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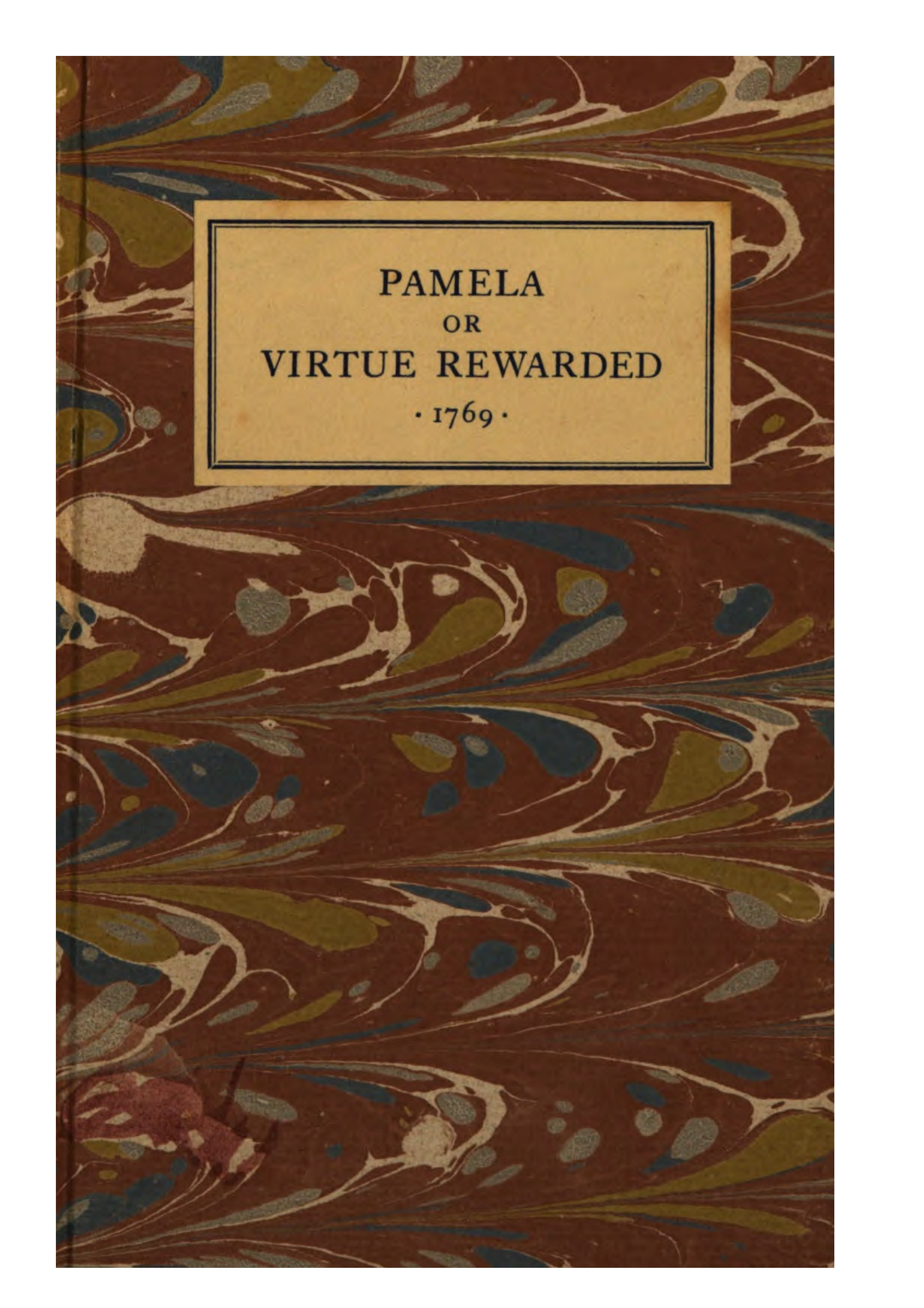
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The book cover features a complex marbled pattern with swirling veins of brown, olive green, and blue on a light tan background. A central rectangular label with a double-line border contains the title and date.

PAMELA
OR
VIRTUE REWARDED

• 1769 •

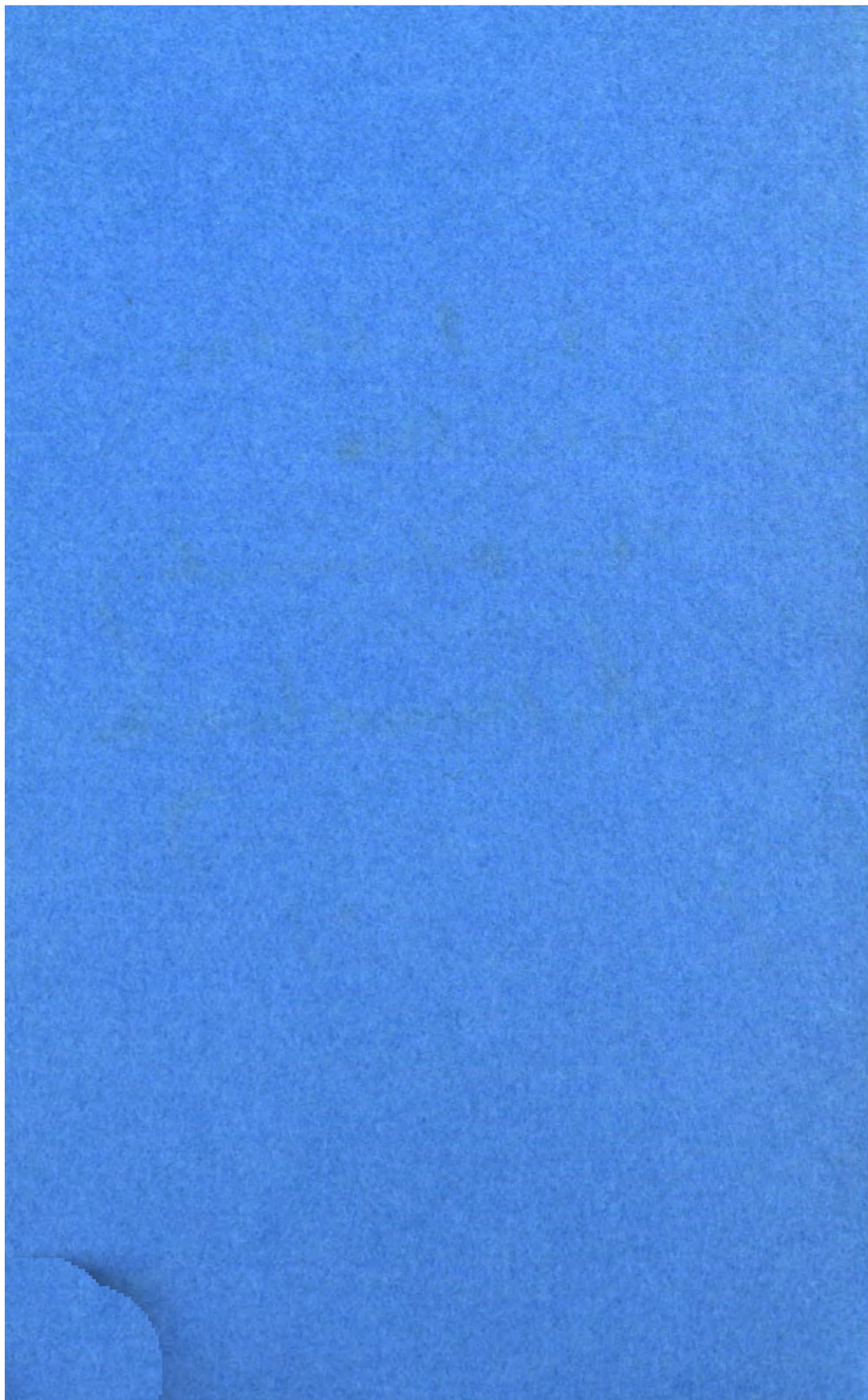
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Mr A. J. Ellis
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A. Edward Linder

January 1, 1929.



11

PAMELA
OR
VIRTUE REWARDED

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

OF THE

EDITION OF 1769

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

A. EDWARD NEWTON

PRIVATELY PRINTED

"Oak Knoll"

BERWYN, PENNSYLVANIA

1929

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INTRODUCTION.



THE BOOK AND ITS PUBLISHER

This is a photographic reproduction of a once famous little book published in 1769 by John Newbery, "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard" as Oliver Goldsmith called him in his *VICAR OF WAKEFIELD*.

Newbery was the first bookseller to make the issuing of books intended for children a business of any importance: he was a friend of Goldsmith and of Dr. Johnson and is chiefly remembered to-day as the publisher of *GOODY TWO-SHOES*, but in his time he was a man of considerable importance and made

a small fortune by the publication of books, and the manufacture and sale of what we today call patent medicines. He was a part owner in and had the sole management of the sale of Dr. James' celebrated Fever Powder, one of the most popular medicines of the time. It was considered good for most of the ills that flesh was then heir to and Horace Walpole writing to a friend said, "James' powder is my panacea; that is, it always shall be, for, thank God, I am not apt to have much occasion for medicines but I have such faith in these powders that I believe I should take them if the house were on fire." This is a strong testimonial but there is some reason to believe that the use of these powders, against the advice of his physician, was at least indirectly the cause of the death of the author of *THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD* for there is in the library at "Oak

Knoll" a slender volume which purports to be "An Account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness, so far as it relates to the Exhibition of Dr. James's Powders, together with the use and abuse of powerful medicines, etc." But I am wandering far afield, as is my habit.

"The Children's Friend," as Newbery called himself, established his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1745 and the business was continued at that address until 1885 when the building was torn down. I well remember visiting it on the occasion of my first visit to London in 1884; it was near the west entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral, not far from the statue of Queen Anne "with her face to the brandy-shop and her back to the church," as a wicked wag once remarked. The statue of Queen Anne still looks down Ludgate Hill, but the surroundings have entirely changed.

John Newbery's "list" of publications was a long one and it included a greatly abbreviated TOM JONES, CLARISSA and several other famous novels, including PAMELA. Who was the man who condensed PAMELA from two good-sized volumes of rather fine print into one tiny volume, and who changed the character of the original work from a long series of letters into a continuous narrative "especially adapted to children?" Was it Oliver Goldsmith, or perchance Newbery himself? Who shall say? We know that Goldsmith did all sorts of hack-work for his friend and publisher and we know that a job of this character takes time and skill and patience—more, for example, than Sir Walter Scott had when he attempted to tell "The Story of Macbeth" for a little boy of five years of age! Whoever did the work, however, did it well. How interesting the story would be to

children of to-day, who have so much to amuse them, I shall not attempt to say, but the whole series must, at one time, have been very popular for they have been thumbed practically out of existence, as is the fate of most books intended for children. This is the first one I have seen in many years and I am sure I am not mistaken in thinking that my friends will find it amusing.

I have elsewhere told the small world which is interested in my opinion of PAMELA how much joy that novel has given me! I laugh when I think of it. Virtue, is not necessarily amusing but Richardson makes it so. He was a printer, and over fifty years of age when two friends, booksellers, asked him to write a little volume of letters (what we would, to-day, call a "letter-writer") which plain people, those who wrote themselves with difficulty, could use as models. Always a moralist, Rich-

ardson thought it would be a good plan at the same time to inculcate "virtue." The result was PAMELA, OR VIRTUE REWARDED, a book which scholars are pretty generally in accord in describing as the first modern English novel.

The story is briefly this. A handsome, intelligent young woman; Pamela Andrews by name, a servant girl—and in those days they were servants indeed—gets a job, an excellent job. Soon her mistress dies and the servant inherits and wears her clothes; quickly becoming very attractive to the lady's son, who seeks her for his mistress; she resists and he insists: it is a long drawn out and at times, lewd and dangerous struggle but the lady wins and finally leads her lover like a lamb to the altar. "Wedding lines" sanctify their mutual passion and they live happily ever after. This is the whole story, but as Dr. Johnson says, a

man who would read Richardson for the story alone would hang himself. It reveals, it is said, to reveal the workings of the human heart and, therein, it differs from another famous book ROBINSON CRUSOE (we may not now call it a novel) which preceded it by twenty years. Had there been a lady on the island and had Crusoe's man Friday been of a lighter complexion we might have had "sentiment" rather than "adventure" and Defoe would be the father of the English novel rather than Richardson.

The incidents in the novel are conveyed to the reader in an interminable series of letters from the virtuous maid to her parents and by long entries in her journal, made immediately after the events described. They recount the horrid attacks which have been made upon her and of her determination to preserve her virtue inviolate at

the cost of her life, if need be. Pamela thinks, writes and speaks of her virtue and of her difficulties in keeping it to the exclusion of everything else. She talks about it to her fellow servants: the gardener bids her cultivate it; the coachman tells her to let it ride. Did the chaste, handsome servant-girl know that her virtue would subdue the beast in her lover? The question was asked immediately the book appeared—and it is still unanswered.

One hardly sees how such a tale can make appeal to children, but in its original letter form PAMELA was immediately and enormously successful. It was popular alike with Duchesses who read with ease and with the middle classes who could, with difficulty spell out the words. It was commended from the pulpit and it was parodied, and dramatized: it was translated into foreign languages and it was set to music. In the book the

lover's name is never mentioned; he is always referred to as Mr. B. It remained for Henry Fielding to declare that Mr. B. was short for Mr. Booby and the novel was burlesqued in a short story called SHAMELA and again in JOSEPH ANDREWS. Joseph Andrews is Pamela Andrews' brother, a pure-minded footman by trade, and he evades the amorous attentions of his mistress, Lady Booby, in much the same manner as his sister does those of her master, Mr. B., but finally his, Fielding's, genius ran away with him and JOSEPH ANDREWS became a good novel on its own, so to say, with at least one immortal character, Parson Adams. Then Fielding discovered that the newly invented novel was his true *métier* and wrote TOM JONES, one of the best, if not the very best novel in the language.

Richardson followed the original two volumes of PAMELA with two

more volumes in which the married life of his heroine is recounted in exhausting detail. Few read the sequel nowadays but it was once popular and its author's immortality was made secure, when, a few years later, he published a much greater novel *CLARISSA*. Anyone can make fun of *PAMELA*; no one can make fun of *CLARISSA*; one can weary of her but one cannot make fun of her. It is one of the greatest novels in any language and incidentally it is one of the longest.

PAMELA in a first edition, has become a scarce, and excessively scarce book. It was never too easy to find: the recent craze (for it is no less) for eighteenth century books has sent its price a-soaring. Professor Tinker, bibliographically speaking, the most enlightened of college professors, paid six hundred dollars for his copy. I offered him twelve for his bargain and he laughed at me. Barton Currie, who

has frequently occasioned in me, the sin of envy, secured a beautiful copy for fifteen hundred while I finally landed an excellent copy at two thousand. But the end is not yet: Dr. Rosenbach wants a copy for his own private library (for Rosy takes his own medicine in liberal doses) and complains that a fellow book-seller is holding him up for eight thousand! (*the biter bit!*)

There is this to be said for any book in two or more volumes. A book in one volume is a unit; wherever it is one has a book complete, whole and entire. Whoever finds one volume out of two or three finds not a half or a third of a book, he finds vexation. He had all but better have found nothing. I once bought for two pounds, one volume, in boards uncut of the first edition of *RASSELAS*; I would give two hundred for its better half.

LITTLE WOMEN, that great American classic, ranking with ALICE IN WONDERLAND, in two volumes, is worth any price the book-seller cares to put upon it. I was routed out of bed one night not long ago to listen to a telegram read over the telephone from Carolyn Wells, who had discovered somewhere in the middle west, a fine copy of LITTLE WOMEN for which she was asked sixteen hundred dollars! She wanted to know should she buy it. I replied, "yes, and be quick about it." And it was this same Carolyn who once called this noblest of games: *Book-collecting: the Idiot's Delight*. She knows better now and is trying to make up for lost time.

The fact is the collecting of novels has only begun. Volumes of poems, even important volumes, are not frequently read to shreds: sometimes they are scarcely read at all, hence their occasional dis-

covery in "mint state." But the novel, the great novel, in first edition is always scarce. You may get a whole company of fine, up-standing SHROPSHIRE LADS for one LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, in cloth as issued, or in boards with paper labels, intact.

A. EDWARD NEWTON

"Oak Knoll,"
Berwyn, Penna.
October 1, 1929.



J. Sadler delin. et sculp.

THE
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O F
P A M E L A,
O R,
V I R T U E R E W A R D E D.

Abridged from the Works of

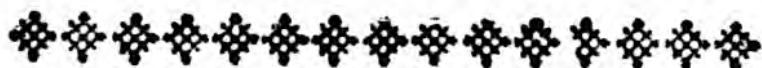
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C O N -



C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. I.

Pamela's birth and great improvement in the service of Lady B. who had taken a fancy to her. The death of that Lady, &c The treatment she received from Mr. B. her young master, till she set out in the cha riot in expectation of returning to her dear parents.

C H A P. II.

Pamela sets out with the pleasing hopes of returning to her parents, is met upon the road by Mrs. Jewkes, and carry'd to Mr B's seat in Lincolnshire. Meanwhile Goodman Andrews comes to Mr. B's to demand his dear Child, but is put off with evasive answers, and a promise that he should soon hear from her.

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P III.

The manner in which Pamela is treated by Mrs. Jewkes, her endeavours to escape by the assistance of Mr. Williams, who at length offers her marriage. That gentleman is robbed, and afterwards thrown into prison. Pamela escapes into the garden, her disappointments and misfortunes there. She loses all hopes of liberty.

C H A P. IV.

Mr. B's arrival. He treats the unhappy Pamela with great severity. He sends her written proposals which she rejects; he afterwards treats her with tenderness, and resolves to marry her; when she, suspecting his intentions, he complies with her desire of sending her to her parents.

C H A P. V

*Pamela again departs in order to return home; but Mr. B. unable to live without her sends a man and horse, who overtaking her, desires her return; but
leaves*

C O N T E N T S.

leaves it to her own choice. Affected by this generous treatment, she returns, is treated kindly, and Mr. B. resolving to marry her, she is visited by the neighbouring gentry. Goodman Andrews arrives, affecting interviews between him, Mr. B, Pamela, and Mr. Williams. Their marriage.

C H A P. VI.

Pamela is prevented from attending Mr. B. at the seat of a neighbouring baronet, by the arrival of lady Davers, Mr. B's sister, who not thinking her married, treats her with great insolence: But she at length escapes out of the window, and hastens to Mr. B. A quarrel between Mr. B. and his sister, after their return, which ends in a reconciliation between that lady and Pamela.

C H A P. VII.

They return to Mr. B's seat in Bedfordshire, where they are received with the utmost joy by the whole family. Mr. B. takes her to see a child nearly related to him. Pamela's behaviour on this occasion. Mrs. Godfrey's story. The conclusion.

