

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 2

Samuel Richardson

Table of Contents

<u>Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 2</u>	1
<u>Samuel Richardson</u>	2
<u>Vol. 2</u>	4
<u>PAMELA; or, Virtue Rewarded. VOL. II. The Journal continued.</u>	5
<u>THURSDAY Morning</u>	6
<u>FRIDAY Night</u>	7
<u>SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock</u>	9
<u>Two o'Clock</u>	10
<u>SATURDAY, Six o'Clock</u>	11
<u>SUNDAY Morning</u>	16
<u>Three o' Clock</u>	19
<u>MONDAY</u>	20
<u>MONDAY Morning Eleven o'Clock</u>	23
<u>TUESDAY Morning</u>	26
<u>WEDNESDAY Morning</u>	29
<u>THURSDAY</u>	37
<u>FRIDAY</u>	41
<u>I</u>	44
<u>II</u>	45
<u>III</u>	46
<u>IV</u>	47
<u>V</u>	48
<u>SATURDAY</u>	54
<u>SUNDAY</u>	61
<u>I</u>	63
<u>II</u>	64
<u>I</u>	65
<u>II</u>	66
<u>III</u>	67
<u>III</u>	68
<u>IV</u>	69
<u>IV</u>	70
<u>V</u>	71
<u>V</u>	72
<u>VI</u>	73
<u>VI</u>	74
<u>VII</u>	75
<u>VIII</u>	76
<u>VII</u>	77
<u>VIII</u>	78
<u>IX</u>	79
<u>X</u>	80
<u>IX</u>	81
<u>X</u>	82
<u>MONDAY</u>	85
<u>TUESDAY</u>	88
<u>One o'Clock</u>	89
<u>WEDNESDAY</u>	91

Table of Contents

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 2

<u>WEDNESDAY Evening</u>	92
<u>THURSDAY, Six o'Clock in the Morning</u>	96
<u>Half an Hour past Eight o'Clock</u>	97
<u>THURSDAY, near Three o'Clock</u>	99
<u>Eight o'Clock at Night</u>	104
<u>Ten o'Clock at Night</u>	105
<u>Eleven o'Clock Thursday Night</u>	106
<u>FRIDAY Evening</u>	107
<u>SATURDAY</u>	111
<u>SATURDAY, Seven o'Clock in the Evening</u>	113
<u>SUNDAY, the Fourth Day of my Happiness</u>	115
<u>MONDAY, the fifth Day</u>	120
<u>Eleven o'Clock</u>	121
<u>TUESDAY Morning, Eleven o'Clock</u>	122
<u>To Mrs. Andrews</u>	123
<u>TUESDAY Morning, the Sixth of my Happiness</u>	141
<u>WEDNESDAY, the Seventh</u>	160
<u>WEDNESDAY Night</u>	163
<u>SATURDAY</u>	164
<u>SUNDAY Night</u>	170
<u>MONDAY</u>	171
<u>WEDNESDAY Evening</u>	173
<u>THURSDAY</u>	175
<u>MONDAY Morning</u>	181
<u>TUESDAY</u>	184
<u>I</u>	186
<u>II</u>	187
<u>III</u>	188
<u>IV</u>	189
<u>FRIDAY</u>	190
<u>Conclusion</u>	191
<u>Appendix</u>	192

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 2

Samuel Richardson

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

- Vol. 2
 - PAMELA; or, Virtue Rewarded. VOL. II. The Journal continued.
 - THURSDAY Morning.
 - FRIDAY Night.
 - SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock.
 - Two o'Clock.
 - SATURDAY, Six o'Clock.
 - SUNDAY Morning.
 - Three o' Clock.
 - MONDAY.
 - MONDAY Morning Eleven o'Clock.
 - TUESDAY Morning.
 - WEDNESDAY Morning.
 - THURSDAY.
 - FRIDAY.
 - I.
 - II.
 - III.
 - IV.
 - V.
 - SATURDAY.
 - SUNDAY.
 - I.
 - II.
 - I.
 - II.
 - III.
 - III.
 - IV.
 - IV.
 - V.
 - V.
 - VI.
 - VI.
 - VII.
 - VIII.
 - VII.
 - VIII.
 - IX.
 - X.
 - IX.
 - X.
 - MONDAY.
 - TUESDAY.

- One o'Clock.
- WEDNESDAY.
- WEDNESDAY Evening.
- THURSDAY, Six o'Clock in the Morning.
- Half an Hour past Eight o'Clock.
- THURSDAY, near Three o-Clock.
- Eight o'Clock at Night.
- Ten o'Clock at Night.
- Eleven o'Clock Thursday Night.
- FRIDAY Evening.
- SATURDAY
- SATURDAY, Seven o'Clock in the Evening.
- SUNDAY, the Fourth Day of my Happiness.
- MONDAY, the fifth Day.
- Eleven o'Clock.
- TUESDAY Morning, Eleven o'Clock.
- To Mrs. Andrews.
- TUESDAY Morning, the Sixth of my Happiness.
- WEDNESDAY, the Seventh.
- WEDNESDAY Night.
- SATURDAY.
- SUNDAY Night.
- MONDAY.
- WEDNESDAY Evening.
- THURSDAY.
- MONDAY Morning.
- TUESDAY.
- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.
- FRIDAY.
- Conclusion
- Appendix

Vol. 2

PAMELA; or, Virtue Rewarded. VOL. II. The Journal continued.

THURSDAY Morning.

Somebody rapp'd at our Chamber-door this Morning soon after it was light: Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd who it was; my Master said, Open the Door, Mrs. *Jewkes*! —O, said I, for God's sake, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't. Indeed, said she, but I must; I clung about her. Then, said I, let me slip on my Cloaths first. But he rapp'd again, and she broke from me; and I was frighted out of my Wits, and folded myself in the Bed-cloaths. He enter'd, and said, What, *Pamela*, so fearful, after what pass'd yesterday between us! O Sir, Sir, said I, I fear my Prayers have wanted their wish'd Effect. Pray, good Sir, consider —He sat down on the Bed-side, and interrupted me, No need of your foolish Fears; I shall say but a Word or two, and go away.

After you went to Bed, said he, I had an Invitation to a Ball, which is to be this Night at *Stamford*, on Occasion of a Wedding; and I am going to call on Sir *Simon* and his Lady, and Daughters; for it is a Relation of theirs: So I shall not be at home till *Saturday*. I come therefore to caution *you*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, before *Pamela*, (that she may not wonder at being closer confin'd, than for these three or four Days past) that no body sees her, nor delivers any Letter to her in this Space; for a Person has been seen lurking about, and inquiring after her; and I have been well inform'd, that either Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Longman*, has wrote a Letter, with a Design of having it convey'd to her: And, said he, you must know, *Pamela*, that I have order'd Mr. *Longman* to give up his Accounts, and have dismiss'd *Jonathan*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, since I have been here; for their Behaviour has been intolerable: and they have made such a Breach between my Sister *Davers* and me that we shall never, perhaps, make up. Now, *Pamela*, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your Chamber pretty much for the Time I am absent, and not give Mrs. *Jewkes* Cause of Trouble or Uneasiness; and the rather, as you know she acts by my Orders.

Alas! Sir, said I, I fear all these good Bodies have suffer'd for my sake! —Why, said he, I believe so too; and there never was a Girl of your Innocence, that set a large Family in such Uproar, surely. —But let that pass. You know both of you my Mind, and in part, the Reason of it. I shall only say, that I have had such a Letter from my Sister, that I could not have expected; and, *Pamela*, said he, neither you nor I have Reason to thank her, as you shall know, perhaps, at my Return. —I go in my Coach, Mrs. *Jewkes*, because I take Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* Niece, and one of Lady *Darnford's* Daughters; and Sir *Simon* and his other Daughter go in his Chariot; so let all the Gates be fasten'd, and don't take any Airing in either of the two Chariots, nor let any body go to the Gate, without you, Mrs. *Jewkes*. I'll be sure, said she, to obey your Honour.

I will give Mrs. *Jewkes* no Trouble, Sir, said I, and will keep pretty much in my Chamber, and not stir so much as into the Garden, without her; to shew you I will obey in every thing I can. But I begin to fear — Ay, said he, more Plots and Contrivances, don't you? —But I'll assure you, you never had less Reason; and I tell you the Truth; for I am really going to *Stamford*, *this Time*; and upon the Occasion I tell you. And so, *Pamela*, give me your Hand, and one Kiss, and I am gone.

I durst not refuse, and said, God bless you, Sir, where-ever you go! —But I am sorry for what you tell me about your Servants!

He and Mrs. *Jewkes* had a little Talk without the Door; and I heard her say, You may depend, Sir, upon my Care and Vigilance.

He went in his Coach, as he said he should, and very richly dress'd; which looks *like* what he said: But, really, I have had so many Tricks, and Plots, and Surprizes, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. *Jervis*. —So here is Parson *Williams*; here is poor naughty *John*; here is good Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, turn'd away for me! —Mr. *Longman* is rich indeed, and so need the less matter it; but I know it will grieve him: And for poor Mr. *Jonathan*, I am sure it will cut that good old Servant to the Heart. Alas for me! What Mischiefs am I the Occasion of? —Or, rather, my Master, whose Actions by me, have made so many of my good kind Friends forfeit his Favour, for my sake!

I am very sad about these things: If he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry that his Servants loved me too. —I know not what to think!

FRIDAY Night.

I have removed my Papers from under the Rosebush; for I saw the Gardener begin to dig near that Spot; and I was afraid he would find them. Mrs. *Jewkes* and I were looking yesterday through the Iron Gate that fronted the Elms, and a Gypsy-like Body made up to us, and said; If, Madam, you will give me some broken Victuals, I will tell you both your Fortunes. I said, Let us hear our Fortunes, Mrs. *Jewkes*; but she said, I don't like these fort of People; but we will hear what she'll say to us. I than't fetch you any Victuals; but I will give you some Pence, said she. But *Nan* coming out, she said, Fetch some Bread, and some of the cold Meat, and you shall have your Fortune told, *Nan*.

This, you'll think, like some of my other Matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But mark the Discovery of a dreadful Plot, which I have made by it. O bless me! what can I think of this naughty, this very naughty Gentleman! —Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was:

Mrs. *Jewkes* had no Suspicion of the Woman, the Iron Gate being lock'd, and she of the Outside, and we on the Inside; and so put her Hand thro'. She said, muttering over a Parcel of cramp Words: Why, Madam, you will marry soon, I can tell you. At that she seem'd pleas'd, and said, I am glad to hear that, and shook her fat Sides with laughing. The Woman look'd most earnestly at me all the Time, and as if she had Meaning. Then it came into my Head, from my Master's Caution, that possibly this Woman might be employ'd to try to get a Letter into my Hands; and I was resolved to watch all her Motions. So Mrs. *Jewkes* said, What sort of a Man shall I have, pray? —Why, said she, a Man younger than yourself; and a very good Husband he'll prove. —I am glad of that, said she, and laugh'd again. Come, Madam, let us hear *your* Fortune.

The Woman came to me, and took my Hand, O! said she, I cannot tell your Fortune; your Hand is so white and fine, that I cannot see the Lines: But, said she, and stoop'd, and pulled up a little Tuft of Grass, I have a Way for that; and so rubb'd my Hand with the Mould—part of the Tuft: Now, said she, I can see the Lines.

Mrs. *Jewkes* was very watchful of all her Ways, and took the Tuft, and look'd upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the Woman said, Here is the Line of *Jupiter* crossing the Line of Life; and *Mars*—Odd, my pretty Mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself: For you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be marry'd, I can see; and will die of your first Child. Out upon thee, Woman! said I, better thou hadst never come here.

Said Mrs. *Jewkes*, whispering, I don't like this. It looks like a Cheat: Pray, Mrs. *Pamela*, go in this Moment. So I will, said I; for I have enough of Fortune-telling. And in I went.

The Woman wanted sadly to tell me more; which made Mrs. *Jewkes* threaten her, suspecting still the more: And away the Woman went, having told *Nan* her Fortune, that she would be drown'd.

This thing ran strongly in my Head; and we went an Hour after, to see if the was lurking about, and Mr. *Colbrand* for our Guard; and looking thro' the Iron Gate, he spy'd a Man sauntering about the middle of the Walk; which filled Mrs. *Jewkes* with still more Suspicions. But she said, Mr. *Colbrand*, you and I will walk towards this Fellow, and see what he saunters there for: And, *Nan*, do you and Madam stay at the Gate.

So they open'd the Iron Gate, and walked down towards the Man; and, guessing the Woman, if employ'd, must mean something by the Tuft of Grass, I cast my Eye that way, whence she pull'd it, and saw more Grass seemingly pull'd up: then I doubted not something was there for me; so I walked to it, and standing over it, said to *Nan*, That's a pretty Sort of a wild Flower that grows yonder, near that Elm, the fifth from us on the Left; pray pull it for me. Said she, It is a common Weed. Well, said I, but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful Colours in a Weed.

While she went on, I stoop'd, and pull'd up a good Handful of the Grass, and in it a Bit of Paper, which I put instantly in my Bosom, and dropt the Grass; and my Heart went pit—a—pat at the odd Adventure. Said I, Let us go in, Mrs. *Ann*. No, said she, we must stay till Mrs. *Jewkes* comes.

I was all Impatience to read this Paper. And when *Colbrand* and she return'd, I went in. Said she, Certainly there is some Reason for my Master's Caution; I can make nothing of this sauntering Fellow; but, to be sure, there was some Roguery in the Gypsy. Well, said I, if there was, she lost her Aim, you see! Ay, very, said she; but that was owing to my Watchfulness; and you was very good to go away when I spoke to you.

I went up Stairs, and, hasting to my Closet, found the Billet to contain, in a Hand that seem'd disguised, and bad Spelling, the following Words:

'Twenty Contrivances have been thought of to let you know your Danger; but all have prov'd in vain. Your Friends hope it is not yet too late to give you this Caution, if it reaches your Hands. The 'Squire is absolutely determin'd to ruin you. And because he despairs of any other way, he will pretend great Love and Kindness to you, and that he will marry you. You may expect a Parson for this Purpose, in a few Days; but it is a sly artful Fellow of a broken Attorney, that he has hir'd to personate a Minister. The Man has a broad Face, pitted much with the Small-pox, and is a very good Companion. So take care of yourself. Doubt not this Advice. Perhaps you'll have but too much Reason already to confirm you in the Truth of it. From your zealous Well-wisher,
'Somebody.'

Now, my dear Father and Mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical Master! O how shall I find Words to paint my Grievs, and his Deceit! I have as good as confessed I love him; but indeed it was on supposing him good. —This, however, has given him too much Advantage. But now I will break this wicked forward Heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O what a black, dismal Heart must he have! So here is a Plot to ruin me, and by my own Consent too! — No wonder he did not improve his wicked Opportunities, (which I thought owing to Remorse for his Sin, and Compassion for me) when he had such a Project as this in Reserve! —Here should I have been deluded with the Hopes of a Happiness that my highest Ambition could not have aspired to! — But how dreadful must have been my Lot, when I had found myself an undone Creature, and a guilty Harlot, instead of a lawful Wife? Oh! this is indeed too much, too much for your poor *Pamela* to support! This is the worse, as I hop'd all the Worst was over; and that I had the Pleasure of beholding a reclaimed Gentleman, and not an abandon'd Libertine. What now must your poor Daughter do! Now all her Hopes are dash'd! And if this fails him, then comes, to be sure, my forcible Disgrace! for this shews he will never leave till he has ruin'd me! — O the wretched, wretched *Pamela*!

SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock.

My Master is come home, and, to be sure, has been where he said. So *once* he has told Truth; and this Matter seems to be gone off without a Plot: No doubt he depends upon his sham, wicked Marriage! He has brought a Gentleman with him to Dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

Two o'Clock.

I am very sorrowful; and still have greater Reason; for just now, as I was in my Closet, opening the Parcel I had hid under the Rose-bush, to see if it was damag'd by lying so long, Mrs. *Jewkes* came upon me by Surprise, and laid her Hands upon it; for she had been looking thro' the Key-hole, it seems.

I know not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private Thoughts of him, and all my Secrets, as I may say. What a careless Creature I am! — To be sure I deserve to be punish'd.

You know I had the good Luck, by Mr. *Williams's* means, to send you all my Papers down to *Sunday* Night, the 17th Day of my Imprisonment. But now these Papers contain all my Matters, from that Time, to *Wednesday* the 27th Day of my Distress. And which, as you may now, perhaps, never see, I will briefly mention the Contents to you.

In these Papers, then, are included, An Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* Arts, to draw me in to approve of Mr. *Williams's* Proposal for Marriage; and my refusing to do so; and desiring you not to encourage his Suit to me. Mr. *Williams's* being wickedly robbed, and a Visit of hers to him; whereby she discover'd all his Secrets. How I was inclined to get off, while she was gone; but was ridiculously prevented by my foolish Fears, &c. My having the Key of the Back-door. Mrs. *Jewkes's* writing to my Master all the Secrets she had discover'd of Mr. *Williams*; and her Behaviour to me and him upon it. Continuance of my Correspondence with Mr. *Williams* by the Tiles; begun in the Parcel you had. My Reproaches to him for his revealing himself to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and his Letter to me in Answer, threatening to expose my Master, if he deceiv'd him; mentioning in it *John Arnold's* Correspondence with him; and a Letter which *John* sent, and was intercepted, as it seems. Of the Correspondence being carried on by a Friend of his at *Gainsborough*: Of the Horse he was to provide for me, and one for himself. Of what Mr. *Williams* had own'd to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and of my discouraging his Proposals. Then it contained a pressing Letter of mine to him, urging my Escape before my Master came; with his half-angry Answer to me. Your good Letter to me, my dear Father, sent to me by Mr. *Williams's* Conveyance; in which you would have me encourage Mr. *Williams*, but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately enough, you take Notice of my being unclin'd to marry. — My earnest Desire to be with you. The Substance of my Answer to Mr. *Williams*, expressing more Patience, &c. A dreadful Letter of my Master to Mrs. *Jewkes*; which, by Mistake, was directed to me; and one to me, directed by like Mistake, to her; and very free Reflections of mine upon both. The Concern I expressed for Mr. *Williams's* being taken in, deceived and ruin'd. An Account of Mrs. *Jewkes's* glorying in her wicked Fidelity. A sad Description I gave of Monsieur *Colbrand*, a Person he sent down to assist Mrs. *Jewkes* in watching me. My Concern for Mr. *Williams's* being arrested, and free Reflections on my Master for it. A projected Contrivance of mine, to get away out of the Window, and by the Back-door; and throwing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond to amuse them, while I got off. An Attempt that had like to have ended very dreadfully for me! My further Concern for Mr. *Williams's* Ruin on my Account: And lastly, my over-hearing Mrs. *Jewkes* brag of her Contrivance to rob Mr. *Williams*, in order to get at my Papers; which, however, he preserved, and sent safe to you.

These, down to the Execution of my unfortunate Plot, to escape, are, to the best of my Remembrance, the Contents of the Papers, which this merciless Woman seiz'd: For, how badly I came off, and what follow'd, I still have safe, as I hope, sew'd in my Under-coat, about my Hips. In vain were all my Prayers and Tears to her, to get her not to shew them to my Master. For she said, It had now come out, why I affected to be so much alone; and why I was always writing. And she thought herself happy, she said, she had found these; for often and often had she searched every Place she could think of, for Writings, to no Purpose before. And she hoped, she said, there was nothing in them but what any body might see; for, said she, you know, you are all Innocence! — Insolent Creature, said I; I am sure you are all Guilt! — And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself; and I see there is no Mercy to be expected from you.

Just now, my Master being coming up, she went to him upon the Stairs, and gave him my Papers. There, Sir, said she; you always said Mrs. *Pamela* was a great Writer; but I never could get at any thing of hers before. He took them, and went down to the Parlour again. And what with the Gypsy Affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to Dinner; and she told him that too; and so I suppose I shall have him up Stairs, as soon as his Company is gone.

SATURDAY, Six o'Clock,

My Master came up, and, in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said, So, *Pamela*, we have seized, it seems, your treasonable Papers? Treasonable? said I, very sullenly. Ay, said he, I suppose so; for you are a great Plotter; but I have not read them yet.

Then, Sir, said I, very gravely, it will be truly honourable in you not to read them; but give them to me again. Whom, says he, are they written to? — To my Father, Sir, said I; but I suppose you see to whom. —Indeed, return'd he, I have not read three Lines as yet. Then pray, Sir, said I, don't read them; but give them to me again. No, that I won't, said he, till I have read them. Sir, said I, you serv'd me not well in the Letters I used to write formerly; I think it was not worthy your Character to contrive to get them into your Hands, by that false *John Arnold*; for should such a Gentleman as you, mind what your poor Servant writes? — Yes, said he, by all means, mind what such a Servant as *my Pamela* writes.

Your Pamela! thought I. Then the sham Marriage came into my Head; and indeed it has not been out of it, since the Gypsy's Affair. — But, said he, have you any thing in these Papers you would not have me see? To be sure, Sir, said I, there is; for what one writes to one's Father and Mother is not for every body. Nor, said he, am I every body.

Those Letters, added he, that I did see by *John's* Means, were not to your Disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high Opinion of your Wit and Innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myself about your Letters?

Alas! Sir, said I, great Pride to me *that!* For they gave you such an Opinion of my Innocence, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what Advantage have they brought me? —Who have been made a Prisoner, and used as I have been between you and your House-keeper?

Why, *Pamela*, said he, a little serious, why this Behaviour, for my Goodness to you in the Garden? —This is not of a Piece with your Conduct and Softness there, that quite charm'd me in your Favour: And you must not give me Cause to think, that you will be the more insolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! Sir, said I, you know best your own Heart and Designs! But I fear I was too openhearted then; and that you still keep your Resolution to undo me, and have only changed the Form of your Proceedings.

When I tell you once again, said he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more, than by placing some Confidence in me, I will let you know, that these foolish and perverse Doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But, said he, I shall possibly account for the *Cause* of them, in these Papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your *Father* and *Mother*, tho' you begin to make *me* suspect you: For I tell you, perverse Girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what last passed in the Garden, if you were not prepossessed in some other Person's Favour. And let me add, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such Effects, as will make every Vein in your Heart bleed.

He was going away in Wrath; and I said, One Word, good Sir, one Word, before you read them, since you *will* read them: Pray make Allowances for all the harsh Reflections that you will find in them, on your own Conduct to me: And remember only, that they were not written for your Sight; and were penn'd by a poor Creature hardly used, and who was in constant Apprehension of receiving from you the worst Treatment that you could inflict upon her.

If that be all, said he, and there be nothing of another Nature, that I cannot forgive, you have no Cause for Uneasiness; for I had as many Instances of your sawcy Reflections upon me in your former Letters, as there were Lines; and yet, you see, I have never upbraided you on that Score; tho', perhaps, I wished you had been more sparing of your Epithets, and your Freedoms of that Sort.

Well, Sir, said I, since you *will*, you *must* read them; and I think I have no Reason to be afraid of being found insincere, or having, in any respect, told you a Falsehood; because, tho' I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my Heart; and that is not deceitful. And remember, Sir, another thing, that I always declared I thought myself right to endeavour to make my Escape from this forced and illegal Restraint; and so you must not be angry that I would have done so, if I could.

I'll judge you, never fear, said he, as favourably as you deserve; for you have too powerful a Pleader for you

within me. And so went down Stairs.

About nine o'Clock he sent for me down in the Parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the Papers in his Hand, and said, Now, *Pamela*, you come upon your Trial. Said I, I hope I have a *just* Judge to hear my Cause. Ay, said he, and you may hope for a *merciful* one too, or else I know not what will become of you.

I expect, continu'd he, that you will answer me directly, and plainly, to every Question I shall ask you. —In the first Place, Here are several Love-letters between you and *Williams*. Love-letters! Sir, said I. —Well, call them what you will, said he, I don't intirely like them, I'll assure you, with all the Allowances you desired me to make for you. Do you find, Sir, said I, that I encouraged his Proposal, or do you not? Why, said he, you discourage his Address in Appearance; but no otherwise than all your cunning Sex do to ours, to make us more eager in pursuing you.

Well, Sir, said I, that is your Comment; but it does not appear so in the Text. Smartly said! says he; where a D—I, gottest thou, at these Years, all this Knowledge; and then thou hast a Memory, as I see by your Papers, that nothing escapes it. Alas! Sir, said I, what poor Abilities I have, serve only to make me more miserable! — I have no Pleasure in my Memory, which impresses things upon me, that I could be glad never *were*, or everlastingly to *forget*.

Well, said he, so much for that; but where are the Accounts, (since you have kept so exact a Journal of all that has befallen you) previous to these here in my Hand? My Father has them, Sir, said I. — By whose Means, said he? —By Mr. *Williams's*, said I. Well answered, said he. But cannot you contrive to get me a Sight of them? That would be pretty, said I. I wish I could have contrived to have kept those you have from your Sight. Said he, I must see them, *Pamela*, or I shall never be easy: For I must know how this Correspondence, between you and *Williams*, begun: And if I can see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these give me Hope they will.

I can tell you, Sir, very faithfully, said I, what the Beginning was; for I was bold enough to be the *Beginner*. That won't do, said he; for tho' this may appear a Punctilio to *you*; to *me* it is of high Importance. Sir, said I, if you please to let me go to my Father, I will send them to you by any Messenger you shall send for them. Will you so? said he. But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you, without the Trouble of such a Journey to yourself. And I beg you will.

I think, Sir, said I, as you have seen all my *former* Letters, thro' *John's* Baseness, and now *these*, thro' your faithful Housekeeper's officious Watchfulness, you *might* see *all the rest*. But I hope you will not desire it, till I can see how much my pleasing you in this Particular, will be of Use to myself.

You must trust to my Honour for that. But tell me, *Pamela*, said the sly Gentleman, since I have seen *these*, Would you have voluntarily shewn me *those*, had they been in your Possession?

I was not aware of his Inference, and said, Yes, truly, Sir, I think I should, if you commanded it. Well, then, *Pamela*, said he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your Journal, I desire, while the *former Part* can come, that you will shew me the *succeeding*? —O, Sir, Sir, said I, have you caught me so! —But indeed you must excuse me there.

Why, said he, tell me truly, Have you not continued your Account till now? Don't ask me, Sir, said I. But I insist upon your Answer, reply'd he. Why then, Sir, said I, I will not tell an Untruth; I have. —That's my good Girl! said he. I love Sincerity at my Heart. —In *another*, Sir, said I, I presume, you mean! — Well, said he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is *in you*, and you cannot help it. But you will greatly oblige me, to shew me, voluntarily, what you have written. I long to see the Particulars of your Plot, and your Disappointment, where your Papers leave off. For you have so beautiful a manner, that it is partly that, and partly my Love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; tho' a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little. And as I have furnished you with the Subject, I have a Title to see the Fruits of your Pen. — Besides, said he, there is such a pretty Air of Romance, as you relate them, in your Plots, and my Plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the Catastrophe of the pretty Novel.

If I was your Equal, Sir, said I, I should say this is a very provoking way of jeering at the Misfortunes you have brought upon me.

O, said he, the Liberties you have taken with my Character, in your Letters, set us upon a Par, at least, in that respect. Sir, reply'd I, I could not have taken these Liberties, if you had not given me the Cause: And the *Cause*, Sir, you know, is before the *Effect*.

, *Pamela*, said he; you chop Logick very prettily. What the Duce do we Men go to School for? If our Wits

were equal to Womens, we might spare much Time and Pains in our Education. For Nature learns your Sex, what, in a long Course of Labour and Study, ours can hardly attain to. —But indeed, every Lady is not a *Pamela*.

You delight to banter your poor Servant, said I.

Nay, continued he, I believe I must assume to myself half the Merit of your Wit, too; for the innocent Exercises you have had for it from me, have certainly sharpen'd your Invention.

Sir, said I, could I have been without those *innocent* Exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a Beetle. But then, *Pamela*, said he, I should not have lov'd you so well. But then, Sir, reply'd I, I should have been safe, easy, and happy—Ay, may—be so, and may—be not; and the Wife too of some clouterly Plough—boy.

But then, Sir, I should have been content and innocent; and that's better than being a Princess, and not so. And may—be not, said he; for if you had had that pretty Face, some of us keen Foxhunters should have found you out; and, spite of your romantick Notions, (which then too, perhaps, would not have had such strong Place in your Mind) would have been more happy with the Ploughman's Wife, than I have been with my Mother's *Pamela*. I hope, Sir, said I, God would have given me more Grace.

Well, but, resum'd he, as to these Writings of yours, that follow your fine Plot, I *must* see them. Indeed, Sir, you *must not*, if I can help it. Nothing, said he, pleases me better, than that, in all your Arts, Shifts and Stratagems, you have had a great Regard to Truth; and have, in all your little Pieces of Deceit, told very few wilful *Fibs*. Now I expect you'll continue this laudable Rule in your Conversation with me. —Let me know then, where you have found Supplies of Pen, Ink, and Paper; when Mrs. *Jewkes* was so vigilant, and gave you but two Sheets at a Time? —Tell me Truth.

Why, Sir, little did I think I should have such Occasion for them; but, when I went away from your House, I begg'd some of each of good Mr. *Longman*, who gave me Plenty. Yes, yes, said he, It must be *good Mr. Longman*! All your Confederates are good, every one of them: But such of my Servants as have done their Duty, and obey'd my Orders, are painted out, by you, as black as Devils; nay, so am I too, for that matter.

