd her to put herself forward at his own Table, and at the Houses of his Friends, and has seen, that she will not do him great Discredit any—where. What Obligations, and Opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour such an Husband, every Hour, more and more! as she will see his Wisdom in a thousand Instances, and experience his Indulgence to her in ten thousand, (for which otherwise no Opportunity could have so fitly offer'd) to the Praise of his Politeness, and the Honour of them both! —And then, when select Parties of Pleasure or Business engag'd him not abroad, in his home Conversation, to have him, as my dear Mr. *B.* does, delight to instruct, and open her Prospects, and inspire her with an Ambition to enlarge her Mind, and more and more to excel! What an intellectual Kind of marry'd Life, as I may call it, would such Persons find theirs! And how suitable to the Rules of Policy and Self—love in the Gentleman! For is not the Wife, and are not her Improvements, all *his own*? —*Absolutely*, as I may say, *his own*? And does not every Excellence she can be adorned by, redound to her Husband's Honour, because she is *his*, even more than *to her own*?— In like manner as no Dishonour affects a Man so much, as that which he receives from a bad Wife.

But where, would some say, were they to see what I write, is such a Gentlemen as Mr. *B.* to be met with? Look around, and see, with all the Advantages of Sex, of Education, of Travel, of Conversation in the open World, where a Gentleman of his Abilities to instruct and inform, is to be found? And there are others, who, perhaps, will question the Capacities and Inclinations of our Sex in general, to improve in useful Knowledge, were they to meet with such kind Indulgers, either in the Characters of a Parent or Husband.

As to the first, I grant, that it is not easy to find such a Gentleman: But for the second, (would it be excus'd in me, who am one of the Sex, and so may be thought partial to it) I could, by Comparisons drawn from the Gentlemen and Ladies within the Circle of my own Acquaintance, produce Instances to the Advantage of Ladies, which are so flagrantly in their Favour, that might make it suspected, that it is Policy more than Justice, in those who would keep our Sex unacquainted with that more eligible Turn of Education, which gives the Gentlemen so many Advantages over us in *that*; and which will shew, that they have none at all in *Nature* or *Genius*.

I know you'll pardon me, dear Sir! for you are so exalted above your *Pamela*, by Nature and Education too, that you cannot apprehend any Inconvenience from bold Comparisons. I will take the Liberty therefore to mention a few Instances among our Friends, where the Ladies, notwithstanding their more cramp'd and confin'd Education, make more than an equal Figure with the Gentlemen in all the graceful Parts of Conversation, in Spite of the Contempts pour'd out upon our Sex by some witty Gentlemen, whose Writings I have in my Eye.

To begin then with Mr. *Murray*, and Miss *Darnford* that was: Mr. *Murray* has the Reputation of Scholarship, and has travell'd too; but how infinitely is he surpass'd in every noble and useful Quality, and in Greatness of Mind, and Judgment, as well as Wit, by the young Lady I have nam'd? This we saw, when last at the Hall, in Fifty Instances, where the Gentleman was, you know, Sir, on a Visit to Sir *Simon* and his Lady.

Next, dear Sir, permit me to observe, that my good Lord *Davers*, with all his Advantages, born a Counsellor of the Realm, and educated accordingly, does not surpass his Lady, your noble Sister.

My Countess, as I delight to call her, and Lady *Betty*, her eldest Daughter, greatly surpass the Earl, and my Lord, her eldest Brother, in every Point of Knowledge, and even Learning, as I may say, altho' both Ladies owe that Advantage principally to their own Cultivation and Acquirement.

Let me presume, Sir, to name Mr. *H.* and when I *have* nam'd him, shall we be puzzled to find any—where in our Sex, one Remove from vulgar Life, a Woman that will not out—do Mr. *H*?

Lady *Darnford*, upon all useful Subjects, makes a much brighter Figure than Sir *Simon*; whose Knowledge of the World has not yet made him acquainted with himself.

Mr. *Arthur* excels not his Lady.

Mrs. *Towers*, a Maiden Lady, is an Over—match for half a dozen of the neighbouring Gentlemen I could name, in what is call'd Wit and Politeness, and not inferior to any of them in Judgment.

I could multiply Instances of this Nature, were it needful, to the Confutation of that low, and I had almost said *unmanly* Contempt, with which a certain celebrated Genius treats our Sex in general, in most of his Pieces that I have seen; particularly in his *Letter of Advice to a new—marry'd Lady*: A Letter written in such a manner, as must disgust, instead of instructing, and looks more like the Advice of an Enemy to the Sex, and a partial one too, than

a Friend to the particular Lady. But I ought to beg Pardon for this my Presumption, for two Reasons; first, Because of the truly admirable Talents of this Writer; and next, Because we know not what Ladies the ingenious Gentleman may have fallen among in his younger Days.

Upon the Whole therefore I conclude, That Mr. *B.* the noble minded Mr. *B.* is almost the only Gentleman, who excels *every* Lady I have seen; so *greatly* excels, that even the Emanations of his Excellence irradiate a low Cottage-born Girl, and make her pass among Ladies of Birth and Education for Somebody.

Forgive my Pride, dear Sir; but it would be almost a Crime in your *Pamela* not to glory in the mild Benignity of those Rays, by which her beloved Mr. *B.* endeavours to make her look up to his own sunny Sphere; while she, by the Advantages only of his reflected Glory, in his Absence, which makes a dark Night to her, glides along with her paler and fainter Beaminess, and makes a distinguishing Figure among such lesser Planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the Aids she boasts of: Tho', after all, her silvery Lustre is easily overshadow'd by those crossing Clouds, that make his Glory shine the brighter.

I dare not, dear Sir, conjecture, whence arises this more than Parity in the Genius of the Sexes, among the Persons I have mention'd, notwithstanding the Disparity of Education, and the Difference in the Opportunities of each. It might lead one into too proud a Thought in Favour of a Sex too contemptuously treated by some *other* Wits I might name, who, indeed, are the less to be regarded, as they love to jest upon all God Almighty's Works: Yet might I better do it, too, than any body, since, as I have intimated above, I am so infinitely transcended by my dear Gentleman, that no Competition, Pride or Vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But, however, I would only beg of the Gentlemen, who are so free in their Contempts of us, that they will, for *their own* sakes, (and that, with such, generally goes a great way) rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us: We shall then make better Daughters, better Wives, better Mothers, and better Mistresses: And who (permit me, Sir, to ask these People) would be so much the better for these Opportunities and Amendments, as our Upbraiders themselves?

On re-perusing what I have written, I must repeatedly beg your Excuse, dear Sir, for these proud Notions in behalf of my Sex. I can truly say, That they are not, if I know myself, owing to Partiality, because I have the Honour to be one of it; but to a better Motive by far: For what does this contemptuous Treatment of one Half, if not the better Half, of the human Species, naturally produce, but Libertinism, and abandon'd Wickedness? For does it not tend to make the Daughters, the Sisters, the Wives of Gentlemen, the Subjects of profligate Attempts? —Does it not render the Sex vile in the Eyes of the most Vile? And when a Lady is no longer beheld by such Persons with that Dignity and Reverence, with which, perhaps, the Graces of her Person, and the Innocence of her Mind, should sacredly, as it were, encompass her, do not her very Excellencies become so many Incentives for base Wretches to attempt her Virtue, and bring about her Ruin?

What then may not wicked Wit have to answer for, when its Possessors prostitute it to such unmanly Purposes? And, as if they had never had a Mother, a Sister, a Daughter of their own, throw down, as much as in them lies, those sacred Fences, which may lay the fair Inclosure open to the Invasions of every clumsier and viler Beast of Prey, who, tho' destitute of *their* Wit, yet corrupted by it, shall fill their Mouths, as well as their Hearts, with the borrow'd Mischief, and propagate it, from one to another, to the End of Time; and who, otherwise, would have pass'd by the uninvaded Fence, and only shew'd their Teeth, and snarl'd at the well-secured Fold within it!

You cannot, my dearest Mr. *B.* I know you cannot, be angry at this Romantick Painting; since you are not affected by it: For when you were at worst, you acted (more dangerously, 'tis, for the poor Innocents) a *principal* Part, and were as a Lion among Beasts— Do, dear Sir, let me say *among*, this one time— You scorn'd to borrow any Man's Wit, and if nobody had follow'd your Example, till they had had your Qualities, the Number of Rakes would have been but small: Yet; dearest Sir, don't mistake me neither; I am not so mean as to bespeak your Favour by extenuating your Failings: If I *were*, you would deservedly despise me. For, undoubtedly, (I *must* say it, Sir) your Faults were the greater for your Perfections; and such Talents misapply'd, as they made you more capable of Mischief, so did they increase the Evil of your Practices. All then that I mean by saying you are not affected by this Painting, is, that you are not affected by the Description I have given of clumsy and sordid Rakes, whose *Wit* is *borrow'd*, and their *Wickedness* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear Sir, since that noble Conversation, which you held with me at *Tunbridge*, in relation to the Consequences, that might, had it not been for God's Grace intervening, have follow'd the Masquerade Affair, I have the Pleasure, the inexpressible Pleasure, to find a thorough Reformation, from the *best* Motives, taking

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

Place; and your joining with me in my Closet, (as Opportunity permits) in my Evening Duties, is the charming Confirmation of your kind, and voluntary, and, I am proud to say, your *pious* Assurances! So that this makes me fearless of your Displeasure, while I rather triumph in my Joy, for your precious Soul's sake, than presume to think of recriminating; and when, (only this one time for all, and for ever) I take the Liberty of looking back from the delightful *Now*, to the painful *Formerly!*

But, what a Rambler am I again! You command me, Sir, to write to you all I think, without Fear. I obey, and, as the Phrase is, do it without either *Fear* or *Wit*.

If you *are not* displeas'd, it is a Mark of the Nobleness of your Nature, and the Sincerity of your late pious Declarations.

If *you are*, I shall be sure I have done wrong in having apply'd a Corrosive to eat away the *Proud Flesh* of a *Wound*, that is not yet so thoroughly *digested*, as to bear a painful Application, and requires Balsam, and a gentler Treatment. But when we were at *Bath*, I remember what you said once of the Benefit of Retrospection; and you charg'd me, when ever a *proper* Opportunity offer'd, to remind you, by that one Word, *Retrospection*, of the charming Conversation we had there, on our Return from the Rooms.

If this be not one of those *proper* Opportunities, forgive, dearest Sir, the Unseasonableness of your very impertinent, but, in Intention, and Resolution,

*Ever dutiful, P. B.*

LETTER LIX.

*From Mrs. B. to her Father and Mother.*

*Ever dear, and Ever honoured,* I must write this one Letter to you, altho' I have had the Happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. *B.* is now about to honour me with the Tour he so kindly promised to me, when with you; and it may therefore be several Months, perhaps, before I have again the Pleasure of paying you the like dutiful Respects.

You know his kind Promise, That he would, for every dear Baby I present him with, take an Excursion with me afterwards, in order to establish and confirm my Health.

The Task I have undertaken of dedicating all my Writing Amusements to the dearest of Gentlemen; the full Employment I have, when at home; the frequent Rambles he has been so often pleas'd to indulge me in, with my dear Miss *Goodwin*, to *Kent*, to *London*, to *Bedfordshire*, to *Lincolnshire*, and to my Lady *Daver's*, take from me the Necessity of writing to your honoured Selves, to my Miss *Darnford* that was, and to Lady *Davers*, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy Friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, occurring this Year, as to our Conversations, Visits, Friends, Employments, and Amusements, (with little Variation) that fell out the last, as they must do in a Family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have, for these Reasons, more Leisure to pursue my domestick Duties, which are increas'd upon me; and when I have said, That I am every Day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. *B.* in Miss *Goodwin*; my *Billy*, and my *Davers*, and now, newly, in my sweet little *Pamela*, (for so, you know, Lady *Davers*. would have her called, rather than by her own Name) what can I say more?

As to the Tour I spoke of, you know, the first Part of Mr. *B.*'s obliging Scheme is to carry me to *France*; for he has already travell'd with me over the greatest Part of *England*; and I am sure, by my Passage last Year, to the *Isle of Wight*, I shall not be afraid of crossing the Water from *Dover* thither; and he will, when we are at *Paris*, he says, take my further Directions (that was his kind Expression) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady *Davers* are so good as to promise to accompany us to *Paris*, provided Mr. *B.* will give them his and my Company to *Aix la Chapelle*, for a Month or six Weeks, whither my Lord is advised to go. And Mr. *H.* if he can get over his Fear of crossing the salt Water, is to be of the Party.

Lady *G.* Miss *Darnford* that was, (who likewise has lately lain in of a fine Daughter) and I, are to correspond, as Opportunity offers; and she is so good as to promise to send to you what I write, as formerly: But I have refused to say one Word in my Letters of the Manners, Customs, Curiosities, &c. of the Places we see, because, first, I shall not have Leisure; and, next, because those things are so much better described in Books already printed, written by Persons who made stricter and better Observations than I can pretend to make: So that what I shall write will relate only to our private Selves, and shall be as brief as possible.

If we are to do as Mr. *B.* has it in his Thought, he intends to be out of *England* two Years: —But how can I bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dear Babies! —But this must be my Time, my *only* Time, Mr. *B.* tells me, to ramble and see distant Places and Countries; for he is pleas'd to say, That as soon as his Little-ones are capable of my Instructions, and begin to understand my Looks and Signs, he will not spare me from them a Week together; and he is so kind as to propose, that my dear bold Boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his Papa in his dear forward Spirit) shall go with us; and this pleases Miss *Goodwin* highly, who is very fond of *him*, and my little *Davers*; but vows she will never love so well my little black-ey'd *Pamela*.

You see what a sweet Girl Miss is, and you admir'd her much: Did I tell you, what she said to me, when first she saw you both, with your silver Hairs, and reverend Countenances? —Madam, said she, I dare say, your Papa and Mamma *honoured their Father and Mother*: They did, my Dear; but what is your Reason for saying so? —Because, reply'd she, *they have lived so long in the Land which the Lord their God has given them*. I took the dear Charmer in my Arms, and kiss'd her three or four times, as she deserv'd; for was not this very pretty in the Child?

I must with inexpressible Pleasure write you Word, how happily God's Providence has turn'd for the best, that Affair, which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the fine Countess, (who is gone abroad) of whom you and my Father had heard, as you told me, some Reports, which had you known at the Time, would have made you

very apprehensive for Mr. *B.*'s Morals, as well as for my Repose.

I will give you the Particulars of this dark Affair, so far as shall make you Judges of my present Joy.

There was but one thing wanting, my dear Parents, to complete all the Happiness I wish'd for in this Life; and that was the remote Hope I had entertain'd, that one Day, my dear Mr. *B.* who from a licentious Gentleman, became a Moralist, would be so touch'd by the Divine Grace, as to become, in time, more than a Moral, a *Religious* Gentleman, and that he would, at last, join in the Duties which he had the Goodness to countenance.

For this Reason I began with mere *Indispensables*. I crouded not his Gate with Objects of Charity: I visited them at their Homes, and reliev'd them; distinguishing the worthy Indigent (made so by unavoidable Accidents and Casualties) from the wilfully, or perversly, or sottishly such, by *greater* Marks of my Favour.

I confin'd my Morning and Evening Devotions to my own Closet, as privately as possible, lest I should give Offence and Discouragement to so gay a Temper, so unaccustom'd, poor Gentleman! to Acts of Devotion and Piety; while I met his Household together, only on Mornings and Evenings of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for their publick Duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at Church in the other; leaving them to their own Reflections for the rest of the Week; after I had suggested to them a Method I wish'd to be follow'd by themselves, and in which they constantly obliged me.

This good Order had its desired Effect, and our Sabbath-day Assemblies were held with so little Parade, that we were hardly any of us miss'd. All, in short, was done with chearful Ease and Composure; and every one of us was better dispos'd to our domestick Duties by this Method: I to attend the good Pleasure of my best Friend, and they to attend that of us both.

In this manner, we went on, very happily, my neighbourly Visits of Charity taking up no more Time than common Airings, and passing, many of them, for such; my *private Duties* being only between my First, my Heavenly Benefactor, and myself, and my Family ones (personally) confin'd to the Day, separated for these best of Services: And Mr. *B.* pleas'd with my Manner, beheld the good Effects, and countenanc'd me by his Praises and his Endearments, *as* acting discreetly, *as* not falling into Enthusiasm, and (as he used to say) *as* not aiming at being *righteous over-much*.

But still I wanted, and I waited for, with humble Impatience, and I made it part of my constant Prayers, that the Divine Grace would at last touch his Heart, and make him *more* than a Countenancer, *more* than an Applauder, of my Duties: That he might, for his own dear sake, become a Partaker, a Partner in them; and then, thought I, when we can Hand in Hand, Heart in Heart, one Spirit, as well as one Flesh, join in the same Closet, in the same Prayers and Thanksgivings, what an happy Creature shall I be!

