



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



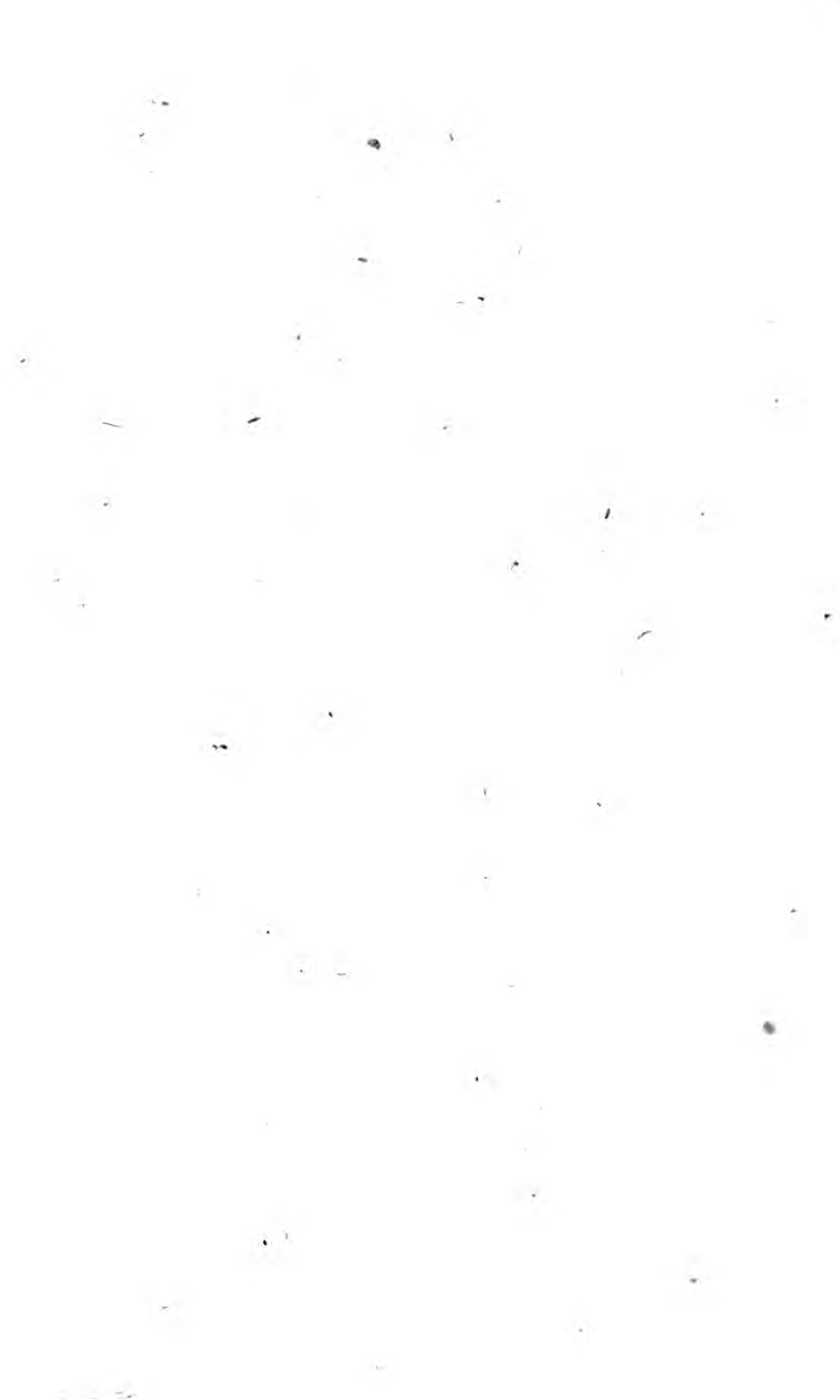
This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

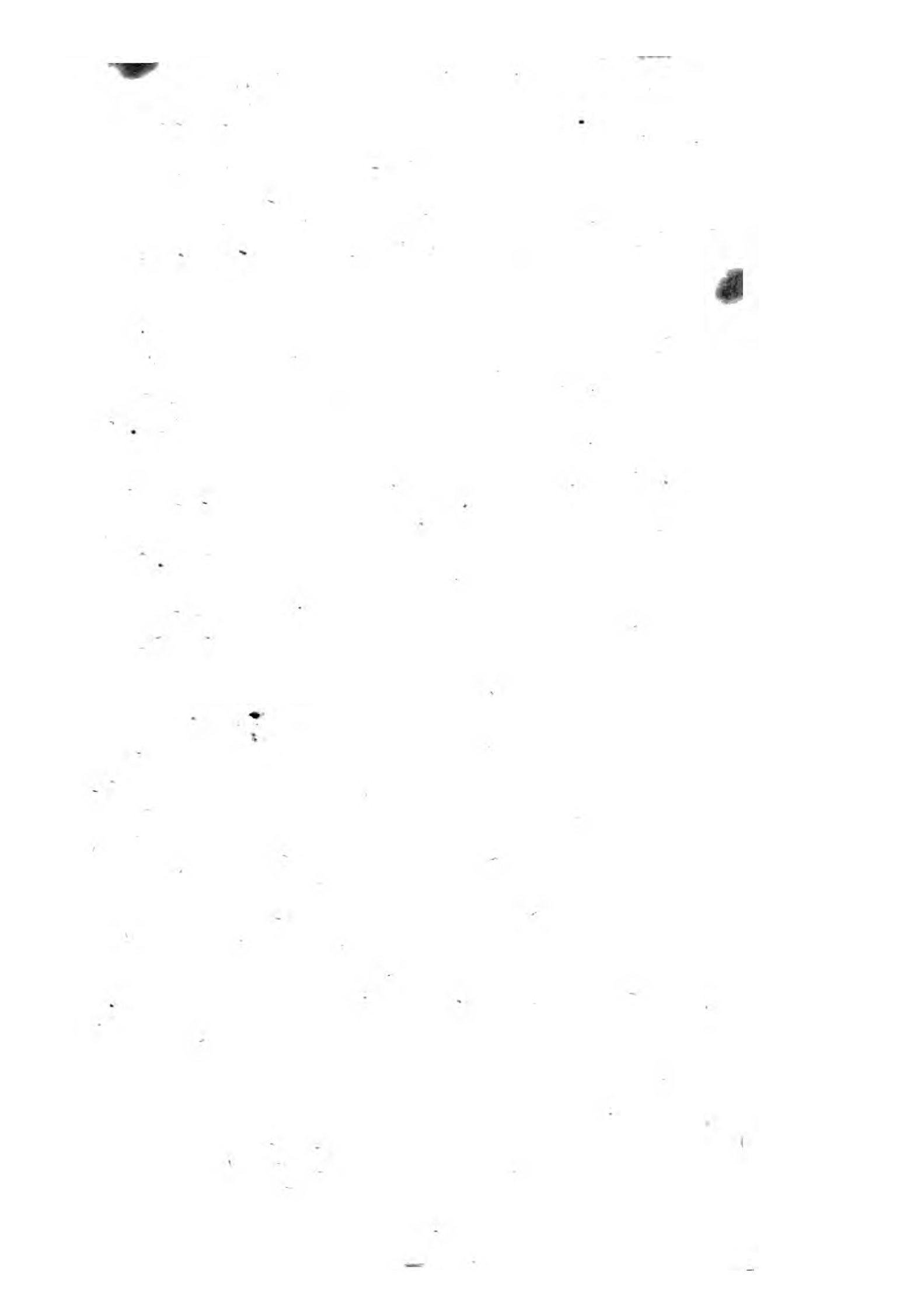




.102







Mildred Cooper
P A M E L A:

O R,
V I R T U E R e w a r d e d.

In a S E R I E S of
F A M I L I A R L E T T E R S
F R O M A

Beautiful Young D A M S E L,
To her P A R E N T S.

Now first Published

In order to cultivate the Principles of V I R T U E
and R E L I G I O N in the Minds of the Y O U T H
of B O T H S E X E S.

A Narrative which has its Foundation in T R U T H and
N A T U R E ; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains,
by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* I N C I D E N T S, 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 T W O V O L U M E S.

The T H I R D E D I T I O N.

To which are prefixed, E X T R A C T S from several curious
L E T T E R S written to the *Editor* on the Subject.

V O L. I

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. R I V I N G T O N, in *St. Paul's Church-
Yard*; and J. O S B O R N, in *Pater-noster Row*.

M D C C X L I.





P R E F A C E

BY THE

E D I T O R.



I F to Divert and Entertain,
and at the same time to
Instruct, and Improve the
Minds of the YOUTH of
both Sexes :

I F to inculcate Religion and Mora-
lity 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 Under-
standings :

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

I F 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:

I F to draw Characters justly, and to support them equally:

I F to raise a Distress from natural Causes, and to excite Compassion from proper Motives:

I F 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:

P R E F A C E.

I F 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* :

I F 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* :

A N D 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 :

I F 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 intitled, PAMELA;
or, VIRTUE Rewarded.*

Dear S I R,

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 undisguised 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,

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 Amiability; 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
P A M E L A.

S I R,

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 Miscarriages 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

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 surprising, 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 previ-

ous Design or Thought for that Purpose: No Art used to inflame him, no Coquetry practis'd to tempt or intice 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 endanger'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

much Drapery in Sculpture and Statuary, will but encumber it ; it may disguise the Facts, mar 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. 'Twill 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 *Beau Monde* of our own Sex. I am

Your affectionate Friend, &c.



I N T R O.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.



THE kind Reception which this Piece has met with from the Publick, (a large Impression having been carried off in less than Three Months) deserves not only Acknowledgment, but that some Notice should be taken of the Objections that have hitherto come to hand against a few Passages in it, that so the Work may be rendered as unexceptionable as possible, and, of consequence, the fitter to answer the general Design of it; which is to promote Virtue, and cultivate the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes.

But Difficulties having arisen from the different Opinions of Gentlemen, some of whom applauded the very Things that others found Fault with, it was thought proper to submit the Whole to the Judgment of a Gentleman of the most distinguish'd Taste and Abilities; the Result of which will be seen in the subsequent Pages.

We begin with the following Letter, at the Desire of several Gentlemen, to whom, on a very particular Occasion, it was communicated, and who wish'd to see it prefixed to the New Edition. It was directed,

To the Editor of PAMELA,

Dear Sir,

YOU have agreeably deceiv'd me into a Surprise, which it will be as hard to express, as the Beauties of PAMELA. Though I open'd this powerful little Piece with more Expectation than from common Designs, of like Promise, because it came from *your* Hands, for my *Daughters*, yet, who could have dreamt, he should find, under the modest Disguise of a *Novel*, all the *Soul* of Religion, Good-breeding, Discretion, Good-nature, Wit, Fancy, Fine Thought, and Morality? ---I have done nothing but read it to others, and hear others again read it, to me, ever since it came into my Hands; and I find I am likely to do nothing else, for I know not how long yet to come: because, if I lay the Book down, it comes after me. ---When it has dwelt all Day long upon the Ear, It takes Possession, all Night, of the Fancy. ---It has Witchcraft in every Page of it: but it is the Witchcraft of Passion and Meaning. Who is there that will not despise the false, empty *Pomp* of the Poets, when he observes in this little, unpretending, mild Triumph of *Nature*, the whole Force of Invention and Genius, creating new Powers of Emotion, and transplanting *Ideas* of *Pleasure* into that unweeded low Garden the *Heart*,

Heart, from the dry and sharp *Summit* of *Reason*?

YET, I confess, there is *One*, in the World, of whom I think with still greater Respect, than of PAMELA : and That is, of the wonderful AUTHOR of PAMELA. — Pray, Who is he, Dear Sir ? and where, and how, has he been able to hide, hitherto, such an encircling and all-mastering Spirit ? He possesses every Quality that ART could have charm'd by : yet, has lent it to, and conceal'd it in, NATURE. — The Comprehensiveness of his Imagination must be truly prodigious ! — It has stretch'd out this diminutive mere *Grain of Mustard-seed*, (a poor Girl's little, innocent, Story) into a Resemblance of That *Heaven*, which the Best of Good Books has compar'd it to. — All the Passions are His, in their most close and abstracted Recesses : and by selecting the most delicate, and yet, at the same time, most powerful, of their Springs, thereby to act, wind, and manage, the Heart, He *moves* us, every where, with the Force of a TRAGEDY.

WHAT is there, throughout the *Whole*, that I do not sincerely admire ! — I admire, in it, the strong distinguish'd Variety, and picturesque glowing Likeness to *Life*, of the Characters. I know, hear, see, and live among 'em All : and, if I cou'd paint, cou'd return you their *Faces*. I admire, in it, the noble Simplicity, Force, Aptness, and Truth, of so many modest, œconomical, moral, prudential, religious, satirical, and cautionary, *Lessons* ; which are introduc'd with such seasonable Dexterity, and with so polish'd and exquisite a Delicacy, of Expression and Sentiment, that I am only apprehensive, for the *Interests* of *Virtue*, lest some of the *finest*, and *most touching*, of those elegant

elegant Strokes of Good-breeding, Generosity, and Reflection, shou'd be lost, under the too gross Discernment of an unfeeling Majority of Readers; for whose Coarseness, however, they were kindly design'd, as the most useful and charitable Correctives.

ONE of the best-judg'd Peculiars, of the Plan, is, that These Instructions being convey'd, as in a Kind of Dramatical Representation, by those beautiful *Scenes*, Her own Letters and Journals, who acts the most moving and suffering *Part*, we feel the Force in a threefold Effect,—from the Motive, the Act, and the Consequence.

BUT what, above All, I am charm'd with, is the amiable *Good-nature* of the AUTHOR; who, I am convinc'd, has one of the best, and most generous Hearts, of Mankind: because, mis-measuring *other* Minds, by *His Own*, he can draw Every thing, to Perfection, but *Wickedness*.—I became inextricably in *Love* with this delightful Defect of his Malice;—for, I found it owing to an *Excess* in his *Honesty*. Only observe, Sir, with what *virtuous Reluctance* he complies with the Demands of his Story, when he stands in need of some blameable Characters. Tho' his Judgment compels him to mark 'em with disagreeable Colourings, so that they make an odious Appearance at first, He can't forbear, by an unexpected and gradual Decline from Themselves, to soften and transmute all the Horror conceiv'd for their Baseness, till we are arriv'd, through insensible Stages, at an Inclination to forgive it intirely.

I MUST venture to add, without mincing the matter, what I really believe, of this Book. --- It will live on, through Posterity, with such unbounded Extent of Good Consequences, that

Twenty Ages to come may be the Better and Wiser, for its Influence. It will steal first, imperceptibly, into the Hearts of the *Young* and the *Tender*: where It will afterwards guide and moderate their Reflections and Resolves, when grown Older. And, so, a gradual moral Sunshine, of un-austere and compassionate *Virtue*, shall break out upon the *World*, from this TRIFLE (for such, I dare answer for the *Author*, His Modesty misguides him to think it).—No Applause therefore can be too *high*, for *such Merit*. And, let me abominate the contemptible *Reserves of mean-spirited Men*, who while they but *hesitate* their Esteem, with Restraint, can be fluent and uncheck'd in their *Envy*.—In an Age so deficient in Goodness, Every such *Virtue*, as That of this *Author*, is a salutary *Angel*, in *Sodom*. And *One* who cou'd stoop to conceal, a Delight he receives from the *Worthy*, wou'd be equally capable of submitting to an Approbation of the *Praise* of the *Wicked*.