Sir, said I, I hope you won't be angry; but, saving yourself, do you think they are painted worse than they deserve? or worse than the Parts they acted require?

You say, saving myself, *Pamela*; but is not that Saving a mere Compliment to me, because I am present, and you are in my Hands? Tell me truly. —Good Sir, excuse me; but I fancy I may ask you, Why you should think so, if there was not a little bit of Conscience that told you, there was but too much Reason for it?

He kissed me, and said, I must either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very sawcy, *Pamela*. —But, with your bewitching Chit—chat, and pretty Impertinence, I will not lose my Question. Where did you hide your Paper, Pens and Ink?

Some, Sir, in one Place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found. — That's a good Girl! said he. I love you for your sweet Veracity. Now tell me where it is you hide your Written—papers, your sawcy Journal? —I must beg your Excuse for that, Sir, said I. But indeed, answer'd he, you will not have it; for I *will* know, and I *will* see them! —This is very hard, Sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

We were standing most of this Time; but he then sat down, and took me by both my Hands, and said, Well said, my pretty *Pamela*, if you can help it: But I will not let you help it. Tell me, Are they in your Pocket? No, Sir, said I, my Heart up at my Mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright *Fib* for the World; but for *Equivocation*! no Jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me then, Are they in *neither* of your Pockets? No, Sir, said I. Are they not, said he, about your Stays? No, Sir, reply'd I; but pray, no more Questions: For ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.

O, said he, I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad, when the Criminals won't confess; torture them till they do. —But pray, Sir, said I, Is this fair, just or honest? I am no Criminal; and I won't confess.

O, my Girl. said he, many an innocent Person has been put to the Torture, I'll assure you. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the *Question*, as they call it abroad.

Sir, said I, the Torture is not used in *England*; and I hope you won't bring it up. Admirably said! said the naughty Gentleman. —But I can tell you of as good a Punishment. If a Criminal won't plead with us here in *England*, we *press him* to Death, or till he does plead. And so now, *Pamela*, that is a Punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

Tears stood in my Eyes, and I said, This, Sir, is very cruel and barbarous. —No matter, said he, it is but like

your *Lucifer*, you know, in my Shape! And after I have done so many heinous things by you, as *you* think, you have no great Reason to judge so hardly of this; or, at least, it is but of a Piece with the rest.

But, Sir, said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some Notion they were about me) if you *will* be obey'd in this unreasonable Matter; tho' it is sad Tyranny to be sure!—let me go up to them, and read them over again; and you shall see so far as to the End of the sad Story that follows those you have.

I'll see them all, said he, down to this Time, if you have written so far! —Or at least, till within this Week. — Then let me go up to them, said I, and see what I have written, and to what Day to shew them to you; for you won't desire to see every thing. But I will, reply'd he. — But say, *Pamela*, tell me Truth; Are they *above*? I was more affrighted. He saw my Confusion. Tell me Truth, said he. Why, Sir, answer'd I, I have sometimes hid them under the dry Mould in the Garden; sometimes in one Place, sometimes in another; and those you have in your Hand, were several Days under a Rose-bush, in the Garden. Artful Slut! said he; What's this to my Question? Are they not about you? — If, said I, I must pluck them out of my Hiding-place, behind the Wainscot, won't you see me? Still more and more artful! said he. — Is this an Answer to my Question? — I have searched every Place above, and in your Closet, for them, and cannot find them; so I will know where they are. Now, said he, it is my Opinion they are about you; and I never undrest a Girl in my Life; but I will now begin to strip my pretty *Pamela*; and hope I shall not go far, before I find them.

I fell a crying, and said, I will not be used in this manner. Pray, Sir, said I, (for he began to unpin my Handkerchief) consider! Pray, Sir, do! — And pray, said he, do *you* consider. For I will see these Papers. But may-be, said he, they are ty'd about your Knees with your Garters, and stooped. Was ever any thing so vile, and so wicked! — I fell on my Knees, and said, What *can* I do? what *can* I do? If you'll let me go up, I'll fetch them you. Will you, said he, on your Honour, let me see them uncurtail'd, and not offer to make them away; no, not a single Paper? — I will, Sir.—On your Honour? Yes, Sir. And so he let me go up—stairs, crying sadly for Vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so serv'd as I am!

I went to my Closet, and there I sat me down, and could not bear the Thoughts of giving up my Papers. Besides, I must all undress me in a manner to untack them. So I writ thus:

'*SIR*, To expostulate with such an arbitrary Gentleman, I know will signify nothing. And most hardly do you use the Power you so wickedly have got over me. I have Heart enough, Sir, to do a Deed that would make you regret using me thus; and I can hardly bear it, and what I am further to undergo. But a superior Consideration with-holds me; thank God, it does! —I will, however, keep my Word, if you insist upon it when you have read this; but, Sir, let me beg you to give me time till to-morrow Morning, that I may just run them over, and see what I put into your Hands against me. And I will then give my Papers to you, without the least Alteration, or adding or diminishing. But I should beg still to be excused, if you please. But if not, spare them to me, but till to-morrow Morning. And this, so hardly am I used, shall be thought a Favour, which I shall be very thankful for.'

I guessed it would not be long before I heard from him. And he accordingly sent up Mrs. *Jewkes* for what I had promised. So I gave her this Note to carry to him. And he sent word, that I must keep my Promise, and he would give me till Morning; but that I must bring them to him without his asking again.

So I took off my Under-coat, and, with great Trouble of Mind, unsew'd them from it. And there is a vast Quantity of it. I will just slightly touch upon the Subject; because I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

They begin with an Account of my attempting to get away, out of the Window, first, and then throwing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond. How sadly I was disappointed; the Lock of the Back-door being changed. How, in trying to climb over the Door, I tumbled down, and was piteously bruised; the Bricks giving way, and tumbling upon me. How, finding I could not get off, and dreading the hard Usage I should receive, I was so wicked to be tempted to throw myself into the Water. My sad Reflections upon this Matter. How Mrs. *Jewkes* used me on this Occasion, when she found me. How my Master had like to have been drown'd in Hunting; and my Concern for his Danger, notwithstanding his Usage of me. Mrs. *Jewkes's* wicked Reports to frighten me, that I was to be marry'd to an ugly *Swiss*; who was to sell me on the Wedding-day to my Master. Her vile way of talking to me, like a *London* Prostitute. My Apprehensions on seeing Preparations made for my Master's coming. Their causless Fears, that I was trying to get away again, when I had no Thought of it; and my bad Usage upon it. My Master's dreadful Arrival; and his hard, very hard Treatment of me; and Mrs. *Jewkes's* insulting of me. His Jealousy of Mr. *Williams* and me. How Mrs. *Jewkes* vilely instigated him to Wickedness. And down to here, I put

into one Parcel, hoping that would content him. But for fear it should not, I put into another Parcel the following, viz.

A Copy of his Proposals to me, of a great Parcel of Gold, and fine Cloaths and Rings, and an Estate of I can't tell what a Year; and 50 *l.* a Year for the Life of both of you, my dear Parents, to be his Mistress; with an Insinuation, that, may-be, he would marry me at a Year's End. All sadly vile; with Threatnings, if I did not comply, that he would ruin me, without allowing me any thing. A Copy of my Answer, refusing all with just Abhorrence. But begging at last his Goodness to me, and Mercy on me, in the most moving manner I could think of. An Account of his angry Behaviour, and Mrs. *Jewkes's* wicked Advice hereupon. His trying to get me to his Chamber; and my Refusal to go. A deal of Stuff and Chit-chat between me and the odious Mrs. *Jewkes*; in which she was very wicked, and very insulting. Two Notes I wrote, as if to be carry'd to Church, to pray for his reclaiming, and my Safety; which Mrs. *Jewkes* seiz'd, and officiously shew'd him. A Confession of mine, that notwithstanding his bad Usage, I could not hate him. My Concern for Mr. *Williams*. A horrid Contrivance of my Master's to ruin me; being in my Room, disguised in Cloaths of the Maid's, who lay with me and Mrs. *Jewkes*. How narrowly I escaped, (it makes my Heart ake to think of it still!) by falling into Fits. Mrs. *Jewkes's* detestable Part in this sad Affair. How he seem'd mov'd at my Danger, and forbore his abominable Designs; and assur'd me he had offer'd no Indecency. How ill I was for a Day or two after; and how kind he seem'd. How he made me forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*. How, after this, and great Kindness pretended, he made rude Offers to me in the Garden, which I escaped. How I resented them. Then I had written how kind and how good he behav'd himself to me; and how he pralsed me, and gave me great Hopes of his being good at last. Of the too tender Impression this made upon me; and how I began to be afraid of my own Weakness and Consideration for him, tho' he had used me so ill. How sadly jealous he was of Mr. *Williams*; and how I, as I justly could, clear'd myself as to his Doubts on that Score. How, just when he had raised me up to the highest Hope of his Goodness, he dash'd me sadly again, and went off more coldly. My free Reflections upon this trying Occasion.

This brought Matters down from *Thursday* the 20th Day of my Imprisonment, to *Wednesday* the 41st.

And there I was resolv'd to end, let what would come; for there is only *Thursday*, *Friday* and *Saturday*, to give an Account of; and *Thursday* he set out to a Ball at *Stamford*; and *Friday* was the Gypsey Story, and this is *Saturday*, his Return from *Stamford*. And, truly, I shall have but little Heart to write, if he is to see all.

So these two Parcels of Papers I have got ready for him against to-morrow Morning. To be sure I have always used him very freely in my Writings, and shew'd him no Mercy; but yet he must thank himself for it; for I have only writ Truth; and I wish he had deserv'd a better Character at my hands, as well for his own sake as mine. —So, tho' I don't know whether ever you'll see what I write, I must say, that I will go to-bed, with remembering you in my Prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: And so God bless you. Good Night.

SUNDAY Morning.

I Remember what he said, of not being obliged to ask again for my Papers; and what I was forced to do, and could not help it, I thought I might as well do, in such a manner as might shew I would not disoblige on purpose. Tho' I stomach'd this matter very heavily too. I had therefore got in Readiness my two Parcels; and he not going to Church in the Morning, bid Mrs. *Jewkes* tell me, he was gone into the Garden.

I knew that was for me to go to him; and so I went. For how can I help being at his Beck? which grieves me not a little, tho' he is my Master, as I may say; for I am so wholly in his Power, that it would do me no good to incense him; and if I refused to obey him in little Matters, my Refusal in greater would have the less Weight. So I went down to the Garden; but as he walked in one Walk, I took another; that I might not seem too forward neither.

He soon 'spy'd me, and said, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, said I, and cross'd the Walk to attend him, I did not know but I should interrupt you in your Meditations this good Day.

Was that the Case, said he, truly, and from your Heart? Why, Sir, said I, I don't doubt but you have very good Thoughts sometimes: Tho' not towards me! —I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you, as I do. But where are the Papers? —I dare say, you had them about you yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your Writings in the Garden, for fear you should be *search'd*, if you did not escape. This, added he, gave me a glorious Pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all Night, that I did not strip you, Garment by Garment, till I had found them. O fie, Sir, said I; let me not be scar'd, with hearing that you had such a Thought in earnest.

Well, said he, I hope you have not now the Papers to give me; for I had rather find them myself, I'll assure you.

I did not like this way of Talk at all; and, thinking it best, not to dwell upon it, I said, Well, but, Sir, you will excuse me, I hope, giving up my Papers.

Don't trifle with me, said he; Where are they? — I think I was very good to you last Night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminish'd, and have not strictly kept your Promise, woe be to you! Indeed, Sir, said I, I have neither added nor diminish'd. But here is the Parcel, that goes on with my sad Attempt to escape, and the terrible Consequences it had like to have been follow'd with. And it goes down to the naughty Articles you sent me. And, as you know all that has happen'd since, I hope these will satisfy you.

He was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more; And I must beg you, Sir, to read the Matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any Liberties of my Pen.

I think, said he, half-smiling, you may wonder at my Patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abus'd as I am by such a saucy Slut. —Sir, said I, I have wonder'd you should be so desirous to see my bold Stuff; and for that very Reason, I have thought it a very *good* or a very bad *Sign*. What, said he, is your *good* Sign? —That it may not have an unkind Effect upon your Temper, at last, in my Favour, when you see me so sincere. Your *bad* Sign? Why, that if you can read my Reflections and Observations upon your Treatment of me, with Tranquillity, and not be mov'd, it is a Sign of a very cruel and determin'd Heart. Now, pray Sir, don't be angry at my Boldness, in telling you so freely my Thoughts. You may, perhaps, said he, be least mistaken when you think of your bad Sign: God forbid! said I.

So I took out my Papers; and said, Here, Sir, they are. But, if you please to return them, without breaking the Seal, it will be very generous: And I will take it for a great Favour, and a good Omen.

He broke the Seal instantly, and open'd them. So much for your Omen, said he. I am sorry for it, said I; and was walking away. Whither now, said he? Sir, I was going in, that you might have Time to read them, if you thought fit. He put them into his Pocket, and said, You have more than these. Yes, Sir; but all that they contain you know, as well as I. —But I don't know, said he, the Light you put Things in; and so give them me, if you have not a Mind to be search'd.

Sir, said I, I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly Word. —Give me then no Reason for it. Where are the other Papers? Why then, unkind Sir, if it must be so, here they are. And so I gave him out of my Pocket the second Parcel, seal'd up, as the former, with this Superscription; *From the naughty Articles, down, thro' sad Attempts, to Thursday the 42d Day of my Imprisonment.* This is last *Thursday*, is it? —Yes, Sir; but now you will

see what I write, I will find some other way to employ my Time: For I can neither write so free, nor with any Face, what must be for your Perusal, and not for those I intended to divert with my melancholy Stories.

Yes, said he, I would have you continue your Penmanship by all means; and I assure you, in the Mind I am in, I will not ask you for any after these; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. And I have, added he, another thing to tell you, That if you send for those from your Father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. And so I desire you will do it.

This a little encourages me to continue my Scribbling; but for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any Bulk, contrive some way to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which before I could not say of a Truth; and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffer'd frightful Indecencies.

He led me then to the Side of the Pond; and sitting down on the Slope, made me sit by him. Come, said he, this being the Scene of Part of your Project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your Cloaths, I will just look upon that Part of your Relation. Sir, said I, let me then walk about, at a little Distance, for I cannot bear the Thought of it. Don't go far, said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the Place where I mention'd the Bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the Door, and look'd upon the broken Part of the Wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himself, towards me; and took my Hand, and put it under his Arm.

Why this, said he, my Girl, is a very moving Tale. It was a very desperate Attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great Danger; for you had a very bad and lonely Way; and I had taken such Measures, that let you have been where you would, I would have had you.

You may see, Sir, said I, what I ventur'd rather than be ruin'd; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the Sincerity of my Professions, that my Honesty is dearer to me than my Life. Romantick Girl! said he, and read on.

He was very serious at my Reflections, on what God enabled me to escape. And when he came to my Reasonings, about throwing myself into the Water, he said, Walk gently before; and seem'd so mov'd, that he turn'd away his Face from me; and I bless'd this good Sign, and began not so much to repent at his seeing this mournful Part of my Story.

He put the Papers in his Pocket, when he had read my Reflections, and Thanks for escaping from *myself*; and he said, taking me about the Waist, O my dear Girl! you have touch'd me sensibly with your mournful Relation, and your sweet Reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable, had it taken Effect. I see you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a Mercy you stood Proof in that fatal Moment.

Then he most kindly folded me in his Arms; Let us, say I too, my *Pamela*, walk from this accursed Piece of Water; for I shall not, with Pleasure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my Fair-one. I thought, said he, of terrifying you to my Will, since I could not move you by Love; and Mrs. *Jewkes* too well obey'd me, when the Terrors of your Return, after your Disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly Courage to stand them; but had like to have made so fatal a Choice, to escape the Treatment you apprehended.

O Sir, said I, I have Reason, I am sure, to bless my dear Parents, and my good Lady, your Mother, for giving me something of a religious Education; for, but for that, and God's Grace, I should more than upon one Occasion, have attempted, at least, a desperate Act: And I the less wonder how poor Creatures, who have not the Fear of God before their Eyes, and give way to Despondency, cast themselves into Perdition.

Come, kiss me, said he, and tell me you forgive me for rushing you into so much Danger and Distress. If my Mind hold, and I can see those former Papers of yours, and that these in my Pocket give me no Cause to alter my Opinion, J will endeavour to defy the World, and the World's Censures, and make my *Pamela* Amends, if it be in the Power of my whole Life, for all the Hardships I have inflicted upon her.

All this look'd well; but you shall see how strangely it was all turn'd. For this Sham-marriage then came into my Mind again; and I said, Your poor Servant is far unworthy of this great Honour; for what will it be, but to create Envy to herself, and Discredit to you? Therefore, Sir, permit me to return to my poor Parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He was in a fearful Passion then. And is it thus, said he, in my fond conceding Moments, that I am to be despis'd, and thus answer'd? —Precise, perverse, unseasonable *Pamela*, begone from my Sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful Prospect, as in a distressful State; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the

Shadow of my Notice.

I was startled, and going to speak: But he stamp'd with his Foot, and said, Begone, I tell you. I cannot bear this stupid romantick Folly.

One Word, said I; but one Word, I beseech you, Sir.

He turn'd from me in great Wrath, and took down another Alley, and so I went in with a very heavy Heart; and fear I was too unseasonable, just at a Time, when he was so condescending: But if it was a Piece of Art of his Side, as I apprehended, to introduce the Sham-wedding, (and to be sure he is very full of Stratagem and Art) I think I was not so much to blame.

So I went up to my Closet; and wrote thus far, while he walk'd about till Dinner was ready; and he is now sat down to it, as I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of Humour; and she asks what I have done to him? —Now again, I dread to see him! —When will my Fears be over?—

Three o' Clock.

Well, he continues exceeding wroth. He has order'd his travelling Chariot to be got ready, with all Speed. What is to come next, I wonder!—

Sure I did not say *so much*! But see the Lordliness of a high Condition! —A poor Body must not put in a Word when they take it into their Heads to be angry! What a fine Time a Person of unequal Condition would have of it, if even they were to marry such an one! —His poor dear Mother spoil'd him at first. Nobody must speak to him or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a Child, and so he has not been us'd to be controul'd, and cannot bear the least Thing that crosses his violent Will. This is one of the Blessings of a high Condition! Much good may do them with their Pride of Birth, and Pride of Fortune, say I! —All that it serves for, as far as I can see, is to multiply their Disquiets, and every body's else that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end! —Mrs. *Jewkes* has been with me from him, and she says, I must get me out of the House this Moment! Well, said I, but where am I to be carry'd next? Why, home, said she, to your Father and Mother. And, can it be, said I! —No, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that! —To be sure, some bad Design is on foot again! To be sure it is! —Sure, sure, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, he has not found out some other Housekeeper worse than you! She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

She came up again. Are you ready? said she. Bless me, said I, you are very hasty: I have heard of this not a Quarter of an Hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me and no kind Friends in this House to take Leave of to delay me. Yet, like a Fool, I can't help crying Pray, said I, just step down, and ask, if I may not have my Papers?

So, I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an Answer; and so I will put up these few Writings in my Bosom, that I have left.

I don't know what to think—nor how to judge; but I shall ne'er believe I am with you till I am on my Knees before you, begging both your Blessings. Yet I am sorry he is so angry with me! I thought I did not say so much.

There is, I see, the Chariot drawn out, the Horses to, the grim *Colbrand* going to get a Horse-back. What will be the End of all this!

MONDAY.

Well, where this will end I cannot say. But here I am, at a little poor Village, almost such an one as yours; I shall learn the Name of it by—and—by. And *Robin* assures me he has Orders to carry me to you, my dear Father and Mother. God send he may say Truth, and not deceive me again. But having nothing else to do, and I am sure I shall not sleep a Wink to—night, if I was to go to bed, I will write my Time away, and take up my Story where I left off, on *Sunday* Afternoon.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, came up to me, with this Answer about my Papers. My Master says, he will not read them yet, lest he should be mov'd by any thing in them to alter his Resolution. But, if he shall think it worth while to read them, he will send them to you afterwards to your Father's. But, said she, here are your Guineas that I borrow'd: For all is over now, I find, with you.

She saw me cry; and said, Do you repent? —Of what, said I? —Nay, I can't tell, said she; but to be sure he has had a Taste of your satirical Flings, or he would not be so angry. Oh! said she, and held up her Hand, Thou hast a Spirit!—but I hope it will now be brought down. —I hope so too, said I.—

Well, added I, I am ready. She lifted up the Window, and said, I'll call *Robin* to take your Portmanteau: Bag and Baggage, said she, I'm glad you're going! I have no Words, said I, to throw away upon you, Mrs. *Jewkes*; but, making her a very low Curchee, I most heartily thank you for all your *virtuous* Civilities to me. And so, adieu; for I'll have no Portmanteau, I'll assure you, nor any thing but these few Things that I brought with me in my Handkerchief, besides what I have on. For I had all this Time worn my own bought Cloaths, tho' my Master would have had it otherwise often; but I had put up Paper, Ink and Pens, however.

So down I went, and as I went by the Parlour, she stept in, and said, Sir, you have nothing to say to the Girl before she goes? I heard him say, tho' I did not see him, Who bid you say *the Girl*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, in that Manner? She has offended only me!

I beg your Honour's Pardon, said the Wretch; but if I was your Honour, she should not, for all the Trouble she has cost you, go away scot-free. No more of this, as *I told you before*, said he: What! when I have such Proof, that her Virtue is all her Pride, shall I rob her of that? —No, said he, let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she *deserves* to go honest, and she shall go so!

I was so transported with this unexpected Goodness, that I open'd the Door before I knew what I did; and I said, falling on my Knees at the Door, with my Hands folded and lifted up. O thank you, thank your Honour a Million of Times! —May God bless you for this Instance of your Goodness to me! I will pray for you as long as I live, and so shall my dear Father and Mother. And, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, I will pray for you too, poor wicked Wretch that you are!

He turn'd from me, and went into hi; Closet, and shut the Door. He need not have done so; for I would not have gone nearer to him!

Surely I did not say so much to incur all this Displeasure!

I think I was loth to leave the House. Can you believe it? —What could be the Matter with me, I wonder! —I felt something so strange, and my Heart was so lumpish! —I wonder what ail'd me! —But this was so *unexpected*! —I believe that was all! —Yet I am very strange still. Surely, surely, I cannot be like the old murmuring *Israelites*, to long after the Onions and Garlick of *Egypt*, when they had suffer'd there such heavy Bondage? —I'll take thee, O lumpish, contradictory, ungovernable Heart, to severe Task for this thy strange Impulse, when I get to my dear Father's and Mother's; and if I find any thing in thee that should not be, depend upon it, thou shalt be humbled, if strict Abstinence, Prayer and Mortification will do it!

But yet, after all, this last Goodness of his has touched me too sensibly. I wish I had not heard it, almost; and yet methinks I am glad I did; for I should rejoice to think the best of him, for his own sake.

Well, and so I went to the Chariot, the same that brought me down. So, Mr. *Robert*, said I, here I am again! a pure Sporting—piece for the Great! a mere Tennis—ball of Fortune! You have your Orders, I hope! Yes, Madam, said he. Pray now, said I, don't Madam me, nor stand with your Hat off to such a one as I. Had not my Master, said he, order'd me not to be wanting in Respects to you, I would have shewn you all I could. Well, said I, with my Heart full, That's very kind, Mr. *Robert*.

Mr. *Colbrand*, mounted on Horseback, with Pistols before him, came up to me, as soon as I got in, with his Hat off too. What, Monsieur, said I, are *you* to go with me? —Part of the Way, he said, to see you safe! *I hope* that's kind too in you, Mr. *Colbrand*, said I.

I had nobody to wave my Handkerchief to now, nor to take Leave of; and so I resign'd myself to my Contemplations, with this strange wayward Heart of mine, that I never found so ungovernable and awkward before.

So away drove the Chariot! And when I had got out of the Elm-walk, and into the great Road, I could hardly think but I was in a Dream all the Time. A few Hours before in my Master's Arms almost, with twenty kind Things said to me, and a generous Concern for the Misfortunes he had brought upon me; and only by one rash half Word exasperated against me, and turn'd out of Doors, at an Hour's Warning; and all his Kindness changed to Hate! And I now, from Three o'Clock to Five, several Miles off. —But if I am going to you, all will be well again, I hope!

Lack—a-day, what strange Creatures are Men! Gentlemen, I should say rather! For, my dear deserving good Mother, tho' Poverty be both your Lots, has had a better Hap; and you are, and have always been, blest in one another! —Yet this pleases me too, he was so good, he would not let Mrs. *Jewkes* speak ill of me; and scorn'd to take her odious unwomanly Advice. O what a black Heart has this poor Wretch! So I need not rail against Men so much; for my Master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this Woman! —To be sure she must be an Atheist! Do you think she is not?—

We could not reach further than this little poor Place, and sad Alehouse, rather than Inn; for it began to be dark, and *Robin* did not make so much Haste as he might have done: And he was forc'd to make hard Shift for his Horses. Mr. *Colbrand* and *Robert* too are very civil. I see he has got my Portmanteau lash'd behind the Coach. I did not desire it; but I shall not come quite empty. A thorough Riddance of me, I see! —Bag and Bag-gage! as Mrs. *Jewkes* says. Well, my Story surely would furnish out a surprizing kind of Novel, if it was to be well told.

Mr. *Robert* came up to me, just now, and begg'd me to eat something. I thank'd him; but said I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. *Colbrand* to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would sit, nor put their Hats on. What Mockado is this to such a poor Soul as I! I ask'd them, if they were at Liberty to tell me the Truth of what they were to do with me? if not, I would not desire it. —They both said, *Robin* was order'd to carry me to my Father's. And Mr. *Colbrand* was to leave me within ten Miles, and then strike off for the other House, and wait till my Master arriv'd there. They both spoke so solemnly, that I cannot but believe them.

But when *Robin* went down, the other said, he had a Letter to give me next Day, at Noon, when we baited, as we were to do, at Mrs. *Jewkes's* Relations, —May I not, said I, beg the Favour to see it to-night? He seem'd so loth to deny me; that I have Hopes, I shall prevail on him by—and-by.

Well, my dear Father and Mother, I have, on great Promises of Secrecy, and making no Use of it, got the Letter. I will try if I can open it, without breaking the Seal, and will take a Copy of it, by—and-by: For *Robin* is in and out; there being hardly any Room in this little House for one to be long alone. Well, this is the Letter.

'When these Lines are deliver'd to you, you will be far on your Way to your Father and Mother, where you have so long desired to be. And, I hope, I shall forbear thinking of you with the least Shadow of that Fondness my foolish Heart had entertain'd for you. I bear you, however, no Ill-will; but the End of my detaining you being over, I would not that you should tarry with me an Hour more than needed, after the ungenerous Preference you gave against me, at a Time that I was inclined to pass over all other Considerations, for an honourable Address to you; for well I found the Tables intirely turn'd upon me, and that I was in far more Danger from *you* than you was from *me*; for I was just upon resolving to defy all the Censures of the World, and to make you my Wife.

I will acknowledge another Truth; That had I not parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I had read your Journal reflecting, as I doubt not I shall find it, and till I had heard your bewitching Pleas in your Behalf, I fear'd I could not trust myself with my own Resolution. And this is the Reason, I frankly own, that I have determin'd not to see you, nor hear you speak; for, well I know my Weakness in your Favour.

'But I will get the better of this fond Folly. Nay, I hope I have already done it, since it was likely to cost me so dear. And I write this to tell you, that I wish you well with all my Heart, tho' you have spread such Mischiefs thro' my Family. — And yet, I cannot but say, that I could wish you would not think of marrying in haste; and particularly that you would not have this cursed *Williams*. —But what is all this to me now? —Only, my Weakness makes me say, That as I had already look'd upon you as mine; and you have so soon got rid of your

first Husband, so you will not refuse, to my Memory, the Decency that every common Person observes, to pay a Twelve-month's Compliment, tho' but a mere Compliment, to my Ashes.

'Your Papers shall be faithfully return'd you, and I have paid so dear for my Curiosity in the Affection they have rivetted upon me for you, that you would look upon yourself amply reveng'd, if you knew what they have cost me.

I thought of writing but a few Lines; but I have run into Length. I will now try to recollect my scatter'd Thoughts, and resume my Reason, and shall find Trouble enough to replace my Affairs, and my own Family; and to supply the Chasms you have made in it: For, let me tell you, tho' I can forgive you, I never can my Sister, nor my Domestic; for my Vengeance must be wreak'd somewhere.

I doubt not your Prudence in forbearing to expose me any more than is necessary for your own Justification; and for *that*, I will suffer myself to be accused by you, and will also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am, and will ever be,

'Your affectionate Well-wisher.'