I say, *Closet*; for, I durst not aspire so high, as to hope he would favour me with his Company among his Servants, in our *Sunday* Devotions—I knew it would be going too far, in *his* Opinion, to expect it from him. In *me* their Mistress, had I been ever so high-born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, *every one* of us, were *his*; I in one Degree, Mr. *Longman* in another, Mrs. *Jervis* in another—But from a Gentleman of his lordly Temper, and manner of Education, I knew I could never hope for it; so would not lose *every* thing, by grasping at *too much*.

But in the midst of all these comfortable Proceedings, and my further charming Hopes, a nasty Masquerade threw into the dear Gentleman's Way a Temptation, that, for a time, blasted all my Prospects, and indeed made me doubt my own Head almost. For, judge what my Disappointment must be, when I found all my Wishes frustrated, all my Prayers render'd ineffectual: His very Morality, which I had flatter'd myself, in time, I should be an humble Instrument to exalt into a religious Frame of Mind, shock'd, and in Danger; and all the good Work to begin again, if offended Grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful Trespasser!

But who shall pretend to scrutinize the Councils of the Almighty? —For out of this *evil Appearance* was to proceed the *real Good*, I had been so long, and so often, supplicating for!

The dear Gentleman *was* to be on the Brink of relapsing: It was proper, that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a Conduct not natural to my Temper, and to raise his generous Concern for me: And, in the very Crisis, Divine Grace interposed, made him sensible of his Danger, made him resolve against his Error, before it was yet too late; and his sliding Feet, quitting the slippery Path he was in, collected new Strength, and he stood the firmer, and more secure, for his Peril.

For, my dear Parents, having happily put an End to that Affair, he was pleas'd, when we were at *Tunbridge* together, and in very serious Discourse on divine Subjects, to say to this Effect: Is there not, my *Pamela*, a Text, *That the unbelieving Husband shall be saved by the believing Wife, while he beholds her chaste Conversation*

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*coupled with Fear?*

I need not tell you, my dear Mr. *B.* that there is, nor where it is.

Then, my Dear, I begin to hope, that will be my Case: For, from a late Affair, of which this Spot of Ground puts me more in mind, I see so much Reason to doubt my own Strength, which I had built, and, as I thought, securely, on *moral* Foundations, that I must look out for a *better* Guide to conduct me, than the proud Word *Honour* can be, in the general Acceptation of it among us lively young Gentlemen.

How often, my dearest Love, continued he, have I promised, (and I never promised, but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often have I declar'd, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my *Pamela*, till I could shew her, in my own Mind, a Purity as nearly equal to hers, as my past Conduct would admit of!

But I depended too much upon my own Strength: And I am now convinc'd, that nothing but

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and a Resolution to watch over the very *first* Appearances of Evil, and to check them, as they arise, can be of sufficient Weight to keep steady to his good Purposes, a young vain Mind, *too* little accusom'd to Restraint, and too much us'd to play upon the Brink of Dangers, from a Temerity, and Love of Intrigue, too natural to enterprising Minds.

You shall therefore, my *Pamela*, from this Instant, be my Guide; and, only taking care, that you do not all at once, by too *rigorous* Injunctions, damp and discourage the rising Flame, I will leave it to you to direct it as you please, till, by degrees, it may be deem'd worthy to mingle with your own.

Judge, my dear Parents, how rapturous my Joy was upon this Occasion, and how ready I was to bless God for a Danger (so narrowly escap'd) which was attended with the *very* Consequences, that I had so long pray'd for; and which I little thought the Divine Providence was bringing about by the very Means, that, I apprehended, would put an End to all my pleasing Hopes and Prospects of that Nature.

It is in vain for me to think of finding Words to express what I felt, and how I acted, on this Occasion. I heard him out with twenty different and impatient Emotions; and then threw myself at his Feet, embracing his Knees, with Arms the most ardently clasping! My Face lifted up to Heaven, and to his dear Face, by Turns, my Eyes overflowing with Tears of Joy, which half choak'd up the Passage of my Words—At last, his kind Arms clasping my Neck, and kissing my tearful Cheek, I could only say—My Prayers, my ardent Prayers, are at last—at last—heard— May God Almighty, dear Sir, confirm your pious Purposes!— And, Oh! what an happy *Pamela* have you at your Feet!

I wept for Joy, till I sobb'd again — and he raising me to his kind Arms, when I could speak, I said, To have this *heavenly* Prospect, O best Beloved of my Heart! added to all my *earthly* Blessings! — how shall I contain my Joy!— For, Oh! to think that my dear Mr. *B.* is, and will be, mine, and I his, thro' the Mercies of God, when this transitory Life is past and gone, to all Eternity; what a rich Thought is this!— Methinks, I am already, dear Sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the Perfection of those Joys, which this thrice welcome Declaration gives me Hope of, hereafter!— But, what shall I say, oblig'd as I was beyond Expression before, and now doubly oblig'd in the rapturous View you have open'd to me, into an happy Fururity!

He was pleas'd to say, He was delighted with me beyond Expression; that I was his ecstasick Charmer! —That the Love I shew'd for his future Good was the moving Proof of the Purity of my Heart, and my Affection for him! And that very Evening he was pleas'd to join with me in my retired Duties; and at all proper Opportunities favours me with his Company in the same manner; listening attentively to all my Lessons, as he calls my fond cheerful Discourses on serious Subjects.

And now, my dear Parents, do you not rejoice with me, in this charming, charming Appearance? For, *before*, I had the most generous, the most beneficent, the most noble, the most affectionate; but, *now*, I am likely to have the most *pious* of Husbands! What an happy Wife, what an happy Daughter, is *his* and *your Pamela*!— God, of his infinite Mercy, continue and improve the ravishing Prospect!

I was forc'd to leave off here, to enjoy the charming Reflections, which this lovely Subject, and my blessed Prospects, filled me with: And now proceed to write a few Lines more.

I am under some Concern on account of our going to travel into *Roman-catholick* Countries, for fear we should want the publick Opportunities of Divine Service: For, I presume, the Ambassador's Chapel will be the only Protestant Place of Worship allow'd of; and *Paris* the only City in *France* where there is one. But we must endeavour to make it up in our private and domestick Duties: For, as the Phrase is, when we are at *Rome*, we must do as they do at *Rome*; that is to say, so far, as not to give Offence, on one hand, to the People we are among, nor Scandal, on the other, by Compliances hurtful to one's Conscience. But my Protector knows all these things so well, (no Place in what is called the Grand Tour, being new to him) that I have no Reason to be very uneasy on these Accounts.

And now, my dearest dear honoured Parents, let me, by Letter, as I did on my Knees at Parting, beg the Continuance of your Prayers and Blessings, and that God will preserve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy Friends, a happy Meeting again.

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*Kent*, you may be sure, will be our first Visit, on our Return, for your sakes, for my dear *Davers's* sake, and for my little *Pamela's* sake, who will be both sent down, and put into your Protection; while my *Billy*, and Miss *Goodwin*, (for since I began this Letter, it is so determin'd) are to be my delightful Companions; for Mr. *B.* declar'd, His Boy shall not be one Day out of my Presence, if he can help it, because, he is pleas'd to say, his Temper wants looking after, and his Notices of every thing are strong and significant.

Poor little Dear! he has indeed a little sort of Perverseness and Headstrongness, as one may say, in his Will: But he is but a Baby; and I shall, I hope, manage him pretty well; for he takes great Notice of all I say, and of every Look of mine, already— He is, besides, very good—humour'd, and willing to part with any thing for a kind Word; and this gives me Hope of a docile and benevolent Disposition, as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the last Paragraph but one, that I was within a Line of concluding; but it is *to You*, and *of my Babies*, I am writing; so shall go on to the Bottom of this new Sheet, if I do not directly put an End to my Scribbling: Which I do, with assuring you both, my dear good Parents, that where—ever I am, I shall always be thoughtful of you, and remember you in my Prayers, as becomes

*Your ever dutiful Daughter, P. B.*

My Respects to all your good Neighbours in general. Mr. *Longman* will visit you now—and—then. Mrs. *Jervis* will take one Journey to *Kent*, she says, and it shall be to accompany my Babies, when they are carried down to you. Poor *Jonathan*, and she, good Folks! seem declining in their Health, which much grieves me.— Once more, God send us all an happy Meeting, if it be his blessed Will! Adieu, Adieu, my dear Parents!

*Your ever dutiful, &c.*

## LETTER LX.

*My dear Lady G.* I Received your last Letter at *Paris*, as we were disposing every thing for our Return to *England*, after an Absence of near Two Years; in which, as I have inform'd you, from time to time, I have been a great Traveller, into *Holland*, the *Netherlands*, through the most considerable Provinces of *France*, into *Italy*; and, in our Return to *Paris* again, (the principal Place of our Residence) through several Parts of *Germany*.

I told you of the Favours and Civilities we receiv'd at *Florence*, from the then Countess Dowager of —— who, with her Humble Servant Lord *C.* — (that had so assiduously attended her for so many Months in *Italy*) accompany'd us from *Florence* to *Inspruck*.

Her Ladyship made that worthy Lord happy in about a Month after she parted from us; and the noble Pair gave us an Opportunity at *Paris*, in their Way to *England*, to return some of the Civilities, which we receiv'd from them in *Italy*: And they are now arriv'd at her Ladyship's Seat on the Forest.

Her Lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; for she is one of the most charming Ladies in *England*; and behaves to him with so much Prudence and Respect, that they are as happy in each other, as can be wish'd. And let me just add, That both in *Italy* and at *Paris*, Mr. *B.*'s Demeanour and her Ladyship's to one another, was so nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly discreet, that neither Lord *C.* who had once been jealous of Mr. *B.* nor the *other Party*, who had had a Tincture of the same Yellow Evil, as you know, because of the Countess, had so much as a Shadow of Uneasiness remaining on that Occasion.

Lord *Davers* has had his Health (which had begun to decline in *England*) so well, that there was no persuading Lady *Davers* to return before now; altho' I begg'd and pray'd I might not have another little *Frenchman*, for fear they should, as they grew up, forget, as I pleasantly used to say, the Obligations which their Parentage lays them under to dearer *England*.

And now, my dearest Friend, I have shut up my Rambles for my whole Life; for Three little *English* Folks, and One little *Frenchman*, (but a charming Baby, as well as the rest, *Charley* by Name) and a near Prospect of a further Increase, you will say, are Family enough to employ all my Cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, altho' I could not write to you so often as I would, because of our being so constantly in Motion, what was most worthy of your Knowledge relating to our Particular, and how happy we have all been in one another. And I have the Pleasure to confirm to you what I have several times written, that Mr. *B.* and my Lord and Lady *Davers* are all that I could wish and hope for, with regard to their first Duties. Indeed, indeed, we are an happy Family, united by the best and most solid Motives!

Miss *Goodwin* is a charming young Lady! —— I cannot express how much I love her. She is a perfect Mistress of the *French* Language, and speaks *Italian* very prettily: And, as to myself, I have improved so well under my dear Tutor's Lessons, together with the Opportunity of conversing with the politest and most learned Gentry of different Nations, that I will hold a Conversation with you in two or three Languages, if you please, when I have the Happiness to see you. There's a learned Boaster for you, my dear Friend! (if the Knowledge of different Languages makes one learned). But I shall bring you an Heart as intirely *English* as ever, for all that!

We landed on *Thursday* last at *Dover*, and directed our Course to the dear Farm-house; and you can better imagine, than I express, what a Meeting we had with my dear Father and Mother, and my beloved *Davers* and *Pamela*, who are charming Babies —— But is not this the Language of every fond Mamma?

Miss *Goodwin* is highly delighted now with my sweet little *Pamela*, and says, She shall be her Sister indeed! For, Madam, said she, Miss is a Beauty! —— And we see no *French* Beauties like Master *Davers* and Miss.

Beauty! my dear Miss *Goodwin*, said I; what is Beauty, if she be not a good Girl? —— Beauty is but a specious, and, as it may happen, a dangerous Recommendation, a mere skin-deep Perfection; and if, as she grows up, she is not as good as my Miss *Goodwin*, she shall be none of my Girl.

What adds to my Pleasure, my dear Friend, is to see them both so well got over the Small pox. It has been as happy for them, as it was for their Mamma and her *Billy*, that they had it under so skilful and kind a Manager in that Distemper, as my dear Mother. I wish, if it please God, it was as happily over with my little pretty *Frenchman*.

Every body is surpris'd to see what the past two Years have done for Miss *Goodwin*, and my *Billy*. —— O my

dear Friend, they are both of them almost—nay, quite, I think, for their Years, all that I wish them to be.

In order to make them keep their *French*, which Miss so well speaks, and *Billy* so prettily prattles, I make them, when they talk to one another, and are in the Nursery, speak nothing else: But at Table, except on particular Occasions, when *French* may be spoken, they are to speak in *English*; that is to say, when they *do* speak: For I tell them, that little Masters must do nothing but ask Questions for Information, and say Yes, or No, till their Papa's or Mamma's give them Leave to speak; nor little Ladies neither, till they are Sixteen: for, my dear Loves, cry I, You would not speak before you know *how*: And Knowledge is obtain'd by *Hearing*, and not by *Speaking*: And setting my *Billy* on my Lap, in Miss's Presence, Here, said I, taking an Ear in the Fingers of each Hand, are two Ears, my *Billy*; and, then pointing to his Mouth, but one Tongue, my Love: So you must be sure to mind, that you *bear* twice as much as you *speak*, even when you grow a bigger Master than you are now.

You have so many pretty Ways to learn one, Madam, says Miss, now—and—then, it is impossible we should not regard what you say to us!

Several *French* Tutors, when we were abroad, were recommended to Mr. *B.* But there is one *English* Gentleman, now on his Travels with young Mr. *R.* with whom Mr. *B.* has agreed; and in the mean time, my best Friend is pleas'd to compliment me, that the Children will not suffer for want of a Tutor, while I can take the Pains I do: Which he will have to be too much for me; especially, that now, on our Return, my *Davers* and my *Pamela* are added to my Cares. But what Mother can take too much Pains to cultivate the Minds of her Children?— If, my dear Lady *G.* it were not for these *frequent* Lyings—in!— But this is the Time of Life— Tho' little did I think, so early, I should have so many careful Blessings!

I have as great Credit as Pleasure from my little Family. All our Neighbours here in *Bedfordshire* admire us more and more. You'll excuse my seeming (for it is but seeming) Vanity; I hope I know better than to have it real—Never, says Mrs. *Towers*, who is still a single Lady, did I see, before, a Lady so much advantag'd by her Residence in that fantastick Nation, (for she loves not the *French*) and who brought home with her nothing of their Affectations!— She will have it, that the *French* Politeness, and the *English* Frankness and Plainness of Heart, appear happily blended in all we say and do. And she makes me a thousand Compliments upon Lord and Lady *Davers's* Account, who, she would fain persuade me, owe a great deal of Improvement, (my Lord in his Conversation, and my Lady in her Temper) to living in the same House with us.

Indeed my Lady *Davers* is exceeding kind and good to me, is always magnifying me to every body, and says, she knows not how to live from me; and that I have been a Means of saving half an hundred Souls, as well as her dear Brother's. On an Indisposition of my Lord's at *Montpelier*, which made her Ladyship very apprehensive, she declar'd, that were she to be depriv'd of his Lordship, she would not let us rest, till we had consented to permit her to live with us; saying, that we had Room enough in *Lincolnshire*, and she would enlarge the *Bedfordshire* Seat at her own Expence.

Mr. *H.* is Mr. *H.* still; and that's the best I can say of him: For, I verily think, he is more an Ape than ever. His *whole* Head is now *French*. 'Twas *half* so before. We had great Difficulties with him abroad: His Aunt and I endeavouring to give him a serious and religious Turn, we had like to have turn'd him into a *Roman* Catholick. For he was pleas'd much with the shewy Part of that Religion, and the fine Pictures and Decorations in the Churches of *Italy*; and having got into Company with a *Dominican* at *Padua*, a *Franciscan* at *Milan*, and a *Jesuit* at *Paris*, they lay so hard at him, in their Turns, that we had like to have lost him to each Assailant; so were forced to let him take his own Course; for, his Aunt would have it, that he had no other Defence from the Attacks of Persons to make him embrace a faulty Religion, than to permit him to continue as he was; that is to say, to have none at all. So she suspended attempting to proselyte the thoughtless Creature, till he came to *England*. I wish her Ladyship Success here; but, I doubt, he will not be a Credit to any Religion, for a great while. And as he is very desirous to go to *London*, as he has always been, it will be found, when there, that any fluttering Coxcomb will do more to make him one of that Class, in an Hour, than his Aunt's Lessons, to make him a good Man, in a Twelvemonth. *Where much is given, much is required.* The contrary of this, I doubt, is all poor Mr. *H.* has to trust to.