T H E

(1)



THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
P A M E L A.

CHAP. I.

Pamela's birth and great improvement in the service of Lady B. who had taken a fancy to her. The death of that Lady, &c. The treatment she received from Mr. B. her young master, till she set out in the chariot in expectation of returning to her dear parents.

PAMELA, a lovely girl, was the daughter of Mr. Andrews, who, from being in pretty easy circumstances, was reduced to be a day labourer, and to earn his bread by hedging and ditching. When she was about twelve years of age, the lady B. taking
B ing

ing a fancy to her, received her into her family; and as she daily grew more genteel, pretty, and engaging, her ladyship became so fond of her, that she took great pleasure in improving her mind, and having her taught not only fine needle work, but even music and dancing; she exercised the benevolence of her young heart, by entrusting her with the distribution of her charities. Mean while *Pamela's* improvement under her indulgent mistress, raised the admiration of all who knew her, while her encreasing beauties, her innocence, her virtue, humility, and sweetness of temper, excited their love, and in a particular manner endeared her to the whole family.

This engaging girl had enjoyed these advantages about four years, when her excellent lady, for whom she had a tender affection, mingled with the utmost reverence and gratitude, falling sick, she attended her with unwearied diligence, but to her unspeakable grief, every method used for her recovery proved ineffectual, and she died. The
good

good lady had in her last moments recommended the lovely weeping *Pamela* to the care of her son, Mr. *B.* a handsome young gentleman, who had a great estate and many accomplishments.

Her young master now became extremely kind to her, and gave her many of her mistress's cloaths, with four guineas that were found in her pockets. The dutiful *Pamela* sent the money to her father and mother by one of the footmen who was going that way, wrapt up in paper and enclosed in a little box, with a letter, in which she informed them of the death of her lady and by what means she had been able to make them this present: at the same time she mentioned in a postscript her having been frightened by Mr. *B.*'s entering the room when she was folding up the letter, and her ineffectual endeavours to conceal it; but he, after reading it, was not displeas'd, and returning it, not only praised her for her duty to her parents, and her proficiency in writing

and spelling ; but granted her the use of her late lady's library.

Her poor parents, who were distinguished by their honesty and poverty, did not receive the satisfaction and relief she expected from this present, which only served to alarm their fears for the virtues of their beloved daughter. Dreading the motive of this kindness, they resolved to make no use of what seemed to them to be given only with a view to ensnare her virtue: and therefore they endeavoured to put her on her guard, by shewing her danger, reminding her of the principles they had carefully instilled into her mind, and cautioning her against being seduced by her own gratitude; earnestly charging her, that if she found the least attempt made upon her virtue, to leave every thing behind her and come to them, since they had rather see her covered with rags, or follow her to the grave, than find that she parted with her virtue for any earthly consideration whatever. *Pamela*, whose unsuspecting heart had been filled with gratitude
for

for her master's goodness, was rendered by this letter fearful and suspicious; but she strove to remove her parents apprehensions, by assuring them, that whoever should be the tempter, she would prefer rags and poverty with bread and water, to the greatest affluence and splendor purchased by the loss of her good name.

In the mean while the lady *Davers*, her master's sister, came to pay her brother a visit, and staid a month in the family. This lady taking particular notice of *Pamela*, made the proposal to Mr. *B.* of her coming to live with her, to which he instantly consented, to the great joy of *Pamela*, who was glad to see him so willing to part with her; which she considered as a convincing proof of the innocence of his intentions; and while she pleased herself with this hope, she received many presents of her late mistress's cloaths, which he desired her to wear for her sake. In the mean time the lady *Davers* gave her the most prudent instructions with regard to her behaviour, while she observed to Mr.

6 P A M E L A.

B. that she was too handsome to live in a bachelor's family, tho' she was extraordinary discreet and sensible for one of her years.

Mr. *B.* however soon altered his mind with respect to *Pamela's* going to wait upon lady *Davers*, and before that lady left the house, told her, that as she had a nephew who was a wild young rake, he thought *Pamela's* beauty would there be her ruin. That lovely girl, even after her ladyship's departure, confiding in her own virtue, and the care of Mrs. *Jervis*, the housekeeper, a very worthy woman, went on happily for some time: but one day being at work in the summer-house, at the further end of the garden, her master, who had all along pretended to be kind to her, from his regard to the request of his dying mother, and was too fearful of her honour to trust her in the same house with his sister's nephew, shewed himself in his true colours; for following her thither, he rudely entered the summer-house, and would have behaved in a manner very unbecoming a gentleman,
had

had she not got loose and escaped, but he suddenly held her back, and shut the door; when losing all the respect she had entertained for him, she told him she would not stay. You won't, huffy! cry'd he, enraged. Do you know who you speak to? Yes, Sir, I do, she returned, bursting into tears; but well may I forget I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master. Yet Sir, I shall be so bold as to say, that though poor I am honest, and were you a prince I would not be otherwise. Mr. B. at this being somewhat disconcerted, ordered her to cease her blubtering, and desiring her to keep what had passed a secret, put some gold in her hand to make her amends for her fright, and bid her walk in the garden till she had done crying: but refusing to take the money, she laid it down on the window-bench, and opening the door, entered the garden, while he, calling after her, charged her to be silent.

Pamela, who was now in the deepest distress, obeyed her master in drying up her tears, and taking a few turns
in

the garden, before she ventured to appear among the other servants, and having entered the house, she shut herself up in her chamber, in order to meditate on the danger, and the means of making her escape. She resolved to go to the next town, and to stay there till she had an opportunity of reaching her parents, but she soon recollected that the cloaths she wore might expose her to danger, and that by wearing them she might be even suspected of having robbed, and run away from her master. Sincerely did she then wish for cloaths like the grey ruffet gown, and the mean dress with which she had been fitted out by her poor but honest parents. The agitations of her mind were so great, that they confined her to her chamber till the evening; when excusing herself from going to supper, Mrs. *Jervis*, who had constantly treated her with the utmost affection, came up, and observing her disorder, earnestly entreated her to open her mind to her. This she readily promised, on condition of her leaving her for the present, and suffering



J. Lodge delin. et sculp.

fering her to be her bedfellow; and to this Mrs. *Jervis* readily consented.

After their having retired in order to go to bed, *Pamela* told her all that had passed, and the good woman sympathized in her distress, *Pamela* entreated her to give her her advice, and to let her know what she ought to do, shewing her at the same time her father's letter, in which he exhorted her to return to him, rather than suffer her virtue to be endangered. Mrs. *Jervis* however, told her, that she hoped her having behaved with such resolution and virtue, would make her master ashamed of his rude and indecent behaviour, and prevent his alarming her any more, and therefore persuaded her not to leave her place. Yet added, she was most afraid of her on account of her beauty; which might engage the best gentleman in England to love her.

Pamela, who, the next day continued extremely dejected, wrote a long letter to her parents, to inform them of all that had passed, and to ask their advice; but leaving the room before she

she had sealed it, she at her return found it gone. At first she had no suspicion of its having fallen into the hands of her master; whom she could not suspect of being guilty of such meanness as to steal a letter from his servant; but his ill temper soon persuaded her that he had read it, and was provoked at the contents; for he ordered Mrs. *Fervis* not to allow her to spend so much of her time in writing. Soon after he went to pay a visit to his sister, with whom he staid some time; and during his absence she enjoyed a tolerable share of happiness; but he no sooner returned home, than he began to call her to account, for her presuming to disobey his orders, by telling what had passed in the summer-house. She strove to evade giving a direct answer to his questions, while she could do it consistent with truth, but was at length forced to confess that she had informed Mrs. *Fervis* of her fright and apprehensions. He then exclaimed against her writing to persons out of the house about what passed in his family; on which being
fully

fully convinced that he had the letter designed for her father, she had the courage to reply, O Sir! of whom should such a poor girl as I ask advice if not of her father? Indeed Sir, it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the truth. Mr. *B.* now stamping, seemed filled with rage, while poor *Pamela*, affrighted and trembling, fell on her knees, and in the most moving voice besought his pity. I have nothing to trust to, she cry'd, but my virtue and my good name. Indeed it is impossible for me to be either insolent or ungrateful, as you are pleased to call me, except when your commands are contrary to virtue, which I will ever make the ruling principle of my life.

Mr. *B.* now appearing affected with her words and behaviour, retired; but in a few minutes returned, apparently with the worst designs, for catching her in his arms, he eagerly kissed her, while she struggled, but in vain, to prevent him. The frightened and terrified *Pamela* was now in the utmost distress, but he persisting in his freedoms, her indignation gave her strength; she
broke

broke from him, and rushed into another room ; yet was so closely followed by her master, that he seized hold of her gown as she entered it ; but the door having a spring lock, she clapped it too, and the bolt shut against him, though part of her gown was on the outside.

Pamela had no sooner entered the room, than she fell in a fit on the floor, which tore off that part of her gown that was held fast by the door. Mr. *B.* could pursue her no farther ; for the key happened not to be on the outside ; but on his beholding her thro' the key hole stretched on the floor, and to all appearance dead, the ungoverned passions, with which he had just been agitated, subsided, and being struck with fear and terror, he called Mrs. *Fervis*, and on her coming, burst open the door, and they entered the room together. *Pamela* however was soon brought to herself, when her master ordering his housekeeper to take care of her, and not to mention what had happened to any of the family, left the room.

The

The good Mrs. *Jervis* wept over her as if she was her own daughter. When Mr. *B.* a little after, ordered Mrs. *Jervis* to let *Pamela* know, that he should expect to see her the next day after dinner in his mother's closet. You must be with her, added he, and hear all that passes. How is the girl? Never in my life did I see such a fool. I offered no violence to her. She, it seems, has told you that I was rude to her in the summer-house; tho' I was quite innocent then, as well as now; and have done her no harm; but prating perverse fool as she is, I will not have her stay in my house.

The next day *Pamela* was very loth to meet him; but he rung the bell at the time appointed, and when Mrs. *Jervis* went up, he asked for *Pamela*, and ordered her to bring the girl to him, and be a witness of his behaviour. On her return, she found the poor *Pamela* ready to die for fear; but she took fresh courage at hearing that she should be all the while accompanied by her kind and prudent friend. On their appearing before Mr. *B.* he

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made

made light of what had passed the day before, treated the poor girl very harshly, and insisted on Mrs. *Fervis's* informing him of what she said was the cause of her being in such a terrible fright. That worthy woman, intimidated at the sternness of her master's looks and voice, answered, that she only said he had kissed her, and set her on his knee. When *Pamela*, resuming courage, cried, You know, Sir, you did more, and I cannot bear it.—Here her tears stopped her voice. The good housekeeper then began to excuse her, and beseech him to pity a poor girl, who set so high a value on her reputation. Indeed, I think her pretty, cried Mr. *B.* I speak it to her face, I think her very pretty; and I imagined she was humble, and would not grow proud or insolent upon my favours, and the notice I took of her, but I abhor the thought of compelling her to any thing. I know myself and her better. 'Tis true I have demeaned myself by taking too much notice of her: but she bewitched me, I think, and made me take greater freedoms

freedoms than became me, though I had no design to carry the jest farther.

Mr. *B.* seemed to represent every thing as no more than an innocent jest, and appearing highly to resent her being so vain and foolish as to mistake his intentions, concluded with threats that she should return back to the poverty from which his mother had taken her. But *Pamela*, who looked upon her innocence and virtue as her richest treasures, was far from considering this as a misfortune, and falling on her knees, earnestly blessed him for his promise of suffering her to go honest to her parents. After which she and the housekeeper left the room.

Pamela's mind being now taken up with the thoughts of returning home to her parents, she considered, that should she go with nothing on her back that was really fit for her condition, it would have a strange appearance; for how, thought she, would she look in a silk night gown, silk petticoat, cambric head cloaths, the fine Holland linen, fine stockings and laced shoes, that had been her lady's? And how

like casts-off's indeed, in a little time must these appear, and she herself for wearing them. She therefore bought of a farmer's wife and daughters, a good sad coloured stuff of their own spinning, sufficient to make her a gown and two petticoats, and made facings and robings of a pretty bit of printed calico which she had by her. She had a camblet quilted petticoat, which she thought might do tolerably well. She purchased two flannel undercoats, and having some pretty good Scots cloth, she, by working early and late when nobody saw her, made two shifts. She also bought of a pedlar, a pair of knit mittins turned up with white calico, a little straw hat, two round ear'd caps, and two pair of ordinary worsted hose, with white clocks, and two yards of black ribbon for her shift sleeves, and to serve as a necklace. This she purchased out of the money she had saved, for her good lady had been always giving her something. She judged herself the more obliged to do this, on account of her being turned away for what her
master

master seemed to think want of duty ; and as he expected other returns for his presents than she intended to make him, she imagined it therefore but just for her, on her going away, to leave his presents behind her.

She had concealed all this from Mrs. *Jervis*, whom she resolved to surprise with her new project, and therefore one day after dinner dressed herself up in her new garb, and put on her round ear'd cap with a green knot, her plain Spanish leather shoes, her black silk necklace instead of the French necklace given her by her lady, and took the ear-rings out of her ears. Thus equipped, she went down stairs with her straw hat in her hand to look for Mrs. *Jervis*, and to see how she liked her.

Upon the stairs she met *Rachel* the house-maid, who not knowing her, made her a low curtsy as she passed : *Pamela* smiled, and walked on to the housekeeper's parlour, where Mrs. *Jervis* was at work, and on her appearance, rose up, and pulling off her spectacles, said, Do you want me,

forsooth? When not being able to forbear laughing, she cry'd, What Mrs. *Jervis!* don't you know me? Mrs. *Jervis* now stood astonished, and viewed her from top to toe. Why you surprize me, she exclaimed, what *Pamela* thus metamorphosed! how came this about!

Mr. *B.* at this instant stepped into the room; but her back being towards him, he supposed her to be a stranger who had some business with his house-keeper, and therefore withdrew, not hearing Mrs. *Jervis* ask, if his honour had any commands for her. The good woman now turned her round, and examined all her dress to her under petticoat, and then sitting down, cried, Why, I am all in a maze! what can this mean? *Pamela* answered, that as she had no cloaths suitable to her condition when she should return to her parents, she thought it better to begin here, that all her fellow servants might see, she knew how to suit herself to the state to which she was returning.

A

A stop was now put to their discourse by Mr. *B*'s ringing a bell in the back parlour, on which Mrs. *Jervis* went to attend him. He let her know that he intended to go into Lincolnshire, and perhaps to his sister lady *Davers's*, and should be absent some weeks. But pray, said he, what pretty neat damsel was that with you? She smiled, and asked if his honour did not know who she was? No, he reply'd, I never saw her before. Neither farmer *Brady* nor farmer *Nichols* have such a tight genteel lass for a daughter, have they? But I did not see her face. If your honour won't be offended, said Mrs. *Jervis* very inconsiderately, I will introduce her into your presence, for I think she outdoes our *Pamela*. She then stept to her, and told her she must come to her master, with her straw hat in her hand; but for goodness sake, let him find you out himself, for he does not know you. I say you shall go in; but I charge you not to discover yourself till he finds you out.

Pamela,

Pamela, who had consented to go with great reluctance, on entering the room, dropt a low curtsy, without speaking a word, when her master, coming up to her, took her by the hand, saying, Whose pretty maid are you? You are so like *Pamela*, that you are certainly her sister—so neat—so clean—and so pretty! why, child, you greatly excel your sister *Pamela*! She was in the utmost confusion, and attempted to speak: but throwing his arm round her neck; you may believe me, said he, I would not be so free with your sister, but I must kiss *you*. O Sir, she cried, I am *Pamela*; indeed I am; he however kissed her, and added, impossible! You are a sweeter girl than *Pamela* by half; and sure I may be innocently free with you, though, I would not do her such a favour.

Pamela was vexed at the trick thus put upon her, and Mrs. *Jervis* was equally confounded on account of her inconsiderate and rash officiousness. At last, the blushing virgin escaped out of the room; but he detained
Mrs.

Mrs. *Jervis*, with whom he had a pretty long discourse, after which *Pamela* was ordered to return. Come in, you little villain, said he, I had resolved never more to honour your unworthiness with such notice; and you must disguise yourself to attract my regard, and yet pretend, like a hypocrite as you are—Hold, good Sir, cry'd she, interrupting him, do not impute disguise and hypocrisy to me; for, mean as I am, I hate them both. I have put on no disguise—What the plague then do you mean by this dress, said he, interrupting her in his turn? Please your honour, she returned, I mean one of the honestest things in the world. Indeed I have been in disguise ever since my good lady, your mother, took me from my worthy parents; when I came to her ladyship, I was so poor and mean, that these cloaths are a princely suit to those I then wore. Her condescending goodness heaped upon me rich cloaths, and other bounties, but as I am now returning to my poor parents, I cannot wear them without exposing myself
to

to ridicule, and have therefore bought what will be more suitable to my situation, and be a good holiday suit when I am at home.

Mr. *B.* then suddenly took her in his arms; but instantly, as if recollecting himself, pushed her from him. Mrs. *Fervis*, said he, take the little witch from me; I can neither bear, nor forbear her!—but stay, you shall not go! Yet begone!—no, come back again! She was however going, but stepping after her, he seized her hand, and giving it a violent squeeze, brought her back; while she cried, Pray, Sir, have mercy; I will, I will return!

Mr. *B.* now sat down, and looked at her in an irresolute manner; but at last resumed, As I was telling you, Mrs. *Fervis*, you may permit her to stay 'till I have an opportunity of asking my sister *Davers* if she will have her; on condition that she will in the mean time humble herself, and ask this as a favour. She must also acknowledge that she is sorry for her pertness, and the liberty she has taken with my character, both in and out of
the

the house. Your honour had before told me so, reply'd Mrs. *Jervis*; but I never found that she had any inclination to think herself in a fault. Pride and perverseness with a vengeance! cry'd he; yet this is your doating piece! Then turning to *Pamela*, he added, Well, for once, huffy, I'll submit to tell you, that you may stay a fortnight longer, 'till I see my sister *Davers*. Do you hear what I say to you, statue? Do you neither know how to speak, nor to be thankful! Your honour, said she, frights me so, that I hardly dare speak: but I will venture to say, that the only favour I have to beg is, that you will permit me to go home to my father and mother. Why, fool, returned he, don't you like to go and wait on my sister? Sir, cry'd she, once I should have been proud of that honour; but you were pleased to tell me, that I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me. What impudence! said he. Do you hear, Mrs. *Jervis*? Do you hear with what confidence she retorts upon me! was there ever such matchless

matchless assurance ! Mrs. *Jervis*, intimidated by the angry voice of her master, did not then dare to vindicate the injured innocence of this helpless girl, and answered only, *Fie, Pamela, fie !*

The tender heart of this lovely girl seemed ready to break at this treatment, when bursting into tears, she, with a deep sigh, cry'd, How hard is my lot ! I am sure, I would hurt nobody, and yet it seems I have been guilty of indiscretions that have cost me my place and my master's favour, and when the time is come, that I should return to my poor parents, I am not suffered quietly to go. Good, your honour, what have I done, to make you use me worse than if I had robbed you ? — Robbed me, hussy, said he, why you have, you have robbed me ! Who I, Sir, she replied, have I robbed you ? Why then you are a justice of the peace, and may, if you please, send me to jail, and cause me to be tried for my life ! if you can prove that I have robbed, I am sure that I ought to die. But, pray, Sir, let

let me but ask you one question, in which I do not mean the least disrespect to you. Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left, like the other maids, to be discharged by your house-keeper. If *Jane*, or *Rachel*, or *Hannab* were to offend, would your honour stoop to take notice of them? and why should you demean yourself by taking notice of me? If I have not been worie than others, why should I suffer more than they? Why should not an end be put to every thing by my being turned away? Indeed I am of too little consequence for my master to concern himself, and be angry about me.