This Letter, when I expected some new Plot, has affected me more than any thing of that Sort could have done. For here is plainly his great Value for me confess'd, and his rigorous Behaviour accounted for in such a Manner, as tortures me much. And all this wicked Gypsy Story is, as it seems, a Forgery upon us both, and has quite ruin'd me! For, Oh! my dear Parents, forgive me! but I found to my Grief before, that my Heart was too partial in his Favour; but *now*, with so much Openness, so much Affection, nay, so much *Honour* too, (which was all I had before doubted, and kept me on the Reserve) I am quite overcome. This was a Happiness, however, I had no Reason to expect. But to be sure, I must own to you; that I shall never be able to think of any body in the World but him! —Presumption, you will say; and so it is: But Love is not a voluntier Thing:—*Love*, did I say! —But, come, I hope not! —At least it is not, I hope, gone so far, as to make me *very* uneasy; for I know not *how* it came, nor when it begun; but creep, creep it has, like a Thief upon me; and before I knew what was the Matter, it look'd like Love.

I wish, since it is too late, and my Lot determin'd, that I had not had this Letter; nor heard him take my Part to that vile Woman; for then I should have bless'd myself, in having escap'd so happily his designing Arts upon my Virtue; but *now*, my poor Mind is all topsy-turvy'd, and I have made an Escape, to be more a Prisoner!

But, I hope, since thus it is, that all will be for the best; and I shall, with your prudent Advice, and pious Prayers, be able to overcome this Weakness. —But, to sure, my dear Sir, I will keep a longer Time than a Twelve-month, as a Widow, for a Compliment, and *more* than a Compliment, to your Ashes! —O the dear Word! —How kind, how moving, how affectionate is that Word! O why was I not a Duchess, to shew my Gratitude for it? but must labour under the Weight of an Obligation, even had this Happiness befallen me, that would have press'd me to Death, and which I never could return by a whole Life of faithful Love, and chearful Obedience.

O forgive your poor Daughter! —I am sorry to find this Trial so sore upon me; and that all the Weakness of my weak Sex, and tender Years, who never before knew what it was to be so touch'd, is rais'd against me, and too mighty to be withstood by me. —But Time, Prayer, and Resignation to God's Will, and the Benefits of your good Lessons and Examples, I hope, will enable me to get over this so heavy a Trial. —O my treacherous, treacherous Heart! to serve me thus! And give no Notice to me of the Mischiefs thou wast about to bring upon me! But thus foolishly to give thyself up to the proud Invader, without ever consulting thy poor Mistress in the least! But thy Punishment will be the *first* and the *greatest*; and well deservest thou to smart, O perfidious Traitor, for giving up so weakly, thy *whole Self*, before a Summons came, and to one too, who had us'd me so hardly! And when, likewise, thou hadst so well maintain'd thy Post against the most violent and avowed, and therefore, as I thought, more dangerous Attacks.

After all, I must either not shew you this my Weakness, or tear it out of my Writing — *Memorandum*, to consider of this, when I get home.

MONDAY Morning Eleven o'Clock .

We are just come in here, to the Relations of Mrs. *Jewkes*. The first Compliment I had, was, in a very impudent manner, How I liked the 'Squire? —I could not help saying, Bold, forward Woman! Is it for you, who keep an Inn, to treat Passengers at this Rate? She was but in jest, she said, and begg'd Pardon: And she came, and begg'd Excuse again, very submissively, after *Robin* and Mr. *Colbrand* had talk'd to her a little.

The latter here, in great Form, gave me, before *Robin*, the Letter, which I had given him back for that purpose. And I retir'd, as if to read it; and so I did; for I think I can't read it too often; tho', for my Peace of Mind sake, I might better try to forget it. I am sorry, methinks, I cannot bring you back a sound Heart; but indeed it is an honest one, as to any body but me; for it has deceived nobody else: Wicked thing as it is!

More and more surprizing Things still! —

Just as I had sat down, to try to eat a bit of Victuals, to get ready to pursue my Journey, came in Mr. *Colbrand*, in a mighty Hurry. O Madam! Madam! said he, Here be de Groom from de 'Squire *B*. all over in a Lather, Man and Horse! O how my Heart went pit—a—pat! —What now, thought I, is to come next! He went out, and presently return'd with a Letter for me, and another, inclosed, for Mr. *Colbrand*. This seem'd odd, and put me all in a Trembling. So I shut the Door; and, never, sure, was the like known! found the following agreeable Contents.

'In vain, my *Pamela*, do I find it to struggle against my Affection for you. I must needs, after you were gone, venture to entertain myself with your Journal. When I found Mrs. *Jewkes's* bad Usage of you, after your dreadful Temptations and Hurts; and particularly your generous Concern for me, on hearing how narrowly I escaped drowning (tho' my Death would have been your Freedom, and I had made it your Interest to wish it); and your most agreeable Confession in another Place, that notwithstanding all my hard Usage of you, you could not *hate* me; and that expressed in so sweet, so soft, and so innocent a manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to *love* me, (together with the other Parts of your admirable Journal) I began to repent my parting with you. But, God is my Witness, for no unlawful End, as you would call it; but the very contrary. And the rather, as all this was improv'd in your Favour, by your Behaviour at leaving my House: For, Oh! that melodious Voice praying for me at your Departure, and thanking me for my Rebuke to Mrs. *Jewkes*, still hangs upon my Ears, and quavers upon my Memory. And tho' I went to—bed, I could not rest; but about Two got up, and made *Thomas* get one of the best Horses ready, in order to set out to overtake you, while I sat down to write this to you.

'Now, my dear *Pamela*, let me beg of you, on the Receipt of this, to order *Robin* to drive you back again to my House I would have set out myself, for the Pleasure of bearing you Company back in the Chariot; but am really indisposed: I believe, with Vexation that I should part thus with my Soul's Delight, as I now find you are, and must be, in spite of the Pride of my own Heart.

'You cannot imagine the Obligation your Return will lay me under to your Goodness; and yet, if you will not so far favour me, you shall be under no Restraint, as you will see by my Letter inclosed to *Colbrand*; which I have not sealed, that you may read it. But spare me, my dearest Girl, the Confusion of following you to your Father's; which I must do, if you persist to go on; for I find I cannot live a Day without you.

'If you are the generous *Pamela* I imagine you to be, (for hitherto you have been all Goodness, where it has not been merited) let me see, by this new Instance, the further Excellency of your Disposition; let me see you can forgive the Man who loves you more than himself; let me see by it, that you are not prepossess'd in any other Person's Favour: And one Instance more I would beg, and then I am all Gratitude; and that is, That you would dispatch Monsieur *Colbrand* with a Letter to your Father, assuring him, that all will end happily; and that he will send to you, at my House, the Letters you found means, by *Williams's* Conveyance, to send him: And when I have all my proud, and, perhaps, punctilious Doubts answer'd, I shall have nothing to do, but to make you happy, and be so my self. For I must be

Yours, and only Yours.

'Monday Morn. near three o'Clock'

O my exulting Heart! how it throbs in my Bosom, as if it would reproach me for so lately upbraiding it for giving way to the Love of so dear a Gentleman! —But, take care thou art not too credulous neither, O fond Believer! Things that we wish, are apt to gain a too ready Credence with us. This sham Marriage is not yet clear'd

up; Mrs. *Jewkes*, the vile Mrs. *Jewkes*! may yet the Mind of this Master: His Pride of Heart, and Pride of Condition, may again take place; and a Man that could, in so little a Space, first love me, then hate me, then banish me his House, and send me away disgracefully; and now send for me again, in such affectionate Terms; may still waver, may still deceive thee. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous, fluttering, throbbing Mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest: And I charge thee to keep better Guard than thou hast lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and desirable Impulses. Thus foolishly dialogu'd I with my Heart; and yet all the time this Heart is *Pamela*.

I open'd the Letter to Monsieur *Colbrand*; which was in these Words:

'*Monsieur*, I am sure you'll excuse the Trouble I give you. I have, for good Reasons, changed my Mind; and I have besought it as a Favour, that Mrs. *Andrews* will return to me the Moment *Tom* reaches you. I hope, for the Reasons I have given her, she will have the Goodness to oblige me. But if not, you are to order *Robin* to pursue his Directions, and set her down at her Father's Door. If the *will* oblige me in her Return, perhaps she'll give you a Letter to her Father, for some Papers to be deliver'd to you for her. Which you'll be so good, in that Case, to bring to her *here*. But if she will *not* give you such a Letter, you'll return with her to me, if she pleases to favour me so far; and that with all Expedition, that her Health and Safety will permit; for I am pretty much indisposed; but hope it will be but slight, and soon go off. I am

Yours, &c.

'On second Thoughts, let *Tom* go forward with Mrs. *Andrews*'s Letter, if she pleases to give one, and you return with her, for her Safety.'

Now this is a dear generous Manner of treating me. O how I love to be generously used! —Now, my dear Parents, I wish I could consult you for your Opinions, how I should act. Should I go back, or should I not? —I doubt he has got too great Hold in my Heart, for me to be easy presently, if I should refuse: And yet this Gypsey Information makes me fearful.

Well, I will, I think, trust in his Generosity! Yet is it not too great a Trust? —especially considering how I have been used! —But then that was while he vow'd his bad Designs; and now he gives great Hope of his good ones. And I *may* be the means of making many happy, as well as myself, by placing a generous Confidence in him.

And then, I think, he might have sent to *Colbrand*, and to *Robin*, to carry me back, whether I would or not. And how different is this Behaviour to that? And would it not look as if I am *prepossess'd*, as he calls it, if I don't oblige him; and as if it was a silly female Piece of Pride to make him follow me to my Father's; and as if I would use him hardly in *my* Turn, for his having used me ill in *his*? Upon the whole, I resolv'd to obey him; and if he uses me ill afterwards, double will be his ungenerous Guilt! —Tho' hard will be my Lot, to have my Credulity so justly blameable as it will then seem. For, to be sure, the World, the wife World, that never is wrong itself, judges always by Events. And if he should use me ill, then I shall be blamed for trusting him: If well, O then I did right, to be sure! — But how would my Censurers act in my Case, before the Event justifies or condemns the Action, is the Question?

Then, I have no Notion of obliging by Halves; but of doing things with a Grace, as one may say, where they *are* to be done; and so I wrote the desir'd Letter to you, assuring you, that I had before me happier Prospects than ever I yet had; and hoped all would end well. And that I begg'd you would send me, by Mr. *Thomas*, my Master's Groom, the Bearer of it, those Papers, which I had sent you by Mr. *Williams*'s Conveyance: For that they import'd me much, for clearing up a Point in my Conduct, that my Master was desirous to know, before he resolv'd to favour me, as he had intended. — But you will have that Letter, before you can have this; for I would not send you this without the preceding; which now is in my Master's Hands.

And so, having given the Letter to Mr. *Thomas*, for him to carry to you, when he had baited and rested, after his great Fatigue, I sent for Monsieur *Colbrand* and *Robin*; and gave to the former his Letter; and when he had read it, I said, You see how things stand. I am resolv'd to return to our Master; and as he is not so well as were to be wish'd, the more Haste you make, the better: And don't mind my Fatigue; but consider only yourselves, and the Horses. *Robin*, who guess'd the matter, by his Conversation with *Thomas*, (as I suppose) said, God bless you, Madam, and reward you, as your Obligingness to my good Master deserves; and may we all live to see you triumph over Mrs. *Jewkes*.

I wonder'd to hear him say so; for I was always careful of exposing my Master, or even that naughty Woman, before the common Servants. But yet I question whether *Robin* would have said this, if he had not guessed, by

Thomas's Message, and my resolving to return, that I might stand well with his Master. So selfish are the Hearts of poor Mortals, that they are ready to change as Favour goes!

So they were not long getting ready; and I am just setting out, back again; and I hope in God, shall have no Reason to repent it.

Robin put on very vehemently; and when we came to the little Town, where we lay on *Sunday* Night, he gave his Horses a Bait; and said, he would push for his Master's that Night, as it would be Moon-light, if I should not: be too much fatigu'd; because there was no Place between that and the Town adjacent to his Master's, fit to put up for the Night. But Monsieur *Colbrand's* Horse beginning to give way, made a Doubt between them: Wherefore I said (hating to lie on the Road) If it could be done, I should bear it well enough, I hoped; and that Monsieur *Colbrand* might leave his Horse, when it fail'd, at some House, and come into the Chariot. This pleased them both; and about twelve Miles short, he left the Horse, and took off his Spurs and Holsters, &c. and, with Abundance of ceremonial Excuses, came into the Chariot; and I sat the easier for it; for my Bones ached sadly with the Jolting, and so many Miles travelling in so few Hours, as I had done, from *Sunday* Night, Five o'Clock. But, for all this, it was Eleven o'Clock at Night when we came to the Village adjacent to my Master's; and the Horses began to be very much tired, and *Robin* too; but I said, It would be pity to put up only three Miles short of the House.

So about One we reach'd the Gate; but every body was a-bed. But one of the Helpers got the Keys from Mrs. *Jewkes*, and open'd the Gates; and the Horses could hardly crawl into the Stables. And I, when I went to get out of the Chariot, fell down, and thought I had lost the Use of my Limbs.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came down, with her Cloaths huddled on, and lifted up her Hands and Eyes, at my Return. But shew'd more Care of the Horses than of me. By that time the two Maids came; and I made shift to creep in as well as I could.

It seems my poor Master was very ill indeed, and had been upon the Bed most part of the Day; and *Abraham* (who succeeded *Fohn*) fat up with him. And he was got into a fine Sleep, and heard not the Coach come in, nor the Noise we made; for his Chamber lay towards the Garden, on the other Side the House. Mrs. *Jewkes* said, He had a feverish Complaint, and had been blooded; and, very prudently, order'd *Abraham*, when he awaked, not to tell him I was come, for fear of surprizing him, and augmenting his Fever; nor, indeed, to say any thing of me, till she herself broke it to him in the Morning, as she should see how he was.

So I went to-bed with Mrs. *Jewkes*, after she had caused me to drink almost half a Pint of burnt Wine, made very rich and cordial, with Spices; which I found very refreshing, and set me into a Sleep I little hoped for.

TUESDAY Morning.

Getting up pretty early, I have written thus far, while Mrs. *Jewkes* lies snoring in bed, fetchup her last Night's Disturbance. I long for her Rising, to know how my poor Master does. 'Tis well for her she can sleep so purely. No Love, but for herself, will never break her Rest, I am sure. I am deadly sore all over, as if I had been soundly beaten. Yet I did not think I could have liv'd under such Fatigue.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, as soon as she got up, went to know how my Master did, and he had had a good Night; and having drank plentifully of Sack—whey, had sweated much; so that his Fever had abated considerably. She said to him, that he must not be surprized, and she would tell him News. He asked, What? and she said, I was come. He raised himself up in his Bed; Can it be? said he: — What, already!— She told him, I came last Night. Monsieur *Colbrand* coming to inquire of his Health, he order'd him to draw near him, and was infinitely pleased with the Account he gave him of the Journey; my Readiness to come back, and my Willingness to reach home that Night. And he said, Why, these render Fair—ones, I think, bear Fatigue better than us Men. But she is very good, to give me such an Instance of her Readiness to oblige me. Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, take great Care of her Health; and let her lie a—bed all Day. She told him, I had been up these two Hours. Ask her, said he, if she will be so good as to pay me a Visit; if she won't, I'll rise, and go to her. Indeed, Sir, said she, you must lie still; and I'll go to her. But don't urge her too much, said he, if she be unwilling.

She came to me, and told me all the above; and I said, I would most willingly wait upon him. For indeed I longed to see him, and was much grieved he was so ill. — So I went down with her. Will she come? said he, as I enter'd the Room. Yes, Sir, said she; and she said, at the first Word, Most willingly. Sweet Excellence! said he.

As soon as he saw me, he said, O my beloved *Pamela*! you have made me quite well. I'm concern'd to return my Acknowledgments to you in so unfit a Place and Manner; but will you give me your Hand? I did, and he kissed it with great Eagerness. Sir, said I, you do me too much Honour!— I am sorry you are ill. — I can't be ill, said he, while you are with me. I am well already.

Well, said he, and kissed my Hand again, you shall not repent this Goodness. My Heart is too full of it, to express myself as I ought. But I am sorry you have had such a fatiguing Time of it. — Life is no Life without you! If you had refused me, and yet I had hardly Hopes you would oblige me, I should have had a severe Fit of it, I believe; for I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myself: But now I shall be well instantly. You need not, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added he, send for the Doctor from *Stamford*, as we talked yesterday; for this lovely Creature is my Doctor, as her Absence was my Diseale.

He begg'd me to sit down by his Bed—side, and asked me, If I had obliged him with sending for my former Pacquet? I said, I had, and hoped it would be brought. He said, It was doubly kind.

I would not stay long, because of disturbing him. And he got up in the Afternoon, and desir'd ray Company; and seem'd quite pleas'd, easy, and much better. He said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after this Instance of my good *Pamela's* Obligingness in her Return, I am sure we ought to leave her intirely at her own Liberty; and pray, if she pleases to take a Turn in the Chariot, or in the Garden, or to the Town, or where—ever she will, she must be lest at Liberty, and asked no Questions; and do you do all in your Power to oblige her. She said, she would, to be sure.

He took my Hand, and said, One thing I will tell you, *Pamela*, because I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet not care to ask me, I have taken *William's* Bond for the Money; for how the poor Man had behaved, I can't tell; but he could get no Bail; and if I have no fresh Reason given me, perhaps I shall not exact the Payment; and he has been some time at Liberty; and now follows his School; but, methinks, I could wish you would not see him at present.

Sir, said I, I will not do any thing to disoblige you wilfully; and I am glad he is at Liberty, because I was the Occasion of his Misfortunes. I durst say no more, tho'I wanted to plead for the poor Gentleman; which, in Gratitude, I thought I ought, when I could do him Service. I said, I am sorry, Sir, Lady *Davers*, who loves you so well, should have incurr'd your Displeasure, and there should be any Variance between your Honour and her. I hope it was not on my Account. He took out of his Waistcoat Pocket, as he fat in his Gown, his Letter—case, and said, Here, *Pamela*, read that when you go up Stairs, and let me have your Thoughts upon it; and that will let you into the Affair. He said, he was very heavy of a sudden, and would lie down, and indulge for that Day; and if he

was better in the Morning, would take an Airing in the Chariot. And so I took my Leave for the present, and went up to my Closet, and read the Letter he was pleased to put into my Hands; and which is as follows:

'*Brother*, I am very uneasy at what I hear of you; and must write, whether it please you or not, my full Mind. I have had some People with me, desiring me to interpose with you; and they have a greater Regard for your Honour, than, I am sorry to say it, you have yourself. Could I think that a Brother of mine would so meanly run away with my late dear Mother's Waiting-maid, and keep her a Prisoner from all her Friends, and to the Disgrace of your own. But I thought, when you would not let the Wench come to me on my Mother's Death, that you meant no good. — I blush for you, I'll assure you. The Girl was an innocent, good Girl; but I suppose that's over with her now, or soon will. What can you mean by this let me ask you? Either you will have her for a kept Mistress, or for a Wise. If the former; there are enough to be had, without ruining a poor Wench that my Mother lov'd, and who really was a very good Girl; and of *this* you may be ashamed. As to the *other*, I dare say, you don't think of it; but if you *should*, you would be utterly inexcusable. Consider, Brother, that ours is no up-start Family; but is as ancient as the best in the Kingdom; and, for several Hundreds of Years, it has never been known that the Heirs of it have disgraced themselves by unequal Matches: And you know you have been sought to by some of the first Families in the Nation, for, your Alliance. It might be well enough, if you were descended of a Family of Yesterday, or but a Remove or two from the Dirt you seen so fond, of. But, let me tell you, that I, and all mine, will renounce you for ever, if you can descend so meanly; and I shall be ashamed to be called your Sister. A handsome Gentleman as you are in your Person; so happy in the Gifts of your Mind, that every body courts your Company; and possess'd of such a noble and clear Estate; and very rich in Money besides, left you by the best of Fathers and Mothers, with such ancient Blood in your Veins, untainted! for *you* to throw away yourself thus, is intolerable; and it would be very wicked in you to ruin the Wench too. So that I beg you will restore her to her Parents, and give her 100 l. or so, to make her happy in some honest Fellow of her own Degree; and that will be doing something, and will also oblige and pacify

Your much grieved Sister.

'If I have written too sharply, consider it is my Love to you, and the Shame you are bringing upon yourself; and I wish this may have the Effect upon you intended by your very loving Sister.'

This is a sad Letter, my dear Father and Mother; and one may see how poor People are despised by the Proud and the Rich; and yet we were all on a foot originally: And many of these Gentlefolks, that brag of their ancient Blood, would be glad to have it as wholesome, and as really untainted, as ours! — Surely these proud People never think what a short Stage Life is; and that, with all their Vanity, a Time is coming, when they shall be obliged to submit to be on a Level with us; and said the Philosopher, when he looked upon the Skull of a King, and that of a poor Man, that he saw no Difference between them. Besides, do they not know, that the richest of Princes, and the poorest of Beggars, are to have one great and tremendous Judge, at the last Day; who will not distinguish between them, according to their Qualities in Life? — But, on the contrary, may make their Condemnations the greater, as their neglected Opportunities were the greater? Poor Souls! how I pity their Pride! — O keep me, gracious God! from *their* high Condition, if my Mind shall ever be tainted with their Vice! or polluted with so cruel and inconsiderate a Contempt of the humble Estate which they behold with so much Scorn!

But besides, how do these Gentry know, that supposing they could trace back their Ancestry, for one, two, three, or even five hundred Years, that then the original Stems of these poor Families, tho' they have not kept such elaborate Records of their Good- for-nothingness, as it often proves, were not still deeper rooted?— And how can they be assured, that one hundred Years hence or two, some of those now despised upstart Families, may not revel in their Estates, while their Descendants may be reduced to the other's Dunghils?— And, perhaps, such is the Vanity, as well as Changeableness of human Estates, in *their* Turns set up for Pride of Family, and despise the others!

These Reflections occur'd to my Thoughts, made serious by my Master's Indisposition, and this proud Letter, of the *lowly* Lady Davers, against the *high-minded* Pamela. *Lowly*, I say, because she could *stoop* to such vain *Pride*; and *high-minded* I, because I hope I am too *proud* ever to do the like!— But, after all, poor Wretches that we be! we scarce know what we *are*, much less what we *shall be*! — But, once more, pray I, to be kept from the sinful Pride of a high Estate!

On this Occasion I recall the following Lines, which I have read; where the Poet argues in a much better manner. ————*Wise Providence Does various Parts for various Minds dispense; The meanest Slaves, or those*

Pamela or, Virtue Rewarded, Vol. 2

who hedge and ditch, Are useful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich. The Rich, in due Return, impart their Store; Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring Poor. Nor let the Rich the lowest Slave disdain, He's equally a Link of Nature's Chain; Labours to the same End, joins in one View; And both alike the Will divine pursue: And, at the last, are levell'd, King and Slave, Without Distinction, in the silent Grave.

WEDNESDAY Morning.

My Master sent me a Message just now, that he was so much better, that he would take a Turn after Breakfast, in the Chariot, and would have me give him my Company! I hope I shall know how to be humble, and comport myself as I should do under all these Favours.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is one of the most obliging Creatures in the World; and I have such Respects shewn my be every one, as if I was as great as Lady *Davers*. —But now, if this should all end in the Sham—marriage! —It cannot be, I hope. Yet the Pride of Greatness and Ancestry, and such—like, is so strongly set out in Lady *Davers's* Letter, that I cannot flatter myself to be so happy as all these desirable Appearances make for me. Should I be *now* deceived, I should be worse off than ever. But I shall see what Light this new Honour will procure me! — So I'll get ready. But I won't, I think, change my Garb. Should I do it, it would look as if I would be nearer on a Level with him: And yet, should I not, it may be thought a Disgrace to him; but I will, I think, open the Portmanteau, and, for the first time, since I came hither, put on my best Silk Night—gown. But then that will be making myself a sort of Right to the Cloaths I had renounced; and I am not yet quite sure I shall have no other Crosses to encounter. So I will go as I am; for tho' ordinary, I am as clean as a Penny, tho' I say it. So I'll e'en go as I am, except he orders otherwise. Yet Mrs. *Jewkes* says, I ought to dress as fine as I can! — But I say, I think not. As my Master is up, and a Breakfast, I will venture down to ask him how he will have me be.—

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and thank God, purely recover'd! — How charmingly he looks, to what he did Yesterday! Blessed be God for it!

He arose and came to me, and took me by the Hand, and would set me down by him; and he said, My charming Girl seem'd going to speak. What would you say? — Sir, said I, (a little asham'd) I think it is too great an Honour to go into the Chariot with you! No, my dear *Pamela*, said he; the *Pleasure* of your Company will be greater than the *Honour* of mine; and so say no more on that Head.

But, Sir, said I, I shall disgrace you to go thus. You will grace a Prince, my Fair—one, said the good kind, kind Gentleman! in that Dress, or any you shall chuse. And you look so pretty, that if you shall not catch Cold, in that round—ear'd Cap, you shall go just as you are. But, Sir, said I, then you'll be pleased to go a By—way, that it mayn't be seen you do so much Honour to your Servant. O my good Girl, said he, I doubt you are afraid of yourself being talk'd of, more than me. For I hope, by degrees, to take off the World's Wonder, and teach them to expect what is to follow, as a Due to my *Pamela* .

O the dear good Man! There's for you, my dear Father and Mother! — Did I not do well now to come back! — O could I get rid of my Fears of this Sham—marriage, (for all this is not yet inconsistent with that frightful Scheme) I should be too happy!

So I came up, with great Pleasure, for my Gloves; and now wait his kind Commands. Dear, dear Sir! said I to myself, as if I was speaking to him, for *God's* sake let me have no more Trials and Reverses; for I could not bear it now, I verily think!

At last the welcome Message came, that my Master was ready; and so I went down as fast as I could; and he, before all the Servants, handed me in, as if I was a Lady; and then came in himself. Mrs. *Jewkes* begg'd he would take care he did not catch Cold, as he had been ill. And I had the Pride to hear his new Coachman say, to one of his Fellow—servants, They are a charming Pair, I am sure! 'tis pity they should be parted! — O my dear Father and Mother! I fear your Girl will grow as proud as any thing! And especially you will think I have Reason to guard against it, when you read the kind Particulars I am going to relate.

He order'd Dinner to be ready by Two; and *Abraham*, who succeeds *Fohn*, went behind the Coach. He did *Robin* drive gently, and told me, he wanted to talk to me about his Sister *Davers*, and other Matters. Indeed, at first setting out, he kissed me a little too often, that he did; and I was afraid of *Robin's* looking back, thro' the Fore—glass, and People seeing us as they passed; but he was exceedingly kind to me, in his Words, as well. At last, he said,

You have, I doubt not, read, over and over, my Sister's sawcy Letter; and find, as I told you, that you are no more obliged to her than I am. You see she intimates that some People had been with her; and who should they be but the officious Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and *Jonathan*! And so that had made me take the Measures I did

in dismissing them my Service.— I see, said he, you are going to speak on their Behalfs; but your Time is not come to do that, if ever I shall permit it.

My Sister, says he, I have been beforehand with; for I have renounced her. I am sure I have been a kind Brother to her; and gave her the Value of 3000*l.* more than her Share came to by my Father's Will, when I enter'd upon my Estate. And the Woman, surely, was beside herself with Passion and Insolence, when she wrote me such a Letter; for well she knew I would not bear it. But you must know, *Pamela*, that she is much incensed, that I will give no Ear to a Proposal of hers, of a Daughter of my Lord — who, said he, neither in Person or Mind, or Acquirements, even with all her Opportunities, is to be named in a Day with my *Pamela*. But yet you see the Plea, my Girl, which I made to you before, of this Pride of Condition, and the World's Censure, which, I own, sticks a little too close with me still. For a Woman shines not forth to the Publick as a Man; and the World sees not your Excellencies and Perfections: If it did, I should intirely stand acquitted by the severest Censurers. But it will be taken in the Lump; that here is Mr. B——, with such and such an Estate, has married his Mother's Waiting-maid; not considering there is not a Lady in the Kingdom that can outdo her, or better support the Condition to which she will be raised, if I should marry her. And, said he, putting his Arm round me, and again kissing me, I pity my dear Girl too, for *her* Part in this Censure; for, here will she have to combat the Pride and Slights of the neighbouring Gentry all around us. Sister *Davers*, you see, will never be reconciled to you. The other Ladies will not visit you; and you will, with a Merit transcending them all, be treated as if unworthy their Notice. Should I now marry my *Pamela*, how will my Girl relish all this? Won't these be cutting things to my Fair-one? For, as to me, I shall have nothing to do, but, with a good Estate in Possession, to brazen out the Matter, of my former Jokes on this Subject, with my Companions of the Chace, the Green, and the Assemblée; stand their rude Jestings for once or twice, and my Fortune will create me always Respect enough, I warrant you. But I say, what will my poor Girl do, as to her Part, with her own Sex? For some Company you must keep. My Station will not admit it to be with my common Servants; and the Ladies will fly your Acquaintance; and still, tho' my Wife, will treat you as my Mother's Waiting-maid.— What says my Girl to this?

You may well guess, my dear Father and Mother, how transporting these kind, these generous and condescending Sentiments were to me!— I thought I had the Harmony of the Spheres all around me; and every Word that dropt from his Lips, was as sweet as the Honey of *Hybla* to me.— Oh! Sir, said I, how inexpressibly kind and good is all this! Your poor Servant has a much greater Struggle than this to go thro', a more knotty Difficulty to overcome.