I WAS thinking, just now, as I return'd from a *Walk* in the *Snow*, on that *Old Roman Policy*, of Exemptions in Favour of Men, who had given a few, bodily, Children to the Republick.—What superior Distinction ought *our Country* to find (but that *Policy* and *We* are at Variance) for Reward of this *Father*, of *Millions of MINDS*, which are to owe new Formation to the future Effect of his Influence!

UPON the whole, as I never met with so pleasing, so honest, and so truly deserving a Book, I shou'd never have done, if I explain'd All my Reasons for admiring its *Author*.—If it is not a *Secret*, oblige me so far as to tell me his *Name*: for since I feel him the *Friend* of my Soul, it would be a

Kind of Violation to retain him a *Stranger*.---
 I am not able to thank you enough, for this highly
 acceptable Present. And, as for my Daughters,
 They have taken into their Own Hands the Ac-
 knowledgment due from their Gratitude. I am,

Dec. 17,
 1740.

DEAR SIR,
 Your, &c.

*Abstract of a second Letter from the same
 Gentleman.*

‘ ---NO Sentiments which I have here, or
 ‘ in my last, express’d, of the sweet
 ‘ *Pamela*, being more than the bare Truth, which
 ‘ every Man must feel, who lends his Ear to the
 ‘ enchanting Prattler, why does the Author’s Mo-
 ‘ desty mislead his Judgment, to suspect the Style
 ‘ wants Polishing? ---No, Sir, there is an *Ease*, a
 ‘ *natural Air*, a dignify’d *Simplicity*, and measured
 ‘ Fullness, in it, that, resembling *Life*, outglows it!
 ‘ He has reconciled the *Pleasing* to the *Proper*.
 ‘ The *Thought* is every-where exactly *cloath’d*
 ‘ by the *Expression*: And becomes its Dress as
 ‘ roundly, and as close, as *Pamela* her Country-
 ‘ habit. Remember, tho’ she put it on with hum-
 ‘ ble Prospect, of descending to the Level of her
 ‘ Purpose, it *adorn’d* her, with such unpresum’d
 ‘ *Increase* of Loveliness; sat with such neat Pro-
 ‘ priety of *Elegant Neglect* about her, that it
 ‘ threw out All her Charms, with tenfold, and
 ‘ resistless Influence.---And so, dear Sir, it will be
 ‘ always found.---When modest Beauty seeks to
 ‘ hide itself by casting off the *Pride* of *Ornament*,
 ‘ it but displays itself without a *Covering*: And
 ‘ so, becoming more distinguished, by its Want of
 ‘ *Drapery*,

Drapery, grows stronger, from its purpos'd Weakness.

There were formed by an anonymous Gentleman, the following Objections to some Passages in the Work.

1. That the Style ought to be a little raised, at least so soon as *Pamela* knows the Gentleman's Love is honourable, and when his Diffidence is changed to Ease: And from about the fourth Day after Marriage, it should be equal to the Rank she is rais'd to, and charged to fill becomingly.

2. That to avoid the Idea apt to be join'd with the Word *Squire*, the Gentleman should be styled *Sir James*, or *Sir John*, &c. and *Lady Davers* in a new Edition might procure for him the Title of a Baronet.

3. That if the sacred Name were seldomer repeated, it would be better; for that the Wise Man's Advice is, *Be not righteous over-much*.

4. That the Penance which *Pamela* suffers from *Lady Davers* might be shorten'd: That she is too timorous after owning her Marriage to that Lady, and ought to have a little more Spirit, and get away sooner out at the Window, or call her own Servants to protect, and carry her to her Husband's Appointment.

5. That Females are too apt to be struck with Images of Beauty; and that the Passage where the Gentleman is said to span the Waist of *Pamela* with his Hand, is enough to ruin a Nation of Women by Tight-lacing.

6. That the Word *naughty* had better be changed to some other, as *Bad*, *Faulty*, *Wicked*, *Vile*, *Abominable*, *Scandalous*: Which in most Places would

give an Emphasis, for which recourse must otherwise be had to the innocent Simplicity of the Writer; an Idea not necessary to the Moral of the Story, nor of Advantage to the Character of the Heroine.

7. That the Words, p. 305. *Foolish Thing that I am*, had better be *Foolish that I am*. The same Gentleman observes by way of *Postscript*, that Jokes are often more severe, and do more Mischief, than more solid Objections; and would have one or two Passages alter'd, to avoid giving Occasion for the Supposition of a double Entendre, particularly in two Places which he mentions, viz. p. 175. and 181.

He is pleased to take notice of several other Things of less Moment, some of which are merely typographical; and very kindly expresses, on the Whole, a high Opinion of the Performance, and thinks it may do a great deal of Good: For all which, as well as for his Objections, the Editor gives him very sincere Thanks.

Others are of Opinion, That the Scenes in many Places, in the Beginning especially, are too low; and that the Passions of Lady Davers, in particular, are carried too high, and above Nature.

And others have intimated, That Pamela ought, for Example sake, to have discharg'd Mrs. Jewkes from her Service.

These are the most material Objections that have come to hand, all which are considered in the following Extracts from some of the most beautiful Letters that have been written in any Language:

‘ The Gentleman’s Advice, not to alter *Pamela*
 ‘ at all, was both friendly, and solidly just. I run
 ‘ in, with full Sail, to his Anchorage, that the
 ‘ low Scenes are no more out of Nature, than the
 ‘ high

high Passions of proud Lady Davers. Out of Nature, do they say? 'Tis my Astonishment how Men of Letters can read with such absent Attention! They are so far from *Out of Nature*, They are absolute *Nature herself!* or, if they must be confess'd her *Resemblance*; they are *such* a Resemblance, at least, as our *true Face* gives our *Face* in the *Looking-glass*.

I wonder indeed, what it is, that the Gentlemen, who talk of *Low Scenes*, wou'd desire should be understood by the Epithet?---Nothing, properly speaking, is *low*, that suits well with the Place it is rais'd to.----The Passions of Nature are the same, in the *Lord*, and his *Coach-man*. All, that makes them seem different consists in the *Degrees*, in the *Means*, and the *Air*, whereto or wherewith they indulge 'em. If, in painting Distinctions like these, (which arise but from the Forms of Men's Manners, drawn from *Birth*, *Education*, and *Custom*) a Writer *falls short* of his Characters, there his Scene is a low one, indeed, whatever high Fortune it flatter'd. But, to imagine that Persons of Rank are above a Concern for what is thought, felt, or acted, by others, of their Species, between whom and themselves is *no Difference*, except such as was owing to Accident, is to reduce Human Nature to a Lowness,--*too low* for the *Truth* of her *Frailty*.--

In *Pamela*, in particular, we owe All to her *Lowness*. It is to the docile Effects of this Lowness of *that amiable Girl*, in her Birth, her Condition, her Hopes, and her Vanities, in every thing, in short, but her *Virtue*,---that her Readers are indebted, for the moral *Reward*, of that *Virtue*. And if we are to look for the *Low* among the Rest of the Servants, less lovely tho'

' they are, than a *Pamela*, there is something how-
 ' ever, so glowingly painted, in the Lines whereby
 ' the Author has mark'd their Distinctions----
 ' Something, so movingly forceful, in the *Grief*
 ' at their *Parting*, and *Joy* at the happy *Return*,---
 ' Something so finely, at once, and so strongly
 ' and feelingly, *varied*, even in the smallest and
 ' least promising, little Family Incidents ! that I
 ' need only appeal from the *Heads*, to the *Hearts*
 ' of the Objectors themselves, whether these are
 ' *low* Scenes to be censur'd ?

' And as for the opposite Extreme they wou'd quar-
 ' rel with, the high-passion'd, and un-tam'd Lady
 ' *Davers*,---I cou'd direct 'em to a Dozen or two
 ' of *Quality Originals*, from whom (with Exception
 ' perhaps of her *Wit*) one wou'd swear the Author
 ' had taken her Copy.---What a Sum might these
 ' Objectors ensure, to be paid, by the *Husbands* and
 ' *Sons*, of such termagant, hermaphrodite Minds,
 ' upon their making due Proof, that they were no
 ' longer to be found, in the Kingdom !

' I know, you are too just to imagine me ca-
 ' pable of giving any other Opinion than my best-
 ' weigh'd and true one. But, because it is fit you
 ' should have *Reasons*, in Support of a Judgment
 ' that can neither deserve nor expect an implicit
 ' Reception, I will run over the Anonymous Let-
 ' ter I herewith return you ; and note with what
 ' Lightness even Men of *good-natur'd* Intention
 ' fall into *Mistakes*, by Neglect in too hasty Peru-
 ' sals, which their Benevolence wou'd take Plea-
 ' sure in blushing at, when they discover their
 ' Weakness, in a cooler Revival.

' The Writer of this Letter is for having the
 ' Style *rais'd*, after *Pamela's* Advance in her For-
 ' tune. But surely, This was hasty Advice : be-
 ' cause,

' cause, as the Letters are writ to her Parents, it
 ' wou'd have look'd like forgetting, and, in some
 ' sort, insulting, the Lowliness of their inferior
 ' Condition, to have assum'd a new Air in her
 ' Language, in Place of retaining a steady Humi-
 ' lity. But, here, it must not be pass'd unobserv'd,
 ' that in her Reports of Conversations that follow'd
 ' her Marriage, she *does*, aptly and beautifully,
 ' heighten her Style, and her Phrases: still re-
 ' turning however to her decent Simplicity, in her
 ' Addresses to her Father and Mother.

' I am against giving a Gentleman (who has
 ' ennobled himself, by reforming his Vices, and
 ' rewarding the Worth of the *Friendless*) the un-
 ' necessary new Toy of a *Title*. It is all strong
 ' in Nature, as it stands in the Letters: and I
 ' don't see how Greatness, from Titles, can add
 ' Likeness or Power, to the Passions. So complete
 ' a Resemblance of *Truth* stands in need of no bor-
 ' row'd Pretensions.

' The Only of this Writer's Objections, which,
 ' I think, carries Weight, is That, which advises
 ' some little *Contraction* of the Prayers, and Ap-
 ' peals to the Deity. I say *little* Contraction: for
 ' they are nobly and sincerely pathetic. And I say
 ' it only in Fear, lest, if fancied too long, by the
 ' fashionably *Averse* to the Subject, Minds, which
 ' most want the *purpos'd Impression*, might hazard
 ' the *Loss* of its *Benefit*, by passing over those pious
 ' Reflections, which, if shorter, would catch their
 ' Attention.

' Certainly, the Gentleman's Objection against
 ' the Persecution that *Pamela* suffers from Lady
 ' *Davers*, in respect to the Relation this Mad-
 ' woman bears to the *Brother*, is the rashest of All
 ' his Advices! And when he thinks she ought rather

‘ to have assum’d the Protection of her Servants,
 ‘ he seems unaware of the probable *Consequence* ;
 ‘ where there was a Puppy, of Quality, in the
 ‘ Case, who had, even without Provocation, drawn
 ‘ his Sword on the poor passive PAMELA. Far
 ‘ from bearing a Thought of exciting an abler Re-
 ‘ sentment, to the Danger of a Quarrel with so
 ‘ worthless a Coxcomb, how charmingly natural,
 ‘ apprehensive, and generous, is her Silence (during
 ‘ the Recital she makes of her Sufferings) with re-
 ‘ gard to this *masculine* Part of the Insult ! as also
 ‘ her Prevention of Mrs. *Jewkes’s* less delicate
 ‘ Bluntness, when she was beginning to complain
 ‘ of the whelp Lord’s Impertinence !

‘ If I were not afraid of a *Pun*, I shou’d tell
 ‘ the anonymous Letter-writer, that he made a
 ‘ too *tight-laced* Objection, where he quarrels with
 ‘ the spann’d Waist of *Pamela*. What, in the
 ‘ Name of Unshapeliness ! cou’d he find, to com-
 ‘ plain of, in a beautiful Girl of Sixteen, who was
 ‘ born *out of Germany*, and had not, yet, reach’d
 ‘ ungraspable *Roundness* ! ---- These are wonderful
 ‘ Sinkings from Purpose, where a Man is con-
 ‘ sidering such mental, and passionate Beauties, as
 ‘ this Gentleman profess’d to be touch’d by !

‘ But, when he goes on, to object against the
 ‘ Word *naughty*, (as apply’d in the Phrase *naughty*
 ‘ *Master*) I grow mortified, in Fear for our hu-
 ‘ man Sufficiency, compar’d with our Aptness to
 ‘ blunder ! For, here, ’tis plain, this Director of
 ‘ Another’s Discernment is quite blind, Himself,
 ‘ to an Elegance, one wou’d have thought it *im-*
 ‘ *possible* not to be struck by ? --- Faulty, wicked,
 ‘ abominable, scandalous, (which are the angry
 ‘ Adjectives, he prefers to that sweet one) wou’d
 ‘ have carried Marks of her Rage, not Affliction--
 ‘ whereas

whereas *naughty* contains, in One single signifi-
 cant *Petulance*, twenty thousand inexpressible *De-*
licacies! --- It insinuates, at once, all the beau-
 tiful *Struggle*, between her *Contempt* of his
 Purpose, and tender *Regard* for his Person; her
 Gratitude to Himself and his Family; her Re-
 collection of his superior Condition. --- There is
 in the elegant Choice of this half-kind, half-
 peevish, *Word*, a never-enough to be prais'd
 speaking Picture of the Conflict betwixt her *Dis-*
dain, and her *Reverence*! See, Sir, the Reason
 I had, for apprehending some Danger that the
 refin'd *Generosity* in many of the most charming
 of the *Sentiments* wou'd be *lost*, upon the too
 coarse *Conception* of some, for whose Use the
 Author intended them.

It is the same Case again, in *foolish Thing that*
I am! which this nice, un-nice, Gentleman
 wou'd advise you to change, into *foolish that I am!*
 He does not seem to have tasted the pretty *Con-*
tempt of Himself, the submissive *Diminutive*, so
 distant from *Vanity*, yet allay'd by the gentle
 Reluctance in *Self-condemnation*; --- and the
 other fine *Touches* of Nature: which wou'd All
 have been lost, in the grave, sober Sound of his
Dutch Emendation.

As to his Paragraph in *Postscript*, I shall say the
 less of it, because the Gentleman's own good
 Sense seems to confess, by the Place he has chosen
 to rank it in, that it ought to be turn'd out of
 Doors, as too *dirty* for the rest of his Letter. ---
 In the Occasions he is pleas'd to discover for *Jokes*,
 I either find not, that he has any Signification at
 all, or such vulgar, coarse-tasted *Allusions* to loose
 low-life *Idioms*, that *not* to understand what he
 means, is both the cleanliest, and prudentest
 Way of confuting him.

And

‘ And now, Sir, you will easily gather how
 ‘ far I am from thinking it needful to change any
 ‘ thing in *Pamela*. I would not scratch such a
 ‘ beautiful Face, for the *Indies*!