Just now we have a Messenger to tell us, that his Father, who has been long ill, is dead. So, now, he is a Lord indeed! He flutters and struts about most strangely, I warrant, and is wholly employ'd in giving Directions relating to his Mourning Equipage —And now there will be no holding of him in, I doubt; except his new Title has so much Virtue in it, as to make him a wiser and a better Man.

He will now have a Seat in the House of Peers of *Great Britain*; but I hope, for the Nation's sake, he will not meet with many more like himself there! —For, to me, that is one of the most venerable Assemblies in the World; and it appears the more so, since I have been abroad; for an *English Gentleman* is respected, if he be any thing of a Man, above a foreign Nobleman; and an *English Nobleman*, above some petty Sovereigns.

If our travelling Gentry duly consider'd this Distinction in their Favour, they would, for the Honour of their Country, as well as for their own Credit, behave in a better manner, in their foreign Tours, than, I am sorry to say it, some of them do. But what can one expect, from the unlick'd Cubs, pardon the Term, sent abroad with only Stature, to make them look like Men, and Equipage to attract Respect, without one other Qualification to enforce it?

Here let me close this, with a few Tears, to the Memory of my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, my other Mother, my Friend, my Adviser, my Protectress, in my single State, and my faithful Second and Partaker in the Comforts of my higher Life, and better Fortunes!

What would I have given to have been present, as, it seems, she so earnestly wished, to close her dying Eyes! I should have done it, with the Piety and the Concern of a truly affectionate Daughter. But that melancholy Happiness was deny'd to us both; for, as I told you in the Letter on the Occasion, the dear good Woman (who now is in the Possession of her blessed Reward, and is rejoicing in God's Mercies) was no more, when the News reached me, so far off, as at *Heidelburgh*, of her last Illness and Wishes.

I cannot forbear, every time I enter her Parlour, (where I used to see, with so much Delight, the good Woman sitting, always employ'd in some useful or pious Work) shedding a Tear to her Memory: And in my Sabbath Duties, missing *her*, I miss half a dozen Friends, methinks; and I sigh in Remembrance of her; and can only recover that chearful Frame, which the Performance of those Duties always gave me, by reflecting, that she now is reaping the Reward of that sincere Piety, which us'd to edify and encourage us all.

The Servants we brought home with us, and those we left behind us, met in Tears at the Name of Mrs. *Jervis*. Mr. *Longman* lamented too, in the most moving Strain, her Loss: And all I can do now, in Honour of her Memory and her Merit, is to be a Friend to those she lov'd most, as I have already begun to be; and none of them shall suffer in those Concerns that can be answer'd, now she is gone. For the Loss of so excellent a Friend and Relation, is Loss enough to all that knew her, and claim'd Kindred with her.

Poor worthy *Jonathan* too, ('tis almost a Misery to have so soft, so susceptible an Heart as I have, or to have such good Servants and Friends as one cannot lose without such Emotions as I feel for their Loss!) his Silver Hairs, which I have beheld with so much Delight, and thought I had a Father in Presence, when I saw them adorning so honest and comely a Face, how are they now laid low! — Forgive me, my dear Lady *G. Jonathan* was not a common Servant; neither are *any* of ours so: But *Jonathan* excell'd all that excell'd in his Class!— I am told, That these two worthy Folks dy'd within two Days of one another; a Circumstance you mention'd not in your Letter to me; on which Occasion I could not help saying to myself, in the Words of *David* over *Saul* and his Son *Jonathan*, the Namesake of our worthy Butler, *They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.*

I might have continu'd on in the Words of the Royal Lamerter; for, surely, never did one Fellow-servant love another in my Maiden State, nor Servant love a Mistress in my exalted Condition, better than *Jonathan* lov'd me! I could see in his Eyes a glistening Pleasure, whenever I pass'd by him: If at such times I spoke to him, as I seldom fail'd to do, with a *God bless you too!* in Answer to his repeated Blessings, he had a kind of Re-juvenescence (may I say?) visibly running thro' his whole Frame: And, now-and-then, if I laid my Hand upon his folded ones, as I pass'd him on a *Sunday* Morning or Evening, praying for me, with a *How do you, my worthy old Acquaintance?* his Heart would spring to his Lips in a kind of Rapture, and his Eyes would run over.

O my beloved Friend! how the Loss of these two Worthies of my Family oppresses me at times!

Mr. *B.* likewise shew'd a generous Concern on the Occasion: And when all the Servants welcom'd us in a Body, on our Return, Methinks, my Dear, said the good Gentleman, I miss your Mrs. *Jervis*, and honest *Jonathan*. A starting Tear, and, They are happy, dear honest Souls! and a Sigh, were the Tribute I paid to their Memories, on their beloved Master's so kindly repeating their Names.

Who knows, had I been here— But, away, too painful Reflection! They liv'd to a good old Age, and fell like Fruit fully ripe: They *died the Death of the Righteous*; I must follow them in time, God knows how soon: And *Oh! that my latter End may be like theirs!*

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Once more, forgive me, my dear Friend, this small Tribute to their Memories: And believe, that I am not so ungrateful for God's Mercies, as to let the Loss of these dear good Folks lessen with me the Joy, and the Delight, I have still (more than any other happy Creature) left me, in the Health, and the Love, of the best of good Husbands, and good Men; in the Children, charming as ever Mother boasted! charming, I mean principally, in the dawning Beauties of their Minds, and in the Pleasure their Towardliness of Nature gives me; including, as I always do, and have Reason to do, from her dutiful Love, as I may call it, for me, and Observation of all I say to her, my dear Miss *Goodwin*; in the Preservation to me of the best and worthiest of Parents, hearty, tho' aged, as they are; in the Love and Friendship of good Lord and Lady *Davers*; and my excellent Friend Lady *G*. God preserve all these to me, (not forgetting the worthy Mr. *Longman*) as I am truly thankful for His Mercies!— And then, notwithstanding my affecting Losses, as above, who will be so happy as I?

That you, my dear Lady *G*. may long continue so, likewise, in the Love of a worthy Husband, and the Delights of an increasing hopeful Family, which will make you some Amends for the heavy Losses you also have sustain'd, in the two last Years, of an affectionate Father, and a most worthy Mother; and, in Mrs. *Jones*, of a good Neighbour; prays

*Your ever affectionate Friend and Servant, P. B.*

Letter LXI.

*My beloved Lady G.* You will excuse my long Silence, when you are *reminded* of the Occasions to which it has been owing; for some of them you know; and when you are *told* the others.

In the first Place, I was oblig'd to pay a dutiful and concerning Visit to *Kent*, where my good Father was taken ill of a Fever, and my Mother of an Ague: And think, Madam, how this must affect me, from their Time of Life!— O Death! Death! thou mayst knock at the Doors of Tenements so frail, but so beloved: We cannot help ourselves: But we will not let thee in, if we can possibly avoid it; for the Lives of such dear Parents are a Part of my own Life: And, if God see fit, I cannot spare them! Indeed I cannot!

Mr. *B.* kindly accompany'd me, apprehending, that his beloved Presence would be necessary, if that Recovery of them both, in which I thankfully rejoice, had not taken Effect; especially, as a Circumstance I am, I think, *always* in, added more Weight to his Apprehensions.

I had hardly return'd from *Kent* to *Bedfordshire*, and look'd round, when I was oblig'd to set out to attend Lady *Davers*, who sent me word, that she should *die*, that was her strong Term, if she saw me not, to comfort and recover, by my Counsel and Presence, so she was pleas'd to express herself, her sick Lord, who was just got out of an intermittent Fever, which left him without any Spirits, and was occasion'd by fretting at the Conduct of her *stupid Nephew*, those also were her Words.

For you must have heard, (Every-body hears when Man of Quality does a foolish Thing!) and it has been in all the News-papers, That —'On *Wednesday* last the Right Honourable *John* (*Jackey*, they should have said) Lord *H.* Nephew to the Right Honourable *William* Lord *Davers*, was marry'd to the Honourable Mrs. *P.* Relict of *J. P.* of *Twickenham*, Esq; a Lady of celebrated Beauty, and ample Fortune.'

Now, my dear Friend, you must know, that this celebrated Lady is, 'tis , of the ——— Family, whence her Title of *Honourable*; but is indeed so *celebrated*, that every fluttering Coxcomb in Town can give some Account of her, even before she was in Keeping of the Duke of ———, who had cast her off to the Town he had robb'd of her.

In short, my Dear, she is quite a common Woman; has no Fortune at all, as one may say, only a small Jointure incumber'd, and is much in Debt.— She is a Shrew into the Bargain, and the poor Wretch is a Father already; for he has had a Girl of Three Years old (her Husband has been dead Seven) brought him home, which he knew nothing of, nor ever inquir'd, If his Widow had a Child?— And he is now imploy'd in paying the Mother's Debts, and trying to make the best of his Bargain.

This is the Fruit of a *London* Journey, so long desir'd by him, and his Fluttering about there with his new Title.

He was drawn in by a Brother of his Lady, and a Friend of that Brother's, two Town Sharpers, Gamesters, and Bullies.— Poor Sir *Joseph Wittol!* That was his Case, and his Character, it seems, in *London*.

Shall I present you with a Curiosity? 'Tis a Copy of his Letter to his Uncle, who had, as you may well think, lost all Patience with him, on occasion of this abominable Folly.

*My Lord Davers*, For if you will not call me Nephew, I have no Reason to call you Uncle; Surely you forget who it was you held up your Cane to: I have as little Reason to value your Displeasure, as you have me; for I am, God be thanked! a Lord, and a Peer of the Realm, as well as you: And as to your not owning me, nor your Brother *B.* not looking upon me, I care not a Farthing; and, bad as you think I have done, I have marry'd a Woman of Family—Take that among you!

'As to your personal Abuses of her, take care what you say. You know the Statute will defend us as well as you!— And, besides, she has a Brother, that won't let her good Name be call'd in Question—Mind that!

'Some Things I wish had been otherwise—Perhaps I do—What then?— Must you, my Lord, make more Mischief, and add to my Plagues, if I have any?— Is this your Uncleship?

'But I sha'n't want your Advice. I have as good an Estate as you have, and am as much a Lord as yourself. Why the Devil then, am I to be treated as I am? Why the Plague—But I won't swear neither!— I desire not to see you, any more than you do me, I can tell you that. And if we ever meet under one Roof with my Liking, it must be at the House of Peers, where I shall be upon a Par with you in every thing, that's my Comfort.

'As to my Lady *Davers*, I desire not to see her Ladyship; for she was always plaguy nimble with her Fingers;

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

but, let my false Step be what it will, I have, in other respects, marry'd a Lady, who is as well descended as herself, and no Disparagement neither; so have not that to answer for to her Pride; and who has as good a Spirit too, if they were to come Face to Face, or I am mistaken: Nor will she take Affronts from any one. So, my Lord, leave me to make the best of my Matters, as I will you of yours. So no more, but that I am

*Your Servant, H.*

'P. S. I mean no Affront to Mrs. B. She is the best of ye all—by G—.'

I will not take up your Time with further Observations upon this poor Creature's bad Conduct: His Reflection must proceed from *Feeling*; and will, that's the worst of it, come too late, come *when* or *how* it will. I will only say, I am sorry for it on his own Account, but more for that of Lord and Lady *Davers*, who take the Matter very heavily, and wish he had marry'd the lowest-born Creature in *England*, (so she had been honest and virtuous) rather than done as he has done.

But, I suppose, the poor Gentleman was resolv'd to shun, at all Adventures, Mr. B.'s Faule, and keep up to the Pride of Descent and Family!—and so marry'd the *only* Creature, as I hope, (since it cannot be help'd) that is so great a Disgrace to both! For I presume to flatter myself, for the sake of my Sex, that, among the poor Wretches, who are sunk so low as the Town-Women are, there are very few of Birth or Education; but such, principally, as have had their Necessities or their Ignorance taken Advantage of by base Men; since Birth and Education must needs set the most unhappy of the Sex above so sordid and so abandon'd a Guilt, as the hourly Wickedness of such a Course of Life subjects them to.

But let me pursue my Purpose of excusing my long Silence. I had hardly return'd from Lord and Lady *Davers*'s, and recover'd my Family Management, and resum'd my Nursery Duties, when my Fourth dear Boy, my *Jemmy*—(for, I think, I am going on to make out the Number Lady *Davers* allotted me) press'd upon me in such a manner, as not to be refus'd, for one Month or Six Weeks close Attention. And then a Journey to Lord *Davers*'s, and that noble Pair accompanying us to *Kent*; and daily and hourly Pleasures crouding upon us, narrow and confin'd as our Room there was, (tho' we went with as few Attendants as possible) took up *more* of my Time. So that I hope you will forgive me, on all these Accounts, because, as soon as I return'd, I set about writing this, as an Excuse for myself, in the first place; to promise you the Subject you insist upon, in the next; and to tell you, that I am incapable of Forgetfulness or Negligence to such a Friend as Lady *G*. For I must always be, dear Madam,

*Your faithful and affectionate humble Servant, P. B.*

**Letter LXII.**

*My dear Lady G.* The Remarks which, your Cousin *Fielding* tells you, I have made on the Subject of young Gentlemens Travelling, and which you request me to communicate to you, are Part of a little Book upon Education, which I wrote for Mr. *B.*'s Correction and Amendment, on occasion of his putting Mr. *Locke's* Treatise on that Subject into my Hands, and requiring my Observations upon it.

I cannot flatter myself, that they will answer your Expectation; for I am sensible they must be unworthy even of the Opportunities I have had in the Excursions, in which I have been indulg'd by the best of Gentlemen.

But your Requests are so many Laws to me; and I will give you a short Abstract of what I read to Miss *Fielding*, who has so greatly over-rated it to you.

That Gentleman's Book contains many excellent Rules on the Subject of Education: But this of Travel I will only refer you to at present. You will there see his Objections against the Age at which young Gentlemen are sent abroad, from Sixteen to Twenry-one, the Time in all their Lives, he says, in which young Men are the least suited to these Improvements, and in which they have the least Fence and Guard against their Passions.

The Age he proposes is from Seven to Fourteen, because of the Advantage they will then have to master Foreign Languages, and to form the Tongue to their Accents, as well as that then they will be easier directed by their Tutors or Governors. Or else he proposes that more sedate Time of Life, when the Gentleman is able to travel without a Tutor, and to make his own Observations; and when he is thoroughly acquainted with the Laws and Fashions, the natural and moral Advantages and Defects of his own Country; by which means, as Mr. *Locke* wisely observes, the Traveller will have something to exchange with those abroad, from whose Conversation he hopes to reap any Knowledge. This Gentleman supports his Opinion by excellent Reasons, to which I refer you.

What I have written in my little Book, which I have not yet quite finish'd, on *this* Head, relates principally to *Home Travelling*, which Mr. *B.* was always resolv'd his Sons should undertake, before they enter'd upon a Foreign Tour. I have there observ'd, That *England* abounds with Curiosities, both of Art and Nature, worth the Notice of a diligent Inquirer, and equal with some of those we admire in Foreign Parts; and that if the Youth be not sent abroad at Mr. *Locke's* earliest Time, from Seven to Fourteen, (which I can hardly think will be worth while, merely for the sake of attaining a Perfection in the Languages) he may with good Advantage begin, at Fourteen or Fifteen, the Tour of *Great Britain*, now-and-then by Excursions in the Summer Months, between his other Studies, and as a Diversion to him.

This I should wish might be enter'd upon in his Papa's Company, as well as his Tutor's, if it could conveniently be done; who thus initiating both the Governed and the Governor in the Methods he would have observ'd by both, will obtain no small Satisfaction and Amusement to himself.

For the Father would by this means be an Eyewitness of the Behaviour of the one and the other, and have a Specimen, how fit the young Man was to be trusted, or the Tutor to be depended upon, when they went abroad, and were out of his Sight; as *they* would of what was expected from them by the Father. And hence a thousand Benefits, as I humbly conceive, would arise to the young Gentleman from the Observations and Reflections he would receive from his Father, as Occasion offer'd, with regard to Expence, Company, Conversation, Hours, and such-like.

If the Father could not himself accompany his Son, he might appoint the Stages the young Gentleman should take, and injoin both Tutor and Son to give, at every Stage, an Account of whatever they observed curious and remarkable, not omitting the minutest Occurrences, travelling Expences, &c. By this means, and the Probability, that he might hear of them, and their Proceedings, from his Friends, Acquaintance, and Relations, who might fall in with them, or at whose Seats they might sometimes be entertained, they would know the Inspection they were under, and have a greater Regard to their Conduct.