What is that? said he, a little impatiently: I will not forgive your Doubts now!— No, Sir, said I, I cannot doubt; but it is, how I shall *support*, how I shall *deserve*, your Goodness to me!— Dear Girl! said he, and hugg'd me to his Breast, I was afraid you would have made me angry again; but that I would not be; because I see you have a grateful Heart; and this your kind and chearful Return, after such cruel Usage as you had experienced in my House, enough to make you detest the Place, has made me resolve to bear any thing in you, but Doubts of my Honour, at a Time when I am pouring out my Soul, with a and affectionate Ardour.

But, good Sir, Said I, my greatest Concern will be for the rude Jestings you will have to encounter with yourself, for thus stooping beneath yourself. For as to me, considering my lowly Estate, and little Merit, even the Slights and Reflections of the Ladies will be an Honour to me: And I shall have the Pride to place more than half their Ill-will, to their Envy at my Happiness. And if I can, by the most chearful Duty, and resigned Obedience, have the Pleasure to be agreeable to you, I shall think myself but too happy, let the World say what it will.

He said, You are very good, my dearest Girl: But how will you bestow your Time, when you will have no Visits to receive or pay? No Parties of Pleasure to join in? No Card-tables to employ your Winter Evenings, and even, as the Taste is, half the Day, Summer and Winter? And you have often play'd with my Mother too, and so know how to perform a Part there, as well as in the other Diversions: And I'll assure you, my Girl, I shall not desire you to live without such Amusements, as my Wife might expect, were I to marry a Lady of the first Quality.

O, Sir, said I, you are all Goodness! How shall I bear it! — But do you think, Sir, in such a Family as yours, a Person, whom you shall honour with the Name of Mistress of it, will not find useful Employments for her Time, without looking abroad for any others?

In the first Place, Sir, if you will give me Leave, I will myself look into such Parts of the Family Oeconomy, as may not be beneath the Rank to which I shall have the Favour of being exalted, if any such there can be; and this,

I hope, without incurring the Ill-will of any *honest* Servant.

Then, Sir, I will ease you of as much of your Family Accounts, as I possibly can, when I have convinced you, that I am to be trusted with them; and, you know, Sir, my late good Lady made me her Treasurer, her Almoner, and every thing.

Then, Sir, if I must needs be visiting or visited, and the Ladies won't honour me so much, or even if they *would* now—and—then, I will receive and pay Visits, if your Goodness will allow me so to do, to the sick Poor in the Neighbourhood around you; and administer to their Wants and Necessities, in such small Matters, as may not be hurtful to your Estate, but comfortable to them; and intail upon you their Blessings, and their Prayers for your dear Health and Welfare.

Then I will assist your Housekeeper, as I used to do, in the making Jellies, Comfits, Sweetmeats, Marmalades, Cordials; and to pot, and candy, and preserve, for the Uses of the Family. And to make myself all the fine Linen of it, for yourself and me.

Then, Sir, if you will sometimes indulge me with your Company, I will take an Airing in your Chariot now—and—then: And when you shall return home from your Diversions on the Green, or from the Chace, or where—ever you shall please to go, I shall have the Pleasure of receiving you with Duty, and a chearful Delight; and, in your Absence, count the Moments till you return; and you will, may—be, fill up the sweetest Part of my Time, with your agreeable Conversation, for an Hour or two now—and—then; and be indulgent to the impertinent Over—flowings of my grateful Heart, for all your Goodness to me.

The Breakfasting—time, the Preparation for Dinner, and sometimes to entertain your chosen Friends, and the Company you shall bring home with you, Gentlemen, if not Ladies, and the Supperings, will fill up a great Part of the Day, in a very necessary manner.

And, may—be, Sir, now and then a good—humour'd Lady will drop in; and, I hope, if they do, I shall so behave myself, as not to *add* to the Disgrace you will have brought upon yourself; for indeed, I will be very circumspect, and try to be as discreet as I can; and as humble too, as shall be consistent with your Honour.

Cards, 'tis, I can play at, in all the usual Games, that our Sex indulge in; but this I am not fond of, and shall never desire to use them, but as it may encourage such Ladies, as you may wish to see, not to abandon your House for want of an Amusement they are used to.

Musick, which my good Lady taught me, will fill up some Intervals, if I should have any.

And then, Sir, you know, I love Reading, and Scribbling; and tho' all the latter will be employ'd in the Family Accounts, between the Servants and me, and me and your good Self; yet Reading is a Pleasure to me, that I shall be unwilling to give up, at proper times, for the best Company in the World, except yours. And, O Sir! that will help to polish my Mind, and make me worthier of your Company and Conversation; and, with the Explanations you will give me, of what I shall not understand, will be a sweet Employment, and Improvement too.

But one thing, Sir, I ought not to forget, because it is the chief; my Duty to God, will, I hope, always employ some good Portion of my Time, with Thanks for his superlative Goodness to me; and to pray for *you* and *myself*: For *you*, Sir, for a Blessing on you, for your great Goodness to such an unworthy Creature: For *myself*, that I may be enabled to discharge my Duty to you, and be found grateful for all the Blessings I shall receive at the Hands of Providence, by means of your Generosity and Condescension.

With all this, Sir, said I, can you think I shall be at a Loss to pass my Time? But, as I know, that every Slight to me, if I come to be so happy, will be, in some measure, a Slight to you, I will beg of you, Sir, not to let me go very fine in Dress; but appear only so, as that you may not be ashamed of it, after the Honour I shall have of being called by your worthy Name: For well I know, Sir, that nothing so much excites the Envy of my own Sex, as seeing a Person set above them in Appearance, and in Dress. And that would bring down upon me an hundred *sawcy Things*, and *low—born Brats*, and I can't tell what!

There I stopt; for I had prattled a great deal; and he said, clasping me to him, Why stops my dear *Pamela*?—; Why does she not proceed? I could dwell upon your Words all the Day long; and you shall be the Directress of your own Pleasures, and your own Time, so sweetly do you chuse to employ it: And thus shall I find some of my own bad Actions aton'd for by your exemplary Goodness, and God will bless me for your sake!

O, said he, what Pleasure you give me in this sweet Foretaste of my Happiness! I will now defy the sawcy, busy Censurers of the World, and bid them know your Excellence, and my Happiness, before they, with unhallow'd Lips, presume to judge of my Actions, and your Merit! —And, let me tell you, my *Pamela*, that I can

add my Hopes of a still more pleasing Amusement; and what your bashful Modesty would not permit you to hint; and which I will no otherwise touch upon, lest it should seem, to your Nicety, to detract from the present Purity of my good Intentions, than to say, I hope to have superadded to all these, such an Employment, as will give me a View of perpetuating my happy Prospects, and my Family at the same time; of which I am almost the only Male.

I blushed, I believe, yet could not be displeas'd at the decent and charming manner with which he insinuated this distant Hope: And Oh! judge for me, how my Heart was affected with all these things!

He was pleas'd to add another charming Reflection, which shew'd me the noble Sincerity of his kind Professions. I do own to you, my *Pamela*, said he, that I love you with a purer Flame than ever I knew in my whole Life! A Flame, to which I was a Stranger, and which commenced for you in the Garden; tho' you, unkindly, by your unseasonable Doubts, nipp'd the opening Bud, while it was too tender to bear the cold Blasts of Slight or Negligence. And I know more sincere Joy and Satisfaction in this sweet Hour's Conversation with you, than all the guilty Tumults of my former Passion ever did, or (had even my Attempts succeeded) ever could have afforded me.

O, Sir, said I, expect not Words, from your poor Servant, equal to these most generous Professions. Both the Means, and the Will, I now see, are given to you, to lay me under an everlasting Obligation! How happy shall I be, if, tho' I cannot be worthy of all this Goodness and Condescension, I can prove myself not intirely unworthy of it! But I can only answer for a grateful Heart; and if ever I give you Cause wilfully, (and you will generously allow for *involuntary* Imperfections) to be disgusted with me, may I be an Out-cast from your House and Favour, and as much repudiated, as if the Law had divorced me from you!

But, Sir, continued I, tho' I was so unseasonable as I was in the Garden, you would, I flatter myself, had you then heard me, have pardon'd my Imprudence, and own'd I had some Cause to fear, and to wish to be with my poor Father and Mother; and this I the rather say, that you should not think me capable of returning Insolence for your Goodness; or appearing foolishly-ungrateful to you, when you was so kind to me.

Indeed, *Pamela*, said he, you gave me great Uneasiness; for I love you too well not to be jealous of the least Appearance of your Indifference to me, or Preference of any other Person, not excepting your Parents themselves. This made me resolve not to hear you; for I had not got over my Reluctance to Marriage; and a little Weight, you know, turns the Scale, when it hangs in an equal Balance. But yet, you see, that tho' I could part with you, while my Anger held, yet the Regard I had then newly profess'd for your Virtue, made me resolve not to offer to violate it; and you have seen likewise, that the painful Struggle I underwent when I began to reflect, and to read your moving Journal, between my Desire to recal you, and my Doubt, that you would return, (tho' yet I resolv'd not to force you to it) had like to have cost me a severe Illness: But your kind and chearful Return has dispell'd all my Fears, and given me Hope, that I am not indifferent to you; and you see how your Presence has chas'd away my Illness.

I bless God for it, said I; but since you are so good as to encourage me, and will not despise my Weakness, I will acknowledge, that I suffer'd more than I could have imagin'd, till I experienc'd it, in being banish'd your Presence in so much Anger; and the more still was I affected, when you answer'd so generously, the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* in my Favour, at my leaving your House: For this, Sir, awaken'd all my Reverence for you; and you saw I could not forbear, not knowing what I did, to break boldly in upon you, and acknowledge your Goodness on my Knees. 'Tis, my dear *Pamela*, said he, we have sufficiently tortur'd one another; and the only Comfort that can result from it, will be, reflecting upon the Matter coolly and with Pleasure, when all these Storms are overblown, (as I hope they now are) and we sit together secur'd in each other's good Opinion, recounting the uncommon Gradations, by which we have ascended to the Summit of that Felicity, which I hope we shall shortly arrive at.

Mean-time, said the good Gentleman, let me hear what my dear Girl would have said in her Justification, could I have trusted myself with her, as to her Fears, and the Reason of her wishing herself from me, at a Time that I had begun to shew my Fondness for her, in a manner that I thought would have been agreeable to her and Virtue.

I pulled out of my Pocket the Gypsy Letter; but I said, before I shew'd it to him, I have this Letter, Sir, to shew you, as what, I believe you will allow, must have given me the greatest Disturbance: But first, as I know not who is the Writer, and it seems to be in a disguis'd Hand, I would beg it as a Favour, that if you guess who it is, which I cannot, it may not turn to their Prejudice, because it was written very probably with no other View than to serve me.

He took it, and read it. And it being signed *Somebody*, he said, Yes, this is indeed from *Somebody*; and, disguis'd as the Hand is, I know the Writer: Don't you see by the Settness of some of these Letters, and a little Secretary Cut here and there, especially in that *c*, and that *r*, that it is the Hand of a Person bred in the Law—way? Why, *Pamela*, said he, 'tis old *Longman's* Hand. An officious Rascal as he is! —But I have done with him! O Sir, said I, it would be too insolent in me to offer (so much am I myself overwhelm'd with your Goodness) to defend any body that you are angry with; yet, Sir, so far as they have incurr'd your Displeasure for my sake, and for no other Want of Duty or Respect, I could with—But I dare not say more.—

But, said he, as to the Letter, and the Information it contains:—Let me know, *Pamela*, when you receiv'd this? On the *Friday*, Sir, said I, that you was gone to the Wedding at *Stamford*. —How could it be convey'd to you, said he, unknown to Mrs. *Jewkes*, when I gave her such a strict Charge to attend you, and you yourself promis'd me, you would not throw yourself in the Way of such Intelligence! For, said he, when I went to *Stamford*, I knew from a private Intimation given me, that there would be an Attempt made to see you, or give you a Letter, by somebody, if not to get you away; but was not certain from what Quarter, whether from my Sister *Davers*, Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, or *John Arnold*, or your Father; and as I was then but struggling with myself, whether to give way to my honourable Inclinations, or to free you, and let you go to your Father, that I might avoid the Danger I found myself in of the former (for I had absolutely resolved never to wound again even your Ears with any Proposals of a contrary Nature); that was the Reason I desir'd you to permit Mrs. *Jewkes*, to be so much on her Guard till I came back, when I thought I should have decided this disputed Point within myself, between my Pride and my Inclinations.

This, good Sir, said I, accounts well to me, for your Conduct in that Case, and for what you said to me and Mrs. *Jewkes* on that Occasion; and I see more and more how much I may depend upon your Honour and Goodness to me. —But I will tell you all the Truth. And then I recounted to him the whole Affair of the Gypsey, and how the Letter was put among the loose Grass, &c. And he said, The Man who thinks a thousand Dragons sufficient to watch a Woman, when her Inclination takes a contrary Bent, will find all too little; and she will engage the Stones in the Street, or the Grass in the Field, to act for her, and help on her Correspondence. If the Mind, said he, be not engag'd, I see there is hardly any Confinement sufficient for the Body; and you have told me a very pretty Story; and, as you never gave me any Reason to question your Veracity, even in your severest Trials, I make no doubt of the Truth of what you have now mentioned. And I will in my Turn give you such a Proof of mine, that you shall find it carry Conviction with it.

You must know then, my *Pamela*, that I had actually form'd such a Project, so well inform'd was this old rascally *Somebody*; and the Time was fix'd, for the very Person describ'd in this Letter, to be here; and I had thought he should have read some Part of the Ceremony (as little as was possible, to deceive you) in my Chamber; and so I hop'd to have you mine upon Terms that then would have been much more agreeable to me than real Matrimony. And I did not in Haste intend you the Mortification of being undeceiv'd; so that we might have liv'd for Years, perhaps, very lovingly together; and I had, at the same time been at Liberty to confirm or abrogate it, as I pleas'd.

O Sir, said I, I am out of Breath with the Thoughts of my Danger. But what good Angel prevented this deep-laid Design to be executed?

Why, *your* good Angel, *Pamela*, said he; for when I began to consider that it would have made you miserable, and me not happy; that if you should have a dear little one, it would be out of my own Power to legitimate it, if I should with it to inherit my Estate; and that, as I am almost the last of my Family, and most of what I possess must descend to a strange Line, and disagreeable and unworthy Persons; notwithstanding that I might, in this Case, have Issue of my own Body: When I further consider'd your untainted Virtue, what Dangers and Trials you had undergone, by my Means, and what a world of Troubles I had involv'd you in, only because you were beautiful and virtuous, which had excited all my Passion for you; and reflected also upon your try'd Prudence and Truth, I, tho' I doubted not effecting this my last Plot, resolv'd to overcome myself; and however I might suffer in struggling with my Affection for you, to part with you, rather than to betray you under so black a Veil. Besides, said he, I remember'd how much I had exclaim'd against and censur'd an Action of this kind, that had been attributed to one of the first Men of the Law, and of the Kingdom, as he afterwards became; and that it was but treading in a Path that another had mark'd out for me; and, as I was assur'd, with no great Satisfaction to himself, when he came to reflect; my foolish Pride was a little piqu'd with this, because I lov'd to be, if I was out of the

way, my own Original, as I may call it: On all these Considerations it was, that I rejected this Project, and sent Word to the Person, that I had better consider'd of the Matter, and would not have him come, till he heard farther from me: And, in this Suspense, I suppose, some of your Confederates, *Pamela*, (for we have been a Couple of Plotters, tho' your Virtue and Merit have engag'd you faithful Friends and Partisans, which my Money and Promises could hardly do) one way or other got Knowledge of it, and gave you this Notice; but perhaps, it would have come too late, had not your white Angel got the better of my black one, and inspir'd me with Resolutions to abandon the Project just as it was to be put in Execution. But yet I own, that, from these Appearances, you was but too well justify'd in your Fears, on this odd way of coming at this Intelligence; and I have only one thing to blame you for, that tho' I was resolv'd not to hear you in your own Defence, yet, as you have so ready a Talent at your Pen, you might have clear'd your Part of this Matter up to me by a Line or two; and when I had known what seeming good Grounds you had for pouring cold Water on a young Flame, that was just then rising to an honourable Expansion, I should not have imputed it, as I was apt to do, to unseasonable Insult for my Tenderness to you on one hand; to perverse Nicety on the other; or to, what I was most alarm'd by, and concern'd for, Prepossession for some other Person. And this would have sav'd us both much Fatigue, I of Mind, you of Body.

And indeed, Sir, said I, of *Mind* too; and I could not better manifest this, than by the Cheerfulness with which I obey'd your Recalling me to your Presence.

Ay, that my dear *Pamela*, said he, and clasp'd me in his Arms, was the kind, the inexpressibly kind Action that has rivetted my Affections to you, and gives me to pour out, in this free and unreserv'd manner, my whole Soul in your Bosom.

I said, I had the less Merit in this my Return, because I was driven by an irresistible Impulse to it, and could not help it if I would.

This, said he, (and honour'd me, by kissing my Hand) is engaging indeed, if I may hope that my *Pamela's* gentle Inclination for her Persecutor, was the strongest Motive to her Return; and I so much value a voluntier Love, in the Person I would wish for my Wife, that I would have even Prudence and Interest, hardly nam'd, in Comparison with it. And can you return me sincerely the honest Compliment I now make you, that as in the Act that I hope shall soon unite us together, it is impossible that I should have any View to my Interest; and, that Love, Love, is the *only* Motive by which I am directed; that, were I not what I am, you could give me the Preference to any other Person in the World that you know, notwithstanding all that has pass'd between us? Why, said I, should your so much obligated *Pamela* refuse to answer this kind Question? Cruel, as I have thought you, and dangerous your Views to my Honesty; You, Sir, are the only Person living that ever was more than indifferent to me; and before I knew this was what I blush now to call it, I could not hate you, or wish you ill, tho' from my Soul, the Attempts you made, were shocking and most distasteful to me.

I am satisfy'd, my *Pamela*, said he; nor do I want to see those Papers that you have kindly written for to your Father; tho' I still wish to see them too, for the sake of the sweet manner in which you write your Sentiments; and to have before me the whole Series of your Sufferings, that I may know whether all my future Kindness is able to recompense you for them.

In this manner, my dear Father and Mother, did your happy Daughter find herself bless'd by her generous Master! An ample Recompence for all her Sufferings, did I think this sweet Conversation only. A hundred tender Things he express'd besides, that tho' they never can escape my Memory, yet would be too tedious to write down. Oh how I bless'd God, and, I hope, ever shall, for all his gracious Favours to his unworthy Handmaid! What a happy Change is this. And who knows but my kind, my generous Master may put it in my Power, when he shall see me not quite unworthy of it, to be a Means, without injuring him, to dispense around me, to many Persons, the happy Influences of the Condition to which I shall be, by his kind Favour, exalted? Doubly blest shall I be, in particular, if I can return the hundredth Part of the Obligations I owe to such honest good Parents, to whose pious Instructions and Examples, under God, I owe all my present Happiness and future Prospects. —O the Joy that fills my Mind on these proud Hopes! on these delightful Prospects! —It is too mighty for me; and I must sit down to ponder all these Things, and to admire and bless the Goodness of that Providence, which has, thro' so many intricate Mazes, made me tread the Paths of Innocence, and so amply rewarded me, for what it has itself enabled me do! All Glory to God alone be ever given for it, by your poor enraptur'd Daughter!—

I will now continue my most pleasing Relation.

As the Chariot was returning home from this sweet Airing, he said, From all that has pass'd between us, in this

pleasing Turn, my *Pamela* will see, and will believe, that the Trials to her Virtue are all over from me: But perhaps, there will be some few yet to come to her Patience and Humility. For I have, at the earnest Impertunity of Lady *Darnford*, and her Daughters, promised them a Sight of my beloved Girl: And so I intend to have their whole Family, and Lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters's* Family, to dine with me once in a few Days. And as I believe you would hardly chuse at present to grace the Table on the Occasion, till you can do it in your own Right, I would be glad you will not refuse coming down to us, if I desire it; for I would preface our Nuptials, said the dear Gentleman! O what a sweet Word was that!—with the good Opinion of these Gentry of your Merits, and to see you, and your sweet Manner, will be enough for that Purpose; and so, by degrees, prepare my Neighbours for what is to follow: And they already have your Character from me, and are dispos'd to admire you.

Sir, said I, after all that has pass'd, I should be unworthy if I could not say, that I *can* have no Will but yours; and however awkwardly I shall behave in such Company, weigh'd down with the Sense of your Obligations, on one Side, and my own Unworthiness, with their Observations, on the other, I will not scruple to obey you.

I am oblig'd to you, *Pamela*, said he; and pray be only dress'd as you are; for, as they know your Condition, and I have told them the Story of your present Dress, and how you came by it, one of the young Ladies begs it as a Favour, that they may see you just as you are: And I am the rather pleas'd it should be so, because they will perceive you owe nothing to Dress, and make a much better Figure with your own native Stock of Loveliness, than the greatest Ladies do in the most splendid Attire, and stuck out with the most glittering Jewels.

O Sir, said I, your Goodness beholds your poor Servant in a Light greatly beyond her Merit! But it must not be expected that others, Ladies especially, will look at me with your favourable Eyes: But, nevertheless, I should be best pleas'd to wear always this humble Garb, till you, for your own sake, shall order it otherwise: For, oh! Sir, said I, I hope it will be always my Pride to glory most in your Goodness; and it will be a Pleasure to me to shew every one, that, with respect to my Happiness in this Life, I am intirely the Work of your Bounty; and to let the World see from what a lowly Original you have rais'd me to Honours, that the greatest Ladies would rejoice in.

Admirable *Pamela*, said he, excellent Girl! —Surely thy Sentiments are superior to those of all thy Sex! —I might have *addressed* a hundred fine Ladies; but never, surely, could have had Reason to *admire* one as I do you.

As, my dear Father and Mother, I repeat these generous Sayings, only as they are the Effect of my Master's Goodness, and am far from presuming to think I deserve one of them; so I hope you will not attribute it to my Vanity; for, I do assure you, I think I ought rather to be more *humble*, as I am more *oblig'd*: For it must be always a Sign of a poor Condition to receive Obligations one cannot repay; as it is of a rich Mind, when it can confer them, without expecting or *needing* a Return. It is, on one side, the State of the human Creature compar'd, on the other, to the Creator; and so, with due Deference, may be said to be God-like, and that is the highest that can be said.

The Chariot brought us home at near the Hour of Two, and, blessed be God, my Master is pure and well, and chearful; and that makes me hope he does not repent him of his Goodness. He handed me out of the Chariot, and to the Parlour, with the same Goodness, that he shew'd when he put me in it, before several of the Servants. Mrs. *Jewkes* came to inquire how he did. Quite well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, quite well; I thank God, and this good Girl, for it! —I am glad of it, said she; but I hope you are not the worse for my Care, and my Doctoring you! —No, but the better Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, you have much oblig'd me by both.

Then he said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you and I have used this good Girl very hardly—I was afraid, Sir, said she, I should be the Subject of her Complaints. —I assure you, said he, she has not open'd her Lips about you. We have had quite a different Subject to talk of; and I hope she will forgive us both: you especially, she must; because you have done nothing but by my Orders. But I only mean, that the necessary Consequence of those Orders has been very grievous to my *Pamela*: And now comes our Part to make her Amends, if we can.

Sir, said she, I always said to Madam, (as she call'd me) that you was very good, and very forgiving. No, said he, I have been stark naught, and it is she, I hope, will be very forgiving. But all this Preamble is to tell you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that now I desire you'll study to oblige her, as much as (to obey me) you was forc'd to disoblige her before. And you'll remember, that in every thing she is to be her own Mistress.

Yes, said she, and mine too, I suppose, Sir? Ay, said the generous Gentleman, I believe it will be so in a little Time. —Then, said she, I know how it will go with me! And so put her Handkerchief to her Eyes.—*Pamela*, said my Master, comfort poor Mrs. *Jewkes*.

This was very generous, already to seem to put her in my Power; and I took her by the Hand, and said, I shall

never take upon myself, Mrs. *Jewkes*, to make a bad Use of any Opportunities that may be put into my Hands, by my generous Master; nor shall I ever wish to do you Prejudice, if I might: For I shall consider, that what you have done, was in Obedience to a Will which it will become me also to submit to; and so, tho' we shall be acted very differently as to the Effects, yet as these Effects proceed from one Cause, it shall be always revered by me.

See there, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, we are both in generous Hands; and indeed, if she did not pardon you, I should think she but half forgave me, because you acted by my Instructions.— Well, said she, God bless you both together, since it must be so; and I will double my Diligence to oblige my Lady, as I find she will soon be.

O my dear Father and Mother, now pray for me on another Score! for fear I should grow too proud, and be giddy and foolish with all these promising Things, so soothing to the Vanity of my Years and Sex. But even to this Hour can I pray, that God would remove from me all these delightful Prospects, if they should so corrupt my Mind, as to make me proud, and vain, and not acknowledge, with thankful Humility, the blessed Providence which has so visibly conducted me thro' the dangerous Paths I have trod, to this happy Moment.

My Master was pleas'd to say, that he thought I might as well dine with him, as he was alone. But, I said, I begg'd he would excuse me, for fear so much Excess of Goodness and Condescension, all at once, should turn my Head; and that he would by slower Degrees bring on my Happiness, lest I should not know how to bear it.

Persons that doubt themselves, said he, seldom do amiss. And if there was any Fear of what you say, you could not have had it in your Thoughts: For none but the Presumptuous, the Conceited, and the Thoughtless, err capitally. But nevertheless, said he, I have such an Opinion of your Prudence, that I shall generally think what you do right, because it is you that do it.

Sir, said I, your kind Expressions shall not be thrown away upon me, if I can help it; for they will task me, with the Care of endeavouring to deserve your good Opinion, and your Approbation, as the best Rule of my Conduct.

Being then about to go up Stairs, Permit me, Sir, said I, (looking about me, with some Confusion, to see nobody was there) thus on my Knees to thank you, as I often wanted to do in the Chariot, for all your Goodness to me, which shall never, I hope, be cast away upon me. And so I had the Boldness to kiss his Hand.

I wonder, since how I came to be so forward; but what could I do? —My poor grateful Heart was like a too full River, which overflows its Banks; and it carry'd away my Fear and my Shame-facedness, as that does all before it, on the Surface of the Waters!

He clasp'd me in his Arms, with Transport, and condescendingly kneel'd by me, and kissing me, said, O my dear obliging good Girl, on my Knee, as you on yours, I vow to you everlasting Truth and Fidelity; and may God but bless us both with half the Pleasures that seem to lie before us, and we shall have no Reason to envy the Felicity of the greatest Princes! O Sir, said I, how shall I support so much Goodness! —I am poor, indeed, in *every thing*, compar'd to you! And how far, very far, do you, in every generous Way, leave me behind you!

He rais'd me, and as I bent towards the Door, led me to the Stairs Foot, and saluting me there again, I went up to my Closet, and threw myself on my Knees in Raptures of Joy, and bless'd that gracious God, who had thus chang'd my Distress to Happiness, and so abundantly rewarded me for all the Sufferings I had pass'd thro'.— And Oh! how light, how very light, do all those Sufferings *now* appear, which *then* my repining Mind made so formidable to me! — Hence, in every State of Life, and in all the Changes and Chances of it, for the future, will I trust in Providence, who knows what is best for us, and frequently turns the very Evils we most dread, to be the Causes of our Happiness, and of our Deliverance from greater! — My Experiences, young as I am, as to this great Point of Reliance in God, are strong, tho' my Judgment in general may be weak and unformed; but you'll excuse these Reflections, because they are your beloved Daughter's; and, so far as they are not amiss, derive themselves from the Benefit of yours and my late good Lady's Examples and Instructions.

I have wrote a vast deal in a little Time. And shall only say, to conclude this delightful *Wednesday*, That in the Afternoon my good Master was so well, that he rode out on Horseback, and came home about Nine at Night; and then came up to me, and seeing me with Pen and Ink before me in my Closet, said, I come only to tell you I am very well, my *Pamela*, and, as I have a Letter or two to write, I will leave you to proceed in yours, as I suppose that was your Employment; (for I had put by my Paper at his coming up) and so he saluted me, bid me Good-night, and went down; and I finish'd down to this Place before I went to-bed. Mrs. *Jewkes* told me, if it was more agreeable to me, she would lie in another Room; but I said, No thank you, Mrs. *Jewkes*; pray let me have your Company. And she made me a fine Curchee, and thank'd me. — How Times are alter'd!

THURSDAY.

This Morning my Master came up to me, and talk'd with me on various Subjects for a good while together in the most kind manner. Among other Things, he ask'd me, if I chose to order any new Cloaths against my Marriage (O how my Heart flutters when he mentions this Subject so freely!) I said, I left every thing to his good Pleasure, only repeating my Request, for the Reasons afore-given, that I might not be too fine.

He said, I think, my Dear, it shall be very private: I hope you are not afraid of a Sham-marriage; and pray get the Service by Heart, that you may see nothing is omitted. I glow'd between Shame and Delight. O how I felt my Cheeks burn!

I said I sear'd nothing, I apprehended nothing, but my own Unworthiness. Said he, I think it shall be done within these Fourteen Days, from this Day, at this House. O how I trembled; but not with Grief, you may believe! — What says my Girl? Have you to object against any Day of the next Fourteen? because my Affairs require me to go to my other House, and I think not to stir from this, till I am happy in you?