‘ You can hardly imagine how it charms me to
 ‘ hear of a Second Edition already! but the News
 ‘ of still new upon new ones, will be found no
 ‘ Subject of Wonder. As’tis sure, that no Family
 ‘ is without Sisters, or Brothers, or Daughters, or
 ‘ Sons, who can *read*; or wants Fathers, or Mo-
 ‘ thers, or Friends, who can *think*; so equally
 ‘ certain it is, that the Train to a Parcel of Powder
 ‘ does not run on with more natural Tendency,
 ‘ till it sets the whole Heap in a Blaze, than that
 ‘ *Pamela*, inchanting from Family to Family, will
 ‘ overspread all the Hearts of the Kingdom.

‘ As to the Objection of those warm Friends to
 ‘ *Honesty*, who are for having *Pamela* dismiss Mrs.
 ‘ *Jewkes*; there is not One, among All these
 ‘ benevolent Complainers, who wou’d not discern
 ‘ himself to have been, *laudably*, in the *wrong*,
 ‘ were he only to be ask’d this plain Question---
 ‘ Whether a Step, both ill-judg’d, and undutiful,
 ‘ had not been the Reverse of a PAMELA’s Cha-
 ‘ racter? ---Two or three times over, Mr. B---
 ‘ had inform’d her, that Mrs. *Jewkes* and Himself
 ‘ having been equally involv’d in *One Guilt*, she
 ‘ must forgive, or condemn, *Both together*. After
 ‘ this, it grew manifest *Duty* not to treat her with
 ‘ Marks of Resentment.---And, as here was a
 ‘ visible Necessity to appear not desirous of turning
 ‘ her away, so, in point of mere *Moral* Regard to
 ‘ the bad Woman Herself, it was nobler, to retain
 ‘ her, with a Prospect of correcting, in Time, her
 ‘ loose Habit of thinking, than, by casting her off,
 ‘ to the licentious Results of her Temper, abandon
 ‘ her

her to Temptations and Danger, which a Virtue
like PAMELA's cou'd not, with her expos'd to,

The Manner in which this admirable Gentleman gives his Opinion of the Piece, and runs thro' the principal Characters, is so masterly, that the Readers of Pamela will be charm'd by it, tho' they should suppose, that his inimitable Benevolence has overvalu'd the Piece itself.

Inspir'd, without doubt, by some Skill, more than human, and comprehending in an humble, and seemingly artless, Narration, a Force that can tear up the Heart-strings, this Author has prepar'd an enamouring *Philtre* for the Mind, which will excite such a *Passion* for Virtue, as scarce to leave it in the Power of the *Will* to neglect her.

Longinus, I remember, distinguishing by what Marks we may know the *Sublime*, says, it is chiefly from an Effect that will follow the Reading it: a delightfully-adhering Idea, that clings fast to the Memory; and from which it is difficult for a Man to disengage his Attention.---If *this* is a Proof of the *Sublime*, there was never *Sublimity* so lastingly felt, as in PAMELA!

Not the Charmer's own prattling Idea stuck so close to the Heart of her Master, as the Incidents of her Story to the Thoughts of a Reader.---The Author transports, and transforms, with a Power more extensive than *Horace* requires, in his POET!---

Mr. B---, and the Turns of his Passions--- and the Softness, yet Strength, of their amiable Object--- after having given us the most masterly Image of Nature, that ever was painted!

take

‘ take Possession of, and dwell in, the Memory.

‘ And there, too, broods the kind and the credulous Parson WILLIAMS’s *Dove*, (without *serpentine* Mixture) hatching *Pity* and *Affection*, for an Honesty so sincere, and so silly!

‘ There too, take their Places All the lower Supports of this beautiful Fabrick.---

‘ I am sometimes transform’d into plain Goodman ANDREWS, and sometimes the good Woman, his Wife.

‘ As for old Mr. LONGMAN, and JONATHAN, the Butler, they are sure of me both, in their Turns.

‘ Now and-then, I am COLBRAND the *Swiss*: but, as broad as *I stride*, in that Character, I can never escape Mrs. JEWKES: who often keeps me awake in the Night---

‘ Till the Ghost of Lady DAVERS, drawing open the Curtains, scares the *Scarer*, of me, and of PAMELA !---

‘ And, then, I take Shelter with poor penitent JOHN, and the rest of the *Men* and the *Maids*, of all whom I may say, with compassionate *Marcia*,

‘ ————— *The Youths* DIVIDE *their Reader*.’

And this fine Writer adds :

‘ I am glad I made War, in my last, upon the Notion of altering the Style: for, having read it twice over since then, (and to Audiences, where the *Tears* were applaudively eloquent) I could hardly, here and there, find a Place, where one Word can be chang’d for a better. There are some indeed, where ’twere possible to leave out, a few, without making a Breach in the Building. But,
‘ in

SECOND EDITION. XXXI

‘ in short, the Author has put so bewitching a
 ‘ Mixture together, of the *Rais’d* with the *Natural*,
 ‘ and the *Soft* with the *Strong* and the *Eloquent*---
 ‘ that never Sentiments were finer, and fuller of
 ‘ Life! never any were utter’d so sweetly!---Even
 ‘ in what relates to the pious and frequent Addresses
 ‘ to God, I now retract (on these two last Revisals)
 ‘ the Consent I half gave, on a *former*, to the
 ‘ anonymous Writer’s Proposal, who advis’d the
 ‘ Author to *shorten* those Beauties.----Whoever
 ‘ considers his *Pamela* with a View to find Matter
 ‘ for Censure, is in the Condition of a passionate
 ‘ Lover, who breaks in upon his Mistress, without
 ‘ Fear or Wit, with Intent to accuse her, and
 ‘ quarrel---He came to her with Pique in his Pur-
 ‘ pose; but his *Heart* is too hard for his *Malice*---
 ‘ and he goes away more enslav’d, for complaining.’

*The following delightful Story, so admirably related,
 will give great Pleasure to the Reader; and we take
 the Liberty of inserting it, for that very Reason.*

‘ What a never-to-be satisfied *Length* has this
 ‘ Subject always the Power of attracting me into!
 ‘ And yet, before I have done, I must by your
 ‘ means tell the Author a *Story*, which a Judge
 ‘ not so skilful in Nature as he is, might be in Danger
 ‘ perhaps of mistaking, for a trifling and silly one.
 ‘ I expect it shou’d give him the clearest Con-
 ‘ viction, in a Case he is subject to question.

‘ We have a lively little Boy in the Family,
 ‘ about seven Years old---but, alas for him, poor
 ‘ Child! quite unfriended; and born to no Pro-
 ‘ spect. He is the Son of an honest, poor Soldier,
 ‘ by a Wife, grave, unmeaning, and innocent:
 ‘ Yet the Boy, (see the Power of connubial Sim-
 ‘ plicity)

' plicity) is so pretty, so genteel, and gay-spirited,
 ' that we have made him, and design'd him, our
 ' own, ever since he could totter, and waddle.
 ' The wanton Rogue is half Air: and every Mo-
 ' tion he acts by has a Spring, like *Pamela's* when
 ' she threw down the Card-table. All this Quick-
 ' ness, however, is temper'd by a good-natur'd
 ' Modesty: so that the wildest of his Flights are
 ' thought rather diverting than troublesome. He
 ' is an hourly Foundation for Laughter, from the
 ' Top of the House to the Parlours: and, to bor-
 ' row an Attribute from the Reverend Mr. *Peters*,
 ' (tho' without any Note of his Musick) *plays a*
 ' *very good FIDDLE* in the Family. I have told
 ' you the History of this *Tom-tit* of a Prater,
 ' because, ever since my first reading of *PAMELA*,
 ' he puts in for a Right to be *one* of her Hearers;
 ' and, having got half her Sayings by heart, talks
 ' in no other Language but hers: and, what really
 ' surprises, and has charm'd me into a *certain*
 ' Fore-taste of her Influence, he is, at once, be-
 ' come fond of his Book; which (before) he cou'd
 ' never be brought to attend to---that *he may read*
 ' *PAMELA*, he says, *without stopping*. The first
 ' Discovery we made of this Power over so unripe
 ' and unfix'd an Attention, was, one Evening,
 ' when I was reading her Reflections at the *Pond* to
 ' some Company. The little rampant Intruder,
 ' being kept out by the Extent of the Circle, had
 ' crept under my Chair, and was sitting before
 ' me, on the Carpet, with his Head almost touching
 ' the Book, and his Face bowing down toward the
 ' Fire.---He had sat for some time in this Posture,
 ' with a Stillness, that made us conclude him a-
 ' sleep: when, on a sudden, we heard a Succession
 ' of heart-heaving Sobs; which while he strove to
 ' conceal

conceal from our Notice, his little Sides swell'd,
 as if they wou'd burst, with the throbbing Re-
 straint of his Sorrow. I turn'd his innocent Face,
 to look toward me; but his Eyes were quite lost,
 in his Tears: which running down from his
 Cheeks in free Currents, had form'd two sincere
 little Fountains, on that Part of the Carpet he
 hung over. All the Ladies in Company were
 ready to devour him with Kisses: and he has,
 since, become doubly a Favourite---and is per-
 haps the youngest of *Pamela's Converts*.

*The same incomparable Writer has favour'd us
 with an Objection, that is more material than any we
 have mention'd; which cannot be better stated nor
 answer'd, than in his own beautiful Words; viz.*

An Objection is come into my Thoughts, which
 I should be glad the Author would think proper
 to obviate in the Front of the Second Edition.

There are Mothers, or Grandmothers, in all
 Families of affluent Fortune, who, tho' they may
 have none of *Lady Davers's Insolence*, will be
 apt to feel one of her *Fears*,---that the Example
 of a Gentleman so amiable as *Mr. B---* may be
 follow'd, by the *Jackies, their Sons*, with too
 blind and unreflecting a Readiness. Nor does the
 Answer of that Gentleman to his Sister's Re-
 proach come quite up to the Point they will
 rest on. For, tho' indeed it is true, all the World
 wou'd acquit the best Gentleman in it, if he
 married *such a Waiting-maid as Pamela*, yet,
 there is an ill-discerning Partiality, in Passion,
 that will overthrow all the Force of that Argu-
 ment: because *every belov'd Maid will be PA-*
MELA, in a Judgment obscur'd by her Influence.

And,

‘ And, since the Ground of this Fear will seem
 ‘ solid, I don’t know how to be easy, till it is
 ‘ shewn (nor ought it to be left to the Author’s
 ‘ Modesty) that they who consider his Design in
 ‘ that Light will be found but short-sighted
 ‘ Observers.

‘ Request it of him then to suffer it to be told
 ‘ them, that not a limited, but general, Excite-
 ‘ ment to Virtue was the first and great End to
 ‘ his Story: And that this Excitement must
 ‘ have been deficient, and very imperfectly of-
 ‘ fer’d, if he had not look’d quite *as low as he*
 ‘ *cou’d* for his Example: because if there had
 ‘ been any Degree or Condition, more remote from
 ‘ the Prospect than that which he had chosen to
 ‘ work on, that Degree might have seem’d out of
 ‘ Reach of the Hope, which it was his generous
 ‘ Purpose to encourage.---And, so, he was under
 ‘ an evident *Necessity* to find such a Jewel in a
 ‘ *Cottage*: and expos’d, too, as she was, to the
 ‘ severest Distresses of Fortune, with Parents unable
 ‘ to support their own Lives, but from the daily
 ‘ hard Product of *Labour*.

‘ Nor wou’d it have been sufficient to have plac’d
 ‘ her thus *low* and *distressful*, if he had not also
 ‘ suppos’d her a *Servant*: and that too in some
 ‘ elegant Family; for if she had always remain’d
 ‘ a Fellow-cottager with her Father, it must have
 ‘ carried an Air of Romantick Improbability to ac-
 ‘ count for her polite Education.

‘ If she had *wanted* those Improvements, which
 ‘ she found means to acquire in her *Service*, it
 ‘ wou’d have been very unlikely, that she shou’d have
 ‘ succeeded so well; and had destroy’d *one* great
 ‘ *Use* of the Story, to have allow’d such uncommon
 ‘ Felicity to the Effect of mere *personal Beauty*.---

‘ And

And it had not been *judicious* to have represented
 her as educated in a superior Condition of Life
 with the proper Accomplishments, before she be-
 came reduc'd by Misfortunes, and so not a Ser-
 vant, but rather an Orphan under hopeless Di-
 stresses ---because Opportunities which had made
 it no Wonder how she came to be so winningly
 qualified, wou'd have lessen'd her Merit in being
 so. And besides, where had then been the
 purpos'd Excitement of Persons in PAMELA's
 Condition of Life, by an Emulation of her
 Sweetness, Humility, Modesty, Patience, and
 Industry, to attain some faint Hope of arriving,
 in time, within View of *her* Happiness? ----
 And what a delightful Reformation shou'd we see,
 in all Families, where the Vanity of their *Maids*
 took no Turn toward Ambition to *please*, but by
 such innocent Measures, as PAMELA's!

As it is clear, then, the Author was under a
 Necessity to suppose her a *Servant*, he is not to be
 accountable for mistaken Impressions, which the
 Charms he has given her may happen to make,
 on wrong Heads, or weak Hearts, tho' in Favour
 of Maids the Reverse of her Likeness.

What is it then (they may say) that the Low-
 ness, and Distance of *Pamela's* Condition from the
 Gentleman's who married her, proposes to teach
 the *Gay World*, and the *Fortunate*? ---It is this
 ---By Comparison with that infinite Remoteness
 of her Condition from the Reward which her
 Virtue procur'd her, one great *Proof* is deriv'd,
 (which is Part of the *Moral* of PAMELA) that
 Advantages from *Birth*, and Distinction of *For-*
tune, have no Power at all, when consider'd
 against those from *Behaviour*, and Temper of
Mind: because where the *Last* are not added, all
 the

‘ the *First* will be boasted in vain. Whereas she
 ‘ who possesses the Last finds *no Want* of the First,
 ‘ in her Influence.

‘ In *that* Light alone let the Ladies of *Rank* look
 ‘ at PAMELA.--- Such an alarming Reflection as
 ‘ that will, at the same time that it raises the Hope
 ‘ and Ambition of the *Humble*, correct and mortify
 ‘ the Disdain of the *Proud*. For it will compel
 ‘ them to observe, and acknowledge, that ’tis the
 ‘ Turn of their *Mind*, not the Claims of their
 ‘ *Quality*, by which (and which only) Womens
 ‘ Charms can be lasting: And that, while the
 ‘ *haughty Expectations*, inseparable from an elevated
 ‘ Rank, serve but to multiply its Complaints and
 ‘ Afflictions, the Condescensions of *accomplish’d*
 ‘ *Humility*, attracting Pity, Affection, and Reve-
 ‘ rence, secure an hourly Increase of Felicity.---
 ‘ So that the *moral Meaning* of PAMELA’S Good-
 ‘ fortune, far from tempting young Gentlemen to
 ‘ marry *such* Maids as are found in their Families,
 ‘ is, by teaching Maids to *deserve to be Mistresses*,
 ‘ to stir up Mistresses to *support their Distinction*.’