By seeing thus the different Customs, Manners, and Oeconomy of different Persons and Families, (for in so mix'd a Nation as ours is, there is as great a Variety of that sort to be met with, as in most) and from their different Treatment at their several Stages, a great deal of the World may be learn'd by the young Gentleman. He would be prepar'd to go abroad with more Delight to himself, as well as more Experience, and greater Reputation to his Family and Country. In such Excursions as these, the Tutor would see the Temper and Inclination of the young

Gentleman, and might give proper Notices to the Father, if any thing was amiss, that it might be set right, while the Youth was yet in his Reach, and more under his Inspection, than he would be in a foreign Country: And the Observations the young Gentleman would make at his Return, as well as in his Letters, would shew how fit he was to be trusted, and how likely to improve, when at a greater Distance.

After *England* and *Wales*, as well the inland Parts, as the Sea-coasts, let them, if they behave according to Expectation, take a Journey into *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and visit the principal Islands, as *Guernsey*, *Jersey*, &c. the young Gentleman continuing to write down his Observations all the way, and keeping a Journal of Occurrences: And let him employ the little Time he will be on board of Ship in these small Trips from Island to Island, or Coastwise, in observing upon the noble Art of Navigation, of the Theory of which, it will not be amiss, that he has some Notion, as well as of the curious Structure of a Ship, its Tackle, and Furniture: A Knowledge very far from being insignificant to a Gentleman who is an Islander, and has a Stake in the greatest maritime Kingdom in the World; and hence he will be taught to love and value that most useful and brave Set of Men, the *British* Sailors, who are the natural Defence and Glory of the Realm.

Hereby he will confirm his Theory of the Geography of the *British* Dominions in *Europe*: He will be apprised of the Situation, Conveniencies, Interests and Constitution of his own Country; and will be able to lay a Ground-work for the future Government of his Thoughts and Actions, if the Interest he bears in his native Country should call him to the publick Service in either House of Parliament.

With this Foundation, how excellently would he be qualify'd to go abroad? and how properly then would he add to the Knowledge he had attain'd of his own Country, that of the different Customs, Manners, and Forms of Government of others? How would he be able to form Comparisons, and to make all his Inquiries appear pertinent and manly? All the Occasions of that ignorant Wonder, which renders a Novice the Jest of all about him, would be taken away. He would be able to ask Questions, and to judge without Leading-strings. Nor would he think he has seen a Country, and answer'd the Ends of his Father's Expence, and his own Improvement, by running thro' a Kingdom, and knowing nothing of it, but the Inns and Stages, at which he stopp'd to eat and drink. For, on the contrary, he would make the best Acquaintance, and contract worthy Friendships with such as would court and reverence him as one of the rising Genius's of his Country.

Whereas most of the young Gentlemen, who are sent abroad raw and unprepar'd, as if to wonder at every thing they see, and to be laugh'd at by all that see them, do but expose themselves, and their Country. And if at their Return, by Interest of Friends, by Alliances or Marriages, they shall happen to be promoted to Places of Honour or Profit, their unmerited Preferment will only serve to make those Foreigners, who were Eye-witnesses of their Weakness and Follies, when among them, conclude greatly in Disfavour of the whole Nation, or, at least, of the Prince, and his Administration, who could find no fitter Subjects to distinguish.

This, my dear Friend, is a brief Extract from my Observations on the Head of qualifying young Gentlemen to travel with Honour and Improvement. I doubt you'll be apt to think me not a little out of my Element; but since you *would* have it, I claim the Allowances of a Friend; to which my ready Compliance with your Commands the rather intitles me.

I am very sorry Mr. and Mrs. *Murray* are so unhappy in each other. Were he a generous Man, the heavy Loss the poor Lady has sustained, as well as her Sister, my beloved Friend, in so excellent a Mother, and so kind a Father, would make him bear with her Infirmities a little.

But, really, I have seen on Twenty Occasions, that, notwithstanding all the fine Things Gentlemen say to Ladies before Marriage, if the latter do not *improve* upon their Husbands Hands, their imputed Graces, when single, will not protect them from Indifference, and, probably, from worse: While the Gentleman, perhaps, thinks *he* only, of the Two, is intitled to go backward in Acts of Kindness and Complaisance. A strange and a shocking Difference, which too many Ladies experience, who, from fond Lovers, prostrate at their Feet, find surly Husbands, trampling upon their Necks!

You, my dear Friend, were happy in your Days of Courtship, and are no less so in your State of Wedlock. And may you continue to be so to a good old Age, prays

*Your affectionate and faithful Friend, P. B.*

**Letter LXIII.**

*My dear Lady G.* I will chearfully cause to be transcribed for you the Conversation you desire, between myself, Mrs. *Towers*, and Mrs. *Arthur*, and the Three young Ladies their Relations, in Presence of the Dean and his Daughter, and Mrs. *Brooks*; and glad I shall be, if it may be of Use to the two thoughtless Misses your Neighbours; who, you are pleased to tell me, are great Admirers of my Story, and my Example; and will therefore, as you say, pay greater Attention to what I write, than to the more passionate and interested Lessons of their Mamma.

I am only sorry, that you should have been under any Concern about the supposed Trouble you give me, by having mislaid my former Relation of it. For, besides obliging my dear Lady *G.* the Hope, that I may be able to do Service by it to a Family so worthy, in a Case so nearly affecting its Honour, as to make two headstrong young Ladies recollect what belongs to their Sex and their Characters, and what their filial Duties require of them, affords me high Pleasure; and if it shall be attended with the wish'd Effects, it will be an Addition to my Happiness.

I said, *cause* to be transcribed; because I hope to answer a double End by it; for, after I had re-consider'd it, I set Miss *Goodwin* to transcribe it, who writes a very pretty Hand, and is not a little fond of the Task, and, indeed, of any Task I set her; and will be more affected, as she *performs* it, than she could be by *reading* it only; altho' she is a very good Girl at present, and gives me Hopes, that she will continue to be so.

As soon as it is done, I will inclose it, that it may be read to the Parties without this Introduction, if you think fit. And you will forgive me for having added a few Observations to this Transcription, with a View to the Cases of your inconsiderate young Ladies, and for having corrected the former Narrative in several Places.

*My dear Lady G.* The Papers you have mislaid, relating to the Conversation between me and the young Ladies, Relations of Lady *Towers*, and Lady *Arthur*, in Presence of these two last-nam'd Ladies, Mrs. *Brooks*, and the worthy Dean, and Miss *L.* (of which, in order to perfect your kind Collection of my Communications, you request another Copy) contained as follows:

I first began with apprising you, that I had seen these three Ladies, twice or thrice before, as Visitors, at their Kinswomens Houses; so that they and I were not altogether Strangers to one another: And my two Neighbours acquainted me with their respective Tastes and Dispositions, and gave me their Histories, preparative to this Visit, to the following Effect:

'That Miss *Stapylton* is over-run with the Love of Poetry and Romance, and delights much in flowery Language, and metaphorical Flourishes: Is about Eighteen, wants not either Sense or Politeness; and has read herself into a Vein, that is more amorous (that was Lady *Towers's* Word) than discreet. Has extraordinary Notions of a *First-sight* Love; and gives herself greater Liberties, with a Pair of fine Eyes, (in hopes to make sudden Conquests in pursuance of that Notion) than is pretty in her Sex and Age; which makes those who know her not, conclude her bold and forward; and is more than suspected, with a Mind thus prepared for instantaneous Impressions, to have experienc'd the Argument to her own Disadvantage, and to be *struck* (before she has *stricken*) by a Gentleman, whom her Friends think not at all worthy of her, and to whom she was making some indiscreet Advances, under the Name of *Philoclea* to *Philoxenus*, in a Letter which she intrusted trusted to a Servant of the Family, who, discovering her Design, prevented her Indiscretion for that Time.

'That, in other respects, she has no mean Accomplishments, will have a fine Fortune, is genteel in her Person, tho' with some visible Affectation, dances well, sings well, and plays prettily on several Instruments; is fond of Reading, but affects the Action, and Air, and Attitude, of a Tragedian; and is too apt to give an Emphasis in the wrong Place, in order to make an Author mean more significantly than it is necessary he should, even where the Occasion is common, and in a mere historical Fact, that requires as much Simplicity in the Reader's Accent, as in the Writer's Style: No Wonder then, that when she reads a Play, she will put herself into a Sweat, as Lady *Towers* says; distorting very agreeable Features, and making a *Multitude* of wry Mouths, with *one* very pretty one, in order to convince her Hearers, what a near Neighbour her Heart is to her Lips.

'Miss *Cope* is a young Lady of Nineteen, lovely in her Person, with a handsome Fortune in Possession, and great Prospects. Has a soft and gentle Turn of Mind, which disposes her to be easily imposed upon. Is address'd

by a Libertine of Quality, whose Courtship, while permitted, was Imperiousness; and Tenderness, Insult; having found the young Lady too susceptible of Impression, open and unreserv'd, and even valuing him the more, as it seem'd, for treating her with ungenerous Contempt; for that she was always making Excuses for Slightings, Ill-manners, and even Rudeness, which no other young Lady would forgive.

'That this Facility on her Side, and this Insolence on his, and an over-free, and even indecent Degree of Ramping, as it is called, with Miss, which once her Mamma surpris'd them in, made her Papa forbid *his* Visits, and *her* receiving them.

'That this, however, was so much to Miss's Regret, that she was detected in a Design to elope to him out of the private Garden-door, where, in all Probability, the indelicate and dishonourable Peer would have triumphed over her Innocence; having given out since, that he intended to revenge himself on the Daughter, for the Disgrace he had received from the Parents.

'That tho' she was convinc'd of this, 'twas fear'd she still lov'd him, and would throw herself in his way the first convenient Opportunity; urging, that his rash Expressions were the Effect only of his Passion; for that she knows he loves her too well, to be dishonourable to her: And, by the same Degree of favourable Prepossession, she will have it, That his brutal Roughness, is the Manliness of his Nature; That his most shocking Expressions, are Sincerity of Heart; That his Boasts of his former Lewdness, are but Instances that he knows the World; That his Freedoms with her Person, are but Excess of Love, and innocent Gaiety of Temper; That his resenting the Prohibition he has met with, and his Threats, are other Instances of his Love and his Courage: And Peers of the Realm ought not to be bound down by little narrow Rules, like the Vulgar; for, truly, their *Honour*, which is regarded in the greatest Cases, equal with the *Oath* of a common Gentleman, is a Security that a Lady may trust to, if he is not a Profligate indeed; and that Lord *P.* cannot be.

'That excepting these Weaknesses, Miss has many good Qualities; is charitable, pious, humane, humble; sings sweetly, plays on the Spinet charmingly; is meek, fearful, and never was resolute or courageous enough to step out of the regular Path, till her too flexible Heart became touch'd with a Passion, that is said to tame Lions, and therefore her rough Peer has none of it; and animate the Dove, and Miss *Cope* has too much of it.

'That Miss Sutton, a young Lady of the like Age with the two former, has too lively and airy a Turn of Mind; affects to be thought well read in the Histories of Kingdoms, as well as in polite Literature. Speaks *French* fluently, talks upon all Subjects much; and has a great deal of that flippant Wit, which makes more Enemies than Friends. However is innocent, and unsuspectedly virtuous hitherto; but makes herself cheap and accessible to Fops and Rakes, and has not the worse Opinion of a Man for being such. Listens eagerly to Stories told to the Disadvantage of Individuals of her own Sex; tho' affecting to be a great Stickler for the Honour of the Sex in general: Will unpityingly propagate such Stories: Thinks (without considering to what the Imprudence of her own Conduct may subject her) the Woman, that slips, inexcusable: Asserts, that it is the *Man's Place to ask*, the *Woman's to deny*; and by this means encourages the one in their vile Attempts, and gives up the other for their Weakness, in a kind of silly Affectation, to shew her Security in her own Virtue; at the very time, that she is dancing upon the Edge of a Precipice, presumptuously inattentive to her own Danger.'

The worthy Dean, knowing the Ladies Intention in this Visit to me, brought his Daughter with him, as if by Accident: For Miss *L.* with many good Qualities, is of a remarkably soft Temper, tho' not so inconsiderately soft as Miss *Cope*: But is too credulous; and, as her Papa suspects, entertains more than a Liking to a wild young Gentleman, the Heir to a noble Fortune, who makes Visits to her, full of Tenderness and Respect, but without declaring himself. This gives the Dean a good deal of Uneasiness, and he is very desirous, that Miss should be in my Company on all Occasions; as she is so kind to profess a great Regard to my Opinion and Judgment.

'Tis easy to see the poor young Lady is in Love; and she makes no doubt, that the young Gentleman loves *her*: But, alas! why then (for he is not a bashful Man, as you shall hear) does he not say so?— He has deceived already two young Creatures. His Father has caution'd the Dean against his Son. Has told him, that he is sly, subtle, full of Stratagem; yet has so much Command of himself, (which makes him more dangerous) as not to precipitate his Designs; but can wait with Patience, till he thinks himself secure of his Prey, and then pulls off the Mask at once; and, if he succeeds, glories in his Villainy.

Yet does the Father beg of the Dean to permit his Visits; for he would be glad he would marry Miss *L.* tho' greatly unequal in Fortune to his Son; wishing for nothing so much, as that he *would* marry. And the Dean, owing his principal Preferment to the old Gentleman, cares not to disoblige him, or affront his Son, without some

apparent Reason for the latter; especially as the Father is bound up in him, all the Family Hopes depending upon him, having no other Child, and being himself half afraid of him, lest, if too much thwarted, he should fly out intirely.

So here, Madam, are Four young Ladies of like Years, and different Inclinations and Tempers, all of whom may be said to have Dangers to encounter with, resulting from their respective Dispositions: And who, professing to admire my Character, and the Example I had set, were brought to me, to be benefited, as Lady *Towers* was pleased to say, by my Conversation: And all was to be as if accidental, none of them knowing how well I was acquainted with their respective Characters.

How proud, my dear Lady *G.* would this Compliment have made me, from such a Lady as Mrs. *Towers*, had I not been as proud as proud could be before, in the good Opinion of four beloved Persons, Mr. *B.* Lady *Davers*, the Countess of *C.* and your dear Self!

We were attended only by *Polly Barlow*, who was as much concern'd as any body in some of the Points, that came before us. And as you know this was in the Time of the Visit paid us by Lord and Lady *Davers*, and that noble Countess, 'tis proper to say, they were abroad together upon a Visit, from which, knowing how I was to be engag'd, they excus'd me.

The Dean was well known to, and valu'd by, all the Ladies; and therefore was no manner of Restraint upon the Freedom of our Conversation.

I was above in my Closet when they came; and Lady *Towers*, having presented each young Lady to me when I came down, said, being all seated, I can guess at your Employment, Mrs. *B.*—Writing, I dare say? I have often wish'd you for a Correspondent; for every one who can boast that Favour, exalts you to the Skies, and says, Your Letters exceed your Conversation; but I always insisted upon it, that *that* was impossible.

Lady *Towers*, said I, is always saying the most obliging Things in the world of her Neighbours: But may not one suffer, dear Madam, for these kind Prepossessions, in the Opinion of greater Strangers, who will judge more impartially than your Favour will permit you to do?

That, said Lady *Arthur*, will be so soon put out of Doubt, when Mrs. *B.* begins to speak, that we will refer to that, and so put an End to every thing that looks like Compliment.

But, Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*, may one ask, What particular Subject was at this Time your Employment?

I had been writing (you must know, Lady *G.*) for the sake of engaging Miss *Stapylton's* flowery Vein, a little Sketch of the Style she is so found of; and hoped for some such Opportunity as this Question gave me, to bring it on the Carpet; for my only Fear, with her, and Miss *Cope*, and Miss *Sutton*, was, that they would deem me too grave; and so what should fall in the Course of Conversation, would make the less Impression upon them. For even the best Instructions in the world, you know, will be ineffectual, if the Method of conveying them is not adapted to the Taste and Temper of the Person you would engage. Whence, as I take it, that excellent Rule of the Apostle, of *becoming all Things to all Men*.

I answer'd, That I had been meditating upon the Misfortune of a fine young Lady, who had been seduced and betrayed by a Gentleman she loved; and who, notwithstanding, had the Grace to stop short, (indeed, later than were to be wished) and to abandon Friends, Country, Lover, in order to avoid any further Intercourse with him; and that God had blessed her Penitence and Resolution, and she was now very happy in a neighbouring Dominion.

A fine Subject, said Miss *Stapylton!*— Was the Gentleman a Man of Wit, Madam? Was the Lady a Woman of Taste?

The Gentleman, Miss, was all that was desirable in Man, had he been virtuous. The Lady, all that was excellent in Woman, had she been more circumspect. But it was a first Love on both Sides; and little did she think he could have taken Advantage of her Innocence and her Affection for him.