I have no Will but yours, said I, (all glowing like the Fire, as I could feel:) But, Sir, did you say in the *House*? Ay, said he; for I care not how privately it be done; and it must be very publick if we go to Church. It is a *Holy Rite*, Sir, said I, and would be better, methinks, in a *Holy Place*,

I see, (said he, most kindly) my lovely Maid's Confusion; and your trembling Tenderness shews, I ought to oblige you all I may. Therefore, I will order my own little Chapel, which has not been us'd for two Generations, for any thing but a Lumberroom, because our Family seldom resided here long together, to be clear'd and clean'd, and got ready for the Ceremony, if you dislike your own Chamber, or mine.

Sir, said I, that will be better than the Chamber; and I hope it will never be lumber'd again, but kept to the Use, for which, as I *presume*, it has been consecrated. O yes, said he, it has been consecrated, and that many Ages ago, in my Great Great-grandfather's Time, who built that and the good old House together.

But now, my good Girl, if I do not too much add to your sweet Confusion, shall it be in the first Seven Days, or the second, of this Fortnight? I look'd down, quite out of Countenance. Tell me, said he?

In the Second, if you please, Sir, said I. —As *you* please, said he, most kindly; but I should thank you, *Pamela*, if you chuse the first. I'd *rather*, Sir, if you please, said I, have the second. Well, said he, be it so; but don't defer it to the last Day of the Fourteen.

Pray, Sir, said I, since you embolden me to talk on this important Subject, may I not send my dear Father and Mother word of my Happiness? —Yes, you may, said he; but charge them to keep it secret, till you or I direct the contrary. And I told you I would see no more of your Papers; but I meant, I would not without your Consent: But if you will shew them to me, (and now I have no other Motive for my Curiosity, but the Pleasure I take in reading what you write) I shall acknowledge it as a Favour.

If, Sir, said I, you will be pleas'd to let me write over again one Sheet, I will, tho' I had rely'd upon your Word, and not wrote them for your Perusal. What is that, said he? tho' I cannot consent to it beforehand: For I more desire to see them, because they are your Sentiments at *the Time*, and because they were *not* written for my Perusal. Sir, said I, What I am loth you should see, are very severe Reflections on the Letter I receiv'd by the Gypsy, when I apprehended your Design of the Sham-marriage; tho' there are other things I would not have you see; but that is the worst. It can't be worse, said he, my dear Sauce-box, than I have seen already; and, I will allow your treating me in ever so black a Manner on that Occasion, because it must have a very black Appearance to you. — Well, Sir, said I, I think I will obey you, before Night. But don't alter a Word, said he. I won't, Sir, reply'd I, since you order it.

While we were talking, Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, and said *Thomas* was return'd. O, said my Master, let him bring up the Papers. For he hop'd, and so did I, that you had sent them by him. But it was a great Balk, when he came up and said, Sir, Mr. *Andrews* did not care to deliver them; and would have it, that his Daughter was forc'd to write that Letter to him: And indeed, Sir, said he, the old Gentleman took on sadly, and would have it that his Daughter was undone, or else, he said, she would not have turn'd back, when on her Way, (as I told him she did, said *Thomas*) instead of coming to them. I began to be afraid now that all would be bad for me again.

Well, *Tom*, said he, don't mince the Matter. Tell me, before Mrs. *Andrews*, what they said. Why, Sir, both he

and Goody *Andrews*, after they had conferr'd together upon your Letter, Madam, came out, weeping bitterly, that griev'd my very Heart; and they said, Now all was over with their poor Daughter; and either she had wrote that Letter by Compulsion, or had yielded to your Honour, so they said, and was, or would be ruin'd!

My Master seem'd vex'd, as I fear'd. And I said, Pray, Sir, be so good to excuse the Fears of my honest Parents! They cannot know your Goodness to me.

And so, (said he, without answering me,) they refus'd to deliver the Papers? Yes, and please your Honour, said *Thomas*, tho' I told them, that you, Madam, of your own Accord, on a Letter I had brought you, very chearfully wrote what I carry'd. But the old Gentleman, said, Why, Wife, there are in these Papers twenty Things nobody should see but ourselves, and especially not the 'Squire. O the poor Girl has had so many Stratagems to contend with, that now, at last, she has met with one that has been too hard for her. And can it be possible for us to account for her setting out to come to us, in such Post—haste, and when she had got above Half—way, to send us this Letter, and to go back again of her own Accord, as you say; when we know that all her Delight would have been to come to us, and to escape from the Perils she has been so long contending with? And then, and please your Honour, he said, he could not bear this; for his Daughter was ruin'd, to be sure, before now. And so, said he, the good old Couple sat themselves down, and Hand—in—hand, leaning upon each other's Shoulder, did nothing but lament. —I was, said he, piteously griev'd; but all I could say could not comfort them; nor would they give me the Papers; tho' I told them I should deliver them only to Mrs. *Andrews* herself. And so, and please your Honour, I was forced to come away without them.

My good Master saw me all bath'd in Tears at this Description of your Distress and Fears for me, and he said, I would not have you take on so. I am not angry with your Father in the main; he is a good Man; and I would have you write out of Hand, and it shall be sent by the Post, to Mr. *Atkins*, who lives within two Miles of your Father, and I'll inclose it in a Cover of mine, in which I'll desire Mr. *Atkins*; the Moment it comes to his Hand, to convey it safely to your Father or Mother: And say nothing of their sending the Papers, that it may not make them uneasy; for I want not now to see them on any other Score than that of mere Curiosity; and that will do at any Time. And so saying, he saluted me, before *Thomas*, and with his own Handkerchief wip'd my Eyes; and said to *Thomas*, The good old Folks are not to be blam'd in the main. They don't know my honourable Intentions by their dear Daughter: Who, *Tom*, will, in a little Time, be your Mistress; tho' I shall keep the Matter private some Days, and would not have it spoken of by my Servants out of my House.

Thomas said, God bless your Honour. You know best. And I said, O Sir, you are all Goodness! —How kind is this, to forgive the Disappointment, instead of being angry, as I fear'd you would. *Thomas* then withdrew. And my Master said, I need not remind you of writing out of Hand, to make the good Folks easy: And I will leave you to yourself for that Purpose; only send me down such of your Papers, as you are willing I should see, with which I shall entertain myself for an Hour or two. But one Thing, added he, I forgot to tell you, the neighbouring Gentry I mentioned, will be here to—morrow to dine with me; and I have order'd Mrs. *Jewkes* to prepare for them. And *must* I, Sir, said I, be shewn to them? O yes, said he, that's the chief Reason of their coming. And you'll see no body equal to yourself; don't be concern'd.

I open'd my Papers, as soon as my Master had left me, and laid out those beginning on the *Thursday* Morning he set out for *Stamford*, with the Morning Visit he made me before I was up, and the Injunctions of Watchfulness, &c. to Mrs. *Jewkes*; the next Day's Gypsy Affair, and my Reflections, in which I call'd him *truly diabolical*, and was otherwise very severe, on the strong Appearances the Matter had then against him. His Return on *Saturday*, with the Dread he put me in, on the offering to search me for my Papers which followed those he had got by Mrs. *Jewkes's* Means. My being forc'd to give them up. His Carriage to me after he had read them; and Questions to me. His great Kindness to me on seeing the Dangers I had escap'd, and the Troubles I had undergone. And how I unseasonably, in the midst of his Goodness; express'd my Desire of being sent to you, having the Intelligence of a Sham—marriage, from the Gypsy, in my Thoughts. How this inrag'd him, and made him turn me that very *Sunday* out of his House, and send me on my Way to you. The Particulars of my Journey, and my Grief at parting with him; and my free Acknowledgments to you, that I found, unknown to myself, I had begun to love him, and could not help it. His sending after me, to beg my Return; but yet generously leaving me at my Liberty, when he might have forc'd me to return whether I was willing or not. My Resolution to oblige him, and fatiguing Journey back. My Concern for his Illness on my Return. His kind Reception of me, and shewing me his Sister *Davers's* angry Letter, against his Behaviour to me, desiring him to set me free, and threatening to renounce him as a

Brother if he should degrade himself by marrying me. My serious Reflections on this Letter, &c. (all which, I hope, with the others, you will shortly see) and this carry'd Matters down to *Tuesday* Night last.

All that follow'd was so kind of his Side, being our Chariot Conference, as above, on *Wednesday* Morning, and how good he has been ever since, that I thought I would go no farther; for I was a little asham'd to be so very open on that tender and most grateful Subject; tho' his great Goodness to me deserves all the Acknowledgments I can possibly make.

And when I had look'd these out, I carried them down myself into the Parlour to him, and said, putting them into his Hands, Your Allowances, good Sir, as heretofore; and if I have been too open and free in my Reflections or Declarations; let my Fears on one Side, and my Sincerity on the other, be my Excuse. You are very obliging, my good Girl, said he. You have nothing to apprehend from my Thoughts, any more than from my Actions.

So I went up, and wrote the Letter to you, briefly acquainting you with my present Happiness, and my Master's Goodness, and expressing that Gratitude of Heart, which I owe to the kindest Gentleman in the World, and assuring you, that I should soon have the Pleasure of sending back to you, not only those Papers, but all that succeeded them to this Time, as I know you delight to amuse yourself in your Leisure Hours with my Scribble; and I said, carrying it down to my Master, before I seal'd it, Will you please, Sir, to take the Trouble of reading what I write to my dear Parents? Thank you *Pamela*, said he, and set me on his Knee, while he read it, and seem'd much pleas'd with it, and giving it me again, you are very happy, said he, my beloved Girl, in your Style and Expressions: And the affectionate Things you say of me, are inexpressibly obliging; and again, with this Kiss, said he, do I confirm for Truth all that you have promis'd for my Intentions in this Letter. —O what Halcyon Days are these? God continue them! —A Change now, would kill me quite.

He went out in his Chariot in the Afternoon; and in the Evening return'd, and sent me Word, he would be glad of my Company for a little Walk in the Garden; and down I went that very Moment.

He came to meet me. So, said he, how does my dear Girl do now? —Who do you think I have seen since I have been out? —I don't know, Sir, said I. Why, said he, there is a Turning in the Road, about five Miles off, that goes round a Meadow, that has a pleasant Foot-way, by the Side of a little Brook, and a double Row of Limes on each Side, where now and then the Gentry in the Neighbourhood, walk, and angle, and divert themselves—I'll shew it you next Opportunity—And I stept out of my Chariot, to walk cross this Meadow, and bid *Robin* meet me with it on the further Part of it. And who should I 'spy there, walking, with a Book in his Hand, reading, but your humble Servant Mr. *Williams*?—Don't blush, *Pamela*, said he—As his Back was to me, I thought I would speak to the Man, and before he saw me, I said, How do you, old Acquaintance? (for, said he, you know we were of one College for a Twelvemonth). I thought the Man would have jump'd into the Brook, he gave such a Start at hearing my Voice, and seeing me.

Poor Man! said I. Ay, said he, but not too much of your poor Man, in that soft Accent, neither, *Pamela*. —Said I, I am sorry my Voice is so startling to you, Mr. *Williams*. What are you reading? Sir, said he, and stammer'd with the Surprize, It is the *French Telemachus*; for I am about perfecting myself, if I can, in the *French* Tongue—Thought I, I had rather so, than perfecting my *Pamela* in it. —You do well, reply'd I. —Don't you think that yonder Cloud may give us a small Shower? and it did a little begin to wet. —He said, he believ'd not much.

If, said I, you are for the Village, I'll give you a Cast; for I shall call at Sir *Simon's*, in my Return from the little Round I am taking. He ask'd me If it was not too great a Favour? —No, said I, don't talk of that; let us walk to the further Opening there, and we shall meet my Chariot.

So, *Pamela*, continued my Master, we fell into Conversation, as we walk'd. He said, he was very sorry he had incurr'd my Displeasure; and the more, as he had been told, by Lady *Jones*, who had it from Sir *Simon's* Family, that I had a more honourable View than at first was apprehended. I said, We Fellows of Fortune, Mr. *Williams*, take sometimes a little more Liberty with the World than we ought to do; wantoning, very probably, as you contemplative Folks would say, in the Sun-beams of a dangerous Affluence, and cannot think of confining ourselves to the common Paths, tho' the safest and most eligible, after all. And you may believe I could not very well like to be supplanted in a View that lay next my Heart; and that by an old Acquaintance, whose Good, before this Affair, I was studious to promote.

I would only say, Sir, said he, that my *first* Motive was intirely such as became my Function: And, very politely, said my Master, he added, And I am very sure, that however inexcusable I might seem in the *Progress* of the Matter, yourself, Sir, would have been sorry to have it said, you had cast your Thoughts on a Person, that

nobody could have wish'd for but yourself.

Well, Mr. *Williams*, said I, I see you are a Man of Gallantry as well as Religion: But what I took most amiss was, that, if you thought me doing a wrong Thing, you did not expostulate with me, as your Function might allow you, upon it; but immediately determin'd to counterplot me, and to turn as much an Intriguer for a Parson, as I was for a Laick, and attempt to secure to yourself a Prize, you would have robb'd me of, and that from my own House. But the Matter is at an End, and I retain not any Malice upon it, tho' you did not *know*, but I should, at last, do honourably by her, as I actually intend.

I am sorry for myself, Sir, said he, that I should so unhappily incur your Displeasure; but I rejoice for her sake in your honourable Intentions: Give me Leave only to say, That if you make Mrs. *Andrews* your Lady, she will do Credit to your Choice with every body that sees her, or comes to know her; and for Person and Mind both, you may challenge the County.

In this manner, said my Master, did the Parson and I confabulate; and I set him down at his Lodgings in the Village. But he kept your Secret, *Pamela*, and would not own, that you gave Encouragement to his Address as to Matrimony.

Indeed, Sir, said I, he could not say that I did; and I hope you believe me. I do, I do, said he; but 'tis still my Opinion, that if, when I saw Plots set up against my Plots, I had not, as I had, discover'd the Parson, it might have gone to a Length that would have put our present Situation out of both our Powers.

Sir, said I, when you consider that my utmost Presumption could not make me hope for the Honour you now seem to design me; that therefore, I had no Prospect before me but Dishonour; and was so hardly us'd into the Bargain, I should have seem'd very little in Earnest in my Professions of Honesty, if I had not endeavour'd to get away: But yet I resolv'd not to think of Marriage; for I never saw the Man I could love, till your Goodness embolden'd me to look up to you.

I should, my dear *Pamela*, said he, make a very ill Compliment to my Vanity, if I did not believe you; tho' at the same time, Justice calls upon me to own, that it is, all Things consider'd, beyond my Merit.

There was a sweet noble Expression for your poor Daughter, my dear Father and Mother! — And from my Master too!

I was glad to hear this Account of the Interview between Mr. *Williams* and himself; but I dar'd not to say so. I hope in Time he will be re-instat'd in his good Graces.

He was so good as to tell me, he had given Orders for the Chapel to be clear'd. O how I look forward with inward Joy, yet with Fear and Trembling!

FRIDAY.

About Twelve o'Clock came Sir *Simon*, and his Lady and two Daughters, and Lady *Jones*, and a Sister-in-law of hers, and Mr. *Peters*, and his Spouse and Niece. Mrs. *Jewkes*, who is more and more obliging, was much concern'd I was not dress'd in some of my best Cloaths, and made me many Compliments.

They all went into the Garden for a Walk, before Dinner, and, I understood, were so impatient to see me, that my Master took them into the largest Alcove, after they had walk'd two or three Turns, and stept himself to me. Come, my *Pamela*, said he, the Ladies can't be satisfy'd without seeing you, and I desire you'll come. I said, I was asham'd; but I would obey him. Said he, The two young Ladies are dress'd out in their best Attire; but they make not such an Appearance as my charming Girl in this ordinary Garb. — Sir, said I, shan't I follow you there? for I can't bear you should do me so much Honour. Well, said he, I'll go before you. And he bid Mrs. *Jewkes* bring a Bottle or two of Sack, and some Cake. So he went down to them.

This Alcove fronts the longest Gravel Walk in the Garden, so that they saw me all the Way I came, for a good Way; and my Master told me afterwards, with Pleasure, all they said of me.

Will you forgive the little vain Slut your Daughter, if I tell you all, as he was pleas'd to tell me? He said, 'spying me first, Look there, Ladies, comes my pretty Rustick! — They all, I saw, which dash'd me, stood at the Windows and in the Door-way, looking full at me.

My Master told me, that Lady *Jones* said, She is a charming Creature, I see that, at this Distance. And Sir *Simon*, it seems, who has been a sad Rake in his younger Days, swore he never saw so easy an Air, so fine a Shape, and so graceful a Presence.— The Lady *Darnford* said, I was a sweet Girl. And Mrs. *Peters* said very handsome Things. Even the Parson said, I should be the Pride of the County. O dear Sirs! all this was owing to the Light my good Master's Favour plac'd me in, which made me shine out in their Eyes beyond my Deserts. He said the young Ladies blush'd, and envy'd me.

When I came near, he saw me dash'd and confus'd, and was so good to meet me, Give me your Hand, said he, my good Girl, you walk too fast (for indeed I wanted to be out of their gazing). I did so, with a Curchee, and he led me up the Steps of the Alcove and in a most Gentleman-like Manner presented me to the Ladies, and they all saluted me, and said, They hop'd to be better acquainted with me: and Lady *Darnford* was pleas'd to say, I should be the Flower of their Neighbourhood. Sir *Simon* said, Good Neighbour, by your Leave, and saluting me, added, Now will I say, that I have kiss'd the loveliest Maiden in *England*. But for all this, methought I ow'd him a Grudge for a Tell-tale, tho' all had turn'd out so happily. Mr. *Peters* very gravely follow'd his Example, and said, like a Bishop, God bless you, fair Excellence. Said Lady *Jones*, Pray, dear Madam, sit down by me. And they all sat down; but I said, I would stand, if they pleas'd. No, *Pamela*, said my Master, Pray sit down with these good Ladies, my Neighbours: —They will indulge it to you, for *my* sake, till they know you better; and for *your own*, when they are acquainted with you. Sir, said I, I shall be proud to deserve their Indulgence.

They all so gaz'd at me, that I could not look up; for I think it is one of the Distinctions of Persons of Condition, and well-bred People, to put bashful Bodies out of Countenance. Well, Sir *Simon*, said my Master, what say you now to my pretty Rustick? —He swore a great Oath, that he should better know what to say to me if he was as young as himself. Lady *Darnford* said, You will never leave, Sir *Simon*.

Said my Master, You are a little confus'd, my good Girl, and out of Breath; but I have told all my kind Neighbours here a good deal of your Story, and your Excellence. Yes, said Lady *Darnford*, my dear Neighbour, as I will call you; we that are here present have all heard of your uncommon Story. Madam, said I, you have then heard what must make your kind Allowance for me very necessary. No, said Mrs. *Peters*, we have heard what will always make you valued as an Honour to our Sex, and as a worthy Pattern for all the young Ladies in the County. You are very good, Madam, said I, to make me able to look up, and be thankful for the Honour you are all pleas'd to do me.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came in with the Canary, brought by *Nan*, to the Alcove, and some Cake on a Silver Salver; and I said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me be your Assistant; I will serve the Ladies with the Cake. And so I took the Salver, and went round to the good Company with it, ending with my Master. The Lady *Jones* said, she never was serv'd with such a Grace, and it was giving me too much Trouble. O Madam, said I, I hope my good Master's Favour will

never make me forget that it is my Duty to wait upon his Friends. —*Master*, sweet one, said *Sir Simon*, I hope you won't always call the 'Squire by that Name, for fear it should become a Fashion for all our Ladies to do the like thro' the County. I, Sir, said I, shall have many Reasons to continue this Style, which cannot affect your good Ladies.

Sir Simon, said *Lady Jones*, you are very arch upon us; but I see very well, that it will be the Interest of all the Gentlemen, to bring their Ladies into an Intimacy with one that can give them such a good Example. I am sure then, Madam, said I, it must be after I have been polish'd and improv'd by the Honour of such an Example as yours.

They all were very good and affable, and the young *Lady Darnford*, who had wish'd to see me in this Dress, said, I beg your Pardon, dear Miss, as she call'd me; but I had heard how sweetly this Garb became you, and was told the History of it; and I begg'd it as a Favour that you might oblige us with your Appearance in it. I am much oblig'd to your Ladyship, said I, that your kind Prescription was so agreeable to my Choice. Why, said she, *was it your Choice then?* —I am glad of that: Tho' I am sure your Person must *give* and not *take* Ornament from any Dress.

You are very kind, Madam, said I: But there will be the less Reason to fear I should forget the high Obligations I shall have to the kindest of Gentlemen, when I can delight to shew the humble Degree from which his Goodness has rais'd me.— My dear *Pamela*, said my Master, if you proceed at this Rate, I must insist upon your first Seven Days. You know what I mean. Sir, said I, you are all Good ness!

They drank a Glass of Sack each, and *Sir Simon* would make me do so; saying, It is a Reflection, Madam, upon all the Ladies, if you don't do as they do. No, *Sir Simon*, said I, that can't be, because the Ladies Journey hither makes a Glass of Canary a proper Cordial for them. But I won't refuse; because I will do myself the Honour of drinking good Health to you, and all this worthy Company.

Said good *Lady Darnford*, to my Master, I hope, Sir, we shall have *Mrs. Andrews's* Company at Table. He said, very obligingly, Madam, it is her Time now: and I will leave it to her Choice. If my good Ladies, then, will forgive me, Sir, said I, I had rather be excused. They all said, I must not be excused. I begg'd I might. Your Reason for it, my dear *Pamela*, said my Master? as the Ladies request it, I wish you would oblige them. Sir, reply'd I, your Goodness will make me, every Day, worthier of the Honour the Ladies do me; and when I can persuade myself that I am more worthy of it than at present, I shall with great Joy embrace all the Opportunities they will be pleas'd to give me.

Mrs. Peters whisper'd *Lady Jones*, as my Master told me afterwards; Did you ever see such Excellence, such Prudence, and Discretion? Never in my Life, said the other good Lady. She will adorn, she was pleas'd to say, her Distinction. Ay, said *Mrs. Peters*, she would adorn any Station in Life.

My good Master was highly delighted, generous Gentleman as he is! with the favourable Opinion of the Ladies; and I took the more Pleasure in it, because their Favour seem'd to lessen the Disgrace of his stooping so much beneath him.

Lady Darnford said, We will not oppress you; tho' we could almost blame your too punctilious Exactness; but if we excuse *Mrs. Andrews* at Dinner, we must insist upon her Company at the Card-table, and at a Dish of Tea: For we intend to pass the whole Day with you, Sir, as we told you. What say you to that, *Pamela*, said my Master? Sir, repl'y'd I, whatever you and the Ladies please, I will chearfully do. They said I was very obliging. But *Sir Simon* rapt out an Oath, and said, that *they* might dine together if they would; but *he* would dine with me, and nobody else. For, said he, I say, 'Squire, as *Parson Williams* said, (by which I found my Master had told them the Story) you must not think you have chosen one that nobody can like but yourself.

The young Ladies said, If I pleas'd, they would take a Turn about the Garden with me. I answer'd I would very gladly attend them; and so we three, and *Lady Jones's* Sister-in-law, and *Mr. Peters's* Niece, walk'd together. They were very affable, kind and obliging; and we soon enter'd into a good deal of Familiarity; and I found *Miss Darnford* a very agreeable Person. Her Sister was a little more on the Reserve; and I afterwards heard, that, about a Year before, she should fain have had my Master make his Addresses to her; but tho' *Sir Simon* is reckon'd rich, she was not thought a sufficient Fortune for him. And now, to have him look down so low as me, must be a sort of Mortification to a poor young Lady!—and I pity'd her—Indeed I did! —I wish all young Persons of my Sex could be as happy as I am likely to be.

My Master told me afterwards, that I left the other Ladies, and *Sir Simon* and *Mr. Peters*, full of my Praises; so

that they could hardly talk of any thing else: one launching out upon my Complexion, another upon my Eyes, my Hand, and, in short, for you'll think me sadly proud, upon my whole Person, and Behaviour; and they all magnify'd my Readiness and Obligingness in my Answers, and the like: And I was glad of it, as I said, for my good Master's sake, who seem'd quite pleas'd and rejoic'd. God bless him, for his Goodness to me!

Dinner not being ready, the young Ladies propos'd a Tune upon the Spinnet. I said, I believ'd it was not in Tune. They said, they knew it was but a few Months ago. If it is, said I, I wish I had known it; tho' indeed, Ladies, added I, since you know my Story, I must own, that my Mind has not been long in Tune, to make use of it. So they would make me play upon it, and sing to it; which I did, a Song my dear good Lady had learn'd me, and us'd to be pleas'd with, and which she brought with her from *Bath*. And the Ladies were much taken with the Song, and were so kind as to approve my Performance: And Miss *Daruford* was pleas'd to compliment me, that I had all the Accomplishments of my Sex. I said, I had had a good Lady, in my Master's Mother, who had spar'd no Pains nor Cost to improve me. She said, she wish'd the 'Squire could be prevail'd upon to give a Ball on an approaching happy Occasion, that we might have a Dancing-match, &c. —But I can't say I do; tho' I did not say so; for these Occasions I think are too solemn for the *Principals*, at least of our Sex, to take Part in, especially if they have the same Thoughts of the Solemnity that I have: For indeed, tho' I am in such an enviable Prospect of Happiness, I must own to you, my dear Parents, that I have something very awful upon my Mind, when I think of the Matter, and shall more and more, as it draws nearer and nearer. This is the Song.

I.

Go, happy Paper, gently steal, And underneath her Pillow lie; There, in soft Dreams, my Love reveal, That Love which I must still conceal, And, wrapt in awful Silence, die.

II.

Should Flames be doom'd thy hapless Fate, To Atoms Thou would'st quickly turn, My Pains may bear a longer Date; For should I live, and should she hate, In endless Torments I should burn.

III.

Tell fair Aurelia, she has Charms, Might in a Hermit stir Desire. T' attain the Heav'n that's in her Arms, I'd quit the World's alluring Harms, And to a Cell, content, retire.

IV.

*Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd Eye Her Beauty should supply the Place; Bold Raphael's Strokes, and Titian's Dye,
Should but in vain presume to vye With her inimitable Face.*

V.

No more I'd wish for Phoebus' Rays, To gild the Object of my Sight; Much less the Taper's fainter Blaze; Her Eyes should measure out my Days; And when she slept, it should be Night.

About four o'Clock. My Master just came unto me, and said, If you should see Mr. *Williams* below, do you think, *Pamela*, you should not be surpriz'd? —No, Sir, said I, I hope not. Why should I? Expect, said he, a Stranger then, when you come down to us in the Parlour; for the Ladies are preparing themselves for the Card-table, and they insist upon your Company—You have a mind, Sir, said I, I believe, to try all my Courage. Why, said he, does it want Courage to see him? No, Sir, said I, not at all. But I was grievously dash'd to see all those strange Ladies and Gentlemen; and now to see Mr. *Williams* before them, as some of them refus'd his Application for me, when I wanted to get away, it will a little shock me, to see them smile, in recollecting what has pass'd of that kind. Well, said he, guard your Heart against Surprizes, tho' you shall see, when you come down, a Man that I can allow you to love dearly; tho' hardly preferably to me.

This surprizes me much. I am afraid he begins to be jealous of me. What will become of me, (for he look'd very seriously) if any Turn should happen now! —My Heart akes! I know not what's the Matter. But I will go down as brisk as I can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wish this Mr. *Williams* had not been there now when they are all there; because of their Fleers at him and me. Otherwise I should be glad to see the poor Gentleman; for indeed I think him a good Man, and he has suffer'd for my sake.

So, I am sent for down to Cards. I'll go; but wish I may continue their good Opinions of me: For I shall be very awkward. My Master, by his serious Question, and bidding me guard my Heart against Surprizes, tho' I should see, when I came down, a Man he can allow me to love dearly, tho' hardly better than he, has quite alarm'd me, and made me sad! — I hope he loves me! —But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over Head and Ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him; 'tis a Folly to deny it. But to be sure I cannot love any Man preserably to him. I shall soon know what he means.

Now, my dear Mother, must I write to you. Well might my good Master say so mysteriously as he did, about guarding my Heart against Surprizes. I never was so surpriz'd in my Life; and never could see a Man I lov'd so dearly! —O my dear Mother, it was my dear, dear Father, and not Mr. *Williams*, that was below ready to receive and to bless your Daughter; and both my Master and he enjoin me to write how the whole Matter was, and what my Thoughts were on this joyful Occasion.

I will take the Matter from the Beginning, that God directed his Feet to this House, to this Time, as I have had it from Mrs. *Jewkes*, from my Master, my Father, the Ladies, and my own Heart and Conduct, as far as I know of both; because they command it, and you will be pleased with my Relation; and so, as you know how I came by the Connection, will make one uniform Relation of it.

It seems then, that my dear Father and you were so uneasy to know the Truth of the Story that *Thomas* had told you, and fearing I was betrayed, and quite undone, that he got Leave of Absence, and set out the Day after *Thomas* was there; and so, on *Friday* Morning, he got to the neighbouring Town; and there he heard, that the Gentry in the Neighbourhood were at my Master's, at a great Entertainment. He put on a clean Shirt and Neckcloth, that he brought in his Pocket, at an Alehouse there, and got shav'd; and so, after he had eat some Bread and Cheese, and drank a Can of Ale, he set out for my Master's House, with a heavy Heart, dreading for me, and in much fear of being browbeaten. He had, it seems, asked, at the Alehouse, what Family the 'Squire had down here, in hopes to hear something of me; and they said, A Housekeeper, two Maids, and, at present, two Coachmen, and two Grooms, a Footman, and a Helper. Was that all? he said. They told him, There was a young Creature there, belike, who *was*, or *was to be*, his Mistress, or somewhat of that Nature; but had been his Mother's Waiting-maid. This, he said, grieved his Heart, and made out what he fear'd.