*We shall only add, That it was intended to prefix
 two neat Frontispieces to this Edition, (and to present
 them to the Purchasers of the first) and one was
 actually finished for that Purpose; but there not being
 Time for the other, from the Demand for the new Im-
 pression; and the Engraving Part of that which was
 done (tho’ no Expence was spared) having fallen very
 short of the Spirit of the Passages they were intended
 to represent, the Proprietors were advised to lay
 them aside. And were the rather induced to do so,
 from the following Observation of a most ingenious
 Gentleman, in a Letter to the Editor. “ I am
 “ so jealous, says he, in Behalf of our inward Idea
 “ of*

“ of PAMELA's *Person*, that I dread *any* figur'd
 “ Pretence to Resemblance. For it will be pity
 “ to look at an *Air*, and imagine it *Hers*, that
 “ does not carry some such elegant Perfection of
 “ Amiability, as will be sure to find place in the
 “ *Fancy*.”



VERSES, sent to the Bookseller, for
 the Unknown Author of the beautiful
 new Piece call'd PAMELA.

*B*lest be thy pow'rful Pen, *whoe'er* thou art,
 Thou skill'd, great Moulder of the master'd Heart!
 Where hast thou lain conceal'd!--- or why thought fit,
 At this dire Period, to unweil thy Wit?

O! late befriended Isle! had this broad Blaze,
 With earlier Beamings, bless'd our Fathers Days,
 The Pilot Radiance, pointing out the Source,
 Whence public Health derives its vital Course,
 Each timely Draught some healing Pow'r had shown,
 Ere gen'ral Gangrene blacken'd, to the Bone.
 But, fest'ring now, beyond all Sense of Pain,
 'Tis hopeless: and the Helper's Hand is vain.

Sweet Pamela! forever-blooming Maid!
 Thou dear, unliving, yet immortal, Shade!
 Why are thy Virtues scatter'd to the Wind?
 Why are thy Beauties flash'd upon the Blind?

What, tho' thy flutt'ring Sex might learn, from thee,
 That Merit forms a Rank, above Degree?
 That Pride, too conscious, falls, from ev'ry Claim,
 While humble Sweetness climbs, beyond its Aim?

What,

*What, tho' Religion, smiling from thy Eyes,
Shews her plain Power, and charms without Disguise?*

*What, tho' thy warmly-pleasing moral Scheme
Gives livelier Rapture, than the Loose can dream?*

*What, tho' thou build'st, by thy persuasive Life,
Maid, Child, Friend, Mistress, Mother, Neighbour,
Wife?*

*Tho' Taste like thine each Void of Time, can fill,
Unfunk by Spleen, unquicken'd by Quadrille!*

*What, tho' 'tis thine to bless the lengthen'd Hour!
Give Permanence to Joy, and Use to Pow'r?*

*Lend late-felt Blushes to the Vain and Smart?
And squeeze cramp'd Pity from the Miser's Heart?*

*What, tho' 'tis thine to hush the Marriage Breeze,
Teach Liberty to tire, and Chains to please?*

*Thine tho', from Stiffness to divest Restraint,
And, to the Charmer, reconcile the Saint?*

*Tho' Smiles and Tears obey thy moving Skill,
And Passion's ruffled Empire waits thy Will?*

*Tho' thine the fancy'd Fields of flow'ry Wit,
Thine, Art's whole Pow'r, in Nature's Language
writ!*

*Thine, to convey strong Thought, with modest Ease,
And, copying Converse, teach its Style to please?*

Tho' thine each Virtue, that a God cou'd lend?

Thine, ev'ry Help, that ev'ry Heart, can mend?

'Tis Thine in vain!----Thou wak'st a dying Land:

And lift'st departed Hope, with fruitless Hand:

*Death has NO CURE. Thou hast mis-tim'd thy Aim;
Rome had her GOTHS: and all, beyond, was Shame.*



P A M E L A ;

O R,

V I R T U E R e w a r d e d .

In a Series of FAMILIAR LETTERS, &c.

L E T T E R I .

Dear Father and Mother,



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 grieved 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 Ladyship to wait upon her Person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you

Vol. I.

B

and

and my poor Mother, who have enough 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 said, I will take care of you all, my Lasses; and for you, *Pamela*, (and took me by the Hand; yes, he took my 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 a Blessing upon him: For he has given Mourning and a Year's Wages to all my Lady's Servants; and I having no Wages as yet, my Lady having said she would do for me as I deserv'd, order'd the House-keeper to give me Mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own Hand Four golden Guineas, and some Silver, 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

you these four Guineas for your Comfort ; for Providence 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 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 frightened ! I went to hide the Letter in my Bosom, and he seeing me tremble, said, smiling, Who have you been writing to, *Pamela* ? — I said, in my Confusion, 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 ashamed I was ! — 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. She 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 cursify 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 further, that I shall ever be

Your dutiful Daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

L E T T E R 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 or Four 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,

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 signify all the Riches in the World, with a bad Conscience, and to be dishonest? We are, 'tis true, 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 forced 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 Person 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, then, you love *us*, 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 preferr'd any 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 be robb'd. With our Blessings and our hearty Prayers for you, we remain,

Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN and ELIZABETH ANDREWS.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

Dear Father,

I Must needs say, your Letter has fill'd me with much Trouble. For it has made my Heart, which was overflowing with Gratitude for my Master's Goodness, suspicious and fearful; and yet, I hope I shall never 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. *Fervis* 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 that 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.

P A M E L A; Or,
L E T T E R 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 must know then, that my Lady *Davers*, who, I need not tell you, is my Master's Sister, has been a Month at our House, and has taken great Notice of me, and given me good Advice to keep myself to myself; she told 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 what I am going to tell you; for at Table, as Mrs. *Fervis* says, my Master and her Ladyship talking of me, 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; since 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. *Fervis* 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,

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.

L E T T E R V.

My dear Father and Mother,

JOHN being to go 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 sensible, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the Purpose. It is a thousand Pities, he says, that such worthy Hearts should not have better Luck in the World! and wonders, that you, my Father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a Hand, succeeded no better in the School you attempted to set up; but was forced to go to such hard Labour. 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 were 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 called me his pretty *Pamela*, and took hold of me, as if he would have kissed 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 pleased 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 civilly to every body; but yet, methinks I cannot bear to be look'd upon by these Men-servants; for they seem as if they would look one thro'; and, as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup with Mrs. *Fervis*, so good she is to me, 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. *Fervis'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: Who, to be sure, may expect one of the best Ladies in the Land. So no more at present; but that I am

Your ever-dutiful Daughter.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

Dear Father and Mother,

MY Master has been very kind since my last ; for he has given me a Suit of my late 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 Silk, 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. *Fervis* 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 them for your good Mistress's sake. Mrs. *Fervis* 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 curtesy'd to him, and to Mrs. *Fervis* for her good Word; and said, I wish'd I might be deserving of his Favour: 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. *Fervis* 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.

L E T T E R VII.

Dear Father,

SINCE my last, my Master gave me more fine Things. He call'd me up to my late Lady's Closet, and pulling out her Drawers, he gave me Two Suits of fine *Flanders* lac'd Headcloaths, Three Pair of fine Silk Shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me, and the other with rich Silver Buckles in them (for my Lady had a very little Foot); and several Ribbands and Topknots of all Colours; Four Pair of fine white Cotton Stockens, and Three Pair of fine Silk ones; and two Pair of rich Stays. I was quite astonish'd, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the Stockens; for Mrs. *Fervis* 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

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 cursing 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 looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in Dress for a Waiting-maid's Place on 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 to 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 constantly pray for a Blessing upon me; who am, and shall always be,

Your dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R 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

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 for you. 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 amiably, and like an Angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an Impression upon you; For, tho' you are blessed with Sense and Prudence above your Years, yet I tremble to think what a sad Hazard a poor Maiden of little 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. *Fervis* 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

so can have no Praise due to you for it. It is Virtue and Goodness only, that make the true 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 heard 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 loved me, and committed me to his Care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. *Fervis* would be a Mother to me. Mrs. *Fervis* tells me, the Lady shook her Head, and said, *Ab! 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. *Fervis*; 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. *Fervis* seemed to build something upon Lady *Davers'* shaking her Head, and saying, *Ab! 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.

L E T-

LETTER X.

Dear Mother,

YOU and my good Father may wonder 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 shewed himself in his true 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, expos'd his wicked Views: But somebody stole my Letter, and I know not what has become of it. It was a very long one. I fear that he who 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 ashamed of *his* Part; I not of *mine*. For he will see I was resolv'd to be virtuous, and glory'd in the Honesty of my poor Parents.

I will tell you all, the next Opportunity; for I am watch'd very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. *Jervis*,
This

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 Waist-coat.—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 *be* and *him* him now; for he has lost his Dignity with me.

L E T T E R X I.

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. *Fervis* was just gone from he; 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, when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I was much out of Countenance, you may well think; but said at last, It does not become your
poor

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 me; but as you have no Lady for me to wait upon, and my good Lady has been now dead this Twelvemonth, 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 are 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, with frightful Eagerness.—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

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, Huffy! said he: Do you know whom 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 Huffy 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, I will be 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 Blubbering. 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 in. Go, take a Walk in the Garden, and don't go in till your Blubbering 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 those Actions be, and how little must they make the best of Gentle-
men

men 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 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 Terror and Anguish. 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 began 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 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 Parents, would be a sad thing indeed!

deed!—O how I wish'd for my grey Ruffet again, and my poor honest Dress, with which you fitted me out, (and hard enough too you had to do it!) for going to this Place, when I was not twelve Years old, in my good Lady's Days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis* 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 Bed-fellow with all my Heart, added 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. *Fervis*, 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 could not rest well, and she would

get

get me to read her to sleep; for she knew I lov'd reading, as she said.

When we were alone, I told her all that had pass'd; for I thought, though 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, would be, as I apprehended, 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. *Fervis* 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: Though, 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 pleas'd to say. She said she wish'd 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. *Fervis*, That Girl is always 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, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. *Fervis*, besides my Master; but when I came up again to seal it up, to my great Concern, it was gone; and Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, as well as I, thinks he has it, some how 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. *Fervis* to bid me not pass so much Time in writing; which is a poor Matter for such a Gentleman as he to take Notice of, as I am not idle other-ways, 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. *Fervis*; tho' after all, the Fears I live in on one Side, and his Frowning and Displeasure at what I do on the other, make me more miserable than enough.

O that I had never left my Rags and 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 contrary now!—Pity and pray for

Your afflicted PAMELA.

L E T T E R 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. *Fervis* 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 ourselves, 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 into his Head to use some Stratagem, of which great Men are full, to decoy you; I think you had better 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. *Fervis* for an Adviser, and Bedfellow, (and, O my dear Child, that was prudently done of you!) we are
easier

easier than we should be; and so committing you to the Divine Protection, remain

Your truly loving,

but careful, Father and Mother.

L E T T E R X I V .

Dear Father and Mother,

MR S. *Fervis* and I have liv'd very comfortably together for this Fortnight past; for my Master was all that time at his *Lincolnsbire* Estate, and at his Sister's the *Lady Davers*. But he came home Yesterday. He had some Talk with Mrs. *Fervis* soon after he came home; and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems, Well, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 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. *Fervis*, 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 Creature, 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. *Fervis*, you abound with your Epithets; but I take her to be 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. *Fervis*: 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, said Mrs. *Fervis*; but I dare say, if the Men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them. Why, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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, perhaps, I could give you an Instance of it. Sir, said she, you can see further than such a poor silly Woman as I; 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

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 Gypsey, 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. *Fervis*, and has my long Letter too, that I intended for you; and so is vex'd to the Heart. But I can't help it. 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 is!—

I will soon write again; but must now end with saying, That I am, and shall always be,

Your honest Daughter.

L E T T E R XV.

Dear Mother,

I Broke off abruptly my last Letter; for I fear'd he was coming; and so it happen'd. I put the Letter into my Bosom, and took up my Work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the *Artful*, as he

called it, that I look'd as confus'd, 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* to you, said he, in the Summer-house, 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. *Fervis* 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 ask'd. O good Sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me further, for fear I forget myself again, and be saucy.

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

Then

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

Well said, pretty *Innocent* and *Artless!* as Mrs. *Fervis* 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 Lie for the World: I *did* tell Mrs. *Fervis*; for my Heart was almost broken; but I open'd not my Mouth to any other. Very well, Bold-face, 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 broken my Mind freely to them, and asked their Advice, and poured forth my Griefs!

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

Pray, Sir, said I, whom can a poor Girl take Advice of, if it must not be of her Father and Mother, and such a good Woman as Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 an one as you? I fell down on my Knees, and said, For Heaven's sake, your Honour, pity a poor 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 al-

ways 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 Bold-face 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 walk'd 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. *Fervis*.

He

He by Force kissed my Neck and Lips; and said, Who ever blamed *Lucretia*, but the *Ravisher* 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. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis* 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: But he staid in the next Room to let nobody come near us, that his foul Proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, 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 Closet, 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 a Visiting somewhere.

Mrs. *Fervis* 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, I am glad of that; then I shall be easy. So she told me all he had said to her, as I have mention'd above.

Mrs. *Fervis* 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 better know what to do 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.

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

L E T T E R X V I.

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 some-
times 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 ache for me? — I am sure mine
flutter'd about like a new-caught Bird in a Cage.
O *Pamela*, said I to myself, 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. *Fervis* 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 seem so steady and un-touch'd, with such black Hearts, while poor Innocents look like Malefactors before them!

He look'd 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 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 ashamed 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. *Fervis*, 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 ruined her, as she calls it? Tell me, *could* you think any thing less? Indeed, say'd she, I fear'd so at first. Has she told you what I did to her, and *all* I did to her, to
occasion

occasion all this Folly, by which my Reputation might have suffer'd in your Opinion, and in that of all the Family?—Inform me, what has she told you?

She was a little too much frightened, 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. *Fervis*, 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 me 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. *Fervis* 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 Notice of such a one as she; but I was bewitch'd by her, I think, 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. *Fervis*? 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 with her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

Says Mrs. *Fervis*, *Pamela*, don't be pert to his Honour? You should know your Distance; you see his Honour was only in Jest. — O dear Mrs. *Fervis*, 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? 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;

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 their right Names!—) And a'1 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 with these welcome Words : And I threw myself upon my Knees at his Feet, with a most sincere, glad Heart, and I said, May your Honour be for ever blessed for your Resolution ! Now I shall be happy. And permit me, on my bended Knees, to thank you for all the Benefits and Favours you have heap'd upon me ; for the Opportunities I have had of Improvement and Learning, thro' my good Lady's Means, and yours. I will now forget all your Honour has offer'd 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 !*

Then rising from my Knees, I went away with another-guise sort of Heart than I came into his Presence with : And so I fell to writing this Letter. And thus all is happily 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 I shall be blessed,
if

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. *Fervis* give me a Character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for Dishonesty.

And so, my dear Parents, may you be blest for me, and I for you! And I will always pray for my Master and Mrs. *Fervis*. So good Night; for it is late, and I shall be soon called to-bed.

I hope Mrs. *Fervis* 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 in Order every thing belonging to my Place. 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.

L E T T E R 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

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 O 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. *Muniford*, 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 turned me off; and as I shall come to you an honest Daughter, what Pleasure it is to what I should have had, 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 happened since my last Letter.