Here *Pamela* paused, and Mr. *B.* looking at Mrs. *Fervis*, cried, Do you hear how pertly I am interrogated by this saucy slut? Why, saucebox, did not my good Mother desire me to take care of you? And have not I always distinguished you, and treated you above a common servant? and are you so ungrateful as to upbraid me for this?

D

Pamela

Pamela now muttering something, which he vowed he would hear. She begged to be excused, but he insisted upon it. Why then, she reply'd, if your honour must know, I said, that my good lady did not desire your care to extend to the summer-house and the dressing-room. At this he flew into such a rage, that she was forced to run out of the room. Mrs. *Jervis*, however, pleaded for her without success. and at her leaving him, he told her with an oath, that he would have her; and this being heard by *Jonathan* the butler, he instantly acquainted *Pamela* with it by a note.

The above circumstance filled the unhappy girl with dreadful apprehensions; and that very night, she found that they were far from being groundless. They talked over the affair when they were going to rest: *Pamela* was almost undressed, and Mrs. *Jervis* was in bed, when hearing a rustling noise in the closet, *Pamela* cried, God protect us! and went towards it, and was greatly frightened to find her master, in a silk and silver morning gown, who
wanted

wanted to behave in a very unbecoming manner towards her. Sir, quoth Mrs. *Jervis*, throwing herself across *Pamela*, and clasping her round her waist, you shall not hurt this innocent, I will loose my life in her defence. Mr. *B.* now enraged, threatened to throw the good woman out of the window; and to turn her out of the house the next morning. You need not, Sir, said she, for I won't stay in it. God defend my poor *Pamela* 'till to-morrow, and we will both go together. Mr. *B.* little regarding what she said, took such liberties as extremely terrified the innocent and modest virgin, who sighed, screamed, and fainted away: but Mrs. *Jervis* still lay across her, though she had a fit after, 'till Mr. *B.* frightened at seeing her pale and distorted features, went away, and going into his own room, called the maid servants to go and see what was the matter.

Pamela was very ill all the next day; and had the concern and good wishes of the family, who made many enquiries about her. Her master went

out early a hunting ; but left word he would return to breakfast. He entered the chamber about eleven, and at first appeared very angry. *Pamela* on seeing him come into the room, threw her apron over her head, crying as if her heart would break. Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, since I know you, and you me so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future. Sir, cry'd she, I'll take the liberty to say, what I think is best for us both. I am so grieved that you should attempt to injure this poor girl, especially in my chamber, that I should think myself accessory to the mischief, were I not to take notice of it. Though my ruin may be the consequence of my going, I don't desire to stay; poor *Pamela* and I will go together. With all my heart, returned he ; the sooner the better. I find, added he, this girl has made a party of the whole house in her favour against me. Her innocence deserves it all, Mrs. *Jervis* replied : and I never could have thought that the son of my late dear good lady could have had so little honour as to endeavour

endeavour to destroy the virtue he ought to protect. No more, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, I'll not bear it. As for *Pamela*, she has a lucky knack of falling into fits, when she pleases. But the cursed yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended her no harm, as I told you, if you'd have left your squalling; and I did none to any but myself; for I rais'd a hornet's nest about my ears, that for what I know, has stung my reputation to death. You may let Mr. *Longman* make up your accounts as soon as you will: and Mrs. *Jewkes* (his house-keeper in *Lincolnshire*) shall come hither in your place; and, I dare say, won't be less obliging than you have been. I have never disobliged you, said she, 'till now; and if you knew, Sir, what belonged to your reputation.—No more, said he, of these antiquated topics. I have been no bad friend to you, and shall always esteem you; tho' you have not kept my secrets so faithfully as I could wish, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her fear me more than she need.

Indeed, Sir, said she, after what passed yesterday and last night, I too far complied with your injunction; and should have deserved every body's censure as the basest of women. had I contributed to your lawless attempts. Still reflecting upon me, Mrs. *Jervis*, said he, for imaginary faults; (for what harm have I done the girl?) I'll assure you I won't bear it. But from respect to the memory of my mother, I would part friendly with you. Tho' both of you ought to reflect on the freedom of your conversation in relation to me; which I ought to have resented more than I do, were I not conscious that I should not have demeaned myself by entering your closet, where I might have expected to hear such impertinence.

Mr. *B.* afterwards made several vain attempts to induce *Pamela* to forgive him; and finding that he had no reason to hope that he should be ever able to bring her to comply with his wishes, while she was under the virtuous Mrs. *Jervis's* care, he resumed his repentment, and insisted that they should

should stay no longer in his family. Indeed he suffered himself to be prevailed on to let the house-keeper stay ; but ordered *Pamela* to be gone ; upon which she took an affecting leave of all the servants, none of whom were allowed to follow her out of the house, but *Robin* the coachman, belonging to Mr. B's *Lincolnshire* estate, who, she thought, had orders to drive her to her father's.





C H A P. IV.

Pamela sets out with the pleasing hopes of returning to her parents, is met upon the road by Mrs. Jewkes, and carry'd to Mr. B's seat in Lincolnshire. Meanwhile Goodman Andrews comes to Mr. B's to demand his dear Child, but is put off with evasive answers, and a promise that he should soon hear from her.

PAMELA now flattered herself with the pleasing hopes of soon embracing her dear parents, and living with them free from the snares of guilt in a state of virtuous poverty.—She set out in a chariot and four, and when she had been a considerable time on the road, began to be surprized to find him going so long to her father's cottage. In short, *Robin* pretended that he had lost his way, drove hard all day, and at last stopped at a farm house where she had never been before. Amazed and affrighted, she strove

strove to make the people of the house her friends; but they were Mr. B's tenants, and to prevent their listening to her complaints, he had informed them by letter, that he was sending her out of the way of a lover in order to prevent her from ruin. The coachman here also delivered her a letter from her master, filled with professions of love and of his honourable intentions, with a most solemn protestation, that without her leave, he would not come to the place to which she was going. This served to calm her fears, and made her flatter herself that the ruin she dreaded was not so near at hand as she first imagined. Besides, she was not without the pleasing hopes, that providence would disappoint all the wicked designs formed against her.

Early the next morning *Pamela* was obliged to leave the house; but formed the resolution of begging the protection of the people at the first inn at which they stopped; but she no sooner alighted for dinner, than she found waiting for her, a woman, who, at first sight inspired her with terror. She was

was about forty years old ; her person was squat and purfy ; her face was flat, broad, and red ; her nose flat and crooked, and her large eyebrows hung over a pair of dead, spiteful, grey, goggling eyes ; her voice was hoarse and manly, and she was as thick as she was long. This woman *Pamela* found was Mrs. *Jewkes*, her master's *Lincolnshire* housekeeper, whom she soon perceived, by her bold and confident behaviour, had neither the virtue nor the good sense of Mrs. *Jervis*. She treated the unhappy girl with an offensive freedom, and praising her beauty, said that such a charming creature might tempt the best lord in the land to run away with her. With this woman the lovely maid was obliged to go, it being impossible to obtain any relief from the mistress of the house, who was Mrs. *Jewkes's* sister. The housekeeper went with her in the chariot, and by her impertinence added to her distress during the rest of the journey. They in the evening reached Mr. *B's* mansion house, a large old building, which by its solemn and antique appearance, seemed

seemed to add to the horrors of her situation.

On their entering the house, Mrs. *Fewkes* was very officious, and treated her as if she thought the injured beauty her superior. *Pamela* however disclaimed this superiority, as she knew that she had no reason to expect any marks of distinction, without paying a price for them which she thought much too dear. Mrs. *Fewkes* said, she was ordered to treat her with the utmost respect, and she was resolved to obey. The distressed beauty answered, she hoped she would not obey her master in any ill thing. Let him look to that, replied the wicked woman, it is my business to obey. Why suppose, said the artless sufferer, he should order you to cut my throat, would you do it? There is no danger of that, she replied, to be sure I would not, for that would be murder, and I should be hanged. Is it not as great a crime, said *Pame'a*, to ensnare a helpless young creature, and bring her to eternal ruin? This is surely worse than cutting her throat. On this Mrs. *Fewkes*

Jewkes talked very impertinently, of its being natural for a young gentleman to love a pretty woman, and shewed a looseness of principles that convinced *Pamela* she could found no expectations on her virtue or conscience. Fatigued and quite sick of her disagreeable companion, *Pamela* begged her to shew her where she must lie; when Mrs. *Jewkes* let her know that she might lie where she pleased, but wherever it was, she must be her bedfellow for the present. For the present, cry'd she, alas I am a most miserable creature, and cannot help myself. Mighty miserable indeed, returned the housekeeper, to be so well beloved by one of the finest gentlemen in *England*; she said she had orders not to trust her out of her sight; and when she went to bed, she was so fearful of her escape, that she tied the key of the room door about her wrist.

While the unhappy *Pamela* was thus, under the pretence of being taken to her dear parents, carried to a place more proper for the execution of Mr. *B*'s designs against her, he endeavour-
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ed to strengthen his plot by writing a letter to her father, in which he informed him, that she having carried on a love affair with a poor young clergyman, he had been obliged, in order to break off their acquaintance, to send her out of his way. The good old people were, however, too well acquainted with *Pamela's* virtue and prudence, to give the least credit to this story, and being filled with apprehensions for the safety of their daughter, *Goodman Andrews* set out immediately for Mr. *B's* seat, and travelling all night, arrived there early in the morning, and in the most distressful terms, begged to see his daughter. The servants, who had no doubt of her being carried home to her parents, at first imagined that the old man was disordered in his mind: Mrs. *Jervis*, however, invited him into the parlour, when hearing him assert with many tears, that he had neither heard from, nor seen his dear child, she was unable to hide her concern, tho' out of a regard to her

E master's

master's reputation, she endeavoured to do it.

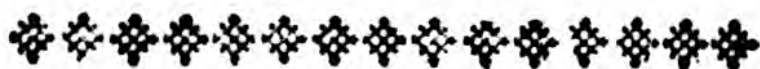
While they were lamenting the hard fate of the unhappy *Pamela*, Mr. B. entered the room, on which the tears of the affectionate father flowed afresh, and addressing himself to that gentleman, he cry'd, O my child ! my child ! Mr. B. appeared moved at his distress, but the good old man asking him what was become of his daughter, he answered that he thought he had satisfied him in his letter. The afflicted father, still demanded his daughter, promising that if he had her, he would take care that no clergyman should take her from him. Mr. B. then pretended that he had sent her into a bishop's family in *London*. Goodman *Andrews*, still dissatisfied, demanded what bishop ? and steadily insisted on his telling him where she might be found, protesting that he would travel to *London* bare foot to see his daughter. Will you be satisfied, said the squire, if you receive a letter from her within a week, it may be in less, if she is not negligent, to assure you of her welfare ?

welfare? Why that, said the poor man, would be a comfort. Well then, said Mr. B. I can't answer for her negligence; but she will write to you, Mrs. *Jervis*, and be sure send her letter by a man and horse the moment you receive it. To be sure I will, said she. Thank your honour, said the good man. I must wait with as much patience as I can for a week, which will be a year to me. I tell you, said the 'squire, it must be her own fault if she don't; I shan't stir from this house, I assure you, till she is heard off. God bless your honour, said the poor man, as you say and mean the truth. Amen, amen, Goodman *Andrews*, said he. You find I am not afraid to say amen. So Mrs *Jervis*, make him as welcome as you can, and let me have no uproar about the matter. Then whispering her, he bid her give him a couple of guineas to bear his charges home. Goodman *Andrews* being now tolerably easy from the hopes of hearing, in a few days, from his beloved daughter, staid and dined with Mrs. *Jervis*;

then accepting the present, set off for his own cottage.

In the mean time Mrs. *Fervis* and the rest of the family were very much concerned at the trick put upon the poor *Pamela*; and she and the steward talked to the 'squire in as moving terms as they dared, but were obliged to be satisfied with his assuring them in general, that he intended her no harm; which Mrs. *Fervis* could not believe, from his pretending in his letter, that she had carried on a correspondence with a young parson, which he was certain was a meer invention, but this she did not dare to mention. However, the week after she went away, they were made a little more easy, by Mrs. *Fervis*'s receiving a letter brought by an unknown hand, in which, though she said she had been vilely tricked and carried off where she was not allowed to tell, she had not yet been used ill, and begged her to let her dear father and mother know that she was well, and by the grace of God, would ever be their dutiful and honest daughter.

CHAP.



C H A P III.

The manner in which Pamela is treated by Mrs. Jewkes, her endeavours to escape by the assistance of Mr. Williams, who at length offers her marriage. That gentleman is robbed, and afterwards thrown into prison Pamela escapes into the garden, her disappointments and misfortunes there. She loses all hopes of liberty.

TO return to *Pamela*. The next morning after her arrival, Mrs. *Jewkes* presented to her the two maid servant, who appeared awkward, unmeaning creatures, of whom she could have no hopes, for these and two or three more servants, who seldom appeared, composed the family, and were entirely devoted to this woman. Indeed there was a young clergyman, named *Williams*, who, though he had an apartment in the house, seldom came to it, except on a Saturday in the afternoon, or on a Sunday, on ac-

count of his having a school in the village. However, he being a modest sober young gentleman, *Pamela* no sooner saw him, than she conceived great hopes of his contributing to her deliverance.

That Mrs. *Jewkes* might not think her provided, she asked her to indulge her with pen and ink, which was readily granted, on condition of her sending no writing out of the house, without her seeing it. That, said *Pamela*, is very hard, but may not I have to myself, the closet in the room where we lie, with the key to lock up my things? I believe, said she, I may consent to that, and will put it in order, and leave the key in the door. There is also a spinet, and if it be in tune, you may now and then play upon it to divert you; and you may take what books you will from my master's library below. *Pamela* went directly to the library, and choosing out some books, from which she hoped to receive improvement, as well as amusement, filled a shelf in the closet. She then hid a parcel of pens in several places,

places, and a little ink in broken china cups, and a sheet of paper here and there among her linen, with a little wax and a few wafers, in several places, for fear she should be searched, imagining, that by this means, she might open a way for her deliverance.

Sunday no sooner arrived than *Pamela* attempting to go to church, was denied by this barbarous woman; and on Mr. *Williams's* pleading for her, Mrs. *Jewkes* threatened him with great insolence, and talked of forbidding him the house. This gave *Pamela* great concern; for finding that his whole dependance was on Mr. *B*, she became fearful of applying to him for assistance, lest she should involve him in ruin. She therefore resolved first, to try what she could do with the maids, and for this purpose, prevailed on one of them to take a walk with her in the garden; but Mrs. *Jewkes* surprizing them together, shewed her authority, by ordering the girl to pull off *Pamela's* shoes, and bring them to her, which was instantly done. While *Pamela* was vexed and uneasy at this treatment,

treatment, she received a letter from her master, wherein he repeated his protestations of treating her in the most honourable manner, and prescribed the form of a letter, which he told her she must write, to let her parents know that she was well. She complied with this request, as already related sending, at the same time, a very pathetic letter to her master, in which she asked, What she had done to be made the mark of his cruelty? That after what had passed, she could not have the least dependance on his solemn assurances, and that it was impossible they should be consistent with the dishonourable methods he took against her. She earnestly entreated him not to drive her upon a rock that might be the destruction both of her body and soul, but that he would at least be so kind as to pity her, and allow her to join with the rest of the servants, in blessing him for that goodness which he had extended to all but her self

Mr *Williams* came again a few days after, when seizing the opportunity of
Mrs.

Mrs. *Jewkes's* absence, she told him, she would leave a letter for him between two tiles, under a particular sun flower in the garden. This contrivance he approved, and she wrote a very affecting letter, in which she let him know that she had been betrayed thither, she apprehended for the basest purpose, and entreated him to contrive some means for her deliverance, which she hoped might be in his power, as he had a key to the back door. This letter she deposited between the two tiles, and when the time came, when she hoped to receive an answer, she seized the first opportunity of going to the place, but was overtaken in the garden by Mrs. *Jewkes*, who abused and struck her. Though she was now almost broken hearted, she concealed her resentment, and by that means obtained leave to walk in the garden with one of the maids; and improving this advantage, she got possession of the welcome paper. The worthy clergyman expressed great pity for her distress; let her know that there were in the neighbourhood several

veral people of fashion, who might possibly be brought to lend her their assistance, and offered to convey a letter to lady *Davers's*, Mr. *B's* sister; but observed, that it must not be put into the post-office in the village, he having reason to believe, from something the man had said when in liquor, that he had his instructions. And soon after *Pamela* deposited an answer under the sun-flower, desiring him to mention her situation and distress to some of the ladies in the neighbourhood. While *Pamela* was thus employed in endeavouring to open a way for her deliverance, Mrs. *Jewkes* pretending to want money to pay a tradesman's bill, borrowed all she had brought with her, except a few shillings, promising to pay her again the next day; but she had no sooner obtained it, than she laughed at the unsuspecting girl, and impudently told her, that she had only borrowed it, to put it out of her power to corrupt the servants.

Pamela now received another letter from Mr. *B.* inclosed in one to his
house-

housekeeper, in which he observed, that he began already to repent of his having promised not to see her till she gave him leave, and earnestly entreated her to invite him down, renewing his promise of honourable treatment, on condition of her putting confidence in him. In her answer she observed, that she had reason to apprehend his notions of honour were very different from those she had entertained; for what proposals, she desired to know, could one of his rank have to make to a person in so mean a station? Adding, I know too well what belongs to your situation, to imagine that if you come down, I can expect any thing, but sad temptation and utter distress. And, Sir, added she, little do you know what the wretched *Pamela* dare do, when made desperate.