So he went on, and, about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, came to the Gate; and ringing there, Sir *Simon's* Coachman went to the Iron-gate; and he ask'd for the Housekeeper; tho' from what I had wrote, in his Heart, he could not abide her. She sent for him in, little thinking who he was, and ask'd him, in the little Hall, what his Business with her was? — Only, Madam, said he, whether I cannot speak one Word with the 'Squire? No, Friend, said she; he is engaged with several Gentlemen and Ladies. Said he, I have Business with his Honour, of greater Consequence to me than either Life or Death; and Tears stood in his Eyes.

At that she went into the great Parlour, where my Master was talking very pleasantly with the Ladies; and she said, Sir, here is a good tight old Man, that wants to see you on Business of Life and Death, he says, and is very earnest. Ay, said he, Who can that be! —Let him stay in the little Hall, and I'll come to him presently. They all seem'd to stare; and Sir *Simon* said, No more nor less, I dare say, my good Friend, but a Bastard Child. If it is, said Lady *Jones*, bring it in to us. I will, said he.

Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, my Master was much surpriz'd, when he saw who it was; and she much more, when my dear Father said,—Good God! give me Patience! but, as great as you are, Sir, I must ask for my Child! And burst out into Tears. O what Trouble have I given you both! My Master said, taking him by the Hand, Don't be uneasy, Goodman *Andrews*, your Daughter is in the way to be happy!

This alarm'd my dear Father, and he said, What! then is she dying? And trembled he could scarce stand. My Master made him sit down, and sat down by him, and said, No, God be praised! she is very well; and pray be comforted; I cannot bear to see you thus apprehensive; but she has wrote you a Letter to assure you, that she has Reason to be well satisfied and happy.

Ah! Sir, said he, you told me once she was in *London*, waiting on a Bishop's Lady, when all the time she was a severe Prisoner here. —Well, that's all over now, Goodman *Andrews*, said my Master: but the Times are alter'd; for now the sweet Girl has taken me Prisoner; and, in a few Days, I shall put on the pleasantest Fetters that ever Man wore.

O, Sir, said he, you are too pleasant for my Grievs. My Heart's almost broke. But may I not see my poor Child? You shall presently, said he; for she is coming down to us; and since you won't believe me, I hope you will her.

I will ask you, good Sir, said he, but one Question till then, that I may know how to look upon her when I see her. Is she honest? Is she virtuous? — As the new-born Babe, Mr. *Andrews*, said my good Master; and, in twelve Days time, I hope, will be my Wife!—

O flatter me not, good your Honour, said he: It cannot be! it cannot be! —I fear you have deluded her with strange Hopes; and would make me believe Impossibilities! — Mrs. *Jewkes*, said he, do you tell my dear *Pamela's* good Father, when I go out, all you know concerning me, and your Mistress that is to be. Mean time, make much of him, and set out what you have; and make him drink a Glass of Wine he likes best. If this be Wine, added he, fill me a Bumper.

She did so; and he took my Father by the Hand, and said, Believe me, good Man, and be easy; for I can't bear to see you tortur'd in this cruel Suspense: Your dear Daughter is the beloved of my Soul. I am glad you are come! For you'll see us all in the same Story. And here's your Dame's Health; and God bless you both, for being the happy Means of procuring for me so great a Blessing! And so he drank a Bumper to this most obliging Health.

What do I hear! it cannot surely be! said my Father. And your Honour is too good, I hope, to mock a poor old Man! — This ugly Story, Sir, of the Bishop, runs in my Head! — But you say, I shall see my dear Child! — And I shall see her honest! — If not, poor as I am, I would not own her!

My Master bid Mrs. *Jewkes* not let me know yet, that my Father was come, and went to the Company, and said, I have been agreeably surpriz'd. Here is honest old Goodman *Andrews* come full of Grief, to see his Daughter; for he fears she is seduced; and tells me, good honest Man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her, if she be not virtuous. O, said they all, with one Voice almost, dear Sir! shall we not see the good old Man you have so praised for his plain good Sense and honest Heart? If, said he, I thought *Pamela* would not be too much affected with the Surprize, I would make you all witness to their first Interview; for never did Daughter love a Father, or a Father a Daughter, as they two do one another. Miss *Darnford*, and all the Ladies, and the Gentlemen too, begg'd it might be so. But was not this very cruel, my dear Mother? For well might they think I should not support myself in such an agreeable Surprize.

He said, kindly, I have but one Fear, that the dear Girl may be too much affected. O, said Lady *Darnford*, we'll all help to keep up her Spirits. Says he, I'll go up and prepare her; but won't tell her of it. So he came up to me, as I have said, and amus'd me about Mr. *Williams*, to half prepare me for some Surprize; tho' that could not have been any thing to this. And he left me, as I said, in that Suspense, at his mystical Words, saying, he would send to me, when they were going to Cards.

My Master went from me to my Father, and asked if he had eaten any thing. No, said Mrs. *Jewkes*; the good Man's Heart's so full, he cannot eat, nor do any thing, till he has seen his dear Daughter. That shall soon be, said my Master. I will have you come in with me; for she is going to sit down with my Guests, to a Game at Quadrille;

and I will send for her down. O, Sir, said my Father, don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your Guests; let me see my Daughter by myself, I beseech you. Said he, They all know your honest Character, Goodman *Andrews*, and long to see you, for *Pamela's* sake.

So he took my Father by the Hand, and led him in, against his Will, to the Company. They were all very good. My Master kindly said, Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you one of the honestest Men in *England*; my good *Pamela's* Father. Mr. *Peters* went to him, and took him by the Hand, and said, We are all glad to see you, Sir; you are the happiest Man in the World in a Daughter, that we never saw before to Day; but cannot enough admire her.

Said my Master, This Gentleman, Goodman *Andrews*, is the Minister of the Parish; but is not young enough for Mr. *Williams*. This cutting Joke, my poor Father said, made him fear, for a Moment, that all was a Jest. —Sir *Simon* also took him by the Hand, and said, Ay, you have a sweet Daughter, Honesty; we are all in Love with her. And the Ladies came, and said very fine things: Lady *Darnford* particularly, That he might think himself the happiest Man in *England*, in such a Daughter. If, and please you, Madam, said he, she be but vertuous, 'tis all in all: For all the rest is Accident. But, I doubt, his Honour has been too much upon the Joke with me. No, said Mrs. *Peters*, we are all Witness that he intends very honourably by her.— It is some Comfort, said he, and wiped his Eyes, that such good Ladies say so!— But I wish I could see her.

They would have had him sit down by them, but he would only sit behind the Door, in the Corner of the Room, so that one could not soon see him, as one came in; because the Door open'd against him, and hid him almost. The Ladies all sat down; and my Master said, Desire Mrs. *Jewkes* to step up; and tell Mrs. *Andrews* the Ladies wait for her. So down I came.

Miss *Darnford* rose, and met me at the Door, and said, Well, Miss, we long'd for your Company. I did not see my dear Father; and, it seems, his Heart was too full to speak; and he got up, and sat down three or four times successively, unable to come to me, or to say any thing. The Ladies looked that way; but I would not, supposing it was Mr. *Williams*. And they made me sit down between Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones*; and asked me, what we should play at? I said, At what your Ladyships please. I wonder'd to see them smile, and look upon me, and to that Corner of the Room; but I was afraid of looking that way, for fear of seeing Mr. *Williams*; tho' my Face was that way too, and the Table before me.

Said my Master, Did you send your Letter away to the Post-house, my good Girl, for your Father? To be sure, Sir, said I, I did not forget that. I took the Liberty to desire Mr. *Thomas* to carry it. What, said he, I wonder, will the good old Couple say to it? O Sir, said I, your Goodness will be a Cordial to their dear honest Hearts! At that, my dear Father, not able to contain himself, nor yet to stir from the Place, gush'd out into a Flood of Tears, which he, good Soul! had been struggling with, it seems; and cry'd out, O my dear Child!

I knew the Voice, and lifting up my Eyes, and seeing my Father, gave a Spring, overturn'd the Table, without Regard to the Company, and threw myself at his Feet, O my Father! my Father! said I, can it be! — Is it you? Yes, it is! It is! O bless your happy—Daughter! I would have said, and down I sunk.

My Master, seem'd concern'd. —I fear'd, said he, that the Surprise would be too much for her Spirits; and all the Ladies run to me, and made me drink a Glass of Water; and I found myself incircled in the Arms of my dearest Father. —O tell me, said I, every thing! How long have you been here? When did you come? How does my honour'd Mother? and half a dozen Questions more, before he could answer one.

They permitted me to retire, with my Father; and then I pour'd forth all my Vows, and Thanksgivings to God for this additional Blessing; and confirm'd all my Master's Goodness to his scarcebelieving Amazement. And we kneeled together, blessing God, and blessing one another, for several ecstatick Minutes; and my Master coming in soon after, my dear Father said, O Sir, what a Change is this! May God reward you! may God bless you in this World and the next!

May God bless us all! said he. But how does my sweet Girl! I have been in Pain for you! —I am sorry I did not aprize you before hand.

O Sir, said I, it was You! and all you do must be good. —But this was a Blessing so unexpected!

Well, said he, you have given Pain to all the Company. They will be glad to see you, when you can; for you have spoiled all their Diversion: And yet painfully delighted them at the same time. Mr. *Andrews*, said he, you make this House your own; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you'll be. After you have a little compos'd yourself, my dear Girl, step in to us again. I am glad to see you so well so soon. And so he left us.

See you, my dear Father, said I, what Goodness there is in this once naughty Master! O pray for him! and pray

for me, that I may deserve it!

How long has this happy Change been wrought, said he, my dear Child! —O, said I, several happy Days! —I have wrote down every thing; and you'll see, from the Depth of Misery, what God has done for your happy Daughter!

Blessed be his Name! said he. But do you say he will marry you! Can it be, that such a brave Gentleman will make a Lady of the Child of such a poor Man as I? O the Goodness of God! How will your poor dear Mother be able to support these happy Tidings? I will set out to-morrow, to acquaint her with it. For I am but half happy till the dear good Woman shares it with me! — To be sure, my dear Child, we ought to go into some far Country, to hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our Poverty!

O my dear Father, said I, now you are unkind for the first Time. Your Poverty has been my Glory, and my Riches; and I have nothing to brag of, but that I ever thought it an Honour to me, rather than a Disgrace; because you were always so honest, that your Child might well boast of such a Parentage!

In this manner, my dear Mother, did we pass the happy Moments, till Miss *Darnford* came to me, and said, How do you do, dear Miss? I rejoice to see you well! Pray let us have your Company. And, said she, taking my Father's Hand, and yours too, good Mr. *Andrews*.

This was very obliging, I told her; and we went to the great Parlour; and my Master took my Father by the Hand, and made him sit down by him, and drink a Glass of Wine with him. Mean time, I made my Excuses to the Ladies, as well as I could; which they readily granted me. But Sir *Simon*, after his comical manner, put his Hands on my Shoulders, Let me see, let me see, said he, where your Wings grow; for I never saw any body fly like you? —Why, said he, you have broke Lady *Jones's* Shins with the Table. Shew her else, Madam.

His Plesantry made them laugh. And I said, I was very sorry for my Extravagancy: And if it had not been my Master's Doings, I should have said, it was a Fault to permit me to be so surprized, and put out of myself, before such good Company. They said, All was very excusable; and they were glad I suffer'd no more by it. They were so kind, as to excuse me at Cards, and play'd by themselves; and I went, by my Master's Command, and sat on the other Side, in the happiest Place I ever was blest with, between two of the dearest Men in the World to me, and each holding one of my Hands;— my Father, every now-and-then, with Tears in his Eyes, blessing God, and saying, Could I ever have hoped this!

I asked him, if he had been so kind as to bring the Papers with him? He said he had, and looked at me, as who should say, Must I give them to you now? —I said, Be pleased to let me have them. He pulled them from his Pocket; and I stood up, and, with my best Duty, gave them into my Master's Hands. He said, Thank you, *Pamela*. Your Father shall take all with him, to see what a sad Fellow I have been, as well as the present happier Alteration. But I must have them all again, for the Writer's sake.

The Ladies and Gentlemen would make me govern the Tea-table, whatever I could do; and *Abraham* attended me, to serve the Company. My Master and my Father sat together, and drank a Glass or two of Wine instead of Tea; and Sir *Simon* jok'd with my Master, and said, I warrant you would not be such a Woman's Man, as to drink Tea, for ever so much, with the Ladies. But your Time's coming, and, I doubt not, you'll be made as conformable as I.

My Master was very urgent with them to stay Supper; and, at last, they comply'd, on Condition that I would grace the Table, as they were pleased to call it. I begg'd to be excus'd. My Master said, Don't be excus'd, *Pamela*, since the Ladies desire it. And besides, said he, we won't part with your Father; and so you may as well stay with us.

I was in hope my Father and I might sup by ourselves, or only with Mrs. *Jewkes*. And Miss *Darnford*, who is a most obliging young Lady, said, We will not part with you; indeed we won't.

When Supper was brought in, Lady *Darnford* took me by the Hand, and said to my Master, Sir, by your Leave; and would have plac'd me at the Upper-end of the Table. Pray, pray, Madam, said I, excuse me, I cannot do it, indeed I cannot. *Pamela*, said my Master, to the great Delight of my good Father, as I could see by his Looks, Oblige Lady *Darnford*, since she desires it. It is but a little before your Time, you know.

Dear, good Sir, said I, pray don't command it! Let me sit by my Father, pray! Why, said Sir *Simon*, here's ado indeed; Sit down at the Upper-end, as you should do! and your Father shall sit by you there. This put my dear Father upon Difficulties. And my Master said, Come, I'll place you all: And so put Lady *Darnford* at the Upper-end, Lady *Jones* at her Right-hand, and Mrs. *Peters* on the other; and he placed me between the two

young Ladies; but very genteely put Miss *Darnford* below her younger Sister; saying, Come, Miss, I put you here, because you shall hedge in this little Cuckow; for I take notice, with Pleasure, of your Goodness to her; and besides, all you very young Ladies should sit together. This seem'd to please both Sisters; for had the youngest Miss been put there, it might have piqu'd her, as matters had been formerly, to be placed below me; whereas Miss *Darnford* giving Place to her younger Sister, made it less odd she should to me; especially with that handsome Turn of the dear Man, as if I was a Cuckow, and to be hedg'd in.

My Master kindly said, Come, Mr. *Andrews*, you and I will sit together. And so took his Place at the Bottom of the Table, and set my Father on his Right-hand; and Sir *Simon* would sit on his Left. For, said he, Parson, I think the Petticoats should sit together; and so do you sit down by that Lady (his Sister). A boiled Turkey standing by me, my Master said, Cut up that Turkey, *Pamela*, if it be not too strong Work for you, that Lady *Darnford* may not have too much Trouble. So I carv'd it in a Trice, and helped the Ladies. Miss *Darnford* said, I would give something to be so dextrous a Carver. O Miss, said I, my late good Lady would always make me do these things, when she entertained her Female Friends; as she used to do on particular Days.

Ay, said my Master, I remember my poor Mother would often say, if I, or any body at Table, happen'd to be a little out in Carving, I'll send up for my *Pamela*, to shew you how to carve. Said Lady *Jones*, Mrs. *Andrews* has every Accomplishment of her Sex. She is quite wonderful for her Years. Miss *Darnford* said, And I can tell you, Madam, that she plays sweetly upon the Spinet, and sings as sweetly to it; for she has a fine Voice. Foolish, said Sir *Simon*, who, that hears her speak, knows not that? and who, that sees her Fingers, believes not that they were made to touch any Key? O, Parson! said he, 'tis well you're by, or I should have had a Blush from the Ladies. I hope not, Sir *Simon*, said Lady *Jones*; for a Gentleman of your Politeness, would not say any thing that would make Ladies blush. —No, no, said he, for the World: But if I had, it would have been as the Poet says, *They blush, because they understand*.

When the Company went away, Lady *Darnford*, Lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters*, severally invited my Master, and me with him, to their Houses; and begg'd he would permit me, at least, to come before we left these Parts. And they said, We hope, when the happy Knot is ty'd, you will induce the 'Squire to reside more among us. We were always glad, said Lady *Darnford*, when he was here; but now shall have double Reason. O what grateful things were these to the Ears of my good Father!

When the Company was gone, my Master ask'd my Father, if he smook'd; he said, No. He made us both sit down by him; and he said, I have been telling this sweet Girl, that, in Fourteen Days, and two of them are gone, she must fix on one, to make me happy: And have left it to her to chuse either one of the first or the last Seven. My Father held up his Hands and Eyes; God bless your Honour, said he, is all I can say! Now, *Pamela*, said my Master, taking my Hand, don't let a little wrong-timed Bashfulness take place, without any other Reason, because I should be glad to go to *Bedfordshire* as soon as I could; and I would not return till I carry my Servants there a Mistress, who should assist me to repair the Mischiefs she has made in it.

I could not look up for Confusion. And my Father said, My dear Child, I need not, I am sure, prompt your Obedience in whatever will most oblige so good a Master. What says my *Pamela*? said my Master. She does not use to be at a Loss for Expression. Sir, said I, were I too sudden, it would look as if I doubted whether you would hold in your Mind, and was not willing to give you Time for Reflection. But otherwise, to be sure, I ought to resign myself implicitly to your Will.

Said he, I want not Time for Reflection. For I have often told you, and that long ago, I could not live without you. And my Pride of Condition made me both tempt and terrify you to other Terms; but your Virtue was Proof against all Temptation, and was not to be aw'd by Terrors: Wherefore, as I could not conquer my Passion for you, I corrected myself, and resolved, since you would not be mine upon my Terms, you should upon your own: And now I desire you not on any other, I assure you. And, I think, the sooner it is done, the better. What say you, Mr. *Andrews*? Sir, said he, there is so much Goodness of your Side, and, blessed be God! so much Prudence of my Daughter's, that I must be quite silent. But when it is done, I and my poor Wife, shall have nothing to do, but to pray for you both, and to look back with Wonder and Joy, on the Ways of Providence.

This, said my Master, is *Friday* Night; and suppose, my Girl, it be next *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, or *Thursday* Morning? —Say, my *Pamela*.

Will you, Sir, said I, excuse me till to-morrow for an Answer? —I will, said he. And he touch'd the Bell, and called for Mrs. *Jewkes*. Where, said he, does Mr. *Andrews* lie to-night? You'll take care of him: He's a very good

Man; and will bring a Blessing upon every House he sets his Foot in.

My dear Father wept for Joy; and I could not refrain keeping him Company. And my Master saluting me, bid us Good-night, and retir'd. And I waited upon my dear Father, and was so full of Prattle, of my Master's Goodness, and my future Prospects, that I believed afterwards I was turned all into Tongue. But he indulged me, and was transported with Joy; and went to bed, and dreamt of nothing but *Jacob's Ladder*, and Angels ascending and descending, to bless him, and his Daughter.

SATURDAY.

I Rose up early in the Morning; but found my Father was up before me, and was gone to walk in the Garden. I went to him: And with what Delight, with what Thankfulness, did we go over every Scene of it, that had before been so dreadful to me! The Fish-Pond, the Back-door, and every Place: O what Reason had we for Thankfulness and Gratitude!

About Seven o'Clock, my good Master join'd us, in his Morning-gown and Slippers; and looking a little heavy, I said, Sir, I fear you had not good Rest last Night. That is your Fault, *Pamela*, said he: After I went from you, I must needs look into your Papers, and could not leave them till I had read them thro'; and so 'twas Three o'Clock before I went to sleep. I wish, Sir, said I, you had had better Entertainment. The worst Part of it, said he, was what I had brought upon myself; and you have not spar'd me. Sir, said I—He interrupting me, said, Well, I forgive you. You had too much Reason for it. But I find, plain enough, that if you had got away, you would soon have been *Williams's* Wife: And I can't see how it could well have been otherwise. Indeed, Sir, said I, I had no Notion of it, or of being any body's. I believe so, said he; but it must have come on as a Thing of Course; and I see your Father was for it. Sir, said he, I little thought of the Honour your Goodness would confer upon her; and I thought that would be a Match above what we could do for her, a great deal. But when I found she was not for it, I resolved not to urge her; but leave all to God's Grace, and her own Prudence.

I see, said he, all was sincere, honest, and open; and I speak of it, if it had been done, as a thing that could hardly well be avoided; and I am quite satisfied. But, said he, I must observe, as I have an hundred times, with Admiration, what a prodigious Memory, and easy and happy Manner of Narration this excellent Girl has! And tho' she is full of her pretty Tricks and Artifices, to escape the Snares I had laid for her, yet all is innocent, lovely, and uniformly beautiful. You are exceedingly happy in a Daughter; and, I hope, I shall be so in a Wife. —;Or, said my Father, may she not have that Honour! —I fear it not, said he; and hope I shall deserve it of her.

But, *Pamela*, said my Master, I am sorry to find, in some Parts of your Journal, that Mrs. *Jewkes* carry'd her Orders a little too far. And I the more take Notice of it, because you have not complain'd to me of her Behaviour, as she might have expected for some Parts of it. Tho' a good deal was occasion'd by my strict Orders. —But she had the Insolence to strike my Girl! I find. Sir, said I, I was a little provoking, I believe; but as we forgave one another, I was the less intitled to complain of her.

Well, said he, you are very good; but if you have any particular Resentment, I will indulge it so far, as that she shall hereafter have nothing to do where you are. Sir, said I, you are so kind, that I ought to forgive every body; and when I see that God has brought about my Happiness by the very Means that I thought then my great Grievance; I ought to bless those Means, and forgive all that was disagreeable to me at the time, for the great Good that has issued from it. —That, said he, and kissed me, is sweetly consider'd! and it shall be my Part to make you Amends for what you have suffer'd, that you may still think lighter of the one, and have Cause to rejoice in the other.

My dear Father's Heart was full; and he said, with his Hands folded, and lifted up, Pray, Sir, let me go,—let me go,—to my dear Wife! and tell her all these blessed things, while my Heart holds! for it is ready to burst with Joy! Good Man! said my Master,—I love to hear this honest Heart of yours speaking at your Lips. I injoin you, *Pamela*, to continue your Relation, as you have Opportunity; and tho' your Father be here, write to your Mother, that this wondrous Story be perfect, and we, your Friends, may read and admire you more and more. Ay, pray, pray do, my dear Child, said my Father. And this is the Reason that I write on, my dear Mother, when I thought not to do it, because my Father could tell you all that passed while he was here.

My Master took notice of my Psalm, and was pleas'd to commend it; and said, That I had very charitably turn'd the last Verses, which, in the Original, was full of heavy Curses, to a Wish, that shew'd I was not of an implacable Disposition; tho' my then Usage might have excused it, if I had. But, said he, I think you shall sing it to me to-morrow.

After we have breakfasted, added he, if you have no Objection, *Pamela*, we'll take an Airing together; and it shall be in the Coach, because we'll have your Father's Company. He would have excus'd himself; but my Master would have it so. But he was much ashamed, because he was not in a Dress for my Master's Company.

My Master would make us both breakfast with him, on Chocolate; and he said, I would have you, *Pamela*, begin to dress as you used to do; for now, at least, you may call your *two other Bundles* your own; and if you want any thing against the approaching Occasion, private, as I design it, I'll send to *Lincoln* for it, by a special Messenger. I said, My good Lady's Bounty, and his own, had set me much above my Degree, and I had very good things of all Sorts; and I did not desire any other, because I would not excite the Censure of the Ladies. That would be a different thing, he was pleased to say, when he publickly own'd his Nuptials, after we came to the other House. But at present, if I was satisfied, he would not make Words with me.

I hope, Mr. *Andrews*, said he to my Father, you'll not leave us till you see the Affair over, and then you'll be *sure* I mean honourably; and besides, *Pamela* will be induced to set the Day sooner. O Sir, said he, I bless God, I have no Reason to doubt your meaning honourably; and I hope you'll excuse me, if I set out on *Monday* Morning, very early, to my dear Wife, and make her as happy as I am.

Why, *Pamela*, said my good Master, may it not be perform'd on *Tuesday*, and then your Father, may—be, will stay? —I should have been glad to have had it to—morrow, added he; but I have sent Monsieur *Colbrand* for a Licence, that you may have no Scruple unanswer'd; and he can't very well be back before to—morrow Night, or *Monday* Morning.

This was most agreeable News. I said, Sir, I know my dear Father will want to be at home. And as you was so good to give me a Fortnight from last *Thursday*, I should be glad you'll be pleased to indulge me with some Day in the second Seven. Well, said he, I will not be too urgent; but the sooner you fix, the better. Mr. *Andrews*, we must leave something to these *Jephtha's* Daughters, in these Cases, he was pleased to say: I suppose the little bashful Folly, which, in the happiest Circumstances, may give a kind of Regret to quit the Maiden State, and an Aukwardness at the Entrance of a new one, is a Reason with *Pamela*; and so she shall name her Day. Sir, said he, you are all Goodness.

I went up soon after, and new dress'd myself, taking Possession, in a happy Moment, I hope, of my *two Bundles*, as my good Master was pleased to call them, (alluding to my former Division of those good things my Lady and himself bestow'd upon me) and so put on fine Linen, silk Shoes, and fine white Cotton Stockens, a fine quilted Coat, a delicate green mantua silk Gown and Coat; a *French* Necklace, and a lac'd Head, and Handkerchief, and clean Gloves; and taking my Fan in my Hand, I, like a little proud Hussy, looked in the Glass, and thought myself a Gentlewoman once more; but I forgot not to thank God, for being able to put on this Dress with so much Comfort.

Mrs. *Jewkes* would help to dress me, and complimented me highly, saying, among other things, that now I looked like her Lady indeed! And as, she said, the little Chapel was ready, and Divine Service would be read in it to—morrow, she wished the happy Knot might then be ty'd. Said she, Have you not seen the Chapel, Madam, since it has been cleaned out? —No, said I; but are we to have Service in it to—morrow, do you say? —I am glad of that; for I have been a sad Heathen lately, sore against my Will! —But who is to officiate? —Somebody, reply'd she, Mr. *Peters* will send. You tell me very good News, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*. I hope it will never be a Lumber—room again. —Ay, said she, I can tell you more good News; for the two Miss *Darnfords*, and Lady *Jones*, are to be here at the Opening of it; and will stay and dine with you. My Master, said I, has not told me that. You must alter your Stile, Madam, said she. It must not be *Master*, now, sure! —O, return'd I, that is a Language I shall never forget. He shall always be my Master; and I shall think myself more and more his Servant.

My poor Father did not know I went up to dress myself; and he said, his Heart misgave him, when he saw me first, for fear I was made a Fool of, and that here was some fine Lady that was to be my Master's Wife. And he stood in Admiration, and said, O, my dear Child, how well will you become your happy Condition! Why you look like a Lady already! —I hope, my dear Father, said I, and boldly kissed him, I shall always be your dutiful Daughter, whatever my Condition be.

My Master sent me word he was ready; and when he saw me, said, Dress as you will, *Pamela*, you're a charming Girl; and so handed me to the Coach, and would make my Father and me sit both on the Fore—side; and sat backwards, over—against me; and bid the Coachman drive to the Meadow; that is, where he once met Mr. *Williams*.

The Conversation was most agreeable to me, and to my dear Father, as we went; and he more and more exceeded in Goodness and Generosity; and, while I was gone up to dress, he had presented my Father with twenty Guineas; desiring him to buy himself and my Mother such Apparel, as they should think proper; and lay it all out:

But I knew not this till after that we came home; my Father having no Opportunity to tell me of it.

He was pleased to tell me of the Chapel being got in tolerable Order; and said, it look'd very well; and against he came down next, it should be all new white—wash'd, and painted, and lin'd; and a new Pulpit—cloth, Cushion, Desk, &c. and that it should always be kept in order for the future. He told me, the two Miss *Darnford's*, and Lady *Jones*, would dine with him on *Sunday*; And with their Servants and mine, said he, we shall make a tolerable little Congregation. And, added he, have I not well contriv'd, to shew you, that the Chapel is really a little House of God, and has been consecrated, before we solemnize our Nuptials in it? —O, Sir, reply'd I, your Goodness to me is inexpressible! Mr. *Peters*, said he, offer'd to come and officiate in it; but would not stay to dine with me, because he has Company at his own House; and so I intend that Divine Service shall be perform'd in it, by one to whom I shall make some yearly Allowance, as a sort of Chaplain. —You look serious, *Pamela*, added he; I know you think of your Friend *Williams*. Indeed, Sir, said I, if you won't be angry, I did. Poor Man! I am sorry I have been the Cause of his disobliging you.

When we came to the Meadow, where the Gentry have their Walk sometimes, the Coach stopt, and my Master alighted, and led me to the Brookside; and it is a very pretty Summer Walk. He asked my Father, if he chose to walk out, or go on in the Coach, to the further End. He, poor Man, chose to go in the Coach, for fear, he said, any Gentry should be walking there; and he told me, he was most of the way upon his Knees, in the Coach, thanking God for his gracious Mercies and Goodness; and begging a Blessing upon my good Master and me.