I wonder'd Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, I am glad to see you: You are not angry with me, I hope. She said she was sorry Things had gone so far; and that she had a great deal of Talk with my Master after I was gone; that 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,

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. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, 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 wept to hear her so good to me, as indeed she has always been; and said, What would you have me *to do*, dear Mrs. *Fervis*? I love you next to my own Father and Mother, and to leave you is the chief Concern I have at quitting 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 Romance; 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

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. *Fervis*, 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 hope you'll give me a Character as to my Honesty, that it may not be thought 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, where-ever 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 blythe as a Bird, and went about my Business with great Pleasure.

But I believe my Master is fearfully angry with me; for he pass'd 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 Honour's Way. D--n you! said he (that was the hard Word) for a little Witch; I have no Patience 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.

L E T.

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 shall get away, nor how I shall come; because Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, 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 calls it. But what have I done, Mrs. *Fervis*? said I: If I have been a Sauce-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. *Fervis*, 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 them-

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 to cross you, when he sees you by Accident.

Well, but, Mrs. *Fervis*, said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor Girl as I, as perhaps 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. *Fervis*; for she that can't keep her Virtue, ought to live in Disgrace.

But, Mrs. *Fervis*, continued 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 I shall have so much Grace, as to hate and withstand his Temptations, were he not only my Master, but my King; and that for the *Sin's* sake. 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

live upon Rye-bread and Water; as I used to do, than to be a Harlot to the greatest Man in the World.

Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, said I, let me ask you now:—You and he have had 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 *asham'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 accessary to your Ruin for the World. I only can say, that he has, yet, done you no Hurt; and 'tis no Wonder 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

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 ashamed of his Wickedness at a Repulse, that never would, had he succeeded. Besides, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 it not imply, that he hopes to ruin me by my own *Consent*? I *think*, said I, (and I hope I should have 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 concern'd. How then, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, 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, by his Mother's Goodness, I had been 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

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 loved 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. *Fervis*, he 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 so to carry myself, as 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 go down into 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 nobody. And what, said the peevish Wench, have I said to her, *Foolatum*; but that she was pretty? They quarrell'd afterwards, I heard: I was sorry for it, but 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 done; for I long to come to you.

L E T T E R. XX.

My dear Father and Mother,

I Did not send my last Letters so soon as I hop'd, 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 further 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

I will begin where I left off about the Talk between Mrs. *Fervis* and me, for me to ask to stay.

Unknown to Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 thread-bare and worn out? And how should I look, even if I could get homespun Cloaths, to dwindle into them one by one, as I could get them?---May-be, an old Silk Gown, and a Linsy-woolsey Petticoat, and the like. So, thought I, I had better get myself at once 'quipt in the Dress that will become my Condition; and tho' it may look but poor to what I have been us'd to wear of late Days, yet it will serve me, when I am with you, for a good Holiday and *Sunday* Suit, and what, by a Blessing on my Industry, I may, perhaps, 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 Calico, I had by me.

I had a pretty good Camblet quilted Coat, that I thought might do tolerably well; and I bought two Flanel Under-coats; not so good as my Swan-skin and fine Linen ones, but what will 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 belov'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 Calico; 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 Ribband 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 lie with Mrs. *Fervis*, I keep my own little Apartment still for my Cloaths; and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad Housewife to have sav'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 to make him; so I thought it was but just to leave his Presents behind me when I went away;
for,

for, you know, if I would not earn his 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.---Had *she* liv'd, none of these Things might have happen'd!---But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse. Every thing will turn 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 it, 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.

L E T T E R 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. *Fervis*. 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. *Fervis*.

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, said 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. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, 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 assured 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 maybe 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. *Fervis* 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's? *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 finished 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. *Fervis*, and told my Complaint. This Love, said she, is the D---l! 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. *Fervis*, are we to lose Mrs. *Pamela*? as they always call me --- What has she done? And then

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 you'll never do it on his Terms.

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

My Master came in, just now, to speak to Mrs. *Fervis* about Household 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. *Fervis*, 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 would be now finish'd in a few Hours, I will do so still; and remove this hated poor *Pamela* out of your House and Sight for ever.

Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 grasped 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. *Fervis* had a deal of Talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he expressed himself vex'd to have spoken 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 flipt 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 written 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, Ay, that I will, my sweet Maiden! And 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 true? Yes, it is, Sir, said I; but I was in Hopes it would not be known till I went away.

What

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 see; 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. *Fervis* is a very good Woman, or I should have fear'd *she* had been your Enemy.

No, said I, nothing like it. Mrs. *Fervis* is a just good Woman, and, next to my Father and Mother, the best Friend I have in the World.---Well then, said 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 true; 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! And a Blessing attend my little Sweeting, said he, where-ever you go! And away went I, with a Curt'sy and Thanks.

Now this pleases one, my dear Father and Mother, to be so belov'd.---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.

L E T T E R 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. *Fervis*, 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, 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, who, on her Death-bed, engag'd me to be kind to her, She is young, and every thing is *pretty* that is *young*.

Ay, ay, said one of the Ladies, that's true; 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 it 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 them-

themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, *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 you hear now? said my Master---Well, said the Ladies, we will make a Visit to Mrs. *Fervis* by-and-by, and hope to see this Paragon.

I believe they are coming; and 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 *Brookes*, Lady *Towers*, and the other, it seems, a Countess, of some hard Name, I forget what.

So, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*: Will your Ladyships please to sit down? But, said the Countess, we are not *only* come to ask after Mrs. *Fervis*'s Health neither; but we are come to see a Rarity besides. Ay, says Lady *Arthur*, I have not seen your *Pamela* these two Years, and they tell me she is grown wond'rous 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 Spite, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid Confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. *Fervis*, *Pamela* is very pretty indeed; she's but in the Closet there;---*Pamela*, pray
D 6 step

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, Ay, 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 *Brookes*, 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 have you and your Master in the same 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. *Fervis*? I vow she has speaking Eyes! O you little Rogue, said 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 Curt'sies; and Lady *Towers* said, as I went out, Prettily said,
I

I vow!---And Lady *Brookes* 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 ran 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 much ado 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 wishing myself out of 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 true 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 pre-
sume

sume 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 surprize Mrs. *Fervis* 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 may-be 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. *Fervis* 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 on Nights with what I write, because

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 home-spun 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 Earrings out of my Ears; and when I was quite 'quipp'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
like

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. *Fervis*, 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 Curt'sy, and I found did not know me. So I smil'd, and went to the House-keeper's Parlour: And there sat good Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, what! don't you know me?---She stood all in Amaze, and look'd at me from Top to Toe; Why, you surprize me, said she; what! *Pamela!* thus metamorphos'd! How came 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. *Fervis*, 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 Under-petticoat; 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. *Fervis* went to attend him. It seems

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 with you? She says, she smiled, 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 pleas'd 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. O fie, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 Curt'sy, 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

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. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, 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 resolv'd 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

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, as I thought afterwards, as sillily as such a poor Girl as I. At last, he said, Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, as I was telling you, you may permit 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 a 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, Huffy, 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,

Fool, said 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 were 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. *Fervis*, do you hear, how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless Assurance!---

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs. *Fervis* 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 suffered 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, Huffy; 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 esteem'd 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 called Names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully; Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your House-keeper, 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?

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. *Fervis*, cry'd he again, how pertly I am interrogated by this saucy 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 saucy, you'll say!--And he flew into such a Passion, that I was forced to run for it; and Mrs. *Fervis* 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 more fearful now.

Just now Mr. *Jonathan* sent me these Lines---
(Bless me! what shall I do?)

“ Dear Mrs. *Pamela*, Take care of yourself; for
“ *Rachel* heard my Master say to Mrs. *Fervis*, who,
“ she believes, was pleading for you, Say no more,
“ Mrs. *Fervis*; 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. *Fervis*, 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,

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 (with great Apprehensions)

Your most dutiful Daughter.

L E T T E R XXV.

My dear Parents,

O Let me take up my Complaint, and say, Never was poor Creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used, as poor *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 frightened--- 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

seen nobody but Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis's* Chamber ; and, O 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 resolved to be angry with Mrs. *Fervis* for what had happened 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. *Fervis*, you won't speak to me, *Pamela* ! I find you are angry with me. Why, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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* !

Pamela! cut me to the Heart : For that encouraged 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. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, 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, though he pretends to be sorry for it : Well, he has given me Warning to leave my Place, and uses me very harshly ; perhaps, 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 ask'd 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 ! And was not this
to

to *allow* him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked Devices? --- How then, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 Considerations, and for what I have heard this Day, after you ran 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 were 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. *Fervis*! said I; God will bless you for your good Counsel to a poor Maiden, that is hard beset. But pray what did he say, 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 saucy. Besides, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 ashamed to continue in the same Mind? But, said she, when you had muttered 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 Surprize 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. *Fervis*, did you not hear something stir in the Closet? No, silly Girl! said she; your Fears are always awake. --- But indeed, said 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 Bed-side, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. *Fervis*, being by this time undress'd, 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. *Fervis* had said. I pulled off my Stays, and my Stockens, and all my Cloaths to an Under-petticoat; and then hearing a rustling again in the Closet, I said, Heaven 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 ran to the Bed; and Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, with my Coat on, and my Shoes) and, taking me in his Arms, said, Mrs. *Fervis*, rise, and just step up Stairs, to keep the Maids from coming

coming down at this Noise; I'll do no Harm to this Rebel.

O, for Heaven's sake! for Pity's sake! Mrs. *Fervis*, said I, if I am not betray'd, don't leave me; and, I beseech you, raise all the House. No, said Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, don't hear a Word, except he leaves the Bed, and goes to the other End of the Room. Ay, 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 sigh'd, and screamed, and fainted away. And still he had his Arms about my Neck; and Mrs. *Fervis* was about my Feet, and upon my Coat. And all in a cold, clammy Sweat was I. *Pamela! Pamela!* said Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis* 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 overjoy'd, that

I hardly could believe myself; and I said, which were my first Words, Mrs. *Fervis*, Mrs. *Rachel*, can I be sure it is you? Tell me! can I?— Where have I been? Hush, my Dear, said Mrs. *Fervis*; 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. *Fervis*'s second Noise on my fainting away, slip't out, and, as if he had come from his own Chamber, disturb'd 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. *Fervis* and me. And he charg'd Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis* saved me from worse, and she says he 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. *Fervis*; but I am fully satisfy'd 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. --- This was a dreadful Trial! This was
the

the worst of all! Oh! that I was out of the Power of this dreadfully wicked Man! Pray for

Your distressed Daughter!

LETTER XXV.

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 Inquiries 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. *Fervis*, 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 both. 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 accessary 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 me 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 destroy a Virtue he ought to protect. No more of this, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 myself. 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 raised a Horner's Nest about my Ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to Death my Reputation. Sir, said Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 her 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 discomposed me extremely; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy Occasion of Mrs. *Fervis's* losing her Place, and hope that may be still made up.

Well, said he, let Mr. *Longman* make up your Accounts, as soon as you will; and Mrs. *Fewkes* (who is 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 Topics. 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 passed 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, as the basest of Creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless Attempts. Still, Mrs. *Fervis*,
still

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 have expected 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 solicitous, 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, overjoy'd at this, tho' I was 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 upon my Apron; for I could not speak to him; and he took hold of it, and pressed 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 ashamed to see me. You know you were very free with my Character.

I could not stand this barbarous Insult, at 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 myself at Ease quite, till I am with you. For, methinks, after all, his Repentance and Amendment are mighty suddenly resolv'd upon. But the Divine Grace is not confin'd to Space; and Remorse may, and I hope has smitten 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.

LET.

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. *Fervis*, 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'm 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. *Fervis* will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

Oh! that I was once well with you! --- Tho' he is very civil too 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, Alas for 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, (Alack-a-day, 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. Said 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 at 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 Caffock, 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

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. *Fervis* 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 called it, and took hold of my Hand) 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 (endeavouring to get my Hand from him, but in vain) 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 were 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. *Fervis*'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 romantick Turn for Virtue, and all that.—And I don't suppose but you'll hold it still; and nobody will be able to prevail upon you. But, my Child, (sneeringly he spoke it) do but consider what a fine Opportunity you will then have, for a Tale every Day to good Mother *Fervis*, and what Subjects for Letter-writing to your Father and Mother, and what pretty Preachments you may hold forth to the young Gentle-

men. 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 thus.— 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 what 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. *Fervis*, if she must go: And I'd have you know, Sir, that I can stoop to the ordinarieft 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 will say, 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 snatch'd my Hand from him,
and

and I tripp'd away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, marry'd? I'm sure 'tis time you were married, or at this Rate no honest Maiden ought to 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. *Fervis*, 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 at 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 Lyings-in, it seems, in his House, in three Months past; one by himself; and one by his Coachman; and one by his Woodmen; 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 Miles of us; who keep Company, and hunt with our fine Master, truly; and I suppose he's never the better for their Examples. But, Heaven blefs 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 Sauce-box, and Bold-face, and a Creature; and all because I won't be a Sauce-box and Bold-face indeed.

But

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 it 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 Letter, 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. *Fervis* has made up her Accounts with Mr. *Longman*, and will stay in her Place. 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. *Fewkes's*, at the *Lincolnshire* Estate.

He

He said so many fine Things, it seems, of Mrs. *Fervis*, that my Master sent for her in Mr. *Longman's* Presence, and said *Pamela* 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 was she to go with me; so I did not matter it much; only it would have been creditable to such a poor Girl, that the Housekeeper would bear me Company, if I went.

Said he to her, Well, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 in it, nor so much Love and Harmony neither. I wish the *Lincolnshire* Estate was as well serv'd! --- No more of that, said my Master; but Mrs. *Fervis* may stay, if she will; and here, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 Curt'sy, and thanking him, look'd to me, as if she would have spoken to 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, as to those who do;

do; and then he look'd full at me. Mr. *Longman*, continued he, I said that Girl might come in with Mrs. *Fervis*, because they love to be always together. For Mrs. *Fervis* is very good to her, and loves her as well as if she was her Daughter. But else--- Mr. *Longman*, interrupting him, said, *Good to Mrs. Pamela!* Ay, Sir, and so she is, to be sure! But every body must be good to her; for---

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. Ay! 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, 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 true, Mr. *Longman*, said he; but so it is, I'll assure you; and it was from

from her Pertness, that Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, 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 thyself as thou art, before Mr. *Longman*. Can't not give him a Specimen of that Pertness which thou hast exercis'd upon me sometimes?

Did he not, 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 *can* answer you, but *dare* not.

Why, pr'ythee now, Insinuator, said he, say the worst you can before Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Fervis*. 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.

Surely, Sir, said I, I am of no Consequence equal to this, 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. *Fervis* 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

ask his Honour Pardon, and we will all become Pleaders in a Body, and I, and Mrs. *Fervis* 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. *Fervis*, 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.