A sad, sad Story! said Miss *Cope*: But, pray, Madam, did their Friends approve of their Visits? For Danger sometimes, as I have heard, arises from the Cruelty of Friends, who force Lovers upon private and clandestine Meetings; when, perhaps, there can be no material Objection, why the Gentleman and Lady may not come together.

Well observ'd, Miss *Cope*, thought I! How we are for making every Case applicable to our own, when our Hearts are fix'd upon a Point?

It cannot be called *Cruelty* in Friends, Miss, said I, when their Cautions, or even *Prohibitions*, are so well

justify'd by the Event, as in *this* Case—and *generally* by the wicked Arts and Practices of Seducers. And how happy is it for a Lady, when she suffers herself to be convinc'd, that those who have lived *Forty* Years in the World, may know twice as much, at least, of that World, as she can possibly know at *Twenty*, Ten of which moreover are almost a Blank! If they do *not*, the one must be supposed very ignorant; the other, very knowing.

But, Miss, the Lady, whose hard Case I was meditating, *hop'd* too much, and *fear'd* too little; that was her Fault; which made her give Opportunities to the Gentleman, which neither *Liberty* nor *Restraint* could justify in her. She had not the Discretion, poor Lady! in this one great Point of all, that the Ladies I have in my Eye, I dare say, would have had in her Case.

I beg Pardon, said Miss, and blush'd. I know not the Case, and ought to have been silent.

Ay, Miss, thought I, so you would, had not you thought yourself more affected by it, than were to be wish'd you were.

I think, said Miss *Sutton*, the Lady was the less to be pity'd, as she must know what her Character requir'd of her; and that Men will deceive, where—ever they are trusted. 'Tis *their* Place to ask; a *Lady's* to deny.

So, Miss, reply'd I, you are supposing a continual State of War between the Two Sexes; one offensive, the other defensive: And indeed, I think the Notion not amiss; for a Lady will assuredly be less in Danger, when she rather *fears* an *Enemy*, than *hopes* a *Friend*, where so much depends upon the Issue, either of her Doubt, or of her Confidence.

I don't know *neither*, Madam, return'd Miss, very briskly, whether the Men should be set out to us as such Bugbears, as our Mamma's generally represent them. It is doing too much Honour to their Sex. It is making them too considerable; and is a kind of Reflection upon the Discretion and Virtue of our own, supposing us weak indeed.

The late Czar, I have read, continued Miss, took a better Method with the *Swedes*, who had often beat him; when, after a great Victory, he made his Captives march in Procession, thro' the Streets of his principal City, to familiarize them to the *Russes*, and shew them they were *but* Men.

Very well observ'd, Miss, reply'd I: But then, did you not say, that this was thought necessary to be done, because the *Russes* had been often *defeated* by these *Swedes*, and thought *too highly* of them; and when the *Swedes*, taking Advantage of that Prepossession, had the *greater Contempt* for the *Russes*?

Miss looked a little disconcerted; and being silent, I proceeded;

I am very far, Miss, from thinking the Generality of Men considerable, if our Sex do Justice to themselves, and to what their Characters require of them. Nevertheless, give me Leave to say, that the Men I thought altogether *inconsiderable*, I would not think worthy of my Company, nor give it to them, when I could avoid it. For when once they are persuaded, that it is their Privilege to *ask*, and the Lady's only to *deny*, it will certainly imbolden them to solicit, and to think themselves acting in Character when they put the Lady upon exerting her less active Privilege. And yet I am humbly of Opinion with the Poet: *He comes* too near, *who comes to be deny'd*.

For these Reasons, Miss, I was pleas'd with your Notion, that it would be best to look upon that Sex, especially, if we allow them the Privilege you speak of, in an *hostile* Light.

But permit me to observe, with regard to the most contemptible of the Species, Fops, Coxcombs, and pretty Fellows, that many a *good* General has been defeated, when, trusting to his superior Strength and Skill, he has despis'd a *truly weak* Enemy.

I believe, Madam, return'd Miss, your Observation is very just. I have read of such Instances. But, dear Madam, permit me to ask, Whether we speak not too generally, when we condemn every Man who dresses well, and is not a Sloven, as a Fop or a Coxcomb?

No doubt, we do, when this is the Case. But permit me to observe, that you hardly ever in your Life, Miss, saw a Gentleman who was *very* nice about his Person and Dress, that had any thing he thought of *greater* Consequence to himself, to regard. 'Tis natural it should be so; for should not the Man of *Body* take the greatest Care to set out and adorn the Part for which he thinks himself, most valuable? And will not the Man of *Mind* bestow his principal Care in improving that Mind? Perhaps, to the Neglect of Dress, and outward Appearance, which is a Fault. But surely, Miss, there is a Middle—way to be observ'd between both, in these, as in most other Cases; for a Man need not be a Sloven, any more than a Fop. He need not shew a Contempt for Dress, and yet not think Appearance his first and chief Concern; be ready to quarrel with a high Wind for discomposing his Peruque, or to put on his Hat, for fear of depressing his Foretop; be more afraid of a Spot upon his Cloaths, than twenty in

his Mind: Be a Self-admirer, and always at the Glass, which he would perhaps never look into, could it shew him the Deformity of his Mind, as well as the Finery of his Person:—Who has a Tailor for his Tutor, and a Milaner for his School-mistress; who laughs at Men of Sense (indeed, excusably perhaps in Revenge because they laugh at him): Who calls Learning Pedantry; and looks upon the Knowledge of the Fashions, as the only useful Science to a fine Gentleman.

Pardon me, Ladies: I could proceed with the Character of this Species of Men; but I need not; because every Lady present, I am sure, would despise such an one, as much as I do, were he to fall in her way: And the rather, because it is a certain Fact, that he who admires himself, will never admire his Lady as he ought; and if he maintains his Niceness after Marriage, it will be with a Preference to himself against her: If not — will sink, very probably, into the worst of Slovens; for, the Mind that is capable of one Extreme, (in every Case of human Life almost) when that goes off, if not a Man of Prudence, constitutionally, in a manner, falls into its Opposite.

But to return to the former Subject, (for the general Attention encouraged me to proceed) permit me, Miss *Sutton*, to add, That a Lady must run great Risques to her Reputation, if not to her Virtue, who will admit into her Company, *any* Gentleman, who shall be of Opinion, and *know* it to be *hers*, that it is *his* Province to ask a Favour, that she thinks it becomes *her* to deny.

I believe, Madam, said Miss, I spoke these Words a little too generally: But I meant *honourable* Questions, to be sure.

There can be but *one* honourable Question, thought I; and that is seldom asked, but when the Affair is brought near a Conclusion, and there is a Probability of its being granted; and which a Single Lady, while she has Parents or Guardians, should never think of permitting to be put to herself, much less of approving, nor, perhaps, as the Case may be, of denying; but I would not push her too far, altho' there was Room to have made the young Lady blush for her inconsiderate Notion.

So, I said, I don't *doubt*, Miss, but you meant honourable Questions. A young Lady of Miss *Sutton's* good Sense, and worthy Character, could not mean otherwise.

And yet Miss appear'd to be under an agreeable Confusion, every Lady, by her Eye, seeming to think she had met with a deserv'd Rebuke; and which not seeming to expect, it abated her Liveliness all the Time after, and turn'd, as I may say, her *Tongue* into *Ear*.

Lady *Towers* seasonably reliev'd us both from a Subject too *applicable*, if I may so express it, saying, But, dear Mrs. *B.* will you favour us with the Result of your Meditation, if you have committed it to Writing, on the unhappy Case you mention'd?

I was rather, Madam, exercising my Fancy than my Judgment, such as it is, upon the Occasion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical Style, I know not which to call it; and it is not fit to be read before such Judges, I doubt.

O pray, dear Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, favour us with it *to chuse*; for I am a great Admirer of that Style.

We shall never know half your Excellencies, said Lady *Arthur*: I have a great Curiosity, both from the *Subject* and the *Style*, to hear what you have written: And I beg you will oblige us all.

Do, dear Madam, said Miss *L.* Do, dear Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*. I beg it of you also, said the Dean. Do, dear Madam, let us have it, said all the Ladies.

It is short and unfinish'd. It is design'd to be woven into a Letter to a dear Friend: And let it be ever so censurable, I should be *more* so, if I made any Difficulties after such an unanimous Request. So taking it out of my Letter-case, I read as follows:

"While the *Banks of Discretion* keep within their natural Chanel the *proud Waves of Passion*, all calm and serene, glides along the silver Current, inlivening the adjacent Meadows, as it passes, with a brighter and more flowery Verdure. But if the *Torrents of sensual Love* are permitted to descend from the *Hills of credulous Hope*, they may so swell the gentle Stream, as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to be retain'd in its usual Bounds. What then will be the Consequence?— Why, the *Trees of Resolution*, and the *Shrubs of cautious Fear*, whose intertwining Roots had contributed to support the frail Mound, being loosen'd from their Hold, *they*, and the *Bank* itself, will be seen floating on the Surface of the triumphant Waters.

"But here, a dear Lady, having unhappily failed, is enabled to set her *Foot* in the *new-made* Breach, while yet it is *possible* to stop it, and to say, with little Variation, in the Language of that Power, which only could enable her to say it, *Hither, ye proud Waves of dissolute Love, altho' you have come, yet no farther shall ye come*; is such

an Instance of magnanimous Resolution, and Self-conquest, as is very rarely to be met with."

They were all greatly taken with what I read, and the Dean gave it Beauties by his kind Comments, which he himself could hardly think it merited, supposing, no doubt, that it might afford a Subject for the young Ladies to contemplate upon in their own Taste, as one may say. Miss *Stapylton* particularly appear'd so delighted with it, that she desired a Copy of it; and the other Three young Ladies complaisantly join'd in her Request.

Whereupon I said, That if it could have the Benefit of the Dean's Remarks upon it, it would be worthy of their Acceptance: But, however, it was at their Service; for I had the rough Sketch of it above.

Miss *Stapylton* took it, promising to give each a Copy, and honour'd it with a Place in her Bosom. I mention this, because it answer'd my End; and, slight as the Cause was, gave the young flighty Ladies an high Opinion of me, which made them listen with the greater Attention to all that succeeded.

Our Conversation, after this, took a more general Turn, as to the Air of it, if I may say so, which I thought right, lest the young Ladies should imagine it was a designed Thing against them: But yet it was such, that every one of them found her Character and Taste little or much concerned in it; and all seem'd, as Lady *Towers* afterwards observ'd to me, by their Silence and Attention, to be busied with private Applicatious.

The Dean began first, with a View to his own Daughter; and seeing his Drift, I humour'd it accordingly; and the rather, as Miss *Cope's* Case was included in that of Miss *L*. He was pleased to say, That I seem'd design'd by Providence, as a Model, as well as an Exemplar, for my Sex; and it was Matter of great Surprize to him, that, my tender Years consider'd, I should be capable of making those Reflections, by which Persons of twice my Age and Experience might be instructed. You see, Madam, said he, how attentive we all are, when your Lips begin to open; and I beg we may have nothing to do, but to *be* attentive.

I have had such Advantages, Sir, reply'd I, from the Observations and Cautions of my late excellent Lady, that did you but know half of them, you would rather wonder I had made *no greater* Improvement, than that I have made *so much*. She used to think me pretty, and not ill-temper'd, and, *of course*, not incredulous, where I conceived a good Opinion; and was always arming me on that Side, as believing I might be the Object of wicked Attempts, and the rather, as my low Fortunes subjected me to Danger. For, had I been born to Rank and Condition, as these young Ladies here, I should have had Reason to think of *myself*, as justly, as, no doubt, *they* do, and, of consequence, beyond the Reach of any vile Intriguer; as I should have been above the greatest Part of that Species of Mankind, who, for want of Understanding or Honour, or thro' pernicious Habits, give themselves up to Libertinism.

Charming Humility! said Miss *Cope*, with her Hands lifted up. So said Miss *Stapylton*.

These were great Advantages, no doubt, said Miss *Sutton*; but in *you*, they met with a surprising Genius, 'tis very plain, Madam; and there is not, in my Opinion, a Lady in *England* of your Years, who would have improv'd by them, as you have done.

I answer'd, That I was much obliged to her for her good Opinion: But that I had always observ'd, that the Person who admir'd any good Qualities in another, gave a kind of *natural* Demonstration, that she had the same in an eminent Degree herself, altho', perhaps, her modest Diffidence would not permit her to trace the generous Principle to its Source.

The Dean, in order to bring us back again to our Subject, repeated my Remark, that it was safer, in Cases where so much depended upon the Issue, as a Lady's Honour and Reputation, to *fear* an *Enemy*, than to *hope* a *Friend*; and praised my Observation, that even a *weak* Enemy is not to be too much despised.

I said, I had very high Notions of the Honour and Value of my own Sex, and very mean ones of the gay and frothy Part of the other; insomuch that I thought they could have no Strength, but what was founded in our Weakness: That, indeed, the Difference of Education must give Men Advantages, even where the Genius was naturally equal; and among others, Courage and Hardness of Hearts, which make Ladies, where they meet not with Men of Honour, to engage upon very unequal Terms; for that it was so customary with them to make Vows and Promises, and to set so light by them, *when made*, that an innocent Lady cannot guard too watchfully against them; and, in my Opinion, should believe nothing they said, or even *vow'd*, but what carry'd Demonstration with it.

I remember, continued I, my Lady used often to observe, That there was a Time of Life in all young Persons, which might properly be called, *The Romantick*, which was a very dangerous Period, and requir'd therefore a great Guard of Prudence: That the Risque was not a little augmented by reading Novels and Romances; and that the

Poetical Tribe had much to answer for on this Head, by reason of their inflaming and unnatural Descriptions, which did much Hurt to thoughtless Minds, and lively Imaginations. For to those, she would have it, were principally owing, the Rashness and Indiscretion of even *soft* and *tender* Dispositions; which, in Breach of their Duty, and even Decorum of Sex, too frequently set them upon Enterprizes, like what they have read in those pernicious Writings, which not seldom make them fall a Sacrifice to the base Designs of some vile Intriguer; and even in Cases where their Precipitation ends the best, that is to say, in *Marriage*, they too frequently (in direct Opposition to the Cautions and Commands of their *try'd*, their *experienc'd*, and *unquestionable* Friends) throw themselves upon an *almost Stranger*, who, had he not been unworthy of them, would not, nor *needed* to have taken indirect Methods to obtain their Favour.

And the Misfortune is, continu'd I, the most innocent are generally the most credulous. They would do no Harm to others themselves, and cannot think others would do them any. And with regard to the particular Person who has obtain'd, perhaps, a Share in her Confidence, *he* cannot, surely, she thinks, be so *ingrateful*, as to return Evil for Good! Were all the Men in the World, besides, to prove false, the *beloved* Person cannot. 'Twould be unjust to *her own Merit*, as well as to *his Vows*, to suppose it: And so *Design* on his Side, and *Credulity* and *Self-opinion* on the Lady's, at last inroll the unhappy Believer in the List of the too-late Repenters.

And what, Madam, said the Dean, has not that Wretch to answer for, who makes Sport of destroying a virtuous Character, and in being the wicked Means of throwing, perhaps, upon the Town, and into the Dregs of Prostitution, a poor Creature, whose Love for him, and Confidence in him, was all her Crime, and who otherwise might have made a worthy Figure at the Head of some reputable Family, propagating good Examples, instead of Ruin and Infamy, to Mankind; and so have been an useful Member of the Commonwealth? To say nothing of, what is still worse, the dreadful Crime of occasioning the Loss of a Soul; since final Impenitence too genenerally follows the first Sacrifice which the poor Wretch is seduced to make of her Honour?

There are several Gentlemen in our Neighbourhood, said Mrs. *Brooks*, who might be benefited by this touching Reflection, if it was represented in the same strong Lights from the Pulpit. And permit me to say, Mr. Dean, that, I think, you should give us a Sermon upon this Subject, for the sake of both Sexes; one for Caution, the other for Conviction.

I will think of it, reply'd he. But I am sorry to say, that we have too many among our younger Gentry, who would think themselves pointed at, were I to touch this Subject ever so cautiously.

I am sure, said Lady *Towers*, there cannot well be a more useful one; and the very Reason the Dean gives, is a convincing Proof of it to me.

When I have had the Pleasure of hearing the further Sentiments of such an Assembly as this, upon the delicate Subject, reply'd this polite Divine, I shall be better enabled to treat it. And, pray, Ladies, proceed; for it is from your Conversation, that I must take my Hints.

You have nothing to do then, said Lady *Towers*, but to engage Mrs. *B.* to speak; and you may be sure, we will all be as attentive to *her*, as we shall be to *you*, when we shall have the Pleasure to hear so fine a Genius improving upon her Hints, from the Pulpit.