On the very day in which she received her master's letter, she found Mr. *Williams* had left one for her under the sun-flower, wherein he informed her, that though he had spoke to Mr. *Peters*, the minister of the parish, and to several ladies, he had been severely

verely repulsed by them all. But advised her to make no use of the key he had given her, till her master came down, when he promised to assist her in her flight, whatever should be the consequence with respect to himself. The poor injured beauty was greatly discouraged at the first part of this letter, but the conclusion filled her with hopes, and in her answer, she told him, that since he had been so kind as to assure her of his assistance, she would wait with patience till she heard that Mr. . was coming,

After this, *Pamela* being more closely watched than ever, determined for some time, to discontinue her sunflower correspondence. Mr. *B.* had given the young clergyman a promise of presenting him to a very good living in his gift, on the decease of the present incumbent, who was very old, and Mr. *Williams* coming to inform Mrs. *Jewkes*, that the old gentleman was dead, seized this opportunity to slip a letter into *Pamela's* hand, in which he proposed marriage, as the only method of delivering her from
Mr.

B. generously telling her that he would forego all his hopes of advancement to preserve her virtue and innocence, even though she should not consent to make him happy. In another letter, *Pamela* returned him thanks for the honour he did her, and gave due praises to his generous and disinterested concern for her virtue; but at the same time modestly declined his proposal of marriage, as she would never enter into that state without consulting her parents, and obtaining their consent.

Mrs. *Jewkes* soon after receiving another letter from her master, began to treat both Mr. *Williams* and *Pamela* with much greater civility than before, yet watched them both as close as ever. One day she came to *Pamela*, bringing with her the young clergyman, who appeared transported with joy, on his having received a letter from Mr. *B.* in which he promised to give him that lovely maid for his wife, as well as the living he had before intended him. Mrs. *Jewkes* had likewise a letter from her master, which she shew-

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ed, and in which he confirmed what he had wrote to Mr. *Williams*. *Pamela*, who was well acquainted with Mr *B*'s arts, took an opportunity to advise Mr. *Williams* to be mote on his guard, and again informed him that she would do nothing in the affair, without her parents approbation, and must be entirely at liberty before she could think of making her choice. Mrs. *Jewkes* now left them together, but soon returning, notwithstanding the advice *Pamela* had given him, he said he would send a messenger with a letter, to beg the consent of her parents, and Mrs. *Jewkes* permitting *Pamela* to write to her father, this, in some measure, removed her suspicions of foul play being intended her; and she ventured to give him privately some papers, in which she had given an account of her sufferings, that he might convey them to Mr. *Andrews*.

The reverend Mr. *Williams* having wrote the letter, went to carry it, with *Pamela*'s papers to the next town, from whence he intended to send a messenger with them: But in this excursion, he

he was attacked by ruffians, who seizing hold of him, swore they would kill him if he made the least resistance. They rummaged his pockets, and took from him his snuff box, a ring, his pocket handkerchief, two or three letters, half a guinea, with some silver and half-pence. But happily the letters *Pamela* had given him escaped, by being in his bosom. The villains bruised his head and face, and cursing him for having no more money, threw him into a ditch, crying, "Lie there Parson, 'till to morrow."—His knees and shins were much bruised in the fall against a stump, and he was very near being suffocated in mud and water. He was also forced to leave behind him his hat and wig, and to go home a mile and a half without them; but the next morning they were found, as was also his snuff-box, which the villains had dropped. His cassock and band were much torn, and he was made a terrible spectacle. He was, however, able to inform Mrs. Jewkes of his misfortune, by a letter, which he had the imprudence to write to that

wicked woman, and to express his gratitude to his patron, and his fondness for the incomparable *Pamela*.

Mrs. *Jewkes* laughed till her sides shook at the pitiful figure the poor parson made on this occasion, and turned all he had suffered into ridicule. As the good man, from his fright, and the hurts he had received, kept his room, this wicked woman solicited *Pamela* to go with her, and pay him a visit; but though she sincerely pitied him, she would not go. Mrs. *Jewkes*, on her return from this visit, told *Pamela* that the parson had made her his confidant, and informed her of all their contrivances. At this she was greatly alarmed; but though she could not conceal her uneasiness at the apprehension of his being more unguarded than he ought to have been, yet she was far from being so void of prudence, as to betray her own secrets.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, on leaving her, spent two hours in writing a letter to her master; but some days after, when Mr. *Williams*, having recovered from his fright and bruises, came to see them,

them, she behaved towards him with great coolness and reserve. But what gave *Pamela* most concern, was, that gentleman's having received a letter from a servant at the other house, which let him know, that Mr. P. was preparing for a journey. This news was sufficient to alarm the apprehensive *Pamela*, who desired him to provide her a horse, assuring him, that rather than ruin him by involving him in her calamities, she would lay the reins on the horse's neck, and trust to providence for her safeguard. He earnestly entreated her to calm her uneasiness, as he was firmly persuaded that Mr. P. could not be such a villain as she imagined. He then gave her a letter from her father, in which the good old man expressed his joy at the prospect of her happiness in marrying Mr. *Williams*, blessing God for thus rewarding the hard struggles she had met with in the defence of her virtue.

While things were in this situation, two letters were brought, which filled *Pamela* with the utmost distress; for, by mistake, the letter directed to *Pamela*,

mela, was intended for Mrs. *Jewkes*. Mr. *B.* here informed her, that he now heartily hated the artful creature for her contrivances in conjunction with Mr. *Williams*, whom he was determined to ruin for meditating her escape: That he had ordered an attorney to throw him into jail for an action of debt; and that, lest she and the other servants should be unable to keep the painted bauble 'till he came down, he had sent his trusty Swiss for her guard, threatening to decide her fate within three week. *Pamela* had but just read this shocking letter, when Mrs. *Jewkes*, guessing at the mistake, ran up in a great fright, and found her ready to faint away, with the letter open in her hand. What business, Miss, said she, snatching it from her, had you to read my letter. O! a Id not to my afflictions, said *Pamela*, I shall soon be out of your way! This is to much! I can never support it! Then throwing herself on a couch, she burst into tears. Mr. *Jewkes* read the letter in the next room. and then returning, cried, This is a sad letter indeed,

indeed, I am sorry for it ; but here, take your own letter. She then laid down that intended for *Pamela*, which she had, at present, no heart to read ; and when she did, she found it filled with menaces and reproaches. She, however, forced her to come down to supper, and then presented to her *Colbrand*, the Swiss, mentioned in her master's letter, whose size and aspect made her tremble. He was of a gigantic stature, and had great staring eyes ; thick bushy eye-brows hanging over them ; two great scars on his forehead, and one on his left cheek : His high cheek-bones projected horribly. He had two monstrous whiskers ; a huge wide mouth ; blubber lips ; long yellow teeth, and a hideous grin. His own long hair, was tied up in a great black bag : A black crape neck-cloth was tied round his long neck, and his throat stuck out like a wen. He was lean and long-boned, and his hand resembled a shoulder of mutton. He wore a sword, which had a dirty red hilt and had leather garters buckled round

his knees. He said, *Me fright de lady*; and attempted to withdraw; but *Pamela* bid him stay; telling *Mrs. Jewkes*, that as she knew she had been crying, she ought not to have called her to the gentleman, without informing her of his being there. As her heart ached all the time she was at table, she soon returned to her closet, having no doubt that this brutish woman had made him appear at this time before her, merely to encrease her terror. Indeed, she was so struck at his appearance, that she could now think of nothing, but the hideous figure, and her master's more hideous actions; and thought them but too well paired.

The next day she had the mortification to find that poor *Williams* was arrested, and sent away to *Stamford*; she therefore lost all hopes of deliverance from any person but herself: and was in daily expectation of seeing her offended master, and as she had the key of the garden door still in her possession, she resolved, if possible, to escape from the house, and a favourable

ble opportunity soon seemed to offer itself; for Mrs. *Jewkes* being in liquor, after taking care of all the doors, and tying the keys, as usual, to her wrist, went to bed without her. *Pamela* was in the closet, in her chamber, which had a window that opened into the garden, that had two iron bars; and, as she could easily put her head between them, she formed the design of escaping from thence, it being no great height from the jutting out of a parlour window that was near the ground. She, however, found more difficulty in the attempt than she had imagined; for she stuck at her shoulders and hips, and afterwards hurt her ankle in dropping down.

She took with her but one shift, besides what she had on; two handkerchiefs, and two caps, and was no sooner in the garden than she threw her under petticoat, a neck handkerchief, and a round eared cap with a knot, in the fish pond, in order to make Mrs. *Jewkes* imagine that she was drowned, and by this means prevent her being pursued till she had
got

got out of her reach. She then hastened as fast as she could to the door; but to her extreme grief and amazement, she found a new lock had been put on; and that it had been also fastened with a padlock. Her heart now sunk, and she dropped down with grief and confusion. Her terror, however, soon reviving her resolution, she clambered up the door, and fixed her hands on the top of the wall; but giving a spring to raise herself up, the bricks gave way, she fell, and was not only much bruised by the fall; but one of the bricks gave her a violent blow on the head. Still however, eager to make her escape, she with great pain rose on her feet, and with her head bleeding went to look for a ladder, which she had seen two days before standing against the wall, but it was gone. Thus deprived of the possibility of making her escape, a dreadful thought took possession of her mind, and she resolved to throw herself into the pond, as the only means of escaping what she dreaded more than death; but the hurts she had received



J. Lodge delin. et sculp.

ceived made her so long in getting thither, as gave her time to reflect on the rash step she was taking; she therefore sat down on the sloping bank, revolving in her mind the reasons by which she had been prompted to take this dreadful resolution, and at last resigning herself to that providence which had been her constant support, she blessed God for delivering her from her worst enemy, herself. She then rose, but was so stiff with her hurts, so cold with the moist dew of the night, and the damps arising from so large a piece of water, as well as by sitting on the wet bank, that she could hardly crawl. She, however, with limping steps, proceeded slowly to the wood-house, where, with a heart filled with the extreamest woe and dejection, she lay down behind a pile of firewood.

Mrs. *Jewkes* did not awake till day-break, when finding she was not in bed, she called her, and receiving no answer, got up, and ran to the closet, and not finding her, searched under the bed, and in another closet; yet the chamber door was still locked,
and

and the key, as usual, fastened to her wrist. She was extremely frightened, and instantly raised the Swiss and the two maids, when they found every door fast; but at last observing the casement of her closet open, they concluded she must have escaped from thence. They now all ran into the garden, and the whole house was in confusion. On their seeing the broken wall, and one of her shoe-heels, which had been broken off by her fall, they concluded that she had made her escape. The housekeeper behaved like one out of her senses, but instantly ordered the men to pursue her; however, before they were gone, one of the maids saw the cloaths *Pamela* had thrown into the fish-pond, floating on the water, when concluding that she was drowned, she ran with this news to Mrs. *Jewkes*, who, vile as she was, wrung her hands, and lamented the girl's untimely end: But while the men were employed in dragging the pond, the servant who had given the first alarm, entered the woodhouse, when *Pamela* calling her in a faint
low

low voice, she was near putting an end to her life, by throwing a billet she had in her hand, at her head; but on her calling again, she knew her voice, and cried, Bless me, what is it you? Madam, they are dragging the pond for you, thinking that you are drowned; and then, without helping her up, ran to tell Mrs. Jewkes and the other servants where she had found her, on which they all ran to the wood-house. Mrs. Jewkes threatening, as she entered, to make her dearly repent of the fright she had put them in, and seizing hold of her arm, gave her such a pull as drew her on her face, and made her cry out; her shoulder, on that side, being much bruised. O cruel creature, said she, you would pity me if you knew what I have suffered! Even *Co brand* seemed concerned, Fie! said he, you see she is almost dead, and you should not be so rough with her. *Robin* the coachman cried, What a sight is here! Don't you see that her head is bloody, and that she is not able to stir?——

Curse on her contrivances! said the

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cruel

cruel woman, I am sure she has frightened me out of my wits: How the Devil came you here? O said she, ask me no questions, let the maids carry me to my prison, and there let me die in peace! I suppose you want Mr *Williams* to pray by you, don't you? said *Jewkes*, Well, I'll send for my master this minute. He may come and watch you himself for me.

The maids lifted her up between them, and carried her to her chamber; but they had no sooner got her up stairs than she fainted away with dejection, pain and fatigue; but on her coming to herself, they undressed her and put her to bed, Mrs. *Jewkes* having first ordered the maid to bathe her shoulder, arm and ankle, with spirits of wine and camphire; they also cut off some of her hair, which was clotted with blood; and having washed the wound too, put on a family plaister. She afterwards fell into a refreshing sleep, and lay tolerably easy till twelve o'clock. Mrs. *Jewkes* took abundance of pains to fit her for suffering farther trials. *Pamela*, however,

ver, continued very ill and feverish for two or three days. She now lay aside all hopes of escape. Her closet window was double barred, and Mrs. *Jewkes* not only treated her with the most daring insolence, but frequently talked in such a manner, as shocked the chaste mind of the virtuous *Pamela*, to whom life was now a burden.





C H A P. IV.

Mr. B's arrival. He treats the unhappy Pamela with great severity. He sends her written proposals which she rejects; he afterwards treats her with tenderness, and resolves to marry her; when she, suspecting his intentions, he complies with her desire of sending her to her parents.

ONE day, on seeing the gate left open, she took the liberty to walk a little before the house, without any design to go farther; and on her being tired, sat on a stile to look about her. For this, her wicked jailor confined her a whole day without shoes. To add to her distress, she had a prospect of suffering still greater evils, for by the preparations that were making, she saw that Mr B. was expected, and from him she dreaded increased and complicated woes. Mrs. Jewkes, on bringing her her shoes, haughtily

haughtily insisted on her putting on a genteel suit of cloaths, pretending that she expected some ladies to visit her. The unhappy *Pamela* refused to comply; but soon after saw, from her chamber window, her dreaded master alight from a new gilt chariot. The abandoned Mrs. *Jewkes* held him in discourse two or three hours, but at length he came to her, and with a stern and haughty air, reproached her for her contrivances. *Pamela* was so struck with his harsh treatment, that her grief stopped her voice, and he left her without shewing the least appearance of compassion; but ordered her to attend him at supper.

At about nine o'clock she was sent for down, when she was under such dejection, that she could hardly stand. On her entering the room, he cried, I intended you should have sat at table with me, whenever I had no company, but as it seems you can't forget your original, but prefer my menials to me, you are called to wait upon me, that I may talk to you while I am at supper, and throw away as little time

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upon

upon you as possible. Sir, answered she, my waiting upon you is doing me honour. She was, however, obliged to stand behind his chair, and to support herself by laying her hand upon it. He ordered her to fill him a glass of Burgundy, but on her attempting to do it, her hand shook, and not being able to hold the waiter steady with the glass on it, she spilt some of the wine. Mrs. Jewkes, therefore poured it for her, and she carrying it as well as she could, made him a low courtesy, when taking it, he cried, Stand behind me, out of my sight. Why, Mrs. Jewkes added he, you say she still remains very sullen, and eats nothing. No, answered she, not sufficient to keep life and soul together. And you say is always crying too? Yes Sir, returned she. Aye, added he, your young wenches will feed upon their tears, and then obstinacy will serve them for meat and drink. I never, I think, saw her look better in my life.—But I suppose she lives upon love. Mr. Williams, and her little villainous plots have kept her
alive

alive and well. Indeed, mischief, love and contradiction, are the natural food of a woman. You say she had made another attempt to get away but yesterday? She denies it, answered she, but it had all the appearance of one. I am sure she put me in a fearful pucker. I am glad your honour is come with all my heart; and I hope whatever your honour intends, you'll not be long about it; for I'll assure you, you'll find her as slippery as an eel. Sir, said *Pamela*, falling on her knees, have mercy upon me, and hear how I have been u'ed by this wicked woman. I am satisfied, cried he, interrupting her, she has done her duty. What you can say against Mrs. *Jewkes* will signify nothing. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cause before me, is owing to her care, else you had been with the parson.— Thou wicked girl, to tempt a man to ruin himself as thou hast done him, at the very time when I was going to make him happy for life! She now rose, saying with a deep sigh, I have done

done, Sir, I have done! I plead before a strange tribunal. Such a one had the poor sheep in the fable, when it was tried before the Vulture on the Wolf's accusation. So, Mrs. *Fewkes*, said he you, it seems, are the wolf, I the vulture, and this is the poor innocent lamb on her trial before us. O she has wit at will, when she is disposed to display her romantic innocence, at the price of other people's characters. Well, returned she, this, Sir, is nothing to what she has called me; I have been a Jezebel, a *London* prostitute, and what not? But I don't mind her ill names, now I find it is her fashion, and she can call you a Vulture.

The distressed *Pamela* here declared, that she had no thought of comparing her master and was going to proceed, when he cried, Don't prate girl. No, said Mrs. *Fewkes*, I am sure it don't become you. Well, since I must not speak, said this injured beauty, I will hold my peace: But there is a righteous judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and to him I appeal. See this

this meek creature, cried he, is praying for fire from heaven to fall upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the spirit of christian meekness. I'll assure you! Come, saucy face, help me to another glass of wine. This she did, while the tears ran down her cheeks, on which he cried, I suppose I shall have some of your tears in my wine. Having at length supped, he rose, and said, How happy are you, in making those sparkling eyes thus overflow, without losing any of their brilliancy. I suppose you have been told that you are most beautiful in your tears. Was there ever seen a more charming creature? Is it to be wondered at that I demean myself so far as to take notice of her! See, added he, turning her round, What a shape! What a neck! What a hand! and what a bloom in that lovely face! — But who can mention all the artifices that lie lurking in that little plotting heart! — 'Tis no wonder the poor parson was infatuated with her. I blame him less than her; for
 who

who could expect so young a forceress to be guilty of such artifice!

She now retired to the farther part of the room, and turning her face to the wainscot, in spite of all her endeavours to refrain crying, sobbed as if her heart would break. I am surprized, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, at the mistake of the letters you mentioned! But you see I am not afraid of any body's reading what I write. I don't carry on a private correspondence, and reveal all the secrets that come to my knowledge. Come hither, hussy: You and I are to have a dreadful reckoning.—Why don't you come when I bid you?—Fie upon it, Mrs. *Pamela*, said the wicked woman, what, not stir, when his honour commands you to come! Who knows but his goodness may forgive you? He then went to her, and throwing his arms about her neck, kissed her, saying, Well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if it were not for the thoughts of this cursed parson, so great is my weakness, that I believe in my heart, I could forgive this little intriguing slut, and take her to my bosom. O
said

said the vile woman, you are very good, Sir, very forgiving indeed! I would advise you to take her to your bosom immediately.