Mr. *Fervis* told me after, that she could stay no longer, to hear me so hardly used, and must have spoken, had she stay'd, what would never have been forgiven 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 saucy; 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, and you, Mr. *Longman*, and good Mrs. *Fervis*, and every living Soul of the Family! and I will pray for you as long as I live.-- And so I rose up, and was forc'd:

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, Huffy; 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 hard-hearted Master, I turn'd about, and made a low Curt'iy, 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 broken! Indeed it is.--- O when shall I get away! --- Send me, good God, in Safety, once more 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. *Fervis* 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 good Lady, now in Heav'n, lov'd Singing and Dancing; and

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 Fingers 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 Grasshopper 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 Grasshopper (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 Grasshopper, 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, I doubt, I shall even be unfit for a *May-day* Holiday-time; for these Minuits, 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. To be sure 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

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 wo to my proud Heart, if I shall find it so, on Trial! 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 somebody coming.

'Tis only our *Hannah* with a Message from Mrs. *Fervis*.--- But, hold, here is somebody 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: And that is, I took all my Cloaths,
and

and all my Linen, and I divided them into three Parcels, as I had before told Mrs. *Fervis* I intended to do; and I said, It is now *Monday*, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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 anywhere; 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 prepared 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; for if he had, I should have made Money of them, to help us when we go 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. *Fervis*: 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'm sure, to remember the last Closet-work.

So

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*; that was my Lady's Gifts.

Now I come to the Presents of my dear virtuous Master: Hay, you know, *Closet* for that! Mrs. *Fervis*. She laugh'd, and said, I never saw such a comical Girl in my Life. But go on. I will, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, comes poor *Pamela's* Bundle, and a little one it is, to the others. First, here is a Calico 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 Calimanco 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

some little Matter at a Pinch, with an old silver Buckle or two.

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

Well, let me seen; ay, here is a Cotton Handkerchief 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 Calico, 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 did not think I had so many good Things!

Well, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*; 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. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, 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 contain'd 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 Pumps 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. *Fervis*, (and she wept to hear me) one thing more I have 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 these same Four Guineas I sent to my poor Father and Mother, and they have broken 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 suppos'd 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

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. *Fervis*, 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 them, if I should take them; so they can be of no Use to me: And I trust I shall not want the poor Pittance, that is all I desire to keep Life and Soul together. Bread and Water I can live upon, Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*. 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. *Fervis*, 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 stept down: but that 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. *Fervis*, said I, what have you done by me?--- I see I can't confide in any body. I am beset on all Hands! Wretched, wretched *Pamela*! where shalt thou expect

pect a Friend, if Mrs. *Fervis* 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 O! that I was safe from this House! for never poor Creature sure was so fluster'd 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.

Mrs. *Fervis* says, she is sure I shall have the Charriot 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 Charriot 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, though 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, Good Sir, let me beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good Lady your Mother, who recommended me to you with her last Words, to forgive me all my Faults: 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; 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 through 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 hop'd to be sav'd. He sat down upon a rich Settee; and took hold

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 sweet-fac'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 seeing me too much oppress'd with Confusion to go on in that Strain, 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 a 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 charmed 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 surpris'd me!) and am quite overcome with your charming Manner of Writing, so free, so easy, and many of your Sentiments so much above your Years, and 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, 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 Sir, said I, my Heart will burst; but on my bended Knees, I beg you to let me go To-morrow, as I design'd: And don't offer to tempt a poor Creature,
whose

whose whole Will would be to do yours, if my Virtue would permit.---It 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 passed: 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 a Fortnight's Stay, that after this Declaration, I may pacify those proud Demands upon me.

O how my Heart throbb'd! and I began, 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 lifted 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, and to shew you 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, thought 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 promised 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 him and me, 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. *Fervis*; 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. *Fervis* 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 how ought I to be thankful 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

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 I have been enabled to escape; and tho' I bring it along with me.

I told you my Resolution, my happy Resolution; as I have Reason to think it: 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 Virtue; 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 hither 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 began 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'll 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, whom, 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 upon my Favour, and your Beauty and Merit, will make him rejoice at my Kindness to him. Well, Sir, said I, then it is time enough to consider of this Matter; and this
cannot

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, 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 take the Purse with him for the good old Man, if you approve it. Sir, said I, I will then let you know in one Hour 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 resolved 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

to think 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 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 per-
' suaded. 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. *Fervis* 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 just now sent Mrs. *Fervis* 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 dear 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.

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. *Fewkes*, and she lik'd them; and took a Copy; and made me sing them to her, and in the Green Room too; but I look'd 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. *Fervis*, 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 Coach-yard. Well! I can't help it, not I! but does not this expose himself 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; I am under great Obligations to 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. *Fervis*, 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

rich *Pamela* you'll have, if they should! But as I can't wear them, if they do, I don't desire them; and, if I have them, will turn them into Money, as I can have Opportunity. Well, no more--- I'm in a fearful Hurry!

VERSES on my going away.

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 Wisber-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 true 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,
Whate'er I am, whate'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 should be
Of my dear Parents low Degree,
I'm sure it would been worse for me,
God had not blessed Pamela.*

XII.

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* Trials were not yet over; but the worst of all were to come, at a Time when she thought them 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 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 lov'd 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 carry'd her onward towards his *Lincolnshire* Estate.

It.

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 oblig’d to let you
 ‘ know, that I have discover’d the strange Correspon-
 ‘ dence 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 there were sufficient Grounds for
 ‘ these Aspersions, which she so plentifully casts upon
 ‘ me.

me. Something possibly there might be in what she has written 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 to which she has given herself up, ever since her kind Lady's Death. And she assumes such Airs, as if she was a Mirror of Perfection; and believed every body had a Design upon her.

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 be surpris'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

' As she is a mighty Letter-writer, I hope she has
 ' had the Duty to apprize you of her Intrigue with
 ' the young Clergyman; and I know not whether it
 ' meets with your Countenance: But now she is ab-
 ' sent 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 an-
 ' other, 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 answered 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 Liber-
 ' ties have been taken with me. I shall soon let
 ' the saucy 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

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 set out that very Evening, late as it was; and travelling all Night, 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 crazy; 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 rais'd, 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. *Fervis*, having been told of his coming, arose, 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 endeavour'd before him to hide her Concern; and said, Well, Goodman *Andrews*, I cannot help weeping at your Grief; but I hope there is no Occasion; let not my dy 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. *Fervis* were.

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 satisfied 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

ket in my Family; and if I thought it would have disturbed 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 *Fervis*? 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 whom 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,

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 Gentleman, I can't answer for her Negligence, if she don't; but she will send a Letter to you, Mrs. *Fervis*; 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 Gentleman, 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. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis*, with some tolerable Ease of Mind, 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 their Master in as moving Terms as they durst: But were forc'd 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 so.

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 car-
' ry'd off, to where I have no Liberty to tell. How-
' ever, 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 well-nigh broken)
' know, That I am well, and that I am, and, by the
' Grace of God, ever will be, their dutiful and ho-
' nest Daughter, as well as

' Your obliged Friend,

' PAMELA ANDREWS.

' 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;

This, tho' it quieted not intirely their Apprehensions, was shewn to the whole Family, and to the Gentleman himself, who pretended not to know how it came; and Mrs. *Fervis* 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-wise, 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.

L E T T E R X X X I .

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! But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted, as a Victim to the Will of a wicked Violator of all the Laws of God and Man?---But, gracious Heaven, forgive me my Rashness and Despondency! 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 to thy good Pleasure. And still, I hope, desperate as my Condition seems, that as those Trials are not of my own seeking, nor the Effects of my Presumption and Vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and, in God's own good Time, be delivered 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, 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, O! what can the
 abject

abject Poor do against the mighty Rich, when they are determined 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 receive your grateful Blessings, 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 inclosed 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 affecting 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. *Fervis* 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 entrap me.

Then our other three Footmen, *Harry*, *Isaac*, and *Benjamin*, and Grooms, and Helpers, 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:

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. *Fervis*, good Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fervis* 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 to 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 six Bottles of *Canary* Wine, which *Mrs. Jervis* would make me take in a Basket, to cheer our Hearts now-and-then when we got together, as she said. And I kissed all the Maids again, and shook Hands with the Men again; but *Mr. Jonathan* and *Mr. Longman* were not there; and then I 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 curt'sy'd three times to him very low, and pray'd for him with my Hands lifted up; for I could not speak; indeed I was not able. 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* began 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, said 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

I should be ingrateful not to love them, for their Love.

Well, I believe, I set 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 Village we pass'd thro', that I was still more and more out of my Knowledge. Hey-day! thought 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 began to be alarm'd all at once, and call'd 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 Trials still! --- What will befall me next?

The Farmer's Wife, and Maid, and Daughter, came out; and the Wife 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 fell 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 through, late as it is: --- For I will not enter here.

Said

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 pacify'd; and seeing no Help for it, I went in; and the Wife immediately conducted 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 call'd. 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 rais'd 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 began 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 Glas 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 constrain’d 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 though 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.

‘ You will by this time be 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 dis-
 ‘ creet and prudent; and a happier Turn shall reward
 ‘ these your Troubles, than you may at present ap-
 ‘ prehend.

‘ 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

‘ 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 resolv’d to make good, if you com-
 ‘ pel 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 each of 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 discovers the deep
 Arts

Arts of this wicked Master; and how resolv'd he seems to be 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 embark'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 acknow-
' ledge 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 found 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 Protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the Devices of the Mighty. Nay, the
Farmer

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 Addressees 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 Diffimulation, 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, 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 farther, having nobody but this wicked Coachman to contend with.

Well,

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 Morfel 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. *Fewkes* 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 want 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 *Fewkes*.—*Fewkes! Fewkes!* 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 she not 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: I am now gone, that's certain. And so was quite silent and confounded; and seeing no Help for it, (for she would not part with me out of her Sight) I was forc'd to set out with her in the Chariot;

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. *Fewkes* is, compar'd to good Mrs. *Fervis*, 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. *Fewkes*; 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? 'Ifackins, I commend thee for that!

I was sadly tiez'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 boldly 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 Pro-
curefs, and if I was not safe with good Mrs. *Fervis*,
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 Filthinefs!

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 Court-yard
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.
Fewkes 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
faith-

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. *Fewkes* (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. *Fewkes*, 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. *Fewkes*, 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 me 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

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 true, 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 ensnare 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 laugh-

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; 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 myself. How so? said she; was not Mrs. *Jervis* 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!*

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 broken open two or three times; whether to fright me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; tho' not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater Fears.

I slept but little last Night, and got up, and pretended to sit by the Window which looks into the spacious Gardens; but I was writing all the
time,

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 necessary 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. *Fewkes*, 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

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 to myself the Closet in the Room where we lie, 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

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. *Fervis* once. So I must set all my little Wits at Work.

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*!

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

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 Providence would, perhaps, 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, Madam, don't offer 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 tro'? Why, barbarous Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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, purfy, *fat Thing*, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so called; 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 be sure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked---indeed she is.

This is but poor helpless Spite in 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. *Fervis*! 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 Shoes on, I am told, *John*, honest *John*, is come on Horseback!--- A Blessing on his faithful Heart! 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 Mrs. *Fervis*, and
Mr.

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 Trial, to be sure!

Here is *John*, as I said; and the poor Man came to me, with Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 have had a sad Time of it, you must needs think; and tho' he would have hid it if he could, yet his Eyes ran 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. *Ferwis*, 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. *Fewkes*, 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. Mrs. *Fewkes*, said I, you need not,

I hope, see this. No, no, said she, I see whom it comes from, well enough; or else, may-be, I must desire to see it.

And here is one for you, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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. *Fewkes*, 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. *Fewkes*----

So I went up, 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 an 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 Ob-
‘ stinacy given me, and yourself too ! I had no way
‘ to pacify him, but to promise, that he should see a
‘ Letter written from you to Mrs. *Fervis*, to satisfy
‘ him you are 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 ; 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 ho-
‘ nourably for you, I expect not to be refus’d ; be-
‘ cause 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 im-
‘ possible 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 true State of the Matter. And I wrote this to this strange wicked Master himself :

S I R,

‘ I F you knew but the Anguish of my Mind, and
 ‘ how much I suffer by your dreadfully strange
 ‘ Usage of me, you would surely pity me, and con-

* See p. 122 ; her Alterations are in a different Character.

‘ sent

‘ sent to my Deliverance. What have I done, that I
 ‘ should be the only Mark of your Cruelty? I can
 ‘ have no Hope, no Desire of living left me, because
 ‘ I cannot have the least Dependence, after what has
 ‘ pass’d, upon your solemn Assurances. --- It is impos-
 ‘ sible, surely, they should be consistent with the ho-
 ‘ nourable 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 Crea-
 ‘ ture, below the Notice of so great a Man, may not
 ‘ be made the Sport of a high Condition, for no Rea-
 ‘ son in the World, but because she is not able to de-
 ‘ fend 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 Po-
 ‘ verty, 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. *Fervis*; 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 pro-
 ‘ pose by this Letter.

‘ For God’s sake, good Sir, pity my lowly Con-
 ‘ dition, 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. *Fewkes*, 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 wicked 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.

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. *Fewkes* 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. *Fervis*, inclos'd in that for my Master: But Mrs. *Fewkes* would

would see me seal them up, for fear of any other—
I was surpris'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 surpris'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 I carry'd
them to your Father and Mother, and then seal'd
them up, and sent me with them. I had some Busi-
ness 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. How-
soever, 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.
 ‘ *Fewkes* is a Devil: But in my Master’s t’other
 ‘ House you have not one false Heart, but my-
 ‘ self. 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 on 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 given 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, or any thing else.

Mrs. *Fewkes* had the Portmanteau brought into my Closet, and she shew’d me what was in it; but then lock’d 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 make me want to go abroad, may-be; and so the insolent Woman put it in her Pocket.

I gave

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; and 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 still can pray for his Happiness, and his Repentance?

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. *Fewkes*. 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 lay Traps for me, to ruin me, and 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 Sunflower 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. *Fewkes*.---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 chat-
ted

ted 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 turfed 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 Mistrefs! 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 no one that 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 written 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 have 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 written 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 Sheets more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank. Well, thought 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 does.

She

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. *Fewkes* 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 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 the some Plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be myself.---She would have me write 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, said I; but lay your Hand to your Heart, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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't 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

I would not be long away.---What means the Woman? said I.---Mean! 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 Hufsey: And when I came near the Tiles, I said, Mrs. *Ann*, I have dropt my Hufsey; be so kind as 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 Hufsey, I took it, and saunter'd in again, and met Mrs. *Fewkes* coming to see after me. What I wrote was this:

‘ *Reverend Sir,*
 ‘ **T**HE 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 true, he promises Honour, and all that;
 ‘ but the Honour of the Wicked is Disgrace and
 ‘ Shame

‘ 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, basely ruin
 ‘ me.

‘ I am so wretched, and ill-treated by this Mrs.
 ‘ *Fewkes*, 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, with-
 ‘ out 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 In-
 ‘ nocence.

‘ 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 Neighbour-
 ‘ hood, 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

‘ 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 Ho-
 ‘ nesty. 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 suffer for me!

‘ I say no more, but commit this to the happy
 ‘ Tiles, and to the Bosom of that Earth in 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 here-
 ‘ after. As shall ever pray,

‘ *Your 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 were 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. *Fewkes!* ’Tis very true!--And thus it came about:

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. *Fewkes* 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

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. I remember, said she, your asking Mr. *Williams* if there were any Gentry in the Neighbourhood: This 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 so on, you may take a Turn, and I will be with you in a Minute.