I was quite astonish'd, when we came into the shady Walk, to see Mr. *Williams* there. See there, said my Master, there's poor *Williams*, taking his solitary Walk again, with his Book. And it seems, it was so contriv'd; for Mr. *Peters* had been, as I since find, desir'd to tell him, to be in that Walk at such an Hour in the Morning.

So, old Acquaintance, said my Master, again have I met you in this Place? What Book are you now reading? He said, It was *Boileau's Lutrin*. Said my Master, You see I have brought with me my little Fugitive, that would have been: While you are perfecting yourself in *French*, I am trying to learn *English*; and hope soon to be Master of it.

Mine, Sir, said he, is a very beautiful Piece of *French*: But your *English* has no Equal.

You are very polite, Mr. *Williams*, said my Master. And he that does not think as you do, deserves no Share in her. Why, *Pamela*, added he, very generously, why so strange, where you have once been so familiar? I do assure you both, that I mean not, by this Interview, to insult Mr. *Williams*, or confuse you. Then I said, Mr. *Williams*, I am very glad to see you well; and tho' the generous Favour of my good Master has happily changed the Scene, since you and I last saw one another, I am nevertheless very glad of an Opportunity to acknowledge, with Gratitude, your good Intentions, not so much to serve me, as *me*, but as a Person that then had great Reason to believe herself in Distress. And, I hope, Sir, added I, to my Master, your Goodness will permit me to say this.

You, *Pamela*, said he, may make what Acknowledgments you please to Mr. *Williams's* good Intentions; and I would have you speak as you think; but I do not apprehend myself to be quite so much oblig'd to those Intentions.

Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, I beg leave to say, I knew well, that, by Education, you was no Libertine; nor had I Reason to think you so by Inclination; and when you came to reflect, I hoped you would not be displeas'd with me. And this was no small Motive to me, at first, to do as I did.

Ay, but, Mr. *Williams*, said my Master, could you think, that I should have had Reason to thank you, if, above all her Sex, I loved one Person, and you had robbed me of her, and marry'd her yourself? — And then, said he, you are to consider, that she was of long Acquaintance with me, and a quite new one to you; that I had sent her down to my own House, for better securing her; and that you, who had Access to my House, could not effect your Purpose, without being guilty, in some sort, of a Breach of the Laws of Hospitality and Friendship. As to my Designs upon her, I own they had not the best Appearance; but still I was not answerable to Mr. *Williams* on that Score; much less could you be excus'd, to invade a Property so very dear to me, and to endeavour to gain an Interest in her Affections, tho' you could not be certain, that Matters would not turn out as they have actually done.

I own, said he, that some Parts of my Conduct seem exceptionable, as you state it. But, Sir, I am but a young Man. I meant no Harm. I had no Interest, I am sure, to incur your Displeasure; and when you think of every thing, and the inimitable Graces of Person, and Perfections of Mind, that adorn this excellent Lady, (so he called me) you will, perhaps, find your Generosity allow something as an Extenuation of a Fault, which your Anger would not permit as an Excuse.

I have done, said my Master; nor did I meet you here to be angry with you. *Pamela* knew not that she should see you; and now you are both present, I would ask you, Mr. *Williams*, If, now you know my honourable Designs towards this good Girl, you can really be *almost*, I will not say *quite*, as well pleased with the Friendship of my Wife, as you could be with the Favour of Mrs. *Andrews*?

Sir, said he, I will answer you truly. I think I could have preferr'd, with her, any Condition that could have befallen me, had I consider'd only *myself*. But, Sir, I was very far from having any Encouragement to expect her *Favour*; and I had much more Reason to believe, that if she could have hoped for your Goodness, her Heart was too much pre-engaged, to think of any body else. And give me Leave further to say, Sir, That tho' I tell you sincerely my Thoughts, were I only to consider *myself*; yet when I consider *her Good*, and *her Merit*, I should be highly ungenerous, were it put to my *Choice*, if I could not wish her in a Condition so much superior to what I could do for her, and so very answerable to her Merit.

Pamela, said my Master, *you* are obliged to Mr. *Williams*, and ought to thank him: He has distinguished well. But as for *me*, who had like to have lost you by his means, I am glad the Matter was not left to his *Choice*. Mr. *Williams*, said he, I give you *Pamela's* Hand, because I know it will be pleasing to her, in Token of her Friendship and Esteem for you; and I give you mine, that I will not be your Enemy. But yet I must say, that I think I owe this proper Manner of your Thinking more to your Disappointment, than to the Generosity you talk of.

Mr. *Williams* kissed my Hand, as my Master gave it him; and my Master said, Sir, you will go home and dine with me, and I'll shew you my little Chapel; and do you, *Pamela*, look upon yourself at Liberty to number Mr. *Williams* in the List of your Friends.

How generous, how noble was this! Mr. *Williams* (and so had I) had Tears of Pleasure in his Eyes. I was silent; but Mr. *Williams* said, Sir, I shall be taught, by your Generosity, to think myself inexcusably wrong, in every Step I took, that could give you Offence; and my future Life shall shew my respectful Gratitude.

We walked on till we came to the Coach, where was my dear Father. *Pamela*, said my Master, tell Mr. *Williams* who that good Man is. O, Mr. *Williams*! said I, it is my dear Father; And, my Master was pleased to say, one of the honestest Men in *England*. *Pamela* owes every thing that she is to be, as well as her Being, to him; for, I think, she would not have brought me to this, nor made so great Resistance, but for the good Lessons, and religious Education she imbib'd from him.

Mr. *Williams* said, taking my Father's Hand, You see, good Mr. *Andrews*, with inexpressible Pleasure, the Fruits of your pious Care; and now are in a way, with your beloved Daughter, to reap the happy Effects of it. —I am overcome, said my dear Father, with his Honour's Goodness. But I can only say, I bless *God*, and bless *him*.

Mr. *Williams* and I being nearer the Coach than my Master; and he offering to draw back, to give way to him, he kindly said, Pray, Mr. *Williams*, oblige *Pamela* with your Hand; and step in yourself. He bow'd, and took my Hand, and my Master made him step in, and sit next me, all that ever he could do, and sat himself over-against him, next my Father, who sat against me.

And he said, Mr. *Andrews*, I told you Yesterday, that the Divine you saw, was *not* Mr. *Williams*; I now tell you, this Gentleman *is*: And tho' I have been telling him, I think not *myself* obliged to his Intentions; yet I will own, that *Pamela* and *you* are; and tho' I won't promise to love him, I would have you.

Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, you have a way of overcoming, that hardly all my Reading affords an Instance of the like; and it is the more noble, as it is on this Side, as I presume, the happy Ceremony; which, great as your Fortune is, will lay you under an Obligation to so much Virtue and Beauty, when she becomes yours; for you will then have a Treasure that Princes might envy.

Said my generous Master, (God bless him!) Mr. *Williams*, it is impossible that you and I should long live at Variance, when our Sentiments agree so well together, on Subjects the most material.

I was quite confused; and my Master seeing it, took my Hand, and said, Look up, my good Girl! and collect yourself. —Don't injure Mr. *Williams* and me so much, as to think we are capping Compliments, as we used to do Verses, at School. I dare answer for us both, that we say not a Syllable we don't think.

O, Sir, said I, how unequal am I to all this Goodness! Every Moment that passes, adds to the Weight of the Obligations you oppress me with.

Think not too much of that, said he, most generously. Mr. *Williams's* Compliments to you have great Advantage of mine: For, tho' equally sincere, I have a great deal to say, and to do, to compensate the Sufferings I have made you undergo; and, at last, must sit down dissatisfied, because those will never be aton'd by all I can do

for you.

He saw my dear Father quite unable to support these affecting Instances of his Goodness; and he let go my Hand, and took his, and said, seeing his Tears, I wonder not, my dear *Pamela's* Father, that your honest Heart springs thus to your Eyes, to see all her Trials at an End. I will not pretend to say, that I had formerly either Power or Will to act thus. But since I began to resolve on the Change you see, I have reap'd so much Pleasure in it, that my own *Interest* will keep me steady. For, till within these few Days, I knew not what it was to be happy.

Poor Mr. *Williams*, with Tears of Joy in his Eyes, said; How happily, Sir, have you been touched by the Divine Grace, before you have been hurried into the Commission of Sins, that the deepest Penitence could hardly have aton'd for! —God has enabled you to stop short of the Evil; and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice in the Good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward Reproach.

You do well, said he, to remind me, that I owe all this to the Grace of God. I bless Him for it; and I thank this good Man for his excellent Lessons. I thank his dear Daughter for following them: And, I hope, from *her* good Example, and *your* Friendship, Mr. *Williams*, in time, to be half as good as my Tutoress. And that, said he, I believe you'll own, will make me, without Disparagement to any Gentleman, the best Fox-hunter in *England*. —Mr. *Williams* was going to speak: And he said, You put on so grave a Look, Mr. *Williams*, that, I believe, what I have said, with you practical good Folks, is liable to Exception: But I see we were become quite grave; and we must not be too serious neither.

What a happy Creature, my dear Mother, is your *Pamela*! —O may my thankful Heart, and the good Use I may be enabled to make of the Blessings before me, be a Means to continue this delightful Prospect to a long Date, for the sake of the dear good Gentleman, who thus becomes the happy Instrument, in the Hands of Providence, to bless all he smiles upon! To be sure, I shall never enough acknowledge the Value he is pleased to express for my Unworthiness, in that he has prevented my Wishes, and, unask'd, sought the Occasion of being reconciled to a good Man, who, for my sake, had incurred his Displeasure; and whose Name he could not, a few Days before, permit to pass thro' my Lips: But see the wonderful Ways of Providence! The very things that I most dreaded his seeing or knowing, the Contents of my Papers, have, as I hope, satisfy'd all his Scruples, and been a Means to promote my Happiness.

Henceforth let not us poor short-sighted Mortals pretend to rely on our own Wisdom; or vainly think, that we are absolutely to direct for ourselves. I have abundant Reason, I am sure, to say, that when I was most disappointed, I was nearer my Happiness. For, had I made my Escape, which was so often my chief Point of View, and what I had placed my Heart upon, I had escaped the Blessings now before me, and fallen, perhaps headlong, into the Miseries I would have avoided! And yet, after all, it was necessary I should take the Steps I did, to bring on this wonderful Turn! O the unsearchable Wisdom of God! —And how much ought I to adore the Divine Goodness, and humble myself, who am made a poor Instrument, as, I hope, not only to magnify his Graciousness to this fine Gentleman and myself; but to dispense Benefits to others? Which God of his Mercy grant!

In the agreeable manner I have mentioned, did we pass the Time in our second happy Tour; and I thought Mrs. *Jewkes* would have sunk into the Ground, when she saw Mr. *Williams* brought in the Coach with us, and treated so kindly. We dined together in a most pleasant, and easy, and frank manner; and I found I needed not, from my Master's Generosity, to be under any Restraint, as to my Conduct to this good Clergyman; for he, so often as he fancy'd I was reserv'd, mov'd me to be free with him, and to him; and several times called upon me to help my Father and Mr. *Williams*; and seem'd to take great Delight in seeing me carve and help round, as indeed he does in every thing I do.

After Dinner we went and looked into the Chapel; which is a very pretty one, and very decent; and when finish'd, as he designs it, against his next coming down, will be a very pretty Place.

My Heart, my dear Mother, when I first sat my Foot in it, throbb'd a good deal, with awful Joy, at the Thoughts of the Solemnity, which, I hope, will be, in a few Days, performed here. And when I came up towards the little pretty Altar-piece, while they were looking at a Communion-picture, and saying it was prettily done, I gently stept into a Corner, out of Sight, and poured out my Soul to God, on my Knees, in Thankfulness and Supplication, that, after having been so long absent from Divine Service, the first time that I enter'd into a House dedicated to His Honour, should be with such blessed Prospects before me; and begging of God to continue me humble, and to make me not unworthy of his Mercies; and that he would be pleased to bless the *next* Author of it, my good

Master.

I heard my Master say, Where's *Pamela*? And so I broke off sooner than I would, and went up to him.

He said, Mr. *Williams*, I hope I have not so offended you, by my Conduct past, (for really it is what I ought to be ashamed of) as that you will refuse to officiate, and to give us your Instructions here to-morrow. Mr. *Peters* was so kind, for the first time, to offer it; but I know it would be inconvenient for him; and besides, I was willing to make this Request to you an Introduction to our Reconciliation.

Sir, said he, most willingly, and most gratefully will I obey you. Tho', if you expect a Discourse, I am wholly unprepar'd for the Occasion. I would not have it, reply'd he, pointed to any particular Occasion; but if you have one upon the Text,— *There is more Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, than over Ninety-nine just Persons that need not Repentance*; and if it makes me not such a sad Fellow as to be pointed at by mine and the Ladies Servants we shall have here, I shall be well content. 'Tis a general Subject, added he, makes me speak of that; but any one you please will do; for you cannot make a bad Choice, I am sure.

Sir, said he, I have one upon that Text; but I am ready to think, that a Thanksgiving one, which I made on a great Mercy to myself, if I may be permitted to make my own Acknowledgments of your Favour the Subject of a Discourse, will be suitable to my grateful Sentiments. It is on the Text,— *Now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace ; for my Eyes have seen thy Salvation*.

That Text, said I, will be a very suitable one for me. Not so, *Pamela*, said my Master; because I don't let you depart in Peace; but I hope you will stay here with Content.

O but, Sir, said I, I have seen *God's Salvation!* — I am sure, added I, if any body ever had Reason, I have, to say, with the blessed Virgin, *My Soul doth magnify the Lord; for he hath regarded the low Estate of his Handmaiden,— and exalted one of low Degree*.

Said my good Father, I am sure, if there were Time for it, the Book of *Ruth* would afford a fine Subject for the Honour done my dear Child.

Why, good Mr. *Andrews*, said my Master, should you say so? — I know that Story, and Mr. *Williams* will confirm what I say, that my good Girl here will confer at least as much Honour as she will receive.

Sir, said I, you are inexpressibly generous; but I shall never think so. Why, my *Pamela*, said he, that's another thing: It will be best for me to think you will; and it will be kind in you to think you shan't; and then we shall have always an excellent Rule to regulate our Conduct by to one another.

Was not this finely, nobly, wisely said, my dear Mother? — O what a blessed thing it is to be match'd to a Man of Sense and Generosity! — How edifying! —How! —But what shall I say! —I am at a Loss for Words.

Mr. *Williams* said, When we came out of the little Chapel, he would go home, and look over his Discourses, for one for the next Day. My Master said, I have one thing to say, before you go. —When my Jealousy, on Account of this good Girl, put me upon such a vindictive Conduct to you, you know I took a Bond for the Money I had caused you to be troubled for: I really am ashamed of the Matter; because I never intended, when I presented it to you, to have it again, you may be sure: But I knew not what might happen between you and her, nor how far Matters might have gone between you; and so I was willing to have that in Awe over you. And, I think, it is no extraordinary Present, therefore, to give you up your Bond again, cancell'd. And so he took it from his Pocket, and gave it him. I think, added he, all the Charges attending it, and the Trouble you had, were defray'd by my Attorney: I order'd that they should. They were, Sir, said he; and Ten thousand Thanks to you for this Goodness, and the kind manner in which you do it! —If you will go, Mr. *Williams*, said he, shall my Chariot carry you home? No, Sir, answer'd he, I thank you. My Time will be so well employ'd all the way in thinking of your Favours, that I chuse to meditate upon them, as I walk home.

My dear Father was very uneasy about his Habit, for appearing at Chapel next Day, because of Miss *Darnfords*, and the Servants, for fear, poor Man, he should disgrace my Master; and he told me, when he was mentioning this, my Master's kind Present of Twenty Guineas for Cloaths, for you both; which made my Heart truly joyful. But Oh! to be sure, I never can deserve the hundredth Part of his Goodness! —It is almost a hard thing to lie under the Weight of such deep Obligations on one side; and such a Sense of one's own Unworthiness of the other! —O! what a Godlike Power is that of doing Good! —I envy the Rich and the Great for nothing else!

My Master coming to us just then, I said, Oh! Sir, will your Bounty know no Limits! My dear Father has told me what you have given him! — A Trifle, *Pamela*, said he; a little Earnest only of my Kindness. —Say no more of it. But did I not hear the good Man expressing some sort of Concern for somewhat? Hide nothing from me,

Pamela. Only, Sir, said I, he knew not how to absent himself from Divine Service, and yet is afraid of disgracing you by appearing.

Fie, Mr. *Andrews*, said he, I thought you knew that the outward Appearance was nothing. I wish I had as good a Habit inwardly, as you have. But I'll tell you, *Pamela*, your Father is not much thinner than I am, nor much shorter; he and I will walk up together to my Wardrobe; tho' it is not so well stor'd here, as in *Bedfordshire*.

And so, said he, pleasantly, Don't you pretend to come near us, till I call you; for you must not yet see how Men dress and undress themselves. O, Sir, said my Father, I beg to be excused. I am sorry you are told. So am not I, said my Master: Pray come along with me.

He carry'd him up Stairs, and shew'd him several Suits; and would have had him take his Choice. My poor Father was quite confounded: For my Master saw not any he thought too good, and my Father none that he thought bad enough. And my good Master, at last, (he fixing his Eye upon a fine Drab, which he thought looked the plainest) would help him to try the Coat and Waistcoat on himself; and indeed, one would not have thought it, because my Master is taller, and rather plumper, as I thought; but, as I saw afterwards, they fitted him very well: And being plain, and lined with the same Colour, and made for travelling in a Coach, pleased my poor Father much. He gave him the whole Suit, and calling up Mrs. *Jewkes*, said, Let these Cloaths be well aired against to-morrow Morning. Mr. *Andrews* brought only with him his common Apparel, not thinking to stay *Sunday* with us. And pray see for some of my Stockens; and whether none of my Shoes will fit him; and see also for some of my Linen; for we have put the good Man quite out of his Course, by keeping him *Sunday* over. He was then pleased to give him the silver Buckles out of his own Shoes. So, my good Mother, you must expect to see my dear Father a great Beau. Wig, said my Master, he wants none; for his own venerable white Locks are better than all the Perukes in *England*. —But I am sure I have Hars enow somewhere. I'll take care of every thing, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*. —And my poor Father, when he came to me, could not refrain Tears. I know not how, said he, to comfort myself under these great Favours O my Child, it is all owing to God's Goodness, and your Virtue.

SUNDAY.

This blessed Day all the Family seem'd to take Delight to equip themselves for the Celebration of the Sabbath, in the little Chapel; and Lady *Jones* and Mr. *Williams* came in her Chariot, and the two Miss *Darnfords*, in their own; with each a Footman, besides the Coachman. And we breakfasted together, in a most agreeable manner. My dear Father appeared quite spruce and neat, and was greatly caressed by the three Ladies. As we were at Breakfast, my Master told Mr. *Williams*, we must let the Psalms alone, he doubted, for want of a Clerk; but Mr. *Williams* said, No, nothing should be wanting that he could supply. My Father said, If it might be permitted him, he would, as well as he was able, perform that Office; for it was always what he had taken Delight in. And as I know he had learnt Psalmody formerly, in his Youth, and had constantly practised it in private, at home, of *Sunday* Evenings, (as well as endeavour'd to teach it in the little School he so unsuccessfully set up, at the Beginning of his Misfortunes, before he took to hard Labour) I was in no Pain for his undertaking it in this little Congregation. They seem'd much pleas'd with this; and so we went to Chapel, and made a pretty tolerable Appearance; Mrs. *Jewkes*, and all the Servants attending, but the Cook; and I never saw Divine Service perform'd with more Solemnity, nor assisted at with greater Devotion and Decency; my Master, Lady *Jones*, and the two Misses, setting a lovely Example.

My good Father perform'd his Part with great Applause, making the Responses as if he had been a practised Parish Clerk; and giving the Psalm, which consisting of but three Staves, we had it all; and he read the Line, and began the Tune with a Heart so intirely affected with the Duty, that he went thro' it distinctly, calmly, and fervently at the same time; so that Lady *Jones* whisper'd me, That good Men were fit for all Companies, and present to every laudable Occasion: And Miss *Darnford* said, God bless the dear good Man! —You must think how I rejoiced in my Mind!

I know, my dear Mother, you can say most of the shorter Psalms by Heart; so I need not transcribe it, especially as your chief Treasure is a Bible; and a worthy Treasure it is. I know nobody makes more or better Use of it.

Mr. *Williams* gave us an excellent Discourse on Liberality and Generosity, and the Blessing attending the right Use of Riches, from the xith Chapter of *Proverbs*, ver. 24, 25. *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to Poverty. The liberal Soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself*. And he treated the Subject in so handsome a manner, that my Master's Delicacy, who, at first, was afraid of some personal Compliments, was not offended, he judiciously keeping to Generals; and it was an elegant and sensible Discourse, as my Master said.

My Father was, as in the Clerk's Place, just under the Desk; and Lady *Jones* beckon'd her Footman, and whisper'd him to beg him to favour us with another Psalm, when the Sermon was ended, he, thinking as he said afterwards, that the former was rather of the longest, chose the shortest in the Book; which, you know, is the cxviiith.

My Master thanked Mr. *Williams* for his excellent Discourse, and so did the Ladies; as also I did, most heartily; and he was pleas'd to take my dear Father by the Hand, as Mr. *Williams* also did, and thanked him. The Ladies also made him their kind Compliments; and the Servants all looked upon him with Countenances of Respect and Pleasure.

At Dinner, do what I could, I was forced to take the Upper-end of the Table; and my Master sat at the Lower-end, between Mr. *Williams* and my Father. And he said, *Pamela*, you are so dextrous, that I think you may help the Ladies yourself; and I will help my two good Friends. I should have told you tho', that I dress'd myself in a flower'd Satten, that was my Lady's, and look'd quite fresh and good, and which was given me at first by my Master; and the Ladies, who had not seen me out of my Homespun before, made me abundance of fine Compliments, as soon as they saw me first.

Talking of the Psalms, just after Dinner, my Master was very naughty, if I may so say: For he said to my Father, Mr. *Andrews*, I think, in the Afternoon, as we shall have only Prayers, we may have one longer Psalm; and what think you of the cxxxviiith? —O good Sir! said I, pray, pray, not a Word more! —Say what you will, *Pamela*, said he, you shall sing it to us, according to your own Version, before these good Ladies go away. My

Father smil'd, but was half concern'd for me; and said, Will it bear, and please your Honour? —O ay, said he, never fear it; so long as Mrs. *Jewkes* is not in the Hearing.

This excited all the Ladies Curiosity; and Lady *Jones* said, She should be loth to desire to hear any thing that would concern me; but should be glad I would give Leave for it. Indeed, Madam, said I, I must beg you won't insist upon it. I cannot bear it. — You shall see it indeed, Ladies, said my Master; and pray, *Pamela*, not always as you please, neither. —Then, pray, Sir, said I, not in my hearing, I hope. —Sure, *Pamela*, return'd he, you would not write what is not fit to be heard! — But, Sir, said I, there are particular Cases, Times, and Occasions, that may make a thing passable at one time, that would not be tolerable at another. O, said he, let me judge of that, as well as you, *Pamela*. These Ladies know a good Part of your Story; and, let me tell you, what they know is more to your Credit than mine; so that if I have no Averseness to reviving the Occasion, you may very well bear it. Said he, I will put you out of your Pain, *Pamela*; I believe I put it in my Pocket on purpose.

I stood up, and said, Indeed, Sir, I can't bear it! I hope you'll allow me to leave the Room a Minute, if you will read it. Indeed, but I won't, answer'd he. Lady *Jones* said, Pray, good Sir, don't let us hear it, if Mrs. *Andrews* be so unwilling. Well, *Pamela*, said my Master, I will put it to your Choice, whether I shall read it now, or you will sing it by—and-by. That's very hard, Sir, said I. It must be one, I assure you, said he. Why then, Sir, reply'd I, you must do as you please; for I cannot sing it.

Well, then, said my Master, I find I must read it; and yet, added he, after all, I had as well let it alone; for it is no great Reputation to myself. O then, said Miss *Darnford*, pray let us hear it to chuse.

Why then, proceeded he, the Case was this: *Pamela*, I find, when she was in the Time of her Confinement, (that is, added he, when she was taken Prisoner, in order to make me one; for that is the Upshot of the Matter) in the Journal she kept, which was intended for nobody's Perusal but her Parents, tells them, That she was importuned, one *Sunday*, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, to sing a Psalm; but her Spirits not permitting, she declin'd it: But after Mrs. *Jewkes* was gone down, she says, she recollected, that the cxxxviith Psalm was applicable to her own Case; Mrs. *Jewkes* having often, on other Days, in vain, besought her to sing a Song. That thereupon she turn'd it more to her own supposed Case; and believing Mrs. *Jewkes* had a Design against her Honour, and looking upon her as her Gaoler, she thus gives her Version of this Psalm. But pray, Mr. *Williams*, do you read one Verse of the common Translation, and I will read one of *Pamela's*. Then Mr. *Williams* pulling out his little Pocket Common-prayer Book, read the first two Stanzas.

I.

*When we did sit in Babylon,
The Rivers round about:
Then in Remembrance of Sion,
The Tears for Grief burst out.*

II.

*We hang'd our Harps and Instruments
The Willow-trees upon:
For in that Place Men, for that Use,
Had planted many a one.
My Master then read:*

I.

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

II.

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

The Ladies said, It was very pretty; and Miss *Darnford*, That somebody else had well observ'd, that I had need to be less concerned than themselves.

I knew, said my Master, I should get no Credit by shewing this. But let us read on, Mr. *Williams*. So Mr. *Williams* read;

III.

*Then they, to whom we Pris'ners were,
Said to us tauntingly;
Now let us hear your Hebrew Songs,
And pleasant Melody.*

Now this, said my Master, is very near: And read;

III.

*Then she, to whom I Pris'ner was,
Said to me tauntingly;
Now chear your Heart, and sing a Song,
And tune your Mind to Joy.*

Mighty sweet, said Mr. *Williams*. But let us see how the next Verse is turn'd. It is this:

IV.

*Alas! said we, who can once frame
His heavy Heart to sing
The Praises of our loving God,
Thus under a strange King?*

Why, said my Master, it is turn'd with beautiful Simplicity, thus:

IV.

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

Very pretty, said Mr. *Williams*. Lady *Jones* said, O dear, Madam, can you wish that we should be depriv'd of this new Instance of your Genius and Accomplishments?

O! said my dear Father, you will make my good Child proud. No, said my Master, very generously, *Pamela* can't be proud. For no one is proud to hear themselves prais'd, but those who are not us'd to it. —But proceed, Mr. *Williams*. He read;

V.

*But yet, if I Jerusalem
Out of my Heart let slide;
Then let my Fingers quite forget
The warbling Harp to guide.*

Well, now, said my Master, for *Pamela's* Version!

V.

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

Mr. Williams read;

VI.

*And let my Tongue within my Mouth,
Be ty'd for ever fast,
If I rejoice before I see
Thy full Deliv'rance past.*

This also, said my Master, is very near.

VI.

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

Now, good Sir, said I, oblige me; don't read any further: Pray don't! O pray, Madam, said Mr. *Williams*, let me beg to have the rest read; for I long to know who you make the Sons of *Edom*, and how you turn the Psalmist's Execrations against the insulting *Babylonians*.

Well, Mr. *Williams*, reply'd I, you should not have said so. O, said my Master, that is one of the best things of all. Poor Mrs. *Jewkes* stands for *Edom's* Sons; and we must not lose this, because I think it one of my *Pamela's* Excellencies, that tho' thus oppress'd, she prays for no Harm upon the Oppressor. Read, Mr. *Williams*, the next Stanza. So he read;

VII.

*Therefore, O Lord, remember now
The cursed Noise and Cry,
That Edom's Sons against us made,
When they rais'd our City.*

VIII.

*Remember, Lord, their cruel Words,
When, with a mighty Sound,
They cried, Down, yea, down with it,
Unto the very Ground.*

Well, said my Master, here seems, in what I am going to read, a little bit of a Curse indeed; but I think it makes no ill Figure in the Comparison.

VII.

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

And now, said he, for *Edom's* Sons! Tho' a little severe in the Imputation.

VIII.

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

Sure, Sir, said I, this might have been spar'd! But the Ladies and Mr. *Williams* said, No, by no means! And I see the poor wicked Woman has no Favourers among them.

Now, said my Master, read the Psalmist's heavy Curses: And Mr. *Williams* read;

IX.

*Ev'n so shalt thou, O Babylon!
At length to Dust be brought:
And happy shall that Man be call'd,
That our Revenge hath wrought.*

X.

*Yea, blessed shall that Man be call'd,
That takes thy little ones,
And dasheth them in pieces small
Against the very Stones.*

Thus, said he, very kindly, has *my Pamela* turn'd these Lines.

IX.

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

X.

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

I fancy this blessed Man, said my Master, smiling, was, at that time, hoped to be you, Mr. *Williams*, if the Truth was known. Sir, said he, whoever it was intended for then, it can be nobody but your good Self now.

I could hardly hold up my Head for the Praises the kind Ladies were pleased to heap upon me. I am sure, by this, they are very partial in my Favour; all because my Master is so good to me, and loves to hear me praised; for I see no such Excellence in these Lines, as they would make me believe, besides what is borrow'd from the *Psalmist*.