At this *Pamela* lost all patience, yet the passage of her words being choaked up with grief and indignation, she could only stammer forth an exclamation, beseeching heaven to protect her innocence. He seemed considering, and then cried, No, I can't yet forgive her neither, she has given me great uneasiness; has disgraced me both at home and abroad; has corrupted all my servants at the other house; has despised my views and intentions; and attempted to run away with this ungrateful parson.— Surely I ought not to forgive all this? He then kissed her again, and used other familiarities; but she struggled, and protested she would die before she would be used thus. Consider, *Pamela*, cried he, in a threatening voice, consider where you are, and don't play the fool: If you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you expect.—But Mrs. Jewkes, take her up
stairs,

stairs, and I'll send a few lines to her, to consider of; and do you hear *Pamela*, let me have your answer in the morning,, and after that your doom will be fixed.

She then went up stairs, and gave way to her grief, glad of this night's reprieve. He deferred sending to her that night, but the next morning she received his proposals, in which he offered her five hundred guineas to dispose of as she pleased, an estate of 250l. a year clear of all deductions for her own life, and for the lives of any of her children to perpetuity; and that her father should be allowed 50l. a year for the management of the estate for her; he promised to buy her four rich suits of cloaths; and also to give her two diamond rings, two pair of earrings, and a diamond necklace, bought by his mother to present to a young lady to whom he was to have been married; and at the same time threatened her with immediate violation if she refused.

She answered these proposals, article by article, in a manner that at
once

once shewed the purity of her heart, the steadiness of her virtue, and the excellence of her understanding. On his sending for her down, she took her answer with her, and gave it him; but he guessing from her looks that she did not like the conditions, told her, that if she thought the terms not high enough, he would raise them to two-thirds of his estate; for he could not live without her; swearing that since matters were gone so far, he would not. She, at length, with some difficulty, got from him, and returned to her own apartment: But about an hour after, was ordered by Mrs. Jewkes to follow her into her master's chamber. Prodigiously frightened at this request, she resolutely declared, that though it should cost her her life, she would not go there, and again retired to her closet, but every minute expected to be fetched down by force. Mrs. Jewkes, however, soon after came to bed; but this did not remove her apprehensions, she being dreadfully afraid that while she was asleep, the vile woman would let in her master,

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ter, and this thought prevented her closing her eyes during the greatest part of the night.

The following day being Sunday, Mr. *B.* went to church, and at noon, word was brought that he would dine abroad. In the evening a letter was brought to Mrs. *Jewkes*, the contents of which she seemed desirous of concealing; yet, as if by accident, left it behind her on the table; *Pamela* seized this opportunity of reading it, which she had hardly done, before the housekeeper came back with great appearance of uneasiness to look for it. This letter was to let her know he had been warmly solicited in Mr. *Williams's* behalf, on which account he should go to *Stamford* to set him at liberty, and should stay there till the next day. He ordered her to watch her charge with the greatest care, observing that she had now outstood her time, and that all her charms should not save her. She was deeply concerned at these threatenings, yet was heartily glad of being allowed, at least that night, to sleep in safety.

Ever

Ever since Mrs. *Fewkes* had been frightened by *Pamela's* getting out of the house, she had obliged her to lie between her and one of the maids. The girl was apt to drink too much, and this night got at Mrs. *Fewkes's* bottle of cherry brandy; so that on her coming to lay the cloth, she appeared much in liquor; upon which the housekeeper ordered her to go to bed, and she went up stairs muttering all the way. On *Pamela's* going to rest, she saw her, as she imagined, sit fast asleep in a corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head; and being concerned, lest she should get cold, would have waked her; but Mrs. *Fewkes* bid her let her alone, saying she might come to bed when she waked, as the candle should be left burning in the chimney. *Pamela* then went to bed, and had not been many minutes there before a rustling noise made her think the girl was waking; she therefore spoke to her, but received no answer. But at that instant her master's voice struck her ear, and appeared as terrible as a clap of thun-

der. Now, *Pamela*, said he, is the time of reckoning come. O my God! my God! cried the terrified virgin, this time, this one time deliver me, or strike me dead this moment! then gave several dreadful shrieks. The abandoned *Jewkes* endeavoured to persuade her master to disregard her cries, since she had made as much noise as she could, and would be quieter when she knew the worst. Mr. *B.* ordered her to be silent, and then informed the trembling *Pamela* that he would leave her, on condition of her accepting his proposals; but if she would not agree to them, he would not lose that opportunity, and was proceeding to indecent liberties, when the unhappy maid's spirits became so exhausted with the violence of her struggling, added to her terror and indignation, and she fell into so violent a fit, that her features were distorted; her face was covered with a cold sweat, and she appeared as if in the agonies of death; when Mr. *B.* thinking her dying, was filled with such terror, that he immediately desisted.

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On her recovering her senses, she saw him sitting on one side of the bed in his gown and slippers, and Mrs. *Jewkes* seated on the other. She was at first terrified at the idea of the liberties he might have taken while she was in a state of insensibility; but Mr. *B.* vowed with the most bitter imprecations, that except in her outward appearance he knew not her sex, and strove, with the appearance of great tenderness, to sooth her distressed mind. In the mean while the abandoned *Jewkes* observed, that she thought he had known the sex better than to let a fit or two deprive him of such an opportunity. This revived the poor virgin's terrors; but he encouraged her by promising that he would never more endeavour to torment her; then bidding Mrs. *Jewkes* leave the room, and ordered the maid he had personated, to go to bed to *Pamela*, left her with great professions of tenderness.

This was a most dreadful trial, and *Pamela* had reason to bless God, who by depriving her of her senses, had

preserved her innocence, and when all her strength would have been ineffectual, had magnified himself in her weakness. All the next day she was so weak as to be unable to rise. Her master as soon as he heard the door open in the morning, came in, which began to revive her fears, which he seeing, stopped before he came to the bed, saying, Rather than give you apprehensions, I will come no farther. Your honour, Sir, cried she, and your mercy, is all I have to beg. He then sat down on the side of the bed; and, with an air of tenderness, asked how she did, begged her to be composed; and observed, that she still looked a little wildly. Pray Sir, said she, let me not see this abandoned Mrs. Jewkes, for I question whether I am able to bear her sight. He promised that if she would but compose herself, she should not come near her all day. She promised to try, and he tenderly pressing her hand, retired.

Pamela's illness did not leave her for several days, during which Mr. B. behaved like the most respectful lover

ve; kept the odious *Jewkes* from her sight, and did every thing in his power to calm her fears. She would now indeed have enjoyed a prospect of happiness, had she not recollected that she once overheard him observe to Mrs. *Jewkes*, that he believed he had began at the wrong end; and that he ought to have melted her by love, instead of freezing her by fear. This speech, added to the weakness of her own heart, for she now found that she loved him, kept alive her apprehensions.

On her being entirely recovered, Mr. *B.* insisted, that, as a mark of her regard to him, she should promise, that, during a fortnight, she would not attempt to go away without his consent, which he told her, he expected, for her own sake, that he might allow her a little more liberty; and that she should see and forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*, who thought, that as all her fault was her being obedient to him, it would be extremely hard for him to sacrifice her to her young mistress's resentment. With respect
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to the worst, said *Pamela*, it is a hard injunction; and, as to the second, considering her baseness in endeavouring to instigate you to ruin me, it is even still harder. Yet to shew my obedience to your commands, I consent to both, as I will do every thing else that you shall be pleased to order consistently with my innocence. 'That's my good girl, said he, kissing her; this shews that you don't take insolent advantage of the favour I shew you, and will, perhaps, be of greater service to you than you imagine. Mr. *B.* then ringing the bell, Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, when taking her hand, he put it into *Pamela's*, saying, I am obliged to you for your diligence and fidelity to me; but I must own this lovely girl is not; the service I employed you in not being so agreeable to her as I could have wished. But yet, at the very first word, she has obliged me, by consenting to be friends with you; and if she gives me no great cause, I shall no more, perhaps, require you to be engaged in such disagreeable offices. You must, however,

however, be once more bedfellows, and see that she sends no messages out of the house. In other respects, let the dear girl suffer no harsh restraint, and shew her all the respect due to one whom I can't help loving. However your watchful care is not to cease; for I neither can nor will part with her yet.

This discourse had a very agreeable effect; for though Mrs. Jewkes watched her as closely as ever, yet in imitation of her master, she treated her with more civility and respect; but she was frequently alarmed at Mr. B's indulging himself in liberties that were offensive to her delicacy. He, however, at length told her, that he had some thoughts of making her his wife; and with great frankness mentioned the conflicts he had with himself between his love and his pride; entreating her to judge for him, and advise him what step he ought to take. *Pamela*, in a very disinterested manner, persuaded him to wean himself from her by absence, and to suffer her to return to her parents; and as soon

as

as possible, to choose a spouse of equal rank with his own ; adding, that she should sincerely rejoice in whatever could increase his happiness.

The next morning, notwithstanding the pleasure *Pamela* had received from this agreeable conversation, she was much frightened at Mr. B's rapping early at her chamber door ; when clinging about Mrs. *Jewkes*, she endeavoured to persuade her not to open it ; but without paying the least regard to her intreaties, she stepped out of bed and let him in ; on which the apprehensive girl hid herself under the bed cloaths, which Mr. *B.* observing, cried, What, *Pamela*, still so fearful ! You have now no room for your foolish fears, I only came to let you know I am going to *Stamford*, and desire you not to think it hard, if you are rather more closely confined than you have been for some days past, and shall be obliged to you, if, during my absence, you stay pretty much in your chamber. He then charged Mrs. *Jewkes* not to trust her for a single moment out of her sight. *Pamela* sincerely
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ly wished that all he said might prove true; but since his disguising himself in the maid's clothes, she could not help entertaining some distrust.

The virtuous *Pamela* had written a journal of the various hardships she had endured in her confinement, in order to send it by the first opportunity to her parents. These papers she had concealed in the ground under a rose-bush in the garden; but perceiving the gardener begin to dig near the place, she removed them privately, while Mr. *B.* was at *Stamford*. She and Mrs. *Jewkes* were the same day looking through the iron gates before the house, when a woman, who appeared to be a gypsy, proposed to tell their fortunes for some broken victuals. Mrs. *Jewkes* was too much on her guard to leave *Pamela* to fetch her any thing; but giving her some half-pence, she told her she would shortly have a young husband: At which Mrs. *Jewkes* laughed till she shook her fat sides, and insisted on the woman's telling *Pamela* her fortune; on which the woman said; looking at her hand,
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it was too white and smooth for her to see the lines; but stooping, and pulling up some grass by the roots, cried, this will reveal your fortune; then rubbing it on her hand, added, My pretty Miss, you'll never be married, but will die of your first child. Upon this Mrs. *Jewkes* whispered *Pamela* to go in which she did: But some time after seeing a man loitering about the court-yard, Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Colbrand* went to examine him, while *Pame'a*, with *Nan*, one of the maids, for her guard, walked about the court-yard. *Pamela* now recollecting the gypsy's words, in which she imagined there was some mystery, looked at the place where she had pulled up the grass, and finding that more of it had been pulled up, bid *Nan* go and fetch her a wild flower that grew at some distance, and then taking up a handful of the grass, found in it a bit of paper, which informed her that her master intended to impose upon her by a false marriage. At this discovery all her hopes vanished, and she
could

could not help considering him as a most deceitful and diabolical character.

Her master was scarcely returned from *Stamford*, when Mrs. *Jewkes* unexpectedly entered her closet, and surprized her looking over the parcel she had with such care hid in the garden, and notwithstanding all her intreaties, carried them to her master. The mind of this virtuous girl was now in the greatest agitation and terror, on account of the many severe reflections she had been induced to make by her sufferings on Mr. *B*'s cruelty, imagining that these would exasperate him, and render her treatment still more severe than that she had suffered. These papers had, however, a contrary effect: For Mr. *B*. being extremely moved at the description of her distress, behaved with more tenderness and respect. Having read a part of them, he besought her to take a turn with him in the garden, and there told her that he had now brought himself to despise the world and its censures, and would make her all the amends in his power for the
 1 hardships

hardships she had suffered. But at this instant, the idea of the sham marriage presenting itself to her mind, she coldly answered; that she was unworthy of the honour, and that the only favour she had to ask was, that he would permit her to return to her poor parents. Mr. *B.* thinking that this coldness could only proceed from her being prepossessed in favour of another lover, flew into a passion, charged her with making an ungrateful return for the resolutions he had taken in her favour; and letting her know that she should have her wish immediately, gave orders for her being carried to her father's in his chariot.





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Pamela again departs in order to return home; but Mr. B. unable to live without her, sends a man and horse, who overtaking her, desires her return; but leaves it to her own choice. Affected by this generous treatment, she returns, is treated kindly, and Mr. B. resolving to marry her, she is visited by the neighbouring gentry. Goodman Andrews arrives, affecting interviews between him, Mr. B, Pamela, and Mr. Williams. Their marriage.

THE kindness Mr. B. had for some time past shewn to *Pamela*, had such an effect upon her mind, that she left the house without those raptures of joy which she would have done had she gone before he had treated her with such indulgence; for she now found that her heart was more her master's than she had ever imagined. *Colbrand* attended as her guard; and

when they stopped at night, the coachman gave her a letter, in which Mr. *B.* asserted with great warmth that his intentions were honourable, and that he had determined to make her his wife, had she not cured him of his fond passion by her indifference. He however desired, that for his sake, she would live single for a twelvemonth. This letter, when she dreaded some new plot, filled her mind with great gratitude and tenderness, and she burst into tears. She now perceived that she loved him, and was afflicted at the thought of being banished, perhaps, for ever, from his presence.

On their stopping for dinner the next day, *Pamela* had hardly sat down to the table, when *Colbrand* came in in a hurry, crying, O Madam! Madam! here be de groom from de 'Squire with his horse all over in a ladder, and here he bring a letter for you. *Pamela* was filled with amazement; and on opening it, found that it contained the warmest and most affectionate expressions, entreating her to return, and yet leaving her at her
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own liberty; desiring her, if she returned, to send his servant to her parents for those of her papers which he had not seen. She perceived that he had likewise wrote to *Colbrand*, to let him know his request, and to inform both him and the coachman, that they were to obey her orders. Affected by this generous treatment, she, without the least hesitation, ordered them to prepare for her return, at the same time sending the groom with a letter to her parents, to inform them of her happy prospects, and to desire them to send back her papers.

Mr. *B.* was extremely obliged, by the chearful and ready obedience she shewed on this occasion. The tumult of his mind, on parting with one he so dearly loved, had disordered him very much; but he no sooner saw her, that he cried, O my beloved *Pamela!* you have made me quite well, I am concerned at returning my acknowledgments in so unfit a place; for, on her arrival he was in bed, and had sent for her up. But will you give me your hand? She did so, and he kissed

it with great eagerness, Sir, said she, you do me too much honour! I am sorry you are so ill. I can't be ill, said he, while you are with me. I am already recovered. Well, added he, kissing her hand again, you shall not repent this goodness. But I am sorry you have had such a fatiguing time of it. — Life, is not life without you. Had you refused me, and yet I hardly dared to hope you would oblige me, I should, I believe, have had a severe fit of it; for indeed I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myself, but now I shall soon be well. You need not, Mrs. Jewkes, send to *Tamford* for the Doctor, for this lovely creature's absence was my disease; she shall be my doctor. He desired her to sit down by his bedside, and asked if she had obliged him by sending for her former packet? She told him she had, which he said was doubly kind. As she was afraid of disturbing him, she did not stay long. But he getting up in the afternoon, desired her company; and on her coming, seemed quite pleased, easy, and

and much better. He now told Mrs. *Jewkes*, that after this obliging instance *Pamela* had given him of her kindness, in her return, she ought to be left entirely at her own liberty; and told her, that if she pleased to take a turn in the chariot, or in the garden, or to the town, or wherever she had a mind, she should ask her no questions, and do every thing in her power to oblige her.

Pamela had now the pleasure of being informed, that the worthy Mr. *Williams*, had been some time at liberty, and Mr. *B.* talked with the appearance of great pleasure on the happy day that was to unite him to so much sweetness, desiring her to appoint one out of the next fourteen. While they were one day engaged in this conversation, the messenger sent to Mr. *Andrews* came back, and being ordered in, told *Pamela*, that her parents believed she had been forced to write that letter, and therefore refused to send back her papers; saying, they were sure their dear daughter would not willingly have gone
back

back to the 'Squire's ; and lamenting her hard fate, cried, that she either was or would be ruined. Mr *B.* appeared vexed at their incredulity ; but *Pamela* begged him with tears to excuse her parents ; on which Mr. *B.* tenderly saluted her before the servant, said, her father was a worthy man, and should soon be fully convinced that his intentions were honourable ; adding, This dear creature, *Thomas*, will soon be your lady ; but at present you must not mention it. The servant was no sooner gone, than Mr. *B.* told *Pamela*, that the next day some of the neighbouring gentry would come to dine with him, on purpose, he believed to see her. They had indeed, rallied him, he said, very smartly on her account ; but he choosing rather to brave, than appear afraid of their wit, it took off the edge of their satire. *Pamela* said, she should be glad to be excused seeing the ladies ; but he told her in the most obliging manner, that she need not be under the least apprehensions, since
 she

she would see no body that could equal her.

That afternoon Mr. *B.* took an airing, and by accident met Mr. *Williams*, who at first seemed under great confusion; but however soon recovered himself. Mr. *B.* told him, that he could not help taking it ill of him, an old friend, that he should endeavour to supplant him in an affair that lay nearest his heart. My motive, Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, was at first, such as became my function; and, if in the progress of that affair, I was to blame, you will, I hope, forgive me, Sir, when you recollect, that you would not choose to have it said, you loved a person whom nobody could like but yourself. I am sorry, Sir, that I have incurred your displeasure; but sincerely rejoice in your honourable intentions to Miss *Andrews*. And permit me to say, that when she becomes your lady, she will do credit to your choice with every body that has the happiness of knowing her. Mr. *B.* related this conversation to *Pamela*, and it gave her great satisfaction, as she

she now flattered herself that he would take the poor injured gentleman again into favour.

The next day, about noon, the visitors came; these were Sir *Simon Darnford*, his lady, and two daughters; the Rev. Mr. *Peters*, his spouse, and niece; the lady *Jones*, and her sister-in-law. Mrs *Jewkes*, who now endeavoured to be as obliging as possible, appeared much concerned that *Pamela* was not dressed in her best cloaths; but this she had purposely avoided. They all went out to take a walk in the garden; and after they had walked two or three turns, were so impatient to see *Pamela*, that Mr. *B.* took them into the largest alcove, and went himself to her. Come, my dear *Pamela*, said he, the ladies won't be satisfied without seeing you; and I desire you to come. She told him she was ashamed, but was resolved to obey him. The two young ladies, said he, are dressed out in their best attire, but are far from making such an appearance as my charming girl in this garb. Sir, said she, won't you permit

mit me to follow you thither, for I can't bear you should do me so much honour as to conduct me. Well, said he, I'll go before you. He then bid Mrs. *Jewkes* bring some cake and a bottle of sack, and went to the company.