I bow'd, as the Dean did, to Lady *Towers*; and knowing, that she praised me so highly, in order to induce the young Ladies to give the greater Attention to what she wished I should speak, I said, It would be almost an unpardonable Presumption in me, after so high a Compliment, to open my Lips. Nevertheless, as I was sure, by speaking, I should have the Benefit of Instruction, whenever it made *them* speak, I would not be backward to enter upon any Subject; for that I should consider myself as a young Counsel, in some great Cause, who served but to open it, and prepare the Way for those of greater Skill and Abilities.

I beg then, Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, you will *open the Cause*, be the Subject what it will. And I could almost wish, that we had as many Gentlemen here as Ladies, who would have Reason to be asham'd of the Liberties they take in censuring the Conversations of the Tea-table; since the Pulpit, as the worthy Dean gives us Reason to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. *B.*

Nor is it much Wonder, reply'd I, when the Dean himself is with us, and it is grac'd by so charming and distinguish'd a Circle.

If many of our young Gentlemen were here, said Lady *Towers*, they might improve themselves in all the Graces of polite and sincere Complaisance. But, compar'd to this, I have generally heard such trite and coarse Stuff from our Race of Wou'd-be-wits, that what they say, may be compar'd to the Fawnings and Salutations of

the Ass in the Fable, who emulating the Lap-dog, merited a Cudgel rather than Encouragement.

But, Mrs. *B.* continued she, begin, I pray you, to *open* and *proceed* in the Cause; for there will be no Counsel employ'd but you, I can tell you.

Then give me a Subject, that will suit me, Ladies, and you shall see how my Obedience to your Command; will make me run on.

Will you, Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, give us a few Cautions and Instructions on a Theme of your own, That a young Lady should rather *fear* too much, than *hope* too much? A necessary Doctrine perhaps; but a difficult one to be practised by a Lady, who has begun to love, and supposes all Truth and Honour in the Object of her Favour.

*Hope*, Miss, said I, in my Opinion, should never be unaccompany'd by *Fear*; and the more Reason will a Lady ever have to fear, and to suspect herself, and doubt her Lover, when she once begins to find in her own Breast a Favour for him. For then her Danger is doubled, since she has *herself* (perhaps, the more dangerous Enemy of the two) to guard against, as well as *him*.

She may secretly hope the best indeed; but what *has been* the Fate of others, *may be* her own; and tho' she thinks it not *probable* from such a faithful Protester, as he appears to her to be, yet while it is *possible*, she should never be off her Guard: Nor will a prudent Woman trust to his Mercy, or Honour, but to her own Discretion; and the rather, because, if he mean well, he *himself* will value her the more for her Caution, since every Man desires to have a virtuous and prudent Wife; if not well, she will detect him the sooner; and so, by her Prudence, frustrate all his base Designs.

The Ladies seeming, by their Silence, to approve what I said, I proceeded:

But let me, my dear Ladies, ask, What that Passion is, which generally we dignify by the Name of *Love*; and which, when *so* dignify'd, puts us upon a thousand Extravagancies? I believe, if it were to be examined into, it would be found too generally to owe its Original to *ungovern'd Fancy*; and were we to judge of it by the Consequences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be called *Rashness, Inconsideration, Weakness*; any thing but *Love*; for, very seldom, I doubt, is the *solid Judgment* so much concern'd in it, as the *airy Fancy*. But when once we dignify the wild Misleader with the Name of *Love*, all the Absurdities, which we have read in Novels and Romances, take Place, and we are induc'd to follow Examples that seldom end happily but in *them*.

But, permit me further to observe, that Love, as we call it, operates differently in the Two Sexes, as to its Effects. For in Woman it is a *creeping* Thing, in Man an *Incroacher*; and this ought, in my humble Opinion, to be very seriously attended to. Miss *Sutton* intimated thus much, when she observ'd, that it was the Man's Province to ask, the Lady's to deny—Excuse me, Miss, the Observation was just, as to the Mens Notions; altho', methinks, I would not have a Lady allow of it, except in Cases of Caution to themselves.

The Doubt therefore, proceeded I, which a Lady has of her *Lover's* Honour, is needful to preserve *her own*, and *his* too. And if she does him Wrong, and he should be too just to deceive her, she can make him Amends, by Instances of greater Confidence, when she pleases. But if she has been accustom'd to grant him little Favours, can she easily recal them? and will not the *Incroacher* grow upon her Indulgence, pleading for a Favour To-day, which was not refused him Yesterday, and reproaching her want of Confidence, as a want of Esteem; till the poor Lady, who, perhaps, has given way to this *creeping, insinuating* Passion, and has avow'd her Esteem for him, puts herself too much in his Power, in order to manifest, as she thinks, the *Generosity* of her Affection; and so, by Degrees, is carry'd farther than she intended, or nice Honour ought to have permitted; and all because, to keep up to my Theme, she *hopes* too much, and *doubts* too little? And, permit me, Ladies, to add, That there have been Cases, where a Gentleman himself, pursuing the Dictates of his *incroaching* Passion, and finding a Lady *too conceding*, has taken Advantages, that, probably, at first, he did not presume to think of.

Miss *Stapylton* said, That *Virtue* itself spoke when I spoke; and she was resolv'd, when she came home, to recollect as much of this Conversation as was possible, and write it down in her Common-place Book, where it would make a better Figure than any thing she had there.

I suppose, Miss, said Lady *Towers*, your chief Collections are Flowers of Rhetorick, pick'd up from the *French* and *English* Poets, and Novel-writers. I would give something for the Pleasure of having it two Hours in my Possession.

Fie, Madam, reply'd Miss, a little abash'd, How can you expose your Kinswoman thus, before the Dean and Mrs. *B.*?

Lady *Towers*, Miss, said I, only says this to provoke you to shew your Collections. I wish I had the Pleasure of

seeing them. I doubt not but your Common-place Book is a Store-house of Wisdom.

There is nothing bad in it, I hope, said Miss; but I would not, that Mrs. *B.* should see it, for the World. But, let me tell you, Madam, to Lady *Towers*, there are many beautiful Things, and good Instructions, to be collected from Novels, and Plays, and Romances; and from the poetical Writers particularly, light as you are pleased to make of them. Pray, Madam, (to me) have you ever been at all conversant in such Writers?

Not a great deal, Miss; there were very few Novels and Romances, that my Lady would permit me to read; and those I did, gave me no great Pleasure; for either they dealt so much in the *Marvellous* and *Improbable*, or were so unnaturally *inflaming* to the *Passions*, and so full of *Love* and *Intrigue*, that hardly any of them but seem'd calculated to *fire* the *Imagination*, rather than to *inform* the *Judgment*. Tilts and Tournaments, breaking of Spears in Honour of a Mistress, swimming of Rivers, engaging with Monsters, rambling in Search of Adventures, making unnatural Difficulties, in order to shew the Knight-Errant's Prowess in overcoming them, is all that is requir'd to constitute the *Hero* in such Pieces. And what principally distinguishes the Character of the *Heroine*, is, when she is taught to consider her Father's House as an enchanted Castle, and her Lover as the Hero who is to dissolve the Charm, and to set her at Liberty from one Confinement, in order to put her into another, and, too probably, a worse: To instruct her how to climb Walls, drop from Windows, leap Precipices, and do twenty other extravagant Things, in order to shew the mad Strength of a Passion she ought to be asham'd of: To make Parents and Guardians pass for Tyrants, and the Voice of Reason to be drown'd in that of indiscreet Love, which exalts the other Sex, and debases her own. And what is the Instruction, that can be gather'd from such Pieces, for the Conduct of common Life?

Then have I been ready to quarrel with these Writers for another Reason; and that is, The dangerous Notion which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a *First-sight Love*. For there is such a Susceptibility supposed on both Sides, (which, however it may pass in a Man, very little becomes a Lady's Delicacy) that they are smitten with a Glance; the *ficitious* blind God is made a *real* Divinity; and too often Prudence and Discretion are the first Offerings at his Shrine.

I believe, Madam, said Miss *Stapylton*, blushing, and playing with her Fan, there have been many Instances of Peoples Loving at first Sight, which have ended very happily.

No doubt of it, Miss, reply'd I. But there are three Chances to one, that so precipitate a Liking does not. For where can be the Room for Caution, for Inquiry, for the Display of Merit, and Sincerity, and even the Assurance of a *grateful Return*, to a Lady, who thus suffers herself to be prepossess'd? Is it not a Random Shot? Is it not a Proof of Weakness? Is it not giving up the Negative Voice, which belongs to the Sex, even while she doubts to meet the Affirmative one from him she wishes for?

Indeed, Ladies, continued I, I cannot help concluding, (and I am the less afraid of speaking my Mind, because of the Opinion I have of the Prudence of every Lady that hears me) that where this Weakness is found, it is no way favourable to a Lady's Character, and to that Discretion which ought to distinguish it. It looks to me, as if a Lady's *Heart* were too much in the Power of her *Eye*, and that she had permitted her *Fancy* to be much more busy than her *Judgment*.

Miss *Stapylton* blush'd, and look'd around her.

But I have generally observ'd, Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*, that whenever you censure any Indiscretion, you seldom fail to give Cautions how to avoid it. And pray let us know what is to be done in this Case? That is to say, How a young Lady ought to guard against and overcome the first favourable Impressions?

What I imagine, reply'd I, a young Lady ought to do, on any the *least* favourable Impressions of this kind, is immediately to *withdraw into herself*, as one may say; to reflect upon what she owes to her Parents, to her Family, to her Character, and to her Sex; and to resolve to check such a random Prepossession, which may much more probably, as I hinted, make her a Prey to the Undeserving than otherwise, as there are so many of that Character to one Man of real Merit.

The most that I apprehend a *First-sight* Favour can do, is to inspire a *Liking*; and a Liking is conquerable, if the Person will not brood over it, till she hatches it into *Love*. Then every Man and Woman has a black and a white Side; and it is easy to set the Imperfections of the Person against the supposed Perfections, while it is only *Liking*. But if the busy *Fancy* be permitted to work as it pleases, uncheck'd, uncontroul'd, then, 'tis very likely, were it but to keep itself in Countenance for her first Impressions, she will see Perfections in the Object, which no living Soul can see but herself. And it will hardly be expected, but that, as a Consequence of her first Indiscretion,

she will confirm, as an Act of her Judgment, what her wild and ungovern'd Fancy had misled her to think of with so much partial Favour. And too late, as it may too probably happen, she wilt see and lament her fatal, and, perhaps, undutiful Error.

We are talking of the Ladies only, added I (for I saw Miss *Stapylton* was become very grave): But I believe the Case of First-sight Love often operates alike in both Sexes, and the same Inconveniencies may arise to both, from a Rashness of this kind: And where it is so, it will be very lucky, shall I say? if either Gentleman or Lady find Reason, on cool Reflection, to approve a Choice, which they were so ready to make without Thought.

'Tis allow'd, my dear Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*, that rash and precipitate Love may operate pretty much alike in the Rash and Precipitate of both Sexes; and which-soever loves, generally exalts the Person beloved, above his or her Merits: But I am desirous, for the sake of us Maiden Ladies, since 'tis a Science in which you are so great an Adept, to have your Advice, how we should watch and guard against its first Incroachments, and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the Men most Advantage over us.

Nay, now, Lady *Towers*, you railly my Presumption indeed!

I admire you, Madam, reply'd she, and every thing you say and do; and I won't forgive you to call what I so seriously *say* and *think*, Raillery. For my own Part, continued she, I never was in Love yet, nor, I believe, were any of these young Ladies —(Miss *Cope* looked a little silly upon this—) And who can better instruct us to guard *our* Hearts, than a Lady who has so well defended *her own*?

Why then, Madam, if I must speak, I think, what gives the other Sex the greatest Advantage, over even many of the most Deserving of ours, is, that dangerous Foible, The *Love of Praise*, and the Desire to be *flatter'd* and *admir'd*: A Passion that I have observ'd to predominate, more or less, from Sixteen to Sixty, in most of our Sex. We are too generally delighted with the Company of those who extol our Graces of Person or Mind; for will not a *grateful* Lady study hard to return a *few* Compliments to a Gentleman, who makes her *so many*? She is concern'd to *prove* him a Man of distinguishing Sense, or a polite Man, at least, in regard to what she *thinks* of herself; and so the Flatterer shall be preferr'd to such of the Sincere and Worthy, as cannot say what they do not think. And by this means many an excellent Lady has fallen a Prey to some sordid Designer.

Then, I think, nothing gives Gentlemen so much Advantage over our Sex, as to see how readily a virtuous Lady can forgive the capital Faults of the most abandon'd of the other; and that sad, sad Notion, *That a Reform'd Rake makes the best Husband*; a Notion that has done more Hurt, and Discredit too, to our Sex, (as it has given more Encouragement to the Profligates of the other, and more Discouragement to the sober Gentlemen) than can be easily imagin'd. A fine thing indeed! as if the Wretch, who had run thro' a Course of Iniquity to the endangering of Soul and Body, was to be deem'd the best Companion for Life, to an innocent and virtuous young Lady, who is to owe the Kindness of his Treatment of her, to his having never before accompany'd with a modest Woman; nor, till his Interest on one hand, (to which his Extravagance, perhaps, compels him to attend) and his impair'd Constitution on the other, oblige him to it, *wish'd* to accompany with one; and who always made a Jest of the marry'd State, and, perhaps, of every thing sacred and just!

You observe very well, my dear Mrs. *B.* said Lady *Towers*; but People will be apt to think, that you have less Reason than any of our Sex, to be severe against the Notion you speak of: For who was a greater Rake than a certain Gentleman, and who a better Husband?

Madam, reply'd I, the Gentleman you mean never was a common Town-Rake: He is a Gentleman of Sense, and fine Understanding; and his Reformation, *secondarily*, as I may say, has been the natural Effect of those extraordinary Qualities. But besides, Madam, I will presume to say, That that Gentleman, as he has not many Equals in the Nobleness of his Nature, so is not likely, I doubt, to have many Followers, in a Reformation begun in the Bloom of Youth, upon *Self-conviction*, and altogether, humanly speaking, *spontaneous*! — Those young Ladies, who would plead his Example, in support of this pernicious Notion, should find out the same generous Qualities in the Gentleman, before they trust to it; and it will then do less Harm: tho' even then, I could not wish it to be generally propagated.

It is really unaccountable, said Lady *Towers*, after all, as Mrs. *B.* I remember, once formerly said, That our Sex should not as much insist upon Virtue and Sobriety, in the Character of a Gentleman, as the Gentleman, be he ever such a Rake, does in that of a Lady. And 'tis certainly a great Encouragement to Libertinism, that a worn-out Debauchee shall think himself at any time good enough for an Husband, and have the Confidence to imagine, that a modest Lady will accept of his Address with a *Preference*.

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I can account for it but one way, said the Dean: And that is, that a modest Lady is apt to be *diffident* of herself, and she thinks this Diffidence an Imperfection. A Rake *never is*: So he has in Perfection a Quality she thinks she wants; and, knowing *too little* of the World, imagines she mends the Matter by accepting of one who knows *too much*.

That's well observ'd, Mr. Dean, said Lady *Towers*: But there is another Fault in our Sex, which Mrs. *B.* has not touch'd upon; and that is, The foolish Pride some Ladies take in taming a wild Fellow; and that they have been able to do more than many of their Sex before them could do: A Pride that often costs them dear enough; as I know in more than one Instance.

Another Weakness, said I, might be produc'd against some of our Sex; and that is, in joining too readily to droll upon, and sneer at, the Misfortune of any poor young Creature, who has shewn too little Regard for her Honour: And that (instead of speaking of it with Concern, and thinking themselves happy, it was not their own Case, and inveighing against the Seducer) they will too lightly sport with the unhappy Creature's Fall, propagate the Knowledge of it— (I would not look upon Miss *Sutton*, while I spoke this)—and avoid her, as an Infection; yet, after a while, not scruple to admit into their Company the vile Aggressor, and even smile with him, at his barbarous Jests upon the poor Sufferer of their own Sex.

I have known three or four Instances of this in my Time; said Lady *Towers*, that Miss *Sutton* might not take it to herself; for she look'd down, and was a little serious.

This, rejoin'd I, puts me in mind of a little humourous Copy of Verses, written, as I believe, by Mr. *B.* And which, to the very Purpose we are speaking of, he calls

## Benefit of making others Misfortunes our own.

*Thou'st heard it, or read it, a Million of Times, That Men are made up of Falshoods and Crimes: Search all the old Authors, and ransack the new, Thou'lt find in Love—Stories, scarce one Mortal . Then why this complaining? And why this wry Face? Is it' cause thou'rt affected most, with thy own Case? Hadst thou sooner made others Misfortunes thy own, Thou never, thyself, this Disaster hadst known; Thy compassionate Caution had kept thee from Evil, And thou mightst have defy'd Mankind and the Devil.*

The Ladies were pleas'd with the Lines; but Lady *Towers* wanted to know, she said, at what Time of Mr. *B.*'s Life they could be written. Because, added she, I never suspected before, that the good Gentleman ever took Pains to write Cautions or Exhortations to our Sex, to avoid the Delusions of his own.