I went out; and when I was out of 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 whither so fast? said she: What! are you upon a Wager? I stopt for her, till her purfy 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

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 were he?—Not stand still—I, shall-I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your Pain.—Why, *Fezebel*, 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; whom do you call *Fezebel*?

I was so surpris'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 also 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 did not 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! thought I, here I have, by my Malpertress, 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, thought 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 *Fezebel* you, I warrant ye!—Why, dear Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 out of my Wits. Thought 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 such-like.

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. *Fewkes*.---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.

Ay, said she, this is 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--- Yes, said I, to every body but me!--- He loves you too well, to be sure, reply'd 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

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, added 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 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 stoop'd to smell at the Sun-flower, and a great nasty Worm ran into the Ground, that startled me; for I don't love Worms. Said she, Sun-flowers don't smell. So I find, reply'd I. And so we walked in; and Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Well, you have made haste in.--- You shall go another time.

I went

I went up to my Clofet, 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 Mr. B.
 ‘ and I have a near View of being provided for by
 ‘ his Favour to me. But yet I would sooner for-
 ‘ feit all my Hopes from him, (trusting in God for
 ‘ the rest) than not assist you, if possible. I never
 ‘ look'd upon Mr. B. in the Light he now appears in
 ‘ to me, in your Case. To be sure, he is no profess'd
 ‘ Debauchee. 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.
 ‘ *Fewkes's*.

‘ We have here the Widow Lady *Jones*, Mistress
 ‘ of a good Fortune, and a Woman of Virtue, I be-
 ‘ lieve. We have also old Sir *Simon Darnford*, and
 ‘ his Lady, who is a good Woman; and they have
 ‘ two Daughters, virtuous young Ladies. All the rest
 ‘ are but middling People, and Traders, at best. I will
 ‘ try, if you please, either Lady *Jones*, or Lady *Darn-*
 ‘ *ford*, 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 attach'd me in-
 ‘ tirely to you; for I know, as you so happily express,
 ‘ if I can serve you in this Case, I shall thereby per-
 ‘ form 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 Mr. B. and his Place too;
 ‘ and I believe, by something that dropt from
 ‘ him,

‘ 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 fear 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

‘ fake 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, sup-
 ‘ pose, 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 Cor-
 ‘ respondence with my Master’s Family ? By that
 ‘ means, may-be, I could be informed of his In-
 ‘ tentions of coming hither, and when. I inclose
 ‘ you a Letter of a deceitful Wretch ; for I can
 ‘ trust

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 will 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.

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 with 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 Con-
trivance. Sure something will do at last!

FR I-

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 Trades-folks away without their Money : Have you any about you ? I have a little. How much will do ? said I. 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 ! --- Oh how I fretted to be so foolishly outwitted ! --- And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. *Williams*, that I would put some in his Hands 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 ; 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, and blame myself.

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's 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 any Orders for taking my Shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about *Jezebel* neither. Well, return'd 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 dear* PAMELA,

‘ I Begin to repent already, that I have bound my-
 ‘ self, 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 Gene-
 ‘ rosity 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

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 Ut-
 terance, a Grief that a little alarm'd my Tender-
 ness 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 up-
 on 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 pleas'd with this obliging
 Mark of your Confidence in me, and Consideration
 for me ; and if I find Mrs. *Fewkes* 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.
Fervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in
 her place. This I say on a Hint *John* gave me,
 as if you resent'd 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 resolv'd you shall not repent. Mrs. *Fewkes*
 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 an Evening Turn, as I call'd it, in Mrs. *Jewkes's* Company; 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 was 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 had 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-by, 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 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 Mo-
 ' ther, 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

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, and the like, 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 Mankind 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 present 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 imbroid myself with a Man of Mr. *B*'s Power and Fortune ! No, not I, I'll assure you !---And I would have you consider what you are about. Besides, she owns, continued 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 Mr. *B.* 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 suspected, 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 Mr. *B.* 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 my-
‘ self, or somebody, to have you conducted some
‘ Miles distant, to one of the Villages thereabouts ;
‘ 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

to thank him most gratefully for his kind Endeavours; to lament the little Concern the Gentry had for my deplorable Case; the Wickedness of the World, first to give way to such iniquitous Fashions, and then plead the Frequency of them, against the Attempt to amend them; and how unaffected People were to the Distresses of others. I recall'd my former Hint as to writing to Lady *Davers*, which I fear'd, I said, would only serve to apprize 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. 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; 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. *Fewkes*, 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: And, 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, and the like. 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 Lady 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*; for I find, 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, 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, reply'd I, an *Hour* of Innocence is worth an *Age* of Guilt; and were my
Life

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 Providence 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. 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 the Place 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, 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. *Fewkes*, 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 his Offer of Mrs. *Fervis* 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,*

‘ **W**HEN I consider how easy it is for you
 ‘ to make me happy, since all I desire is to
 ‘ be permitted to go to my poor Father and Mo-
 ‘ ther: When I reflect upon your former Pro-
 ‘ posal 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 Free-
 ‘ dom; 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

‘ 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 de-
‘ sperate, 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 unbe-
‘ comingly; 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 expo-
‘ late so freely, but in a Case so near to me, with
‘ you, Sir, so greatly my Superior. Pardon me, I
‘ hope, you will; but as to any the least De-
‘ sire of *seeing you*, I cannot bear the dreadful Ap-
‘ prehension. Whatever you have to propose, what-
‘ ever you intend by me, let my Assent be that
‘ of a free Person, mean as I am, and not of a
‘ fordid

' fordid Slave, who is to be threatened and frightened
 ' into a Compliance, that your Conduct to her seems
 ' to imply would be otherwise abhorr'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.-- Said I, then you must not offer to alter one Word. I won't, reply'd 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

possible I should have edify'd under any Doctrine preach'd 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 I been he, and he me. When I was at my Devotions, Mrs. *Fewkes* 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 Spinet : but I declin'd it, because my Spirits were so low I could hardly speak, nor car'd to be spoken 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 Pris'ner was,
Said to me tauntingly,
Now cheer your Heart, and sing a Song,
And tune your Mind to Joy.

IV. *Alas !*

IV.

*Alas! said I, how can I frame
My heavy Heart to sing;
Or tune my Mind, while thus enthrall'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'rance 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'rance wrought.*

X. Yea,

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. *Fewkes*: 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 is 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. *Fewkes* of it; and so could speak this to her, before me. She wish'd him
Joy.

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, as she pretended, she 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 surmise, 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
bring-

bringing such an Affair to Effect. I told her, I abhorr'd her vile 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 surprising 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 Vene-
 ‘ ration for you, and so intire my Reliance in Pro-
 ‘ vidence, 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 Mr.
 ‘ *B*’s setting out, (and I think now I have settled
 ‘ a very good Method of Intelligence of all his
 ‘ Motions) get a Horse ready, and myself to
 ‘ conduct

188. P A M E L A; Or,

‘ conduct you. I refer myself wholly to your
‘ Goodness and Direction, and am, with the highest
‘ Respect,

‘ *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 endanger 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 Pro-
‘ posal. 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,

‘ 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.

MR*S. Fewkes* has received a Letter, and is much
 civiler 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 put 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 whit 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 he 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 Packet to you,
 and I have added to it what has occur’d since.

S U N D A Y.

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. *Fewkes* came to me
 both

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 surpris'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 Surprize ? 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 Surprize ; so that I could not presently read them, notwithstanding my Impatience ; but after a-while, recovering, I found the Contents thus strange and unexpected :

Mr.

Mr. WILLIAMS,

‘ THE Death of *Mr. Fownes* has now given me
 ‘ the Opportunty 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) accord-
 ‘ ing 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 ac-
 ‘ custom’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 at 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.

‘ Mrs. JEWKES,

‘ YOU have been very careful and diligent in
 ‘ the Task, which, for Reasons I shall here-
 ‘ after explain, I had impos’d upon you. Your
 ‘ Trouble is now almost at an End; for I have written
 ‘ 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, 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 if 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 my self quite at Liberty before I shall think my self 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 Villany, 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 my self; 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 to-morrow. 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, and confirm'd his Opinion.

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. *Fewkes* 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, furly 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.

Mr. *Williams* said, before Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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. *Fewkes* 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. *Fewkes* asked me, If I chose to lie by myself? I said, Yes, with *all* my Heart, if she pleased. Well, said she, after to-night 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 Sealing-wax. 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. 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 propos'd 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.

M O N D A Y Morning.

A Las-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 Fel-
 ‘ lows 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

‘ 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 Mudd. 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 Snuff-
 ‘ box, which the Rogues must have dropt. My
 ‘ Cassock is sadly torn, as is my Band. To be
 ‘ sure, I was much frightened; 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 from
 ‘ 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. *Pa-*
 ‘ *mela.*’

The wicked Brute fell a laughing when she had read this Letter, till her fat 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 laugh'd; 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 mis'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 Necess-

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 afterwards, 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. *Fewkes* 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 no body 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 as you have read in his Letter, 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 escaping; 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 Gardner 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

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 deprived me of my Money, for had I had *that*, I believe I should have ventur'd the other Two.

MONDAY Afternoon.

SO, Mrs. *Fewkes* 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. *Fewkes*.

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,

I said, but yet with a heavy Heart, ah, Mrs. *Fewkes*, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 true, 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 Head-piece 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. *Fewkes*, 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 to Mr. *Williams* was sufficient; 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 uncautious
Man

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 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 returned 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. *Fewkes'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. *Fewkes* 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, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said he? I am afraid I have some-how disobliged you. Not at all, reply'd 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,

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. *Fewkes'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. I wish I were Master of but 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 his Master is preparing for his *London* Journey; and believes, afterwards, he will come into these Parts.

But

‘ 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 my-
 ‘ self; for I can never do either God or myself
 ‘ better Service, tho’ I were to forego all my Ex-
 ‘ pectations for it here. I am

‘ *Your most faithful humble Servant.*

‘ I was too free indeed with Mrs. *Jewkes*, led to
 ‘ it by her Diffimulation, and by her pretended
 ‘ Concern to make me happy with you. I hint-
 ‘ ed, that I would not have scrupled to have
 ‘ procured your Deliverance by any means:
 ‘ and that I had propos’d to you, as the only
 ‘ honourable one, Marriage with me. But I as-
 ‘ sur’d her, tho’ she would hardly believe me,
 ‘ that you discourag’d my Application. Which
 ‘ is too true! But not a Word of the Back-
 ‘ door, Key, &c.

Mrs. *Jewkes* continues still sullen and ill-natur’d;
 and I am almost, afraid, 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

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 Disturb-
 ‘ ance. 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 endanger 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 *Ho-*
 ‘ nesty, 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 Im-
 ‘ portance with the Soul of a Princess; though
 ‘ my Quality is inferior to that of the meanest
 ‘ Slave.

‘ Save then, my Innocence, good Heaven, and pre-
 ‘ serve 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 Sul-
 ‘ lenness 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;

‘ wrong; and let me have your Advice what to do :
 ‘ which will oblige

‘ *Your most afflicted Servant.*

F R I D A Y.

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 de-
 ‘ pend upon me, and all I can do. But I make no
 ‘ doubt of the *London* Journey, nor of *John’s* Con-
 ‘ trition and Fidelity. I have just received, from
 ‘ my *Gainsborough* Friend, this Letter, as I suppose,
 ‘ from your good Father, in a Cover, 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 Mr. *B.* Things, I hope, *must* be
 ‘ better than you expect. Providence will not de-
 ‘ sert such Piety and Innocence; and be this your
 ‘ Comfort and Reliance. Which is the best Ad-
 ‘ vice that can at present be given, by

‘ *Your most faithful humble Servant.*’

N. B. The Father’s Letter was as follows :

My dearest Daughter,

‘ O U R Prayers are at length heard, and we are
 ‘ overwhelmed with Joy. O what Suffer-
 ‘ ings, what Trials hast thou gone thro’! Blessed
 ‘ be the Divine Goodness, which has enabled thee

' to withstand so many Temptations! We have not
 ' yet had Leisure to read thro' your long Accounts
 ' of all your Hardships. I say *long*, because I won-
 ' der 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 dis-
 ' creet a Daughter. How happy is our Lot, in the
 ' midst of our Poverty! O let none ever think Chil-
 ' dren a Burden to them; when the poorest Circum-
 ' stances can produce so much Riches in a *Pamela*!
 ' Persist, my dear Daughter, in the same excellent
 ' Course; 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 Re-
 ' ward, 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 see-
 ' ing your Virtue, his Heart is touched; and he
 ' has, no doubt, been awaken'd by your good Ex-
 ' ample.

' 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
 ' you have had the Grace to improve) but may
 ' think himself happy in you. But, as you say,
 ' you

‘ 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 mis-
 ‘ trust 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 Parents, Amen!*

‘ Our humblest Service and Thanks to the wor-
 ‘ thy Mr. *Williams*. Again, we say, God bless
 ‘ him for ever!
 ‘ O what a deal we have 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

were when I clos'd my last Parcel!—More Trials, more Dangers, I fear, must your poor *Pamela* be engaged in: But, thro' the Divine Goodness, and your Prayers, I hope, at 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 wholly 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.

S A T U R D A Y, S U N D A Y.

MR. *Williams* has been here both these Days, as usual; but is very indifferently received still by Mrs. *Fewkes*; 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 Mr. *B*. And she return'd, The less, the better. Poor Man! he has got but little by his Openness, and making Mrs. *Fewkes* 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.

M O N-

*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,*

‘ **W**HAT you write me, has given me no small
‘ Disturbance. This wretched *Fool's Play-*
‘ *thing*, 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 pre-
‘ vent her Escape. I send this by an honest
‘ *Swiss*, who attended me in my Travels; a Man I
‘ can

' 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 Goal, 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 In-
 ' nocence, as he pretends, he would have expostu-
 ' lated 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 Sensua-
 ' list, with the *amiable Gewgaw*, to favour her Es-
 ' cape in so base a manner, (to say nothing of his
 ' disgraceful Practices against me, in Sir *Simon Darn-*
 ' *ford's* Family; of which Sir *Simon* himself has in-
 ' form'd me) is a Conduct that, instead of prefer-
 ' ring the ingrateful 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 De-
 ' claration, I believe it not. 'Tis certain the *speaking*
 ' *Picture*, with all that pretended Innocence,
 ' and *Bashfulness*, would have run away with
 ' him.

‘ 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 *sighted 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 La-
 ‘ mentations for the Loss of her fantastical Inno-
 ‘ cence, which the romantic 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. *Fewkes* 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. Fewkes*, 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
 after-

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, leave me, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 put down by me, that which was intended for me. But I have no Spirit to read it at present. 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 Words 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 Mr. *Williams*, with what he had resolv'd against him, in Revenge for his Goodness to me, I was quite dispirited; and yet still more, about that fearful *Colebrand*, and what he could *see done to me*; for then I was ready to gasp for Breath, and my Heart 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 finned.