As this alcove fronted the longest gravel walk in the garden, they stood at the windows, and at the door way, and looking full at her, saw her all the way she came. She is a charming creature, said lady *Jones*, I see at this distance. Sir *Simon* swore he never saw any woman with so fine a shape, so easy an air, and so graceful a presence. Lady *Darnford* observed, that she was a sweet girl, Mrs. *Peters* said very handsome things of her, and the clergyman protested that she would be the pride of the country. When she came near, Mr. *B.* seeing her in confusion, went to meet her, saying, Give me your hand, my dear, you walk too fast. She did so, with a curtsy, and he leading her up the steps of the alcove, presented her to the ladies, all of whom saluted her, saying,

saying, they hoped to be better acquainted with her, while lady *Darnford* cried, she would be the flower of their neighbourhood.

As all the company gazed at her, she could hardly look up, which Mr. *B.* observing, said, You are a little confused and out of breath; but I have let all your kind neighbours here know a great deal of your story, and informed them of your excellence. Yes, my dear neighbour, as I will call you, said lady *Darnford*, we have all heard your uncommon story. You have then heard, madam, said she, what must make your kind allowance for me very necessary. No, said Mrs. *Peters*, we have heard what will always make you valued, as a pattern to all young ladies, and an honour to your sex. You are very good, madam, said she, thus to enable me to look up, and to be thankful for the honour you are pleased to do me. The whole company were in extreme good humour, and the humility of *Pamela*, with the elegant ease of her whole deportment, soon made them all her friends;

few days I shall put on the pleasantest fetters that ever man wore. Ah! Sir, cried the good man, you are too pleasant for my griefs. My heart is almost broke! I'll ask but one question, Is she honest? Is she virtuous? As the new-born babe, replied Mr. B. and in twelve days time, I hope, will be my wife! O flatter me not, good your honour, said he, It cannot be! It cannot be!—I fear you have deluded her with strange hopes, and would make me believe impossibilities! —Mrs. Jewkes, said Mr. B. do you tell my dear *Pamela's* father, when I go out, all you know concerning me and your mistress that is to be. Mean time, make much of him; set out what you have, and make him drink a glass of what wine he likes best. The wine being brought, he filled a bumper, and taking the good old man by the hand, said, I can't bear to see you tortured by this cruel suspense. Your dear daughter is the beloved of my soul, and I am glad you are come. Here is your dame's health, and God bless you both for being the
happy

happy means of procuring for me so great a blessing! What do I hear! returned Goodman *Andrews*; surely it cannot be! But you say I shall see my dear child, and I shall see her honest. If not, poor as I am, I will not own her.

Mr. *B.* returning to the company, told them he had been greatly surprized; for here, said he, is honest old Goodman *Andrews*, come full of grief to see his daughter; for he fears she is seduced, and tells me, that poor as he is, he won't own her if she is not virtuous. They all cried, dear Sir, shan't we see the good old man you have so praised for his plain good sense and honest heart? If, said he, I thought *Pamela* would not be too much affected with the surprize, I would make you all witnesses of their first interview; for never did daughter love a father, or a father a daughter, as they do one another. They all desired that it might be so, upon which he went out in order to prepare her; but told them he would not tell her who it was. He then went to *Pamela*, and told her, that the ladies

wanted her at the card-table ; but bid her not be surprized if she saw a stranger, and mentioned Mr. *Williams*.

Mr. *B.* then went to the good old man, and led him to the company, saying, I present to you one of the honestest men in *England*, my good *Pamela's* father. Mr. *Peters* took him by the hand, saying, we are all glad to see you, Sir ; you are the happiest man in the world in a daughter ; and all the rest complimented him on the same occasion. They then all sat down, while he took his seat in a corner of the room behind the door. At length *Pamela* entered, and Mr. *B.* having mentioned Mr. *Williams*, was afraid that he had still a tincture of jealousy, and did her utmost to guard her looks. She took her seat at the card-table ; when Mr. *B.* asked her, if she had sent the letter to her father. She told him she had, and Mr. *B.* returned, I wonder what the good old couple will say to it. O Sir, said she, your goodness will be a cordial to their dear honest hearts ! At this the poor man, unable to contain himself, or to stir from
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the place, gushed into a flood of tears cried out, O my dear child! *Pamela* knew his voice; She saw him: She gave a spring, overturned the card-table, and threw herself at his feet, crying, O my father! my father! Can it be?—Is it you? Yes it is, it is!—Bless, O bless your happy, happy—She here sunk down, and all the ladies ran to her, and made her drink a glass of water, when soon recovering, she found herself in the arms of her father, with whom she was permitted to retire; when having opened their hearts to each other on this joyful occasion, they both, on their knees, joined in blessing God for their happy prospects.

Mr. B. just stepped to them to ask *Pamela* how she did, and expressed his joy at seeing her so well. Mr. *Andrews*, added he, make this house your own; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you will be. He then retired; and Mr. *Andrews* asked his daughter, how long this happy change had been wrought. O said she, several happy days!—I have wrote

down every thing, and you will see how God has raised your happy daughter from the depth of misery! Blessed be his name, said he. But do you say he will marry you? Can such a gentleman make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I? How will your poor mother be able to support these happy tydings? I will set out to-morrow to acquaint her with it: For I am but half happy, till she, dear good woman, shares it with me?——To be surer my dear child, we ought to go and hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our poverty! O my dear father, said she, now you are, for the first time, unkind. Your honest poverty has ever been my glory and my riches; and your child may boast of such a parentage. They were then invited to join the company in the great parlour; and *Pamela* not choo ng to play, was seated on the other side, between Mr. B. and her father, each of whom held one of her hands. She asked the latter if he had been so kind as to bring her papers with him. He said, he had; and
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pulling them out of his pocket, delivered them to her, and she gave them to Mr. B.

When the company went away, lady *Darnford*, lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters*, severally invited Mr. B. and his intended spouse to their houses; and begged he would permit her at least to come before they left those parts. Mr. B. after they were gone, gave particular orders, that care should be taken of Mr. *Andrews*, saying, he is a good man, and will bring a blessing upon every house he sets his foot in.

Pamela rose early the next morning, but found her father was up before her, and was gone to walk in the garden. She went to him, and with the utmost delight and thankfulness, they viewed every scene which had been before so dreadful to her. The fish-pond, the garden door, and several other places. About seven o'clock Mr. B. joined them in his morning gown and slippers, and looking a little heavy, she told him she feared he had not slept well. That is your fault, *Pamela*, said he. After I went from
you

you, I must needs look into your papers, and could not leave them till I had read them through. I plainly find that, had you got away, you would soon have been *Williams's* wife. And I can't see how it could well have been otherwise. Indeed Sir, said she, I did not intend it. I believe so said he, but it must come on as a thing of course; and I see your father was for it. Sir, said the good man, I little thought of the honour your goodness would confer upon her; and I thought that would be a match a great deal above what we could do for her. But when I found she was not for it, I resolved not to urge her, but to leave all to her own prudence. I see, said Mr. B. all was sincere, honest, and open; and only speak of it as a thing that could hardly be avoided, and am quite satisfied. But *Pamela*, added he, I am sorry to find, from some parts of your journal, that Mrs. *Fewkes* carried her severity a little too far, though a great deal was occasioned by the strictness of my orders. But she had the insolence to strike my
girl

girl, I find. Sir, said she, I believe I was a little provoking, but as we forgave one another, I was the less intitled to complain of her, Well, said he, you are very good ; but if you have any particular resentment, she shall have nothing to do where you are. Sir, said she, you are so kind, that I ought to forgive every body ; and when I see that my happiness is brought about by the very means that I then thought my greatest grievance, I ought to bless those means, and forgive all that was disagreeable to me at the time, for the great good that has issued from it. That, said he, and kissed her, is sweetly considered ! It shall be my part to make you amends for what you have suffered, that you may still think lighter of the one, and have cause to rejoice in the other. The heart of Mr. *Andrews* was full ; and lifting up his folded hands, Pray Sir, said he, let me go, let me go to my dear wife ! and tell her all these blessed things, while my heart holds ! for it is ready to burst with joy ! Good man, said Mr. *B.* how I love to

to hear that honest heart of yours speaking at your lips.

After they had breakfasted, Mr. B. proposed their taking an airing with him in the coach, and *Pamela*, who had hitherto been dressed in the home spun cloathes she had for some time before made, in order to return home to her parents, now went up to dress, in a manner more suitable to her happy prospects. Her poor father, who did not know of her going to dress, was much surprized on seeing her come down. His heart misgave him, and he began to be afraid that some fine lady was to be Mr. B's real wife. But he soon knew her, and stood for a few moments in admiration, and then cried, O my dear child, how well will you become your happy condition! Why, you look already like a lady! I hope my dear father, said she, kissing him, I shall always, whatever be my condition, be your dutiful daughter. The coach being now ready, they all three stept in, when Mr. B. told them, that the chapel, which had been a lumber room, had

had been put in order for the celebration of their nuptials; and that he proposed that the ceremony should be performed by Mr. *Williams*. They drove to a walk in the meadows, and there Mr. *B.* and *Pamela* stepped out of the coach to meet that gentleman, who was there by his appointment, when, after some conversation on the part he had before acted, Mr. *B.* expressed himself fully satisfied with the motives of his conduct; and inviting him to dinner, desired that she would number that worthy minister in the list of her friends. They walked on till they came to the coach, which stopped for them; when Mr. *B.* introduced Mr. *Williams* to *Pamela's* father, and said many handsome things of both; and taking him into the coach, they all went home together. They had by the way an affecting conversation, in which Mr. *Andrews* seemed hardly able to support Mr. *B's* goodness; and the latter taking him by the hand, said, I do not wonder at seeing your honest heart spring thus to your eyes, at seeing all your *Pamela's*

mela's trials at an end. I will not pretend to say, that I had formerly either power or inclination to act thus. But since I began to resolve on the change you see, I have found such pleasure in it, that my own interest will keep me steady. For till within these few days, I knew not what it was to be happy. How happily, Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, have you been touched by the Divine Grace, before you have been hurried into the commission of sins, that the deepest penitence could hardly have atoned for ! God has enabled you to stop short of the evil ; and you have only to rejoice in the good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward reproach. You do well, said Mr. *B.* to remind me that I owe all this to the grace of God. I bless him for it, and I thank this good man for his excellent lessons. I thank his dear daughter for following them ; and I hope, from her good example, and your friendship, Mr. *Williams*, in time, to be half as good as my tutress ; and that I believe you'll own,
will

will make me, without disparagement to any gentleman, the best fox-hunter in *England*.

After dinner, they went into the chapel, which was made very decent, and was to be fitted up as soon as possible in a very handsome manner; and this being Saturday, Mr. *Williams* was desired to open it the next day, to which he readily consented.

When Mr. *Andrews* was alone with his daughter, he told her, that while she had been dressing, Mr. *B.* had generously made him a present of twenty guineas to buy cloaths for himself and wife; yet he was a little uneasy, as his dress was not fit for his appearing at chapel the next day. Mr. *B.* coming in at this instant, observed that he thought he heard the good man expressing some sort of concern, and desired to know what it was, when being informed by *Pamela*, he took notice, that as her father and he were much of a size, he should pay a visit to his wardrobe, and immediately took him up stairs. The good man was confounded. Mr. *B.* gave him the choice of several suits,
L and

and at last he chose the plainest, which was a fine drab. Mr. B. then calling Mrs. *Jewkes*, gave orders for their being aired against the next morning, and to look out some of his stockings, shoes, and a hat, and also some of his linen; observing, that they had put the good man quite out of his course, but keeping him on Sunday; for, not thinking to stay, he had only come in his common apparel.

The next day Divine Service was performed in the chapel, at which were present, lady *Jones*, and the two Miss *Darnford's*, Mr. *Andrews* officiating as clerk. The ladies staid dinner, and were solicitous to be present at the wedding. Mr. B. was desirous of having the good old man stay till the affair was over; but being impatient to tell his wife all the happy things that had befallen their daughter, he begged he might go the next morning, and Mr. B. made him a present of a very pretty bay horse, with all the accoutrements, a portmanteau to put his things in, and a pair of boots;

boots; and parting over night, he set out the next morning.

The marriage was performed the next Thursday in as private a manner as possible, none of the family having the least notice of it, except Mrs. *Jewkes* and a servant maid. Mr. *Williams* performed the ceremony, and Mr. *Peters* gave her away.



C H A P. IV.

Pamela is prevented from attending Mr. B. at the seat of a neighbouring baronet, by the arrival of lady Davers, Mr. B's sister, who not thinking her married, treats her with great insolence : But she at length escapes out of the window, and hastens to Mr. B. A quarrel between Mr. B. and his sister, after their return, which ends in a reconciliation between that lady and Pamela.

A Few days after, Mr. B. was sent for to a dying friend at some distance ; and not being able to return at night, he wrote to let his lady know, that as they should set out within two days for his other house in *Bedfordshire*, he desired she would meet him at Sir *Simon's*, and be there next day at dinner. The next morning *Pamela* ordered the chariot to be got ready, but was no sooner dressed, than she

she saw from the window, a chariot and six horses, attended by three footmen, enter the court-yard, and immediately Mrs. Jewkes came out of breath to inform her, that lady *Davers*, attended by her nephew and woman was come, and was enquiring for Mr. *B.* and *Pamela*. The lovely bride, who dreaded the violence of her temper, and found that she was enquiring for her in the disrespectful terms of Wench and Creature, was very solicitous to make her escape if possible; but found it could not be done; she therefore went down, dressed as she was, with her gloves on, and her fan in her hand. The lady treated her with the greatest insolence, mingled with some slight marks of pity, and insisted on her staying with her. All her endeavours to go were ineffectual. She reproached her with the loss of her virtue; and on her insisting that she was still chaste, offered to take her away with her to her own house, or to carry her home to her father's. In vain were all her professions of innocence. She

asked her if she was married to her brother, and at the same time told her, that if she had the impudence to say she was, she would fell her down at her foot. Her nephew affected to be witty at the distress of the trembling *Pamela*, and even the lady's woman joined in insulting her. She insisted on *Pamela's* waiting on her at dinner, which she absolutely refused, as inconsistent with the honour she had received from Mr. *B.* Mrs. *Jewkes* frequently came in to interpose, and several times prevented her from being struck. At length, opening the window, and Mrs. *Jewkes* coming up to her, she ordered the chariot to be drawn to the end of the elm walk which fronted the window, which she found was not far from the ground. Lady *Davers* was in a violent rage at her telling her she was as much married as she was, and walking about the room repeating, As much married as I! and at last added, Confess the truth, that thou art an undone creature, and that thou art sorry for it, and then I'll pity thee, and persuade
him



J. Hodgkinton et sculp.

him to pack thee off with a hundred or two of guineas. While she was thus raving and venting her resentment, *Pamela* seeing the lady at the other end of the room, got upon the seat, whipt out in a minute, and ran away as hard as she could drive, the lady calling after her to return, as did also her woman at the other window. Two of her servants appearing, she called to them to stop the girl, and *Pamela* bid them touch her at their peril; but on their hastening to stop her, *Colbrand*, whom Mrs. *Ferwkes* had placed within call, put on one of his fierce looks, and crying, he would chine the man who offered to touch his lady, ran by her side, while the lady with amazement, cried out, she flies like a bird! The coachman seeing her running at a distance, got down, and held the door in his hand, while she, without minding the step, jumped in, saying, Drive me, drive me as fast as you can out of my lady's reach, while *Colbrand* desiring her not to be frightened, shut the door, and stepped up behind, and the coachman drove away.

When

When the chariot stopped, which was not till six o'clock, Miss *Darnford* ran out to welcome *Pamela*, who was not yet recovered from her fright; but at the same time cried, You'll be beat I can tell you; for Mr. *B.* has been here these two hours, and is very angry. That's hard indeed, said she, indeed I can't afford it. Pray let me sit down any where. Your lord and master, returned the young lady, came in very moody, and when he had staid an hour, and found you did not come, he began to fret, and said, he did not expect so little complaisance from you. Just then came in lady *Darnford* and lady *Jones*, to chide her for her not coming sooner, and before she could speak came in Mr. *B.* She ran to him. How do you do, *Pamela*, said he, and saluted her with more formality than she could bear. I expected half a word from me, would have determined you, and that you would have been here at dinner, and the rather, as I made my request a reasonable one, and what I thought would be agreeable to you. O dear Sir,
Pray

pray, pray hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeas'd. As soon as I had your commands, I resolv'd to obey, and come to dinner with these good ladies. Why, what hindered it, my dear? Said he, Give yourself time, you seem out of breath!—O Sir, said she, out of breath! well I may!—for just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the court yard but lady *Davers*!—Lady *Davers*! Nay then, my dear sweet, said he, kissing her more tenderly, hast thou had a worse trial than I wish thee, from one of the haughtiest women in England, though my sister! But have you seen her? Yes Sir, said she, and more than seen her!—Why, sure, said he, she had not the insolence to strike my girl? Sir, said she, but tell me you forgive me; for indeed I could not come sooner, and I'll tell you the particulars another time. I beg pardon for being angry with you, said he; and for the future will stay to hear your defence before I judge you. But tell me, my dear, did lady *Davers* offer you

you any incivility? O Sir, replied she, she is your sister, and I must not tell all, but she has used me very severely. Did you tell her, said he, you was married?—Yes Sir, I did at last, but she will have it to be a sham marriage, and that I am a vile creature. How unlucky was it, replied he, I was not at home? Why did you not send here? Send, Sir! I was kept prisoner. They would not let me stir, or nothing should have hindered me from obeying you. Nay, I told them that I had a pre-engagement; but she ridiculed me, and said, Waiting-maids talk of pre-engagements! I then shewed her your kind letter, and she made a thousand remarks upon it, that made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her; and I was a Creature and Wench, and all that was naught. Well, but said he, I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with her? No Sir, Why she would make me wait at table upon her, with her woman, because she would not expose herself and me before

fore the men servants. Well, but did you wait at table upon her, said he? If you did, and knew not what belonged to the character of my wife, I should be very angry with you. Sir, said she, I did not, but refused it out of consideration of the dignity you have raised me to; else Sir, I could have waited upon your sister on my knees. You now, said he, confirm my opinion of your prudence and judgment. But sure, my dear, you might have got away when you went to your own dinner? Indeed, Sir, said she, her ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir——So, you han't eat any dinner? No indeed, Sir, nor had I a stomach to any. In short, this subject was renewed several times that evening, all the company being very desirous of hearing the particulars. The supper was brought in sooner on *Pamela's* account, and as soon as that was over, they went to dancing; they did not get home till twelve o'clock, and then found that lady *Davers* was gone to bed.