These Verses, and this facetious, but severe Remark of Lady *Towers*, made every young Lady look up with a cheerful Countenance; because it pushed the Ball from *Self*: And the Dean said to his Daughter; So, my Dear, You, that have been so attentive, must let us know, what useful Inferences you can draw from what Mrs. *B.* and the other Ladies have so excellently said?

I observe, Sir, said Miss, from the Faults the Ladies have so justly imputed to some of our Sex, that the Advantage the Gentlemen chiefly have over us, is from our own Weakness; and that it behoves a prudent Lady to guard against *first Impressions* of Favour, since she will think herself oblig'd, in Compliment to *her own* Judgment, to find Reasons, if possible, to confirm them.

But I would be glad to know, Ladies, added Miss, If there be any way, that a Lady can judge, whether a Gentleman means honourably or not, in his Address to her?

Mrs. *B.* can best inform you of that, Miss *L.* said Lady *Towers*: What say you, Mrs. *B.*?

There are a few Signs, answer'd I, easy to be known, and, I think, almost infallible.

Pray let's have 'em, said Lady *Arthur*; and they all were very attentive.

These are they, reply'd I: I lay it down as an undoubted Truth, That Love is one of the most *respectful* Things in the World. It strikes with Awe and Reverence the Mind of the Gentleman, who boasts its Impression. It is chaste and pure in Word and Deed, and cannot bear to have the least Indecency mingle with it.

If therefore a Gentleman, be his Birth or Quality what it will, the higher the worse, presume to wound a Lady's Ears with indecent Words: If he endeavour, in his Expressions or Sentiments, to convey gross or impure Ideas to her Mind: If he is continually pressing for *her Confidence* in *his* Honour: If he requests Favours, which a Lady ought to refuse: If he can be regardless of his Conduct or Behaviour to her: If he can use *boisterous* or *rude* Freedoms, either to her *Person* or *Dress*— (Here poor Miss *Cope*, by her Blushes, bore Witness to her Case—) If he avoids *speaking* of *Marriage*, when he has a *fair Opportunity* of doing it (—Here Miss *L.* look'd down, and blush'd—) or leaves it *once* to a Lady to wonder that he does not:

In any, or in all these Cases, he is to be suspected, and a Lady can have little Hope of such a Person, nor, as I humbly apprehend, consistent with Honour and Discretion, encourage his Address.

The Ladies were so kind, as to applaud all I said, and so did the Dean. Miss *Stapylton*, and Miss *Cope*, and Miss *L.* were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the Conversation: And our noble Guests coming in soon after, with Mr. *B.* the Ladies would have departed; but he prevailed upon them, with some Difficulty, to pass the Evening; and Miss *L.* who has an admirable Finger at the Spinnet, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three Tunes. Each of the Ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a Tune or two: But Miss *Cope*, as well as Miss *L.* surpass'd me much. We all sung too in Turns, and Mr. *B.* took the Violin, in which he excels. Lord *Davers* oblig'd us on the Harpsichord: Mr. *H.* play'd on the Flute, and sung us a Fop's Song, and perform'd it in Character. So that we had an exceeding gay Evening, and parted with great Satisfaction on *all* Sides, and high Delight on the young Ladies; for this put them all into good Humour, and good Spirits, enlivening the former Scene, which otherwise might have closed, perhaps, more gravely than efficaciously.

The Distance of Time since this Conversation passed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the Account of it, which you have mislaid: And which take briefly, as follows:

Miss *Stapylton*, upon her Return home, was as good as her Word, and wrote down all she could recollect of the Conversation; and suffered it to have such an Effect upon her, as to turn the Course of her Reading and Studies, to

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weightier and more solid Subjects; and, avoiding the Gentleman she had began to favour, gave way to her Parents Recommendation; and is happily marry'd to Sir *Jonathan Barnes*.

Miss *Cope* came to me a Week after this, with the Leave of both her Parents, and tarry'd with me Three Days; in which time she open'd all her worthy Heart to me; and return'd in such a Disposition, and with such Resolutions, that she never would see her Peer again; nor receive Letters from him, which she own'd to me she had done clandestinely before: And she is now the happy Lady of Sir *Michael Beaumont*, who makes her the best of Husbands, and permits her to follow her charitable Inclinations, according to a Scheme, which she prevail'd upon me to give her.

Miss *L.* by the Dean's indulgent Prudence and Discretion, has escaped her Rake; and, upon the Discovery of an Intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a just Abhorrence of him; and is since marry'd to Dr. *Jenkins*, as you know, with whom she lives very happily.

Miss *Sutton* is not quite so well off, as the Three former; tho' not altogether unhappy neither, in her Way. She could not indeed conquer her Love of Dress and Tinsel; and so became the Lady of Col. *Wilson*: And they are thus far easy in the Marriage State, that, being seldom together, in all Probability they save a Multitude of Misunderstandings; for the Colonel loves Gaming, in which he is generally a Winner; and so passes his Time mostly in Town. His Lady has her Pleasures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which she pursues in the Country. And now—and—then a Letter passes on both Sides, by the Inscription and Subscription of which, they remind one another, that they have been *once* in their Lives at *one* Church together.

And what now, my dear Lady *G.* have I to add to this tedious Account (for Letter I can hardly call it) but that I am, with great Affection,

*Your Friend and Servant, P. B.*

LETTER LXIV.

*My dear Lady G.* You desired me to send you a little Specimen of my *Nursery Tales* and *Stories*, with which, as Miss *Fenwick* told you, on her Return to *Lincolnshire*, I entertain my Miss *Goodwin*, and my little Boys. But you make me too high a Compliment, when you tell me, it is for your own Instruction and Example. Yet you know, my dear *Lady G.* be your Motives what they will, I must obey you, altho', were others to see it, I might expose myself to the Smiles and Contempt of Judges less prejudic'd in my Favour. So I will begin without any further Apology; and, as near as I can, give you those very Stories with which Miss *Fenwick* was so pleased, and of which she has made so favourable a Report.

Let me acquaint you then, that my Method is, To give Characters of Persons I have known in one Part or other of my Life, in feigned Names, whose Conduct may serve for Imitation or Warning to my dear attentive Miss; and sometimes I give Instances of good Boys and naughty Boys, for the sake of my *Billy*, and my *Davers*; and they are continually coming about me, Dear Madam, a pretty Story now, cries Miss: And, Dear Mamma, tell me of good Boys, and of naughty Boys, cries *Billy*.

Miss is a surprising Child, for her Age, and is very familiar with many of the best. Characters in the *Spectators*; and having a Smattering of *Latin*, and more than a Smattering of *Italian*, and being a perfect Mistress of *French*, is seldom at a Loss for the Derivation of even such Words as are not of *English* Original. And so I shall give you a Story in feigned Names, with which she is so delighted, that she has wrote it down. But I will first trespass on your Patience with one of my childish Tales.

Every Day once or twice, if I am not hinder'd, I cause Miss *Goodwin*, who plays and sings very prettily, to give a Tune or two to me and my *Billy* and *Davers*, who, as well as my *Pamela*, love and learn to touch the Keys, young as the latter is; and she will have a sweet Finger, I can see that; and a charming Ear; and her Voice is Musick itself!— Oh! the fond, fond Mother, I know you will say, on reading this!

Then, Madam, we all proceed hand in hand together to the Nursery, to my *Charley* and *Jemmy*: And in this happy Retirement, so much my Delight in the Absence of my best Beloved, imagine you see me seated, surrounded with the Joy and the Hope of my future Prospects, as well as my present Comforts.

Miss *Goodwin* imagine you see, on my Right Hand, sitting on a Velvet Stool, because she is eldest, and a Miss: *Billy* on my Left, in a little Cane Elbow Chair, because he is eldest, and a good Boy: My *Davers*, and my sparkling-ey'd *Pamela*, with my *Charley* between them, on little silken Cushions at my Feet, hand in hand, their pleased Eyes looking up to my more delighted ones, and my sweet-natur'd promising *Jemmy* in my Lap; the Nurses and the Cradle just behind us, and the Nursery Maids delightedly pursuing some useful Needle-work, for the dear Charmers of my Heart. —All as hush and as still, as Silence itself, as the pretty Creatures generally are, when their little watchful Eyes see my Lips beginning to open: For they take great notice already, of my Rule of Two Ears to One Tongue, insomuch that if *Billy* or *Davers* are either of them for breaking the Mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my Finger to my Lip, or if Miss points hers to her Ears, even to the breaking of a Word in two, as it were: And yet all my Boys are as lively as so many Birds; while my *Pamela* is cheerful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a Dove.

I began with a Story of Two little Boys, and Two little Girls, the Children of a fine Gentleman and a fine Lady, who loved them dearly: That they were all so good, and loved one another so well, that every body who saw them, admired them, and talked of them far and near: That they would part with any thing to one another: Loved the Poor: Spoke kindly to the Servants: Did every thing they were bid to do; were not proud; and knew no Strife, but who should learn their Books best, and be the prettiest Scholar: That the Servants loved them, and would do any thing they desired; that they were not proud of fine Cloaths; let not their Heads run upon their Playthings, when they should mind their Books; said Grace before they eat; their Prayers before they went to-bed, and as soon as they rose; were always clean and neat; would not tell a Fib for the World, and were above doing any thing that requir'd one: That God blessed them more and more, and blessed their Papa and Mamma, and their Uncles and Aunts, and Cousins, for their sakes. And there was a happy Family, my dear Loves!— No one idle; all prettily employ'd; the Masters at their Books; the Misses at their Books too, or their Needles; except at their Play-hours, when they were never rude, nor noisy, nor mischievous, nor quarrelsome: And no such Word was ever heard from

their Mouths, as, Why mayn't I have this or that, as well as *Billy* or *Bobby*?— Or, Why should *Sally* have this or that, any more than I?— But it was, As my Mamma pleases; My Mamma knows best; and a Bow and a Smile, and no Surliness, or scouling Brow to be seen, if they were deny'd any thing; for well did they know, that their Papa and Mamma loved them so dearly, that they would refuse them nothing that was for their Good; and they were sure, when they were refused, they asked for something that would have done them hurt, had it been granted. Never were such good Boys and Girls as these! And they grew up, and the Masters became fine Scholars, and fine Gentlemen, and every body honour'd them; and the Misses became fine Ladies, and fine Housewives; and this Gentleman, when they grew to be Women, sought to marry one of the Misses, and that Gentleman the other; and happy was he that could be admitted into their Companies! So that they had nothing to do but pick and chuse the best Gentlemen in the County: While the greatest Ladies for Birth, and the most remarkable for Virtue, (which, my Dears, is better than either Birth or Fortune) thought themselves honour'd by the Addresses of the Two Brothers. And they marry'd, and made good Papas and Mammias, and were so many Blessings to the Age in which they lived. There, my dear Loves! were happy Sons and Daughters! For good Masters seldom fail to make good Gentlemen; and good Misses, good Ladies; and God blesses them with as good Children as they were to their Parents; and so the Blessing goes round!— Who would not but be good?

Well, but, Mamma, we will all be good: Won't we, Master *Davers*, cries my *Billy*? Yes, Brother *Billy*. Then they kiss one another, and if they have Playthings, or any thing they like, exchange with each other, to shew the Effect my Lessons have upon them. But what will become of the naughty Boys? Tell us, Mamma, about the naughty Boys!

Why, there was a poor, poor Widow Woman, who had Three naughty Sons, and One naughty Daughter; and they would do nothing that their Mamma bid them do; were always quarreling, scratching and fighting; would not say their Prayers; would not learn their Book; so that the little Boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for Blockheads; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty Ways, and their Undutifulness to their poor Mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up, they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant, so that they impoverish'd their poor Mother, and at last broke her Heart, poor, poor Widow Woman!— And her Neighbours joined together to bury the poor Widow Woman; for these sad ungracious Children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her Heart was quite broken: And this helped to break it the sooner; for had she liv'd, she saw she must have wanted Bread, and had no Comfort from such wicked Children.

Poor, poor Widow Woman! said my *Billy*, with Tears; and my little Dove shed Tears too, and *Davers* was moved, and Miss wiped her fine Eyes.

But what became of the naughty Boys, and the naughty Girl, Mamma!— Became of them! Why one Son was forced to go to Sea, and there he was drowned: Another turned Thief; for he would not work, and he came to an untimely End: The third was idle, and ignorant, and nobody would employ him, that knew how he had used his poor Mother, and so he was forced to go into a far Country, and beg his Bread. And the naughty Girl, having never lov'd Work, pined away in Sloth and Filthiness, and at last broke her Arm, and died of a Fever, lamenting too late, that she had been so wicked a Daughter to so good a Mother!— And so there was a sad End of all the Four ungracious Children, who never would mind what their poor Mother said to them; and God punished their Naughtiness, as you see!— While the good Children I mentioned before, were the Ornament and the Glory of their Family, and the Delight of every body that knew them.

Who would not be good! was the Inference: And the Repetition from *Billy*, with his Hands clapt together, Poor, poor Widow Woman!— gave me much Pleasure.

So my childish Story ended, with a Kiss of each pretty Dear, and their Thanks for my Story: And then came on Miss's Request for a *Woman's* Story, as she called it. I dismiss'd my Babies to their Play in the Apartment allotted for that purpose; and taking Miss's Hand, she standing before me, all Attention, began in a more womanly Strain to *her*; for she is very fond of being thought a Woman; and indeed is a prudent, sensible Dear, comprehends any thing instantly, and makes very pretty Reflections upon what she hears or reads, as you will observe in what follows:

There is nothing, my dear Miss *Goodwin*, that young Ladies should be so watchful over, as their Reputation: 'Tis a tender Flower, that the least Frost will nip, the least cold Wind will blast; and when once blasted, it will never flourish again; but wither to the very Root. But this I have told you so often, that I am sure I need not repeat

what I have said. So to my Story.

There were Four pretty Ladies lived in one genteel Neighbourhood, the Daughters of Four several Families; but all Companions, and Visitors; and yet all of very different Inclinations. Coquetilla we will call one, Prudiana another, Profusiana the third, and Prudentia the fourth; their several Names denoting their respective Qualities.

Coquetilla was the only Daughter of a worthy Baronet, by a Lady very gay, but rather indiscreet than unvirtuous, who took not due care of her Daughter's Education, but let her be over-run with the Love of Fashions, Dress, and Equipage; and when in *London*, Balls, Operas, Plays, the Park, the Ring, the Withdrawing-Room, took up her whole Attention. She admir'd nobody but herself, flutter'd about, laughing at, and despising a Croud of Men-Followers, whom she attracted by gay, thoughtless Freedoms of Behaviour, too nearly treading on the Skirts of Immodesty: Yet made she not one worthy Conquest, exciting, on the contrary, in all sober Minds, that Contempt upon herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the World. After she had several Years flutter'd about the dangerous Light, like some silly Fly, she at last sinded the Wings of her Reputation; for, being despised by every worthy Heart, she became too easy and cheap a Prey to a Man the most unworthy of all her Followers, who had Resolution and Confidence enough to break thro' those few cobweb Reserves, in which she had incircled her precarious Virtue; and which were no longer of Force to preserve her Honour, than till she met with a Man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing as she was thoughtless. And what then became of *Coquetilla*?— Why she was forced to pass over Sea, to *Ireland*, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull Obscurity; to go by another Name; and at last, unable to support a Life so unsuitable to the natural Gaiety of her Temper, she pin'd herself into a Consumption, and dy'd unpity'd and unlamented, among Strangers, and having not one Friend but whom she bought with her Money.

Poor Lady *Coquetilla*! said Miss; what a sad thing it is, to have a wrong Education! And how happy am I, who have so good a Lady to supply the Place of a dear distant Mamma!— But be pleased, Madam, to proceed to the next.