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

W E L L

‘ W E L L 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 Ob-
 ‘ ject. 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 Hypo-
 ‘ crite! and I see, that tho’ you could not repose
 ‘ the least Confidence in one you had known for
 ‘ Years, and who, under my good Mother’s mis-
 ‘ placed Favour for you, had grown up, in a man-
 ‘ ner, 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 my-
 ‘ self 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 great Reluctance, such then was my Love
 ‘ for you) engaged not to come near you without
 V O L. I. L your

‘ your own Consent? Was not this a voluntary De-
 ‘ monstration of the Generosity of my Intentions to
 ‘ you? Yet how have you requited me? The very
 ‘ first Fellow that your charming Face, and infi-
 ‘ nuating Address, could Influence, you have pra-
 ‘ ctis’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 there-
 ‘ fore 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 De-
 fence!

When Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to me again, she found
 me bathed in Tears. She seem’d, as I thought, to
 be moved to some Compassion; and finding my-
 self 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 the Divine Will, and prepare to expect the
 worst. But you see how this poor Mr. *Williams*

is

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 Goal: 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 mention'd, 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 bid 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 practis'd 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; and 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 fearful 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 judge 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 Mawlidge*, in your Neighbourhood, and large-bon'd, and scraggy; and has 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

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 Neckloth, 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. *Fewkes*, 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 in Terror. And indeed it had its Effect; for when I went to bed, 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. *Fewkes*; 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!

*And now I am come to the Close of W E D N E S -
D A Y, the 27th Day of my Distress.*

POOOR 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 Confessions, 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 go 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 but then 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 under-
neath

neath, which are little more than my Height, and which Leads are over a little Summer-parlour, that juts out towards the Garden, and as I am light, I can easily drop from them; 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, leap'd 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 Providence 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 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 *Calbrand*, 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 mis'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.*

THURS-

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 Hope 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 Inten-

tions: 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 thro' it: 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 upon the Lock, which was a great wooden one, and reached the Top of the Door with my Hands; then, little thinking I could climb so well, I 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 bruis'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 Gardner was nailing a Nestarine 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 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 the Divine 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 the Divine 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 Impetuouſness 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.

Paufe 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 threaten'd 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 afflict- ing 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 ſooth- ing, and powerful with me) theſe wicked Wretches,
who

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 Interriment; 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 once rising, 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

(for he has had me in his Power before, and yet I have escaped) may be better for me, than these persecuting Emiffaries of his, who, for his Money, are true to their wicked Trust, and are harden'd by that, and a long Habit of Wickedness, against Com-punction 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 attempted 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 the Divine 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

and Goodness, who can *still* turn all these Sufferings to Benefits? And how do I know, but that God who sees all the lurking Vileness of my Heart, may 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 Dependance 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

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 who 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 this time 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 for Praise, 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

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, to 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 are 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 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. *Fewkes*, *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, 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. *Fewkes* seem'd like a distracted Woman:

Till

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. *Fewkes*, 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, *Swifs* among the rest, beat their Breasts, and made most dismal Lamentations; and Mrs. *Fewkes* 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. *Fewkes*! 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!

crafts! 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 bruised on that Side) and drew me on my Face. O cruel Creature! said I, if you knew what I have 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—l 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

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 Cafes, 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 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 mended 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 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

worthy of 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.

S U N D A Y *Afternoon.*

MRS. *Fewkes* has thought fit to give me an Airing, for three or four Hours this Afternoon, and I am a good deal 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 incens'd 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! He has certainly 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

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 *John 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. *Fervis* 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 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 Squabblings between Mrs. *Fewkes* 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 be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible!—Quite filthily! O what vile Hands am I put into!

T H U R S D A Y.

I Have now all the Reason that can be, to apprehend my Master will be here soon; for the Servants are busy in setting the House to rights; and a Stable and Coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been used some time. I ask Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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

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 ere 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. *Fewkes*, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. *Colbrand* said, O how have you frightened 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. *Fewkes* came within hearing,
I found

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 lock'd 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 fanfy—
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!—In-
deed 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 God of Hea-
ven, preserve me! if it be thy blessed Will!

Seven o'Clock.

THOU' I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I
have not. To be sure something is resolving
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 pos-
sess 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 vile 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

He put on a stern and majestick Air; and he can look very majestick when he pleases. 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 my self 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 an Angel of Light. But I have now no Patience with her. The little Hypocrite prostrates her self 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 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 upon 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*, withdrew as soon as I came in. And, by the way, he had a new Coachman too, which looked as if *Bedfordshire Robin* was turn'd away.

I thought, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at Table with we, 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 some Talk with you, and throw away as little Time as possible upon you.

Sir,

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 Glass of that *Burgundy*. I went to do it; but my Hand shook so, that I could not hold the Plate with the Glass in it, and spilt some of the Wine. So Mrs. *Fewkes* pour'd it for me, and I carry'd it as well as I could; and made a low Court'sy. He took it, and said, Stand behind me, out of my Sight!

Why, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 say, too? Yes, Sir, answer'd she, I think she is, for one thing or another. Ay, said he, your young Wenches will feed upon their Tears; and their Obstinacy 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 villanous Plots together, have kept her alive and well, to be sure. For Mischief, Love, and Contradiction, are the natural Ailments 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. *Fewkes*. 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. *Fewkes*, 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 am sure.

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

she can curse most heartily, in the Spirit of Christian Meekness, I'll assure you!--Come, Sawcy-face, give me another Glas 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 sup'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 losing 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 Glas 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 less than I do 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, Huffy, 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 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 beset!

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 sought to run away with this ingrateful Parson—And surely I ought not to forgive 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

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 off; 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 some of my Cloaths on; which they mutter'd at sadly; and Mrs. *Jewkes* rail'd 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 Master 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, I hope, I shall always detest the

M 5

Thoughts.

Thoughts of. But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desir'd could I have honestly promoted it, your Welfare and Happiness. I have answer'd them, as I'm sure, you'll 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 in spirit 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.

L. IF

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 there-

*therefore return the
ANSWER following,
let what will be the
Consequence.*

‘ I. I F you can con-
‘ vince me, that
‘ the hated Parson has
‘ had no Encouragement
‘ from you in his Addres-
‘ ses; and that you have
‘ no Inclination for him,
‘ in Preference to me;
‘ then I will offer the
‘ following Proposals to
‘ you, which I will pun-
‘ ctually make good.

I. A S to the first Arti-
cle, Sir, it may be-
hove me, (that I may not
deserve in your Opinion,
the opprobrious Terms of
forward and artful, and
such-like) to declare so-
lemnly, that Mr. *Willi-
ams* never had the least
Encouragement from me,
as to what you hint; and
I believe his principal
Motive was the appre-
hended Duty of his Fun-
ction, 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 breath-
ing I would wish to mar-
ry; and that the only one
I could honour more
than another, is the Gen-
tleman, who, of all others,
seeks my everlasting Dis-
honour.

‘ II. I will directly
‘ make you a Present of
‘ 500 *Guineas*, for your
‘ own

II. As to your second
Proposal, let the Conse-
quence be what it will, I
M 6 reject

' own Use, which you
 ' may dispose of to any
 ' Purpose you please:
 ' And will give it abso-
 ' lutely 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 Posses-
 ' sion of it.

' III. I will likewise
 ' directly make over to
 ' you a Purchase I lately
 ' made in *Kent*, which
 ' brings in 250*l. per An-*
 ' *num*, clear of all Deduc-
 ' tions. 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 Fa-
 ' ther shall be immedi-
 ' ately put into Possession
 ' of it in Trust for these
 ' Purposes. And the
 ' Management of it will
 ' yield a comfortable Sub-
 ' sistence to him and your
 ' Mother, for Life; and
 ' I will make up any De-
 ' ficien-

reject it with all my Soul.
 Money, Sir, is not my
 chief Good: May God
 Almighty desert me,
 whenever it is; and when-
 ever, 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 Mo-
 ment of Reflection on a
 past mis-pent Life!

III. Your third Propo-
 sal, 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 con-
 cerned for the Manage-
 ment of an Estate, which
 would be owing to the
 Prostitution of their poor
 Daughter. Forgive, Sir,
 my Warmth on this Oc-
 casion; but you know
 not the poor Man, and
 the poor Woman, my
 ever dear Father and Mo-
 ther, if you think that
 they would not much ra-
 ther chuse to starve in a
 Ditch, or rot in a noi-
 some Dungeon, than ac-
 cept

' deficiencies, if 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.

cept 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 assist-
 ing Grace, ever make me
 act unworthy of such
 poor honest Parents!

' IV. I will, moreover,
 ' extend my Favour to
 ' any other of your Re-
 ' lations, that you may
 ' think worthy of it, or
 ' that are valued by you.

IV. Your fourth Pro-
 posal, 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 ca-
 pable of desiring it on
 unworthy Terms!

' V. I will, besides, or-
 ' der 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 Ear-
 ' rings, and Diamond
 ' Necklace, that were
 ' bought

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.
 Your

bought by my Mother,
 to present to Miss Tom-
 lins, if the Match that
 was propos'd between
 her and me had been
 brought to Effect: And
 I will confer upon you
 still *other* Gratuities, as
 I shall find myself ob-
 liged, by your good
 Behaviour and Affe-
 ction.

Your Rings, Sir, your
 Necklace, and your Ear-
 rings, will better besit
 Ladies of Degree, than
 me: And to lose the best
 Jewel, my Virtue, would
 be poorly recompenc'd
 by those you propose to
 give me. What should
 I think, when I looked
 upon my Finger, or saw,
 in the Glass, those Dia-
 monds 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 in-
 wardly?

VI. Now, *Pamela*,
 will you see by this,
 what a Value I set upon
 the Free-will of a Per-
 son *already* in my Pow-
 er; and who, if these
 Proposals are not ac-
 cepted, shall find, that
 I have not taken all
 these Pains, and risked
 my Reputation, as I
 have done, without re-
 solving to gratify my
 Passion for you, at all
 Adventures, and if you
 refuse, without making
 any Terms at all.

VII.

VI. I know, Sir, by wo-
 ful 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

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
 • im-

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
 nor 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
 mar-

‘ impossible for me to
‘ deny you any thing.

‘ And now, *Pamela*, con-
‘ sider well, it is in
‘ your Power to ob-
‘ lige me on such
‘ Terms, as will make
‘ yourself, and all your
‘ Friends, happy: But
‘ this will be over this
‘ very Day, irrevoc-
‘ ably 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 Mat-
‘ ter, 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.

you hint, That you may, in a Twelvemonth’s Time,
marry me, on the Continuance of my good Beha-
viour; that *this* weighs less with me, if possible,
than

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 con-
tentedly live at the mean-
est Rate, and think not
myself above the lowest
Condition, that I am also
above making an Ex-
change of my Honesty
for all the Riches of the
Indies. When I come to
be proud and vain of
gaudy Apparel, and out-
side Finery; then, (which,
I hope, will never be)
may I rest my principal
Good in such vain Trin-
kets, 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

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 as 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 *bless* 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 your self, and let her remain so!---May God Almighty, whose Mercy so lately sav'd you from
the

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, my dear Parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again, (for I hope my Conduct will 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

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 frightened 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 Mr. *Fewkes* 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. *Fewkes*, 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

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 have it. 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. *Fewkes*, 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 Nonfuch, 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 *Colebrand*!—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. *Fewkes*; tho' I can have neither Justice nor Mercy here, and cannot be heard in my Defence, yet a Time will come, may-

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 your self!—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 my self; 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 true; 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

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 some of my Cloaths 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 three Nights before.

I can't imagine what she means; but *Nan* offer'd to talk a little once or twice; and she snubb'd 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. *Fervis* 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

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 concern'd 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!

SUN-

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 Inter-
 ‘ cessor, for *Stamford*; and shall not be back till to-
 ‘ morrow Evening, if then. As to your Ward, I
 ‘ am thoroughly incens'd against her. She has with-
 ‘ stood 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 Love-
 ‘ lines 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. Be-
 ‘ sure trust her not without another with you at
 ‘ Night,

‘ Night, left 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 carelessly left on the Table. I wish, said I, I had known that. Why sure, said she, if you had, you would not have offered 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 true, 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 a little easy. Therefore 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.

T U E S D A Y 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 pleas'd, 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 Cherry-brandy 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* perceiv'd 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.

bed. And so the poor Maid went muttering up Stairs.

About two Hours after, which was near Eleven o'Clock, Mrs. *Fewkes* 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! 'twas 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. *Fewkes* 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; but won't she get Cold?

Said she, I hope you have no Writing to-night. No, reply'd I, I will go to-bed with you, Mrs. *Fewkes*. 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 for? said she, I am thinking, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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. *Ferwis*; 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

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 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 Goal; 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, saucy, and what not? to dare to run away from certain Ruin, and to strive 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 have 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

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 to-morrow 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 were no Stranger to his *fine* Articles. Said she, I think they were fine Articles, and you were 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. *Fewkes*, 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 aches most sadly! How do you do?---She answer'd not one Word. Said the superlatively wicked Woman, You know I have or-

der'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 Aspen-leaf; and I, poor Fool that I was! pitied her much.--But well might the barbarous Deceiver tremble at his vile Diffimulation, 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 Procurefs 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

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 sitting 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 offered 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 not she 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

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 recal 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, magnified 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 began 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 come near you all this Day, if you'll promise to compose yourself. Then, Sir, 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 Par-

lour. 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 we did all we could to restore you; and my Passion for you was all swallowed 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

your Resolution, if you will fend 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 Repentment.

As to the first, Sir, said I, it is a hard Injunction, for the Reasons I have mentioned. And as to the second, considering her vile unwomanly Wickedness, and her Endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning Goodness seem'd to
have

have some Compassion upon 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. *Fewkes*. She came down, and he took my Hand, and put it into hers; and said, Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 were not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, at the very first Word, she has *once* obliged 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.

Mrs. *Fewkes* 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.

W E D N E S D A Y *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

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 tiezing, 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. *Fewkes*, 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 be 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. *Fewkes'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

of all he said, and resolved not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded: For I was forced 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, whom 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

I came back, at his Call, and seeing him look displeas'd, 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 Name to little puny Freedoms, that shew my Love and my Folly at the same time. But begone, said he, taking my Hand, and tossing it from him, 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 forbear 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

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 forbear 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.

 W E D N E S D A Y 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 Scence 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 Horfes; 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 used 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 confus'd at his so kind and unusual Freedom and Condescension. And,
good

good Sirs! you can't imagine how Mrs. *Fewkes* 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 curt'sy'd, saying, I would attend his Honour; and he said, Do, good Girl!

Well, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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. *Fewkes*, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the most 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

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 possessed 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 saucy Terms enough, yet, in such a manner, as makes me admire you more. Your pretty Chit-chat to Mrs. *Fewkes*, 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 were when you came into my House.

But, what can I do? Consider the Pride of my Condition. I cannot endure the Thought of Marriage,

riage, 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*!---Speak out, said he, and tell me what I bid you, What you think I ought to do? I cannot say what you *ought* to do, answer'd I: 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.

Still he insisted upon a more explicit Answer to his Question, of what I thought he ought to do. And I said, As to *my* poor Thoughts, of what you
ought

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 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 still more explicitly, what you would advise me to 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;

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. *Fewkes*, 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

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 pleas'd 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

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 undefigning, 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

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 Cen-
sure? — 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

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 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

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 my tired Pen for this Time.

The END of Vol. I.