The

The next morning the lady *Davers* rose about six o'clock, and at the same time raised her nephew and woman, being resolved to know whether Mr. *B.* and *Pamela*, were in bed together; and at about half an hour after six, rapped at his chamber-door. Mr. *B.* was waked at the noise, and asked who was there? Open the door, said she, open it this minute. *Pamela* begged that he would not, but he desired her not to be afraid, and called out, Who are you? What do you want? You know my voice, well enough, said she,—I will come in!—Pray Sir, said Mrs. *B.* don't let her ladyship in.—He again begged he not to be frightened; and told her, as his sister thought they were not married, she imagined they were afraid to be found in bed together.

Mr. *B.* instantly slipped out of bed, and putting on some of his clothes, with his gown and slippers, opened the door. She rushed in, crying, I'll see your wickedness, I will! in vain you think to hide it from me. *Pamela* covered her head, and trembled

bled every joint. The lady then cried, bear witness, *Jacky*, bear witness *Beck*, the creature is now in bed ; upon which Mr. *B.* turning to the young gentleman, who stood at the bed's-foot, cried, How now, Sir, what's your business in this apartment ? Begone this moment ! on which he went away. *Beck*, said my lady, you see the creature is in his bed ; I do, madam, answered she. Ay, look *Beck*, said Mr. *B.* and bear witness : Here is my *Pamela* ! My dear angel, don't be afraid, look up, and see the behaviour of this frantick woman of quality. Wicked, abandoned wretch, said she, to brave me thus ! I'll tear the creature out of bed before your face. At this, he took her in his arms, and carried her out of the room, she crying out, *Beck ! Beck !* help me *Beck !* the wretch is going to fling me down stairs. Her woman ran to her, and he carried her down into her chamber. Take care of your lady, said he, when she has rendered herself more worthy of my attention I'll see her. 'Till then, at her peril and yours, come not near my
M apartment.

apartment. He then returned to his bride, and pacified her fears by the kindest expressions.

In short, *Pamela* was allowed, at her earnest desire, to breakfast in her closet. The frantic lady gave free vent to her rage and indignation; and when Mr. *B.* declared in the strongest terms, that they were really and truly married, she reproached him for his meanness, in marrying one of so low birth, and asked him what he would have thought of her, had she married her groom. He vindicated his choice, by proving, that a man raises the woman he marries to his own rank, while the woman who marries beneath her, debases herself to the rank of her husband, and makes a low fellow her head and superior; but that his *Pamela's* virtues and numberless accomplishments did honour to his choice. Observing, that he had an estate free and independant, and did not want any addition to it, and therefore neither she, nor any one else had a right to call him to an account.

The lady, unable to master her temper,

per, sometimes gave vent to her rage, and sometimes to her tears. He reasoned and soothed her by turns, and she insisted on leaving the house before dinner; but her nephew being not to be found, she sat down on a bench in the court-yard. Mr. B. went to her, desired her to drink a glass of wine, and with many persuasions, prevailed on her, at length, to dine with him; but insisted at the same time, that his wife should sit at her own table. With the utmost reluctance, she at length agreed to this; and when dinner was brought in, he placed his lady on one side of him, and his sister on the other; and as her passions were not yet sufficiently calmed, waited upon them himself, to prevent their being observed by the servants. Lady *Davers* was unable to eat, on which he rose, in order to fill a glass of wine, when turning to *Pamela*, she cried, How now, Confidence, darest thou to sit next me? Why dost thou not rise, and take the glass from thy master? Sit still, my dear, said he, I'll help you both. Sister, said he, with the glass

in his hand, pray drink, you'll perhaps eat a little then. Is this, said she, to insult me? No, really, returned he but to invite you to eat, for you'll be sick for want of it. She then took the glass and said, God forgive you wicked wretch, for your usage of me this day! ——— This is little as it used to be! ——— I once had your love—but now it is changed, and for whom? That vexes me: and then wept so, that she was forced to set down the glass. You don't do well, said he, you neither treat me like your brother, nor like a gentleman; yet, if you would suffer me, I would love you as well as ever. But for a woman of sense and understanding, and a fine bred woman, as I once thought my sister, you act a very childish part. Come, added he, and held the glass to her lips, let your brother, that once loved you, prevail on you to drink this glass of wine. ——— She drank it. He kissed her, and said, O how passions deform the noblest minds. You have lost a good deal of that loveliness that used to adorn my sister. And let

let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my sister again.

When the second course came in, Mr. B. said, Let *Abraham* come and wait. Upon this, her ladyship began to recollect herself, and behaved with more composure. She soon after called another glass of the same wine she had drank before. Shall I help you again, lady *Davers*? said he, rising and going to the side-board where he filled her a glass. Indeed, said she, I love to be soothed by my brother!—Your health, Sir! Then turning to his spouse, my dear, now I am up, said he, I'll fill for you.—— I must serve both sisters alike; She looked at the servant, as if he was a check upon her, and said, How now, Sir! He whispered her, don't shew any contempt before my servants to one I have so deservedly made their mistress. Consider 'tis done. Ay, said she, that's the thing that kills me. He gave his spouse a glass, my good lady's health, said she, and stood up. That won't do, said lady *Davers*, leaning towards her, and was going to say

Wench or Creature, when Mr. *B.* seeing *Abraham* look towards her, and her eyes red and swelled, said, Indeed sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you. About what? said she, Why, reply'd he, about your lord's not coming down as he promised. He sat down, and she tapped him on the shoulder: Ah! wicked one! said she, nor will that do neither!—Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a lady of your sense and merit to be slighted; but I am sure my lord loves you as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happened. She shook her head, and said, That's like your art! ——— This makes one amazed you could be so caught! Who, my lord caught? said he. No, no, he'll have more wit than so! But I never heard you were jealous before. You are very provoking, brother, said she, I wish you were as good as lord *Davers*. But don't carry the jest too far. Well, said he, 'tis a tender point I own.

By these managements the dinner pass'd over pretty well. Mr. *B.* afterwards rallied and soothed her by turns, endeavouring to make her behave to *Pamela*

as

as his wife; talked of consulting her ladyship about her clothes, and attending them to *Bedfordshire*. *Pamela*, at length, begged leave to withdraw; and as she went out, Mr. *B.* said, 'There's a person! There's a shape! O lady *Davers!* were you a man, you would doat on her as I do, Yes, said she, as a harlot, perhaps; but not as a wife. On this *Pamela* turned, and said, Indeed your ladyship is cruel. Well may gentlemen take liberties, when ladies of honour say such things; and weeping, added, if your good brother was not the most generous of men, your influence would make me very unhappy. No fear, wench, no fear, said she, thou wilt hold him as long as any body can: I see that!— Poor *Sally Godfrey*, never had half the interest in him, I'll assure you!

At this Mr. *B.* flew into a violent passion. Stay, my *Pamela*, stay, when I bid you, said he. I ought to vindicate myself, that you may not think your consummate virtue linked to too black a villain. She once before to-day in your hearing, accused me as a Dueller, and now as a profligate in another sense.
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With respect to the first charge, a friend of mine at *Padua* was attempted to be assassinated by bravoës, and I had the fortune to disarm one of them, and made him confess his employer; him I challenged. We met at *Sienna*, and he died in a month after of a fever; but I hope not of the slight wounds he had received from me. This is one of the good natured hints to shock your sweetness, on reflecting that you are yoked with a murderer. ——— The other——Nay brother, said she, no more. 'Tis your own fault if you go farther. When I was at college, I was well received by a widow lady, who had several daughters; one of them, who was a deserving girl, she set to draw me into a marriage for the sake of the fortune I was heir to, and contrived many opportunities to bring us, and leave us together. I was not then of age; and the young lady, not half so artful as her mother, yielded to my addresses before the mother's plot could be ripened, and so utterly disappointed it. This, my *Pame'a*, is the *Sally Godfrey* this malicious woman, with the worst intentions, has informed you of. And
 whatever

whatever other liberties I may have taken, which, had she known, you would have heard of as well as this. I desire heaven may only forgive me till I revive its vengeance by the like offences, in injury to my *Pamela*. And now, my dear you may withdraw; for this worthy sister of mine, has said all the bad of me she knows, and what I, at a proper time, should have acquainted you with myself; but I hope that from the hour I devoted myself to so much virtue, to that of my death, my conduct shall be irreproachable.

The lady *Davers* was greatly moved, and bursting into tears, said, No, don't go *Pamela*, my passion has carried me too far a great deal; and coming to her she took her hand, and said, You must stay to hear me beg his pardon. But he burst from her, and in a violent rage went into the garden. Her ladyship sat down, and leaning her head against *Pamela's* bosom, made her neck wet with her tears, while she wept for company. Her kinsman walked up and down the parlour in a fret, and going out afterwards, returned and said, Mr. *B.* has ordered
his

his chariot to be got ready, and won't be ipoke to by any body. Where is he, said she; he replied that he was walking in the garden till it was ready. Lady *Davers* was now much concerned, and observed, that he would not forgive her for a twelvemonth. She asked *Pamela*, if she dared to accompany her to him; and on her telling her that she would attend her ladyship wherever she commanded, she replied, Well wench, *Pamela*, I mean, thou art very good in the main. ——— I should have loved thee as well as my mother did, ——— if ——— but 'tis all over now. Indeed you should not have married my brother. But come, I must love him, let's find him out.

Her ladyship, leaning on *Pamela's* arm, then walked into the garden, where he endeavoured to avoid them. Lady *Davers* followed him, calling after him, and begging him to forgive her, telling him, that she even stooped to ask *Pamela* to be her advocate. He was provoked at this intrusion, while his mind was so disturbed, and even at *Pamela*, for soliciting too warmly in her favour; and desired her never to see him on such occasions,

casions, till he could see her in the temper he ought to be in, when so much sweetness approached him. However, they at length calmed his mind, and taking both their hands, he joined them; and putting his arms about each of their waists, saluted them with great affection, saying, now God bless you both, the two dearest creatures I have in the world.

On their leaving the garden and finding the chariot ready, he asked his sister to take a turn with him in it, and desired her nephew to escort them on horseback, proposing to return to supper at eight o'clock. But about seven, he sent word that they should not expect him, for that he, and his sister and nephew, were prevailed upon to stay with lady *Jones*, and that lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* family had promised to meet them there. They returned at about eleven, when lady *Davers* coming up to *Pamela*, said, Ah child! you have been all our subject. I don't know how it is; but you have made two or three good families in this neighbourhood as much your admirers as my brother. My sister, said Mr. *F.* has been hearing your praises, *Pamela*, from
half

half a score mouths, with more pleasure than her heart will easily let her express. My good lady *Davers's* favour, said she, and the continuance of yours, Sir, would give me more pride than that of all the rest of the world put together. Well, child, said the lady, proud hearts don't come down all at once; though my brother here, has this day laid mine a good many pegs lower than I ever knew it: But I will say, I wish you joy with my brother, and kissed her. My dear lady, returned *Pamela*, you for ever oblige me, I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so. And I hope I shall always, through my life, shew your ladyship that I have the most grateful and respectful sense of your goodness. But, child, said the lady, I shall not give you my company when you make your appearance. Let your own merit make all your *Bedfordshire* neighbours your friends, as it has done here by your *Lincolnshire* ones; and you'll have no need of my countenance, nor any body's else. Now, said her nephew, 'tis my turn: I wish you joy with all my soul, madam;

madam ; and, by what I have seen and heard, I think you have met with no more than you deserve, and so all the company says where we have been. And pray forgive all my nonsense to you.

The next morning *Pamela* waiting upon lady *Davers* in her chamber, she said, I understand child, that you keep a journal of all matters that pass, and that my brother has several times found means to get at it : Should you care I should see it ? I should take great pleasure to read all his stratagems, attempts, menaces, and offers to you on the one hand ; and all your pretty counter-plottings, which he much praises, your resolute resistance, and the noble stand you have made to preserve your virtue ; and the steps by which his pride was subdued, and his mind induced to honourable love. It must surely be an uncommon story, and the reading of it will not only give me great pleasure, but entirely reconcile me to the step he has taken, which I never thought possible ; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a match between him and lady *Betty* * * *, to which neither she nor her friends were averse. *Pamela* replied,

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that

that there was nothing she would not do to oblige her ladyship, that her father and mother had the papers at present, and that her brother had bespoke them, when they had done reading them ; but if Mr. *B* gave her leave, she would shew them to her ladyship with all her heart, as she did not doubt her generous allowance for the freedom with which she treated him, while he had dishonourable views. The lady *Davers* was highly pleased, and had no doubt of obtaining her brother's consent ; and at her departure a few days after, made him promise to send her the papers.



C H A P. VII.

They return to Mr. B's seat in Bedfordshire, where they are received with the utmost joy by the whole family. Mr. B. takes her to see a child nearly related to him. Pamela's behaviour on this occasion. Mrs. Godfrey's story. The conclusion.

MR. B. set out at the same time for his seat in *Bedfordshire*, and on their arrival, *Pamela* was received at the house where her sufferings began, with the utmost joy and affection, from every one in it, especially *Mrs. Jervis*, *Mr. Longman*, and the upper servants. All was joy and festivity; and she with a heart over-flowing with gratitude, adored the goodness of providence; in conducting her through such various scenes of distress, to what she esteemed the highest worldly happiness. She soon conciliated the affection and esteem of all the neighbouring gentlemen and ladies, who

admired her humility, and the openness of her frank and generous heart, as much as her beauty, her elegant figure, and the numberless graces of her behaviour.

When they had been some time at this seat, Mr. B. one morning took her an airing in his chariot and four to a farmhouse, at about ten miles distance, noted for a fine dairy, and where the neighbouring gentry of both sexes sometimes resorted for the same purpose. They set out at about half an hour after six, and arrived at half an hour after eight; and having sent a servant before to apprise the good people of their coming, they found every thing prepared for their reception. She admired the neatness of every thing she saw there; and Mr. B. informed her, that at three miles distance, was a boarding school for ladies, the governess of which kept a chaise and pair, and when the misses performed their task well, she favoured three or four of them at a time with an airing to this place, and after they had breakfasted they were carried back.

Just as they were talking, the chaise came in with four misses, attended by a
maid

maid servant, who were shewn into another little apartment, and passing thro' theirs, made their honours as they passed by them. *Pamela* followed them, and asked them questions about their work and improvements; while she was talking to them, Mr. *B.* joined her, and kissed each of them, but looked more wishfully on one of them, called Miss *Goodwin*. The maid soon after led them into the garden, to shew them the beehives; and miss *Goodwin* making a particular fine curtsy to Mr. *B.* *Pamela* said, I believe Miss knows you, Sir, and taking her by the hand, added, Do you know this gentleman, my pretty dear? Yes madam, said she, it is my own dear uncle. *Pamela* clasped her in her arms, saying, O why, Sir, did not you tell me, that you had a neice among these little ladies? Then kissing her, she tripped after the others. But pray Sir, said she, how can this be? You have no sister nor brother but lady *Davers*. He smiled, and she added, dear Sir, tell me the truth, does not this pretty miss stand in a nearer relation to you than a neice. 'Tis even so my dear, replied he. You re-

member my sister's good-natured hint of Miss *Sally Godfrey*? I do Sir, answered she, but this is Miss *Goodwin*. Her mother chose that for he, said he, because she should not be called by her own name. *Pamela* desiring to have a little prattle with her, he sent for her in again; and the child coming, she took her in her arms, and said, O my charming dear, will you love me, and let me be your aunt? Yes madam, answered she, with all my heart! and I love you dearly; but I must not love my uncle. Why so? said he, because replied she, you would not speak to me at first; and I was bid not to call you uncle; and yet I had not seen you a great while! Well, *Pamela*, said he, now can you allow me to love this little innocent? You would be very barbarous, Sir, replied she, if you did not; and I should be more so if I did not promote it, and love the little lamb myself, both for your sake and her own, and in compassion for her poor dear mother, though unknown to me; and the tears stood in her eyes. Why, my love, said he, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad; She withdrew
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to the window, and said, I am not sad, Sir, but have a strange kind of grief and pleasure at once mingled in my breast. As how, my dear, said he. Why, Sir, she replied, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she be living, she must call her chief delight her shame. If she be no more, her mind must have been distressed with sad remorse when she came to leave the world, and her little babe. I grieve too, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in the world is to her. Forgive me, Sir, I don't say this to reproach you in the least. As to my joy, I rejoice that I have had the grace to escape the like unhappiness with this poor gentlewoman, and that this discovery has given me an opportunity to shew the sincerity of my grateful affection for you, Sir, in the love I will always express to this dear child. Then stepping to her again, she kissed her, saying, join with me, my pretty love, to beg your dear uncle to let you come and live with your new aunt. Indeed, my little precious, I love
you

you dearly. Will you, Sir, said the child? Will you let me go and live with my aunt? You are very good, *Pamela*, said he; and I have not once been deceived in the hopes my fond heart had entertained of your prudence. But will you, Sir, said she, grant me this favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer, and all I am capable of doing for her, both by example and affection, shall most cordially been done. We'll talk of this, my dear, some other time, returned he; but I must in prudence put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I intended to surprize you into this discovery, but my sister led the way to it out of a poorness in her spite, that I could not brook; but your behaviour on this occasion has pleased me beyond expression. Well, Sir, said miss *Goodwin*, then you'll let me go home with my aunt? I am sure she will love me. When you break up next, my dear, said he, if you are very good, you shall pay your new aunt a visit. She made a low curtsy, and thanked him; and *Pamela* promised her that she would get some fine things against the time, and told her, that if she had
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thought of seeing her now, she would have brought some with her. The little misses took their leaves soon after, and left the amiable mind of *Pamela*, warmly interested in miss *Goodwin's* favour.

As Mr. *B.* and his *Pamela* were returning home in the chariot, he gave her the particulars of this affair. Miss *Godfrey*, was of a good family. Her mother encouraged their being together in private, though she knew him to be unsettled and wild, and her daughter in more danger from him, than he was from her; and even, after they had been surprized together in a way not creditable to the lady, she was far from forbidding their private meetings. However, she at length set a half pay officer, her relation, and one who had formerly been her footman, to watch an opportunity, and frighten him into a marriage with her. These persons surprizing him in her chamber as soon as he had been let in, drew their swords, and threatened to kill him on the spot, if he did not immediately promise marriage; and, as he found afterwards, they had a parson below stairs. From some circumstances he

From some circumstances he suspected that miss was in the plot, which, with their menaces, threw him into such a rage, that he drew and disabled one of them by wounding him in his arm ; and pressing upon the other, pushed him down stairs ; for they had attempted rather to frighten than to kill him. Upon this, seeing the old lady, the clergyman she had provided, and her other other daughters, he left the house, cursing them all.