Prudiana, my Dear, was the Daughter of a Gentleman who was a Widower, having, while the young Lady was an Infant, bury'd her Mamma. He was a good sort of Man; but had but one Lesson to teach to *Prudiana*, and that was, To avoid all manner of Conversation with the Men; but never gave her the right Turn of Mind, nor instilled into it that Sense of her religious Duties, which would have been her best Guard in all Temptations. For, so as she kept out of the Sight and Conversation of the Gentlemen, and avoided the Company of those Ladies, who more freely conversed with the other Sex, it was all her Papa desired of her. This gave her a haughty, sullen, and reserved Turn; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had Sense enough to discover early the Faults of *Coquetilla*, and, in Dislike of them, fell the more easily into that contrary Extreme which her recluse Education, and her Papa's Cautions, naturally led her. So that Pride, Reserve, Affectation, and Censoriousness, made up the Essentials of her Character, and she became more unamiable even than *Coquetilla*; and as the other was too accessible, *Prudiana* was quite unapproachable by Gentlemen, and unfit for any Conversation, but that of her Servants, being also deserted by those of her own Sex, by whom she might have improv'd, on account of her censorious Disposition. And what was the Consequence? Why this: Every worthy Person of both Sexes despising her, and she being used to see nobody but Servants, at last throws herself upon one of that Class: In an evil Hour, she finds something that is taking to her low Taste in the Person of her Papa's Valet, a Wretch so infinitely beneath her, (but a Coxcomb of a Servant) that every body attributed to her the Scandal of making the first Advances; for, otherwise, it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his Master's Daughter. So here ended all her Pride; all her Reserves came to this! Her Censoriousness of others, redoubled People's Contempts upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was, finally, turn'd out of Doors, without a Penny of Fortune: The Fellow was forced to set up a Barber's Shop in a Country Town; for all he knew, was to shave, and dress a Peruque; and her Papa would never look upon her more: So that *Prudiana* became the Outcast of her Family, and the Scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in Conversation and Company, with the Wretches of her Husband's Degree!

Poor, miserable *Prudiana*! said Miss.— What a sad, sad Fall was hers!— And all owing to the want of a proper Education too!— And to the Loss of such a Mamma, as I have an Aunt, and so wise a Papa, as I have an Uncle!— How could her Papa, I wonder, restrain her Person as he did, like a poor Nun, and make her unacquainted with the generous Restraints of the Mind?

I am sure, my dear good Aunt, it will be owing to you, that I shall never be a *Coquetilla*, nor a *Prudiana*

neither. Your Table is always surrounded with the best of Company, with worthy Gentlemen as well as Ladies; and you instruct me to judge of both, and of every new Guest, in such a manner, as makes me esteem them all, and censure nobody; but yet to see Faults in some to avoid, and Graces in others to imitate; but in nobody but Yourself and my Uncle, any thing so like Perfection, as shall attract one's Admiration to one's own Ruin.

You are young yet, my Love, and must always doubt your own Strength; and pray to God, more and more, as your Years advance, to give you more and more Prudence, and Watchfulness over your Conduct.

But yet, my Dear, you must think justly of yourself too; for let the young Gentlemen be ever so learned, and discreet, your Education intitles you to think as well of yourself, as of them: For, don't you see, the Ladies who are so kind to visit us, that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good Figures in Conversation, say as good things, as any of the Gentlemen? For, my Dear, all that the Gentlemen know more than the Ladies, except here and there such an one as your dear Uncle, with all their learned Education, is only, that they have been *disciplin'd* perhaps, into an Observation of a few Accuracies in Speech, that, if they know no more, rather distinguish the *Pedant*, than the *Gentleman*: Such as the avoiding of a false Concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do, as well as the best; not to put a *was* for a *were*, an *are* for an *is*, and to be able to speak in Mood and Tense, and such like valuable Parts of Education: So that, my Dear, you can have no Reason to look upon that Sex in so high a Light, as to depreciate your own: And yet you must not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one Rule your Guide:

In your *maiden State*, think yourself *above* the Gentlemen, and they'll think you so too, and address you with Reverence and Respect, if they see it is not arrogant Pride, but a conscious Merit, a Dignity, such as becomes Virgin Modesty, and untainted Purity of Mind and Manners, like that of an Angel among Men; for so young Ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other Sex.

In your *marry'd State*, which is a kind of State of Humiliation for a Lady, you must think yourself subordinate to your Husband; for so it has pleased God to make us. You must have no Will of your own, in *petty* Things: And if you marry a Gentleman of Sense and Honour, such an one as your Uncle, he will look upon you as his Equal; and will exalt you the more, for your abasing yourself.— In short, my Dear, he will act by you, just as your dear Uncle does by me: And then, what a happy Creature will you be!

So I shall, Madam! To be sure I shall!— But I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise Directors, and such an Example before me: And if it please God, I will never think of any Man, (in pursuance of your constant Advice to young Ladies at the Tea-table) who is not a Man of Sense, and a virtuous Gentleman. But now, dear Madam, for your next Character. There are Two more yet to come, that's my Pleasure! I wish there were Ten!

Why the next was *Profusiana*, you remember, my dear Love. *Profusiana* took another Course to *her* Ruin. She fell into some of *Coquetilla's* Foibles, but pursu'd them for another End, and in another Manner. Struck with the Grandeur and Magnificence of what weak People call the *Upper Life*, she gives herself up to the Circus, to Balls, to Operas, Masquerades, and Assemblées; affects to shine at the Head of all Company, at *Tunbridge*, at *Bath*, and every Place of publick Resort; plays high, is always receiving and paying Visits, giving Balls, and making Treats and Entertainments; and is so much *above* the Conduct which mostly recommends a young Lady to the Esteem of the Deserving of the other Sex, that no Gentleman, who prefers solid Happiness, can think of addressing her, tho' she is a fine Person, and has many outward Graces of Behaviour. She becomes the favourite Toast of the Places she frequents, is proud of that Distinction; gives the Fashion, and delights in the Pride, that she can make Apes by Imitation, whenever she pleases: But yet, endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the Subject of the Attempts of every Coxcomb of Eminence; and with much ado, preserves her Virtue, tho' hardly her Character.

What, all this while, is poor *Profusiana* doing? She would be glad, perhaps, of a suitable Proposal, and would, it may be, give up some of her Gaieties and Extravagancies; for *Profusiana* has Wit, and is not totally abandon'd of Reflection, when she suffers herself to think. But her Conduct procures her not one solid Friendship, and she has not in a Twelvemonth, among a thousand Professions of Service, one Devoir that she can attend to, or a Friend that she can depend upon. All the Women she sees, if she excels them, hate her; the gay Part of the Men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a Plot against her Honour. Even the Gentlemen, whose Conduct in the general is govern'd by Principles of Virtue, come down to these publick Places to partake of the innocent Freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves Airs of Gallantry, and never have it in their Thoughts to

commence a Treaty of Marriage, with an Acquaintance begun upon that gay Spot. What solid Friendships and Satisfactions then is *Profusiana* excluded from?

Her Name indeed is written in every publick Window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the Pleasure of every Profligate, or Sot, who carries a Diamond to engrave it: And that, it may be, with most vile and barbarous Imputations and Freedoms of Words, added by Rakes, who very probably never exchange'd a Syllable with her. The wounded Trees are perhaps taught also to wear the Initials of her Name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a Scoundrel. But all this while, she makes not the least Impression upon one noble Heart: And at last, perhaps, having run on to the End of an uninterrupted Race of Follies, she is cheated into the Arms of some vile Fortune-hunter; who quickly lavishes away the Remains of that Fortune which her Extravagance had left; and then, after the worst Usage, abandoning her with Contempt, she sinks into an Obscurity, that cuts short the Thread of her Life, and leaves no Remembrance, but on the brittle Glass, and more faithful Bark, that ever she had a Being.

Alas! alas! what a Butterfly of a Day, said Miss—an Expression she remembered of Lady *Towers's*—was poor *Profusiana!* — What a sad thing to be so dazled by worldly Grandeur, and to have so many Admirers, and not one real Friend!

Very, my Dear; and how carefully ought a Person of a gay and lively Temper to watch over it! And what a Rock may publick Places be to a Lady's Reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her Conduct, when she is exposed to the Censures and Observations of malignant Crouds of People; many of the worst of whom, spare the least, those who are most unlike themselves!

But then, Madam, said Miss, would *Profusiana* venture to play at publick Places? Will Ladies game, Madam? I have heard you say, that Lords, and Sharpers but just out of Liveries, in Gaming, are upon a Foot in every thing, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his Reputation? And will Ladies so disgrace their Characters, and their Sex, as to pursue this pernicious Diversion in publick?

Yes, my Dear, they will, too often, the more's the Pity! And don't you remember when we were at *Bath*, how I hurried you by some Knots of genteel People, and you asked, What those were doing? I told you, whisperingly, They were Gameing; and loth I was, that my Miss *Goodwin* should stop to see some Sights, to which, till she arrived at Years of Discretion, it was not proper to familiarize her Eye; in some sort acting like the antient *Romans*, who would not assign Punishments to certain atrocious Crimes, because they were such Friends to human Nature, as to suppose it incapable of committing them: So I was not for having you, while a little Girl, see those things, which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and shocking to you: But now you are so much a Woman in Discretion, that I may tell you any thing.

She kiss'd my Hand, and made me a fine Courtesy —And told me, That now she long'd to hear of *Prudentia's* Conduct. *Her* Name, Madam, said she, promises better things, than those of her Three Companions; and so it had need: For how sad is it to think, that out of Four Ladies of Distinction, Three of them should be naughty, and, *of course*, unhappy—These two Words, *of course*, my Dear, said I, were very prettily put in: Let me kiss you for them: Since every one that is naughty, first or last, must be *certainly* unhappy.

Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable *Prudentia*. Like the industrious Bee, she makes up her Honey-choard from every Flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every Character is of Use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the Happiness of an Aunt, who loved her, as I do you, and of an Uncle, who doted on her, as yours does: For, alas! poor *Prudentia* lost her Papa and Mamma almost in her Infancy, in one Week: But was so happy, in her Uncle and Aunt's Care, as not to miss them in her Education, and but just to remember their Persons. By Reading, by Observation, and by Attention, she daily added new Advantages to those which her Education gave her. She saw and pitied the fluttering Freedoms and dangerous Flights of *Coquetilla*. The sullen Pride, the Affectation, and stiff Reserves which *Prudiana* assumed, she penetrated, and made it her Study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous Conduct, extravagant Temper, and Love of tinsell'd Grandeur, which were the Blemishes of *Profusiana's* Character, she dreaded, and shunn'd. She fortifies herself with the excellent Examples of the past and present Ages, and knows how to avoid the Faults of the Faulty, and to imitate the Graces of the most perfect. She takes into her Scheme of that future Happiness, which she hopes to make her own, what are the Excellencies of her Sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestick Virtues, which shall one Day make her the Crown of some worthy Gentleman's earthly Happiness; and which, *of course*, as you prettily said, my Dear, will secure and heighten her own.

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded (1st ed.)

That noble Frankness of Disposition, that sweet and unaffected Openness and Simplicity, (all unconscious of Art or Design in herself, and undreading it from others, but yet her Prudence ever wakeful, and on its Guard) which shine in all her Actions and Behaviour, commend her to the Esteem and Reverence of all Mankind; as her Humility and Affability, and a Temper uncensorious, and ever making the best for the absent Person, of either Sex, do to the Love of every Lady. Her Name indeed is not prostituted on Windows, nor carved on the Barks of Trees in publick Places and Walks: But it smells sweet to every delighted Nostril, dwells on every praiseful Tongue, and is ingraved on every admiring Heart. She meets with no Address but from Men of Honour and Probity: The fluttering Coxcomb, the inveigling Parasite, the insidious Deceiver, the mercenary Fortune-hunter, spread no Snares for a Heart guarded by Discretion and Prudence, as hers is. They see, that all her amiable Virtues are the happy Result of an uniform Judgment, and the Effects of her own Wisdom, founded in an Education to which she does the highest Credit. And at last, after several worthy Offers, enough to perplex any Lady's Choice, she blesses some one happy Gentleman, more distinguish'd than the rest, for Learning, good Sense, and *Politeness*, which is but another Word for *Virtue* and *Honour*; and shines, to her last comfortable Hour, in all the Duties of domestick Life, as an excellent Wife, Mother, Mistress, Friend, and Christian; and so confirms all the Expectations of which her Maiden Life had given such strong and such edifying Presages.

Then folding my dear Miss in my Arms, and kissing her, Tears of Pleasure standing in her pretty Eyes, Who would not, said I, shun the Examples of the Coquetilla's, the Prudiana's, and the Profusiana's of this World, and chuse to imitate the Character of PRUDENTIA!—the Happy, and the Happy-making Prudentia!

O Madam! Madam; said the dear Creature, smothering me with her even clamorous Kisses, Prudentia is YOU!— Is YOU indeed!— It *can* be nobody else!— O teach me, good GOD! to follow *your* Example, and I shall be a Second Prudentia— Indeed I shall!

God send you may, my beloved Miss! And may he bless you more, if possible, than *Prudentia* was blessed!

And so, my dear Lady G. you have some of my Nursery Tales; with which, relying on your kind Allowance and Friendship, I conclude myself,

*Your affectionate and faithful P. B.*

## CONCLUSION.

Altho' it will be seen, and confess'd, (notwithstanding the Sheets, which compose these Two additional Volumes, might have been easily formed into Three) how difficult it was to reduce Materials so ample within the Compass which the Editor had assigned them; yet, being unwilling to deserve a Suspicion, that the Extent of this Work was to be measur'd but by the Patience of its Readers, He thinks proper to conclude in this Place: Subjoining, in order to elucidate the Whole, a brief Note of the following Facts.

That Mr. *B.* continued (after the Affair that took Date at the Masquerade, and so happily concluded) to be one of the best and most exemplary of Men, an Honour to his Country, both in his publick and private Capacity, having, at the Instances of some of his Friends, in very elevated Stations, accepted of an honourable Employment abroad in the Service of the State; which he discharged in such a manner, as might be expected from his Qualifications, and Knowledge of the World: And on his Return, after an Absence of Three Years, resisting all the Temptations of Ambition, devoted himself to his privater Duties, and join'd with his excellent Lady in every pious Wish of her Heart: Adorning the married Life with all the Warmth of an elegant Tenderness: Beloved by his Tenants, respected by his Neighbours, rever'd by his Children, and almost ador'd by the Poor, in every County where his Estates gave him Interest, as well for his own bountiful Temper, as for the Charities which he permitted to be dispensed, with so liberal a Hand, by the Representative of his Heart, his dear Lady.

That she made him the Father of Seven fine Children, Five Sons, and Two Daughters, all adorn'd and accomplish'd by Nature, to be the Joy and Delight of such Parents; being educated, in every respect, by the Rules of their inimitable Mother, in that Book which she mentions to have written for the Revisal and Correction of her Consort; the Contents of which may be gather'd from her Remarks upon Mr. *Locke's* Treatise of Education, in her Letters to Mr. *B.* and in those to Lady *G.*

That Miss Goodwin, at the Age of Eighteen, was marry'd to a young Gentleman of fine Parts, and great Sobriety and Virtue: And that both she and her Spouse, in every material Part of their Conduct, and in their Behaviour to one another, emulated the great and good Examples set them by Mr. and Mrs. *B.*

That Lord Davers dying Two Years before this Marriage, his Lady went to reside at the Hall in *Lincolnshire*, the Place of her Birth, that she might enjoy the Company and Conversation of her excellent Sister; who, for Conveniency of the Chapel, and Advantage of Room and Situation, had prevail'd upon Mr. *B.* to make that the chief Place of his Residence; and there the noble Lady lived long (in the strictest Friendship with the happy Pair) a resolv'd and an honourable Relict of her affectionate Lord.

That the worthy Mr. Andrews, and the happy good Woman his Wife, lived together in the calm, conscious Sweetness, set forth in their Letters, for the Space of Twelve Years, at the *Kentish* Farm; where the good old Gentlewoman then died first, full of Comfort and Years, her dutiful Daughter performing the last pious Offices to so beloved and so loving a Parent: Her Husband surviving her about a Year only.

That Lady *G.* Miss Darnford that was, after a happy Marriage of several Years, died in Childbed of her Fourth Child; to the inexpressible Concern of her affectionate Consort, and of her dear Friend Mrs. *B.*

That Mr. Longman liv'd to a great Age in the worthy Family, much esteemed by every one, having trained up a diligent Youth, whom he had recommended, to ease him in his Business, and who, answering Expectation, succeeded him in it.

That, at last, dying rich, out of his great Love and Gratitude to the honourable Family, in whose Service he had acquir'd most of his Fortune, and in Disgust to his nearest Relations, who had perversely disoblig'd him, he bequeath'd to Three of them One hundred Pounds apiece, and left all the rest to his honoured Principal Mr. *B.*: Who, as soon as he came to know it, being at that Time abroad, directed his Lady to call together the Relations of the old Gentleman; and, after touching them to the Heart with a just and effectual Reproof, when she found them fill'd with due Sense of their Demerit, which had been the Cause of their suffering, then to divide the Whole, which had been left him, among them, according to their Proximity of Blood: An Action worthy of so generous and ennobled a Spirit; and which procured him the Prayers and Blessings, not only of the Benefited, but of all who heard of it. For it is easy to imagine, how chearfully and how gracefully his benevolent Lady discharged a Command so well suited to her natural Generosity.