As he resolved to break off all correspondence with the whole family, miss found means to prevail on him to give her a private meeting at *Woodstock*, in order to clear herself ; and there he completed her ruin ; and they had afterwards several other meetings in the neighbourhood of *Oxford*, where he was then studying, till the effect of their frequent interviews became too obvious to be concealed. The young lady was then confined, and every means used to induce him to marry her : but finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his father and mother.

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He however, making his sister acquainted with the affair, she, by her management and spirit, frustrated their intentions; and, agreeable to a proposal of hers, miss *Godfrey* was sent to *Marlborough*, where she was provided for, and lay-in privately. The lady *Davers* took care of the child, till it was fit to be sent to the boarding-school; and he had settled such a sum of money on little miss, as the interest of it would handsomely provide for her, and the principal be a tolerable fortune, when she came to be marriageable. *Pamela* asked, if miss knew who was her father and mother? Mr. *B.* answered, no; but that she called him Uncle, only because he was brother to lady *Davers*, whom she calls Aunt, and who is very fond of her, as is also her lord, who knew the whole affair; and that they had her at all her little school recesses, at their house, and treated her with great kindness.

Pamela, being solicitous to know whether the unhappy miss *Godfrey* was living, asked how she could be content to deny herself the enjoyment of so sweet a child. Aye, *Pamela*, replied he, I see
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you want to know what is become of the poor mother. 'Tis natural enough you should ; but I was willing to see how the suspense would operate upon you. She suffered so much in child-bed, added he, that nobody expected her life ; and this had such an effect upon her, after her recovery, that she dreaded nothing so much as returning to her former fault. And therefore, unknown to me, engaged herself to go to *Jamaica*, with two young ladies who were born there, but were returning to their friends after they had been four years in *England*, for their education. She recommended her little infant to me, by a very moving letter, and, that her shame might be the less known, desired I would suffer her to be called *Goodwin*. She prevailed on her friends to assign her five hundred pounds, in full of all her demands upon her family, and going up to *London*, embarked with her companions at *Gravesend*, and thus sailed to *Jamaica*, where she is since happily married, passing to her husband for a young widow with one daughter, who is provided for by the friends of her first husband. *Pamela* was
not

not displeas'd at her being married, and at such a distance; and with pleasure heard him say, that though he had intended to make her a second *Sally Godfrey*, he rejoic'd that he had been prevented; he now sincerely abhorred his past liberties, and pitied poor *Sally* from the same motives that he admir'd his *Pamela's* virtues.

A very little time after, Mr. B. gave his beloved *Pamela* a most considerate, but yet from the nature of it, a melancholy instance of his great regard, an instance which she never could have wish'd, hop'd for, or even thought of. They took a walk one morning, after breakfast, in the garden; and a little shower falling, he led her into the little summer-house, where he had formerly given her great apprehensions; and sitting down by her side, he said; well, my dear, I have now finish'd all that laid upon my mind, and am quite easy. Have you not wonder'd that I have lately employ'd myself so much in my library? and been so little solicitous of your company? No, sir, said *Pamela*; I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing you please to employ yourself about; nor would I

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give way to a curiosity that would be troublesome to you. Besides, I know your large possessions, and the method you take of looking into your own affairs, must needs take up so much of your time, that I ought to be careful how I intrude upon you.

Well, said Mr. *B.* but I'll tell you what has been my last work. I have taken into my consideration; that at present my line is almost extinct, and that the chief part of my *maternal* estate, in case I die without issue, will go to another branch, and great part of my personal will fall into such hands, as I shall not care my *Pamela* should be at the mercy of. I have therefore, as human life is precarious, made such a disposition of my affairs, as will render you absolutely independent and happy; and have put it out of every body's power of molesting your farther and mother, in the provision I design them for the remainder of their days. I have finished every thing this very morning, except the naming of trustees; and if you have any body you would confide in more than another, I would have you speak.

Pamela

Pamela was so touched with this instance of this excessive goodness, that she was unable to speak ; at last her mind was relieved by a violent fit of weeping ; and clasping her arms round the dear generous man, How, quoth she, shall I support this ! so very cruel, yet so very kind !

Don't, my dear, said Mr. *B.* be concerned at what gives me pleasure. I am not the nearer my end, for having made this disposition ; and I think the putting off these material points, when so many accidents every day happen, and life is so uncertain, is one of the most inexcusable things in the world. There are many important points to be thought of when life is drawing to its utmost verge ; and therefore all temporal concerns should be settled when the mind and body are more at ease. I will therefore assure you, my dear, that in this instance, as I will do in any other I can think of, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent.

Pamela could not make a word of answer if she might have had the world. He took her in his arms, and said ; I have

now spoken my mind, and I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my dearest for the rest of my life ; which, I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy years.

Pamela's words were still choaked up with gratitude and grief ; whereupon *Mr. B.* said ; the shower is over, my dear, let us walk out again : And he then most obligingly changed the discourse.

Soon after *Mr. B.* thought it necessary to exercise the benevolence of *Pamela's* heart, by the distribution of such charities as had before fallen to her lot, during the life time of his good mother. To this end he ordered his steward to pay his lady fifty pounds quarterly, to be applied to purposes for which he required no account. And thus enabled, she quickly caused many honest hearts to rejoice. The first person who witnessed the goodness of her heart was *Mrs Jervis*, whom she knew to be far from easy in her circumstances, because she had conscientiously obliged herself to pay off several old debts contracted by two extravagant children who were both dead ;
and

and maintaining in schooling and board three of thier children, which always kept her bare. One day, as they were sitting at their needles together, *Pamela* said to her ; My good Mrs. *Jervis*, will you give me leave to ask you after your own private affairs, and if you are tolerably easy in them ? You are very good, Madam, said Mrs *Jervis*, to concern yourself about my poor matters ; but I can with great pleasure attribute it to your bounty, and that of my honoured master, that I am easier and easier every day. But tell me, replied the excellent *Pamela*, how your matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle concerns with my friends, and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you will treat *me* with equal freedom ; for I always loved you, and always will ; and nothing but death shall divide our friendship. Tears of gratitude stood in Mrs. *Jervis's* eyes ; and taking off her spectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much kindness ! Oh ! my good lady ! my heart will burst with your goodness ! I cannot bear it !

But you must bear it, and still greater exercises of your grateful heart, I can

tell you that, said *Pamela*: A pretty thing, truly! here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress, by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and slightly, shall put on ladyairs to a gentlwoman born, the wisdom of whose years, and her faithful services, make her a much greater merit in this family, than I can pretend to! And shall I, in the day of power, return insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benovolence I received from her in that of my indigence! forbid it heaven! Then taking her by the hand, and wiping her reverend cheeks; come come my dear second mother, said she, call me your daughter, your *Pamela*: I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name: And as I have but too seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy as our dear master has made my *first*.

Pamela hung her head on Mrs *Fer-
vis*'s shoulder, and waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance; provoking only her speech by saying

ing ; You used to have three grand children to provide for in cloaths and schooling They are all well I hope.

Yes, Madam, quoth Mrs *Jervis*, they are all living ; and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once !) made me very easy and happy. I paid five pounds to one old creditor of my unhappy son's ; five to a second ; and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands ; and with the other five I paid off all the arrears of my poor childrens schooling and maintenance, and every one are satisfied and easy ; all declaring they will never do a harsh thing by me, if they be paid no more.

But tell me Mrs. *Jervis*, said *Pamela*, what all your debts put together will amount to ; and I will contrive to do all I can make you easy ; for at your time of life, I cannot bear that you should have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove ; and so, my dear, Mrs. *Jervis*, let me know all. Then putting her hand into the good woman's pocket, come, said she, let me be a friendly pick-pocket ; let me take out your memorandum

dum book, and we will see how matters stand. Mrs. *Jervis* complied, and *Pamela* withdrew into her closet, saying that she would return presently.

She had scarcely gone ten minutes out of the room, before Mr. *B.* entered, and demanded of Mrs. *Jervis* where her lady was ; and being told, he immediately followed her up stairs into her closet. As soon as he was teated, he asked what was the matter with the good woman below, and said he hoped they had not had any difference. No, indeed my dear sir, said *Pamela* ; if we had I am sure it would have been my fault ; I have taken her memorandum book out of her pocket, to look into her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with due deference to your approbation, make her as easy as you have made my other dear parents.

A blessing, said Mr. *B.* upon my dear charmer's benevolent heart, I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear : Do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. *Jervis*.

Pamela claipt her bold arms about him, the starting tear testifying her gratitude.

itude. Dearett Sir, said she, you affect me as much as I did Mrs *Jervis*. And if any one had a right to ask, *What ails your Pamela?* as you do *What ails Mrs. Jervis?* I must answer, that I am hourly so oppressed by your goodness, that even the joy I receive in it is hardly supportable.

Mr. *B.* then saluted her very tenderly, and left *Pamela* to finish the good work she had begun. She ran over Mrs. *Jervis's* account, with great expedition and facility, and found the total balance was 35l. 11s. and some odd pence; she then went to her escrutoire, and took out 40l. then hastening to the good woman, she said, Mrs. *Jervis*, here is your pocket book; but are 35 or 36l. all you owe, or are bound for?

It is indeed, Madam, said Mrs. *Jervis*, and enough too. It is a great sum; but 'tis in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for a farthing; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service. *Pamela* then sat down, and made Mrs. *Jervis*

Jervis sit down by her. Here, my dear friend, said she, is forty pounds; it is not so much to me now, as the two guineas were to you, that you offered to me at my going away from this house, to my father's, as I thought. Therefore take this, and pay the thirty-five pounds odd money to the utmost farthing; and the remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in advance towards the childrens schooling. I will not offend you by saying that I *give* you this sum, and I will tell you how it shall be repaid. I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas per annum to your salary, in acknowledgement of the pleasure he took in your services when I was *Pamela Andrews*, to add five pounds more to it on my own account, when I became Mrs. *B.* But from this time for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole forty pounds be repaid; and so my dear *Jervis*, you won't have any obligation to me you know, but for the advance; and that is a poor matter, and not to be spoken of. Poor Mrs. *Jervis* was in the greatest agitation at the goodness of her mistress.

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At last, she said, my dear excellent lady ! 'tis too much, I cannot bear all this : and falling upon her knees, with uplifted hands, and eyes, she blessed God who enabled her honoured lady to make *the Widow's heart to sing for joy.*

Dear good woman, said *Pamela*, raising her, do you think you shall outdo me in prayers and praises to the fountain of all these mercies ?—Do you think you shall ?—And while I am empowered to do good to so many worthy objects *abroad*, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs *Fervis* happy *at home* ?

Mr. *B.* and his lady having withdrawn into their bed chamber, she told him this transaction. And now my dear Sir, continued she, half hiding her face on his shoulder, you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your *Pamela* if you please : it shall be kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution. Mr. *B.* raised her head, and kissing her several times, said ; Then thus I chide, I beat my angel ! and yet I have one fault to find with you ; and let Mrs. *Fervis* come up and hear what it is ; for I will *expose* you as you deserve before her.

her. As Mrs. *Jervis* entered the room, he moved his chair farther from *Pamela*, and looking gravely, said—step in Mrs. *Jervis*, your lady has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face. *Pamela* and Mrs. *Jervis* were greatly confused; whereupon Mr. *B.* said, my charge against you *Pamela*, is that of niggardliness and no other; you ought not to have found out the method of repayment: and then addressing himself to Mrs. *Jervis*, he added, the dear creature seldom does any thing that can be mended; but I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgement from me, in addition to your salary, the lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your service, than the gentleman.—Had it been for old acquaintance sake, for sex sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this head.—But I will tell you, that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of a just distinction on many accounts; and your salary from last quarter day shall be advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years hence; and let me add, that
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when my *Pamela* first begins to shew a coldness to her Mrs. *Jervis*, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue, which is now peculiar to herself, and makes her the delight of all who converse with her.

Pamela's charities without doors were all done with the greatest prudence and judgment. To the industrious poor, who had large families of children, she would frequently employ her waiting women, to make them caps, shirts, or aprons. To others, she would bestow money, as their exigencies might require. But she never gave a farthing to the abandoned and insolent, well knowing, that it is charity misapplied, to relieve those who are too lazy to endeavour to support themselves.

In fine, Mr. B. settled *Pamela's* father and mother in a very pretty farm on his *Kentish* estate, which he stocked for them, and enabled them by his bounty, to live comfortably, and to do good by their examples and their judicious charities, to all about them. They constantly visited their dear daughter and her spouse twice a year, staying

P a fortnight

a fortnight at each time ; and at least twice a year Mr. *B.* and his lady were invited by them, to pass a week at the farm-house.

As to the excellent *Pamela*, the lady *Davers* became one of her sincerest, and most affectionate friends. She was regularly visited by the principal ladies in the neighbourhood, who were fond of her acquaintance, and improved by her example. She made her beloved spouse happy in a numerous and hopeful offspring ; and influenced by her example, he became remarkable for his piety, virtue, and all the social duties. While all within the circle of their acquaintance were charmed by the sweetness of their manners, their chearful hospitality, and their diffusive charity.

By way of conclusion we will beg to be indulged in a few brief observations which naturally result from this story, and the principal characters contained in it ; and which will serve as so many applications of its most material incidents to the minds of youth of both sexes.

First, then in the character of Mr. *B.* may be seen that of a fashionable li-

bertine, who allowed himself the free indulgence of his passions, especially as to the fair sex ; and found himself supported in his daring attempts, by an affluent fortune in possession, a personal bravery as it is called, readier to *give* than *take* offence, and an imperious will ; yet as he betimes sees his errors, and reforms in the bloom of youth, an edifying lesson may be drawn from it for the use of such as are born to large fortunes ; and who may be taught by his example, the inexpressible difference between the hazards and remorse which attend a profligate course of life, and the pleasures which flow from virtue, love, and benevolent actions.

In the character of lady *Davers*, let the proud and the high-born see the deformity of unreasonable passion, and how weak and ridiculous such persons must appear, who suffer themselves, as is usually the case, to be hurried from the height of violence to the most abject submission ; and subject themselves to be outdone by the humble virtue they so much despise.

Let good Clergymen in *Mr. Williams*, see, that whatever displeasure the doing of their duty may give, for a time, to their proud patrons, providence will, at last, reward their piety, and turn their distresses to triumph; and make them even more valuable for a conduct that gave offence while the violence of passion lasted, than if they had meanly stooped to flatter or soothe the vices of the great.

In the good axamples of good old *Andrews* and his *Wife*, let those who are reduced to a low estate see, that providence never fails to reward their honesty and integrity; and that God will, in his own good time, extricate them, by means unforeseen, out of their present difficulties, and reward them with benefits unhoped for.

The upper servants of great families may, from the odious character of *Mrs. Jewkes*, and the amiable one of *Mrs. Jervis*, learn what to avoid, and what to chuse to make themselves valued and esteemed by all who know them.

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The poor deluded female, who like the unhappy Miss *Godfrey*, has given up her honour, and yielded to the allurements of her designing lover, may learn from her story to stop at the *first fault*; and by resolving to repent and amend, see the pardon and blessing of heaven await her penitence, and a kind providence ready to extend the arms of its mercy to receive and reward her returning duty.

Let the desponding heart be comforted by the happy issue which the troubles and trials of *Pamela* met with, when they see, in her case, that no danger nor distress, however inevitable or deep, to their apprehensions, can be out of the power of providence to obviate or relieve; and which, as in various instances of her story, can turn the most seemingly grievous things to its own glory, and the reward of suffering innocence; and that too at a time when all human prospects seem to fail.

Let the *rich*, and those who are *exalted* from a *low* to a *high* estate, learn from her, that they are not promoted only for a *single* good; but that providence

dence has raised them, that they should dispense to all within their reach the blessings it has heaped upon them ; and that the greater the power is to which God has raised them, the greater is the good that will be expected from them.

From the low opinion she every where shews of herself, and her attributing all her excellencies to her pious education, and her lady's virtuous instructions and bounty ; let persons, even of genius and parts, learn not to arrogate to themselves those gifts and graces, which they owe least of all to themselves ; since the beauties of person are frail, and it is not in our power to give them to ourselves, or to be either prudent, wise, or good, without the assistance of divine grace.

From the same good example, let children see what a blessing awaits their duty to their parents, tho' ever so low in the world ; and that the only disgrace is to be dishonest ; but none at all to be poor.

From the œconomy she purposes to observe in her elevation, let even ladies of condition learn that there are family employments, in which they may, and ought

ought to make themselves useful, and give good examples to their inferiors as well as equals: and that their duty to God, charity to the poor and sick, and the different branches of household management, ought to take up the most considerable portions of their time.

From her signal veracity, which she never forfeited, in all the hardships she was ty'd with, tho' her answers, as she had reason to apprehend, would often make against her; and the innocence she preserved throughout all her stratagems and contrivances to save herself from violation; persons, even *soresly tempted*, may learn to preserve a sacred regard to *truth*; which always begets a reverence for them, even in the corruptest minds.

In short,

Her obliging behaviour to her equals, before her exaltation; her kindness to them afterwards; her forgiving spirit, and her generosity;

Her meekness in every circumstance where her virtue was not concerned;

Her charitable allowances for others, as in the case of Miss *Godfrey*, for
faults

faults she would not have forgiven in herself ;

Her maiden and bridal purity which extended as well to her thoughts, as to her words and actions ;

Her signal affiance in God ;

Her thankful spirit ;

Her grateful heart ;

Her desusive charity to the poor, which made her blessed by them whenever she appeared abroad ;

The chearful ease and freedom of her deportment ;

Her parental and conjugal duty ;

Her social virtues ;

Are all so many signal instances of the excellency of her mind, which may make her character worthy of the imitation of her sex ; may inspire a laudable emulation in the minds of young women, who may thereby intitle themselves to the rewards, the praises, and the blessings, by which *Pamela* was so deservedly distinguished.

The editor has but one word more to add to the observations above mentioned ; and that is, that all parents ought to be most particularly attentive to a proper cultivation

cultivation of the minds and understandings of their beloved offsprings; for it is a certain fact, that the tempers and dispositions of children may be modulated either to vice or virtue, with equal ease. Man from his cradle is an imitative creature; whatever objects therefore are set before the eyes of children, or whatever precepts are laid open to their minds, be they good or bad, are equally soon impressed upon them. A child will rejoice in having an opportunity of drowning a puppy or a kitten; and will behold it in the last agonies of death with a cruel exultation; but be it remembered, that this principle does not end here; the youth will be led on from one cruelty to another, and even at last perhaps entertain designs against some nobler victim, who may not, like a *Pamela*, have the virtuous courage to defend itself. Let their little hearts, therefore, be rather formed upon a more enlarged plan; let them be taught to rejoice in defending the life of a fly, or in giving a Sparrow its liberty, and the consequence will be, that in time they will be habituated to more generous principles, and they will

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will be ready upon all occasions to punish vice, and to protect innocence and virtue, altho' even at the hazard of their lives.

F I N I S.