We all, as before, and the Cook—maid too, attended the Prayers of the Church in the Afternoon; and my dear Father concluded with the following Stanzas of the cxyth Psalm; suitably magnifying the holy Name of God for all his Mercies; but did not observe altogether the Method in which they stand; which was the less necessary, he thought, as he gave out the Lines. *The Lord is just in all his ways;*

*His Works are holy all:
And he is near all those that do
In Truth upon him call.*

*He the Desires of all of them
That fear him, will fulfil,
And he will hear them when they cry,
And save them all he will.*

*The Eyes of all do wait on thee;
Thou dost them all relieve:
And thou to each sufficing Food,
In Season due, dost give.*

*Thou openest thy plenteous Hand,
And bounteously dost fill
All things whatever that do live,
With Gifts of thy Good—will.*

*My thankful Mouth shall gladly speak
The Praises of the Lord:
All Flesh to praise his holy Name,
For ever shall accord.*

We walked in the Garden till Tea was ready; and as we went by the Back—door, my Master said to me, *Of all the Flowers in the Garden, the Sun—flower is the fairest!* — O, Sir, said I, let that be now forgot! Mr. *Williams* heard him say so, and seem'd a little out of Countenance: Whereupon my Master said, I mean not to make you serious, Mr. *Williams*; but we see how strangely things are brought about. I see other Scenes hereabouts, that, in

my *Pamela's* Dangers, give me more Cause of Concern, than any thing you ever did, should give you. Sir, said he, you are very generous.

My Master and Mr. *Williams* afterwards walked together, for a Quarter of an Hour, and talked about general things, and some scholastick Subjects, and joined us, very well pleased with one another's Conversation.

Lady *Jones* said, putting herself on one side of me, as my Master was of the other, But pray, Sir, when is the happy Time to be? We want it over, that we may have you with us, as long afterwards as you can. Said my Master, I would have it to morrow or next Day, at farthest, if *Pamela* will: For I have sent for a Licence, and the Messenger will be here to-night, or early in the Morning, I hope. But, added he, pray, *Pamela*, do not take beyond *Thursday*. She was pleased to say, Sure it will not be delay'd by you, Madam, more than needs! — Well, said he, now *you* are on my Side, I will leave you with her, to settle it: And, I hope, she will not let little bashful Niceties be important with her; and so he joined the two Misses.

Lady *Jones* told me, I was to blame, she would take upon her to say, if I delay'd it a Moment; because she understood Lady *Davers* was very uneasy at the Prospect that it would be so; and if any thing should happen, it would be a sad thing! — Madam, said I, when he was pleased to mention it to me first, he said it should be in fourteen Days; and afterwards, ask'd me if I would have it in the first or the second Seven. I answer'd,— for how could I do otherwise? In the second: He desir'd it might not be the last Day of the second Seven. Now, Madam, said I, as he was *then* pleased to speak his Mind, no doubt, I would not for any thing seem too forward.

Well, but, said she, as he now urges you in so genteel and gentlemanly a manner for a shorter Day, I think, if I was in your place, I would agree to it. She saw me hesitate and blush, and said, Well, you know best; but I say only what I would do. I said, I would consider of it; and if I saw he was very earnest, to be sure I should think I ought to oblige him.

Miss *Darnfords* were begging to be at the Wedding, and to have a Ball: And they said, Pray, Mrs. *Andrews*, second our Requests, and we shall be greatly obliged to you. Indeed, Ladies, said I, I cannot promise that, if I might. Why so? said they. — Because, answer'd I,— I know not what! But, I think, one may, with Pleasure, celebrate an *Anniversary* of one's Nuptials; but the *Day itself* — Indeed, Ladies, I think it is too solemn a Business, for the *Parties* of our Sex, to be very gay upon! It is a quite serious and awful Affair: And I am sure, in your own Cases, you would be of my Mind. Why then, said Miss *Darnford*, the more need one has to be as light-hearted and merry as one can.

I told you, said my Master, what sort of an Answer you'd have from *Pamela*. The younger Miss said, She never heard of such grave Folks in her Life, on such an Occasion! Why, Sir, said she, I hope you'll sing Psalms all Day, and Miss will fast and pray! Such Sackcloth and Ashes Doings, for a Wedding, did I never hear of! — She spoke a little spitefully, I thought; and I return'd no Answer. I shall have enough to do, I reckon, in a-while, if I am to answer every one that will envy me!

We went in to Tea, and all the Ladies could prevail upon my Master for, was a Dancing-match before he left this Country; but Miss *Darnford* said, It should then be at their House; for, truly, if she might not be at the Wedding, she would be affronted, and come no more hither, till we had been there.

When they were gone, my Master would have had my Father stay till the Affair was over; but he begg'd he might set out as soon as it was light in the Morning; for, he said, my Mother would be doubly uneasy at his Stay; and he burn'd with Impatience, to let her know all the happy things that had befallen her Daughter. When my Master found him so desirous to go, he called Mr. *Thomas*, and order'd him to get a particular Bay-horse ready betimes in the Morning, for my Father, and a Portmanteau, to put his Things in; and to attend him a Day's Journey; And if, said he, Mr. *Andrews* chuses it, see him safe to his own Home. And, added he, as that Horse will serve you, Mr. *Andrews*, to ride backwards and forwards, to see us when we go to *Bedfordshire*, I make you a Present of it, with the Accoutrements. And seeing my Father going to speak, he added, I won't be said Nay. O how good was this!

He also said a great many kind things at Suppertime, and gave him all the Papers he had of mine; but desir'd, when he and my Mother had read them, that he would return them to him again. And then he said, So affectionate a Father and Daughter may, perhaps, be glad to be alone together; therefore, remember me to your good Wife, and tell her, it will not be long, I hope, before I see you together, on a Visit to your Daughter, at my other House; and so I wish you Good-night, and a good Journey, if you go before I see you; and then he shook Hands, and left my dear Father almost unable to speak, thro' the Sense of his Favours and Goodness.

You may believe, my dear Mother, how loth I was to part with my good Father; and he was also unwilling to part with me; but he was so impatient to see you, and tell you the blessed Tidings, with which his Heart overflow'd, that I could hardly wish to detain him.

Mrs. *Jewkes* brought two Bottles of Cherry-brandy, and two Bottles of Cinamon-water, and some Cake; and they were put up in the Portmanteau, with my Father's newly presented Cloaths; for he said, he would not, for any thing, be seen in them in his Neighbourhood, till I was actually known, by every body, to be marry'd; nor would he lay out any part of the twenty Guineas till then neither, for fear of Reflections; and then he would consult me as to what he should buy. Well, said I, as you please, my dear Father; and I hope now we shall often have the Pleasure of hearing from one another, without needing any Art or Contrivances.

He said, he would go to-bed betimes, that he might be up as soon as it was light; and so he took Leave of me, and said he would not love me, if I got up in the Morning to see him go; which would but make us more loth to part, and grieve us both all Day.

Mr. *Thomas* brought him a Pair of Boots, and told him, he would call him up at peep of Day, and put up every thing over Night; and so I received his Blessing and his Prayers, and his kind Promises of procuring the same from you, my dear Mother, and went up to my Closet with a heavy Heart, and yet a half pleased one, if I may so say; for that, as he must go, he was going to the best of Wives, and with the best of Tidings. But I begg'd he would not work so hard as he had done; for I was sure my Master would not have given him twenty Guineas for Cloaths, if he had not designed to do something else for him; and that he should be the less concern'd at receiving Benefits from my good Master, because he, who had so many Persons to employ in his large Possessions, could make him serviceable, to an equivalent Degree, without hurting any body else.

He promised me fair; and pray, dear Mother, see he performs. I hope my Master will not see this. For I will not send it you, at present, till I can send you the best of News; and the rather, as my dear Father can supply the greatest Part of what I have written, since the Papers he carries you, by his own Observation. So, God bless you both! Good-night! And send my Father a safe Journey, and a happy Meeting to you both!

MONDAY.

M. *Colbrand* being return'd, my Master came up to me to my Closet, and brought me the Licence. O how my Heart flutter'd at the Sight of it! Now, *Pamela*, said he, tell me, If you can oblige me with the Day. Your Word is all that's wanting! I made bold to kiss his dear Hand; and tho' unable to look up, said,—I know not what to say, Sir, to all your Goodness! I would not, for any Consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an Honour, that all the Duty of a long Life, were it to be lent me, will not be sufficient to enable me to be grateful for. I ought to resign myself, in every thing I may or can, implicitly to your Will. But—But what? said he, with a kind Impatience!— Why, Sir, said I, when from last *Thursday* you mention'd Fourteen Days, I had Reason to think that Term your Choice; and my Heart is so wholly yours, that I am afraid of nothing, but that I may be forwarder than you wish. Impossible, my dear Creature, said he, and folded me in his Arms; impossible! If this be all, it shall be set about this Moment, and this happy Day shall make you mine! — I'll send away instantly, said the dear Gentleman, and was going.

I said, No, pray, Sir, pray, Sir, hear me! — Indeed it cannot be to-day!— Cannot! said he. — No, indeed, Sir! said I. — And was ready to sink to see his generous Impatience! Why flatter'd you then, my fond Heart, said he, with the Hope that it might! — Sir, said I, I will tell you what I had thought, if you'll vouchsafe me your Attention. Do then, said he!

I have, Sir, proceeded I, a great Desire, that whenever the Day is, it may be of a *Thursday*: Of a *Thursday* my dear Father and Mother were marry'd, and tho' poor, they are a very happy Pair.— Of a *Thursday* your poor *Pamela* was born: Of a *Thursday* my dear good Lady took me from my Parents into her Protection: Of a *Thursday*, Sir, you caus'd me to be carry'd away to this Place, to which I now, by God's Goodness and your Favour, owe so amazingly all my present Prospects; and of a *Thursday* it was, you nam'd to me that Fourteen Days from that, you would confirm my Happiness. Now, Sir, if you please to indulge my superstitious Folly, you will greatly oblige me: I was sorry, Sir, for this Reason, when you bid me not defer till the last Day of the Fourteen, that *Thursday* in next Week was that last Day.

This, *Pamela*, is a little superstitious, I must needs say; and I think you should begin now to make another Day in the Week a happy one; as for Example, On a *Monday*, may you say, my Father and Mother concluded to be marry'd on the *Thursday* following. Of a *Monday*, so many Years ago, my Mother was preparing all her Matters, to be brought to-bed on the *Thursday* following. Of a *Monday*, several Weeks ago, it was that you had but two Days more to stay, till you was carry'd away on *Thursday*. On a *Monday*, I myself, said he, well remember, it was, that I wrote you the Letter, that prevail'd on you so kindly to return to me; and, on the same Day, you *did* return to my House here; which I hope, my Girl, will be as propitious an Æra as any you have nam'd: And now, lastly, will you say, which will crown the Work; And, on a *Monday* I was marry'd. — Come, come, my Dear, added he, *Thursday* has reign'd long enough o' Conscience; let us now set *Monday* in its Place, or at least on an Equality with it, since you see it has a very good Title, and as we now stand in the Week before us, claims Priority; and then, I hope, we shall make *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Friday*, *Saturday* and *Sunday*, as happy Days, as *Monday* and *Thursday*; and so, by God's Blessing, move round as the Days move, in a delightful Circle, till we are at a Loss what Day to prefer to the rest.

O how charmingly was this said! — And how sweetly kind!

Indeed, Sir, said I, you rally my Folly very agreeably; but don't let a little Matter stand in the way, when you are so generously obliging in greater! Indeed I like *Thursday* best, if I may chuse.

Well then, said he, if you can say, you have a better Reason than this, I will oblige you; else I'll send away for the Parson this Moment!

And so, I protest, he was going! — Dear Sirs, how I trembled! — Stay, stay, Sir, said I: We have a great deal to say first; I have a deal of silly Prate to trouble you with! — Well, say then, in a Minute, reply'd he, the most material; for all we have to say may be talk'd of while the Parson is coming! — O but indeed, and indeed, said I, it cannot be today! — Well then, shall it be to-morrow? said he. — Why, Sir, if it must not be of a *Thursday*, you have given so many pleasant Distinctions for a *Monday*, that let it then be next *Monday*! — What! a Week still? said he. Sir, answer'd I, if you please; for *that* will be, as you injoin'd, within the second Seven Days. Why, Girl,

said he, 'twill be Seven Months till next *Monday*. Let it, said he, if not tomorrow, be on *Wednesday*; I protest I will stay no longer.

Then, Sir, return'd I, please to defer it, however, for one Day more, and it will be my beloved *Thursday*! If I consent to defer it till then, may I hope, my *Pamela*, said he, that next *Thursday* shall certainly be the happy Day? — Yes, Sir, said I; and I am sure I look'd very foolishly!

And yet, my dear Father and Mother, why should I, with such a fine Gentleman! And whom I so dearly love! And so much to my Honour too? But there is something greatly awful upon my Mind, in the solemn Circumstance, and a Change of Condition never to be recall'd, tho' all the Prospects are so desirable. And I can but wonder, at the thoughtless Precipitancy with which most young Folks run into this important Change of Life!

So now, my dear Parents, have I been brought to fix so near a Day as next *Thursday*; and this is *Monday*. O dear, it makes one out of Breath almost to think of it. This, tho', was a great Cut-off; a whole Week out of ten Days. I hope I am not too forward! I'm sure, if it obliges my dear Master, I am justify'd; for he deserves all things of me, in my poor Power.

After this, he rode out on Horse-back, attended by *Abraham*, and did not return till Night. How by degrees, Things steal upon one! I thought even this small Absence tedious, and the more as we expected him home to Dinner. — I wish I may not be too fond, and make him indifferent: But yet, my dear Father and Mother, you were always fond of one another, and never indifferent, let the World run as it would.—

When he returned, he said, he had had a pleasant Ride, and was led out to a greater Distance than he intended. At Supper he told me, that he had a great mind Mr. *Williams* should marry us; because, he said, it should shew a thorough Reconciliation of his Part: But, said he, most generously, I am apprehensive on what passed between you, that the poor Man will take it hardly, and as a sort of Insult, which I am not capable of. What says my Girl? — Do you think he would? I hope not, Sir, said I: For, as to what he may think, I can't answer; but as to any Reason for his Thoughts, I could. But indeed, Sir, said I, you have been already so generous, that he cannot, I think, mistake your Goodness.

He then spoke with some Resentment of Lady *Davers's* Behaviour, and I ask'd, If any thing new had occur'd? Yes, said he; I have had a Letter deliver'd me from her impertinent Husband, professedly at her Instigation, that amounted to little less than a Piece of insolent Bravery, on supposing I was about to marry you. I was so provok'd, added he, that after I had read it, I tore it into a hundred Pieces, and scatter'd them in the Air, and bid the Man who brought it, let his Master know what I had done with his Letter; and so would not permit him to speak to me, as he would fain have done. — I think the Fellow talk'd somewhat of his Lady coming hither; but she shall not set her Foot within my Doors; and I suppose this Treatment will hinder her.

I was much concern'd at this: And he said, Had I an hundred Sisters, *Pamela*, their Opposition should have no Weight with me; and I did not intend you should know it; but you can't but expect a little Difficulty from the Pride of my Sister, who have suffer'd so much from that of her Brother; and we are too nearly ally'd in Mind as well as Blood, I find. — But this is not her Business. And if she would have made it so, she should have done it with more *Decency*. Little Occasion had *she* to boast of her Birth, that knows not what belongs to good Manners.

I said, I am very sorry, Sir, to be the unhappy Occasion of a Misunderstanding between so good a Brother, and so worthy a Sister. Don't say so, *Pamela*, because this is an indispensable Consequence of the happy Prospect before us. Only, bear it well yourself, because she is my Sister, and leave it to me to make her sensible of her own Rashness.

If, Sir, said I, the most lowly Behaviour, and humble Deportment, and in every thing shewing a dutiful Regard to good Lady *Davers*, will have any Weight with her Ladyship, assure yourself of all in my Power to mollify her. No, *Pamela*, return'd he, don't imagine, when you are my Wife, I will suffer you to do any thing unworthy of that Character. I know the Duty of a Husband, and will protect your Gentleness to the utmost, as if you were a Princess by Descent.

You are inexpressibly good, Sir, said I; but I am far from taking a gentle Disposition, to shew a Meanness of Spirit: And this is a Trial I ought to expect; and well I may bear it, that have so many Benefits to set against it, which all spring from the same Cause.

Well, said he, all the Matter shall be this: We will talk of our Marriage as a Thing to be done next Week. I find I have Spies upon me where-ever I go, and whatever I do. But now, I am on *so* laudable a Pursuit, that I value them not, nor their Employers. I have already order'd my Servants to communicate with nobody for ten or twelve

Days to come. And Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, every one names *Thursday* come Sev'nnight for our Nuptials. So I will get Mr. *Peters*, who wants to see my little Chapel, to assist Mr. *Williams*, under the Notion of breakfasting with me, next *Thursday* Morning, since you won't have it sooner; and there will want nobody else; and I will beg of Mr. *Peters* to keep it private, even from his own Family, for a few Days. Has my Girl any Objection?

O Sir, answer'd I, you are so generous in all your Ways, I can have no Objections! — But I hope Lady *Davers* and you will not proceed to irreconcilable Lengths; and when her Ladyship comes to see you, and to tarry with you, two or three Weeks, as she us'd to do, I will keep close up, so as not to disgust her with my Sight. Well, *Pamela*, said he, we will talk of that afterwards. You must do then as I shall think fit: And I shall be able to judge what both you and I ought to do. But what still aggravates the Matter is, that she should instigate the titled Ape her Husband to write to me, after she had so little succeeded herself. I wish I had kept his Letter, that I might shew you how a Man that *acts* generally like a Fool, can take upon him to *write* like a Lord. But, I suppose it is of my Sister's Penning, and he, poor Man, is the humble Copier.

TUESDAY.

Mr. *Thomas* is return'd from you, my dear Father, with the good News of your Health, and continuing your Journey to my dear Mother, where I hope to hear soon you are arriv'd. My Master has just now been making me play upon the Spinnet, and singing to it; and was pleas'd to commend me for both. But he does so for every thing I do, so partial does his Goodness make him to me.

One o'Clock.

We are just return'd from an Airing in the Chariot; and I have been delighted with his Conversation upon *English* Authors, Poets particularly. He entertain'd me also with a Description of some of the Curiosities he had seen in *Italy* and *France*, when he made what the polite World call the grand Tour. He said, he wanted to be at his other Seat; for he knew not well how to employ himself here, having not purpos'd to stay half the Time: And when I get there, *Pamela*, said he, you will hardly be troubled with so much of my Company, after we are settled; for I have a great many things to adjust; and I must go to *London*: For I have Accounts that have run longer than ordinary with my Banker there. And I don't know, added he, but the ensuing Winter, I may give you a little Taste of the Diversions of the Town for a Month or so. I said, his Will and Pleasure should determine mine; and I never would, as near as I could, have a Desire after those, or any other Things that were not in his own Choice.

He was pleas'd to say, I make no doubt I shall be very happy in you; and hope you will be so in me: For, said he, I have no very enormous Vices to gratify; tho' I pretend not to the greatest Purity neither, my Girl. Sir, said I, if you can account to your own Mind, I shall always be easy in whatever you do. But our greatest Happiness here, Sir, continued I, is of very short Duration; and this Life, where longest, is a poor transitory Stage; and I hope we shall be so happy as to be enabled to look forward, with Comfort, to one other, where our Pleasures will be everlasting.

You say well, *Pamela*, and I shall, by degrees, be more habituated to this way of thinking, as I more and more converse with you; but at present, you must not be over serious with me, all at once. Tho' I charge you, never forbear to mingle your sweet Divinity in our Conversation, whenever it can be brought in *à-propos*, and with such a Cheerfulness of Temper, as shall not throw a gloomy Cloud over our innocent Enjoyments.

I was abash'd at this, and silent, fearing I had offended; but he said, If you attend rightly to what I said, I need not tell you again, *Pamela*, not to be discourag'd from suggesting to me, on every proper Occasion, the pious Impulses of your own amiable Mind. Sir, said I, you will be always indulgent, I make no doubt, to my Imperfections, so long as I mean well.

My Master made me dine with him, and would eat nothing but what I help'd him to; and my Heart is, every Hour, more and more enlarg'd with his Goodness and Condescension. But still, what ails me, I wonder! a strange sort of Weight hangs upon my Mind, as *Thursday* draws on, which makes me often sigh involuntarily, and damps, at times, the Pleasures of my delightful Prospects! —I hope this is not ominous; but only the foolish Weakness of an over-thoughtful Mind, on an Occasion the most solemn and important of one's Life, next to the last Scene, which shuts up all.

I could be very serious! But I will commit all my Ways to that blessed Providence, which hitherto has so wonderfully conducted me, thro' real Evils, to this hopeful Situation.

I only fear, and, sure, I have great Reason, that I shall be too unworthy, to hold the Affections of so dear a Gentleman! —God teach me Humility, and to know my own Demerit! And this will be, next to his Grace, my surest Guard, in the State of Life to which I am most unworthily going to be exalted. And don't cease your Prayers for me, my dear Parents; for, perhaps, this new Condition may be subject to still worse Hazards than those I have escap'd; as would be the Case, were Conceitedness, Vanity, and Pride, to take hold of my frail Heart! and if I was, for my Sins, to be left to my own Conduct, a frail Ship in a tempestuous Ocean, without Ballast, or other Pilot than my own inconsiderate Will. But my Master said, on another Occasion, that those who doubted most, always erred least; and, I hope, I shall always doubt my own Strength, my own Worthiness!

I will not trouble you with twenty sweet agreeable things, that pass'd in Conversation with my excellent Benefactor; nor with the Civilities of Mr. *Colbrand*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and all the Servants, who seem to be highly pleas'd with me, and with my Conduct to them: And, as my Master, hitherto, finds no Fault that I go too low, nor they that I carry it too high, I hope I shall continue to have every body's Good-will. But yet, will I not seek to gain any one's by little Meannesses or Debasements; but aim at an uniform and regular Conduct, willing to conceal *involuntary* Errors, as I would have my own forgiven, and not too industrious to discover *real* ones, or to hide such, if any such should appear, as might encourage bad Hearts, or unclean Hands, in material Cases, where my Master should receive Damage, or where the Morals of the Transgressors should appear wilfully and

habitually corrupt. In short, I will endeavour, as much as I can, that a good Servant shall in me find a kind Encourager; an indifferent one be made better, by inspiring them with a laudable Emulation; and a bad one, if not too bad in Nature, and quite irreclaimable, reform'd by Kindness, Expostulation, and even proper Menaces, if necessary, but most by a good Example. All this, if God pleases.

WEDNESDAY.

Now, my dear Parents, I have but this *one* Day, between me and the most solemn Rite that can be perform'd. My Heart cannot yet shake off this heavy Weight. Sure I am ingrateful to God's Goodness, and the Favour of the best of Benefactors! —Yet I hope I am not! —For at times, my Mind is all Exultation, with the Prospect of what Good to-morrow's happy Solemnity may possibly, by Leave of my generous Master, put it in my Power to do. O how shall I find Words to express, as I ought, my Thankfulness, for all the Mercies before me!—

WEDNESDAY Evening.

My dear Master is all Love and Tenderness! He sees' my Weakness, and he generously pities and comforts me! I begg'd to be excus'd Supper; but he brought me down himself from my Closet; and plac'd me by him, bidding *Abraham* not wait. I could not eat, and yet I try'd, for fear he should be angry. He kindly forbore to hint any thing of the dreadful, yet delightful to-morrow! and put, now-and-then, a little Bit on my Plate, and guided it to my Mouth. I was concern'd to receive his Goodness with so ill a Grace. Well, said he, if you won't eat with me, drink at least, with me: I drank two Glasses by his Over-persuasions, and said, I am really asham'd of myself. Why, indeed, said he, my dear Girl, I am not a very dreadful Enemy, I hope! I cannot bear any thing that is the least concerning to you. Oh! Sir, said I, all is owing to the Sense I have of my own Unworthiness! —To be sure, it cannot be any thing else.

He rung for the Things to be taken away! And then reach'd a Chair, and sat down by me, and put his kind Arms about me, and said the most generous and affecting Things that ever dropt from the Honey-flowing Mouth of Love! All I have not time to repeat. Some I will; and oh! indulge your foolish Daughter, who troubles you with her weak Nonsense; because what she has to say, is so affecting to her; and because, if she went to-bed, instead of scribbling, she cannot sleep.

This sweet Confusion and Thoughtfulness in my beloved *Pamela*, said the kind Man, on the near Prospect of our happy Union, when I hope all Doubts are clear'd up, and nothing of Dishonour is apprehended, shew me most abundantly, what a Wretch I was to attempt such Purity with a worse Intention! — No wonder, that one so virtuous, should find herself deserted of Life itself, on a Violence so dreadful to her Honour, and refuge herself in the Shadow of Death. —But now, my dearest *Pamela*, that you have seen a Purity on my Side, as nearly imitating your own, as our Sex can shew to yours; and that I have, all the Day long, suppress'd even the least Intimation of the coming Day, that I might not alarm your tender Mind; why all this Concern, why all this affecting, yet sweet Confusion! You have a generous Friend, my dear Girl, in me! a Protector now, not a Violator of your Innocence! Why then, once more I ask, this strange Perplexity, this sweet Confusion?

O Sir, said I, and hid my Face in his Arms! expect not Reason from a foolish Creature! You should have still indulg'd me in my Closet! — I am ready to beat myself for this ungrateful Return to your Goodness. But I know not what! — I am, to be sure, a silly Creature. O had you but suffer'd me to stay by myself above, I should have made myself asham'd of so culpable a Behaviour! —But Goodness added to Goodness every Moment, and the Sense of my own Unworthiness, quite confound me!

Now, said the generous Man, will I, tho' reluctantly, make a Proposal to my sweet Girl. —If I have been too pressing for the Day: If another Day will still be more obliging: If you have Fears that will not then be, you shall say but the Word, and I'll submit. Yes, tho' I have, my *Pamela*, for these three Days past, thought every tedious Hour a Day, till *Thursday* comes, if you earnestly desire it, I will postpone it. Say, my dear Girl, freely say; but accept not my Proposal, without great Reason; which yet I will not ask for.

Sir, said I, I can expect nothing but superlative Goodness, I have now been so long us'd to it from you. This is a most generous Instance of it; but, I fear— yes, I fear, it will be but too much the same thing, some Days hence, when the happy, yet, Fool that I am! dreaded Time, shall be equally near!—

Kind, lovely Charmer, said he, now do I see you are to be trusted with Power, from the generous Use you make of it! — Not one offensive Word, or Look from me, shall wound your nicest Thoughts; but pray try to subdue this Over-scrupulousness, and unseasonable Timidity. I persuade myself you will if you can!

Indeed, Sir, I will, said I; for I am quite asham'd of myself, with all these lovely Prospects before me! — The Honours you do me, the Kindness you shew me! I cannot forgive myself! For oh! if I know the least of this idle foolish Heart of mine, it has not a misgiving Thought of your Goodness, and I should abhor it, if it were capable of the least Affectation. — But, dear good Sir, leave me a little to myself, and I will take myself to severer Task than your Goodness will let *you* do! And I will present my Heart before you, a worthier Offering to you, than at present its wayward Follies will let it seem to be. — But one thing is, one has no kind Friend of one's own Sex, to communicate one's foolish Thoughts to, and to be strengthen'd by their Comfortings! — But I am left to myself, and oh! what a weak silly Thing I am!—

He kindly withdrew, to give me Time to recollect myself, and in about half an Hour return'd. And then, that he might not begin at once upon the Subject, and say at the same time something agreeable to me, said, Your Father and Mother have had a great deal of Talk by this Time, about you, *Pamela*. O, Sir, return'd I, your Goodness has made them quite happy. But I can't help being concern'd about Lady *Davers*.

He said, I am vex'd I did not hear the Footman out; because it runs in my Head, he talk'd somewhat about her coming hither. She will meet with but an indifferent Reception from me, without she comes resolv'd to behave better than she writes.

Pray, Sir, said I, be pleas'd to bear with my good Lady, for two Reasons. What are they, said he? Why first, Sir, answer'd I, Because she is your Sister, and, to be sure, may very well think, what all the World will, that you have much demean'd yourself in making me happy. And next, Because, if her Ladyship finds you out of Temper with her, it will still aggravate her more against me; and every time that any warm Words you may use between you, come into her Mind, she will disdain me more.

Don't concern yourself about it, said he; for we have more proud Ladies than she in our t'other Neighbourhood, who perhaps, have still less Reason to be punctilious about their Descent, and yet will form themselves upon her Example, and say, Why, his own Sister will not forgive him, nor visit him! And so, if I can subdue her Spirit, which is more than her Husband ever could, or indeed any body else, it is a great Point gain'd: And, if she gives me Reason, I'll try for it, I assure you.

Well, but my dear Girl, continu'd he, since the Subject is so important, may I not say one Word about to-morrow? — Sir, said I, I hope I shall be less a Fool: I have talk'd as harshly to my Heart, as Lady *Davers* can do, and the naughty Thing suggests to me a better and more grateful Behaviour.

He smil'd, and kissing me, said, I took Notice, *Pamela*, of what you observ'd, that you have none of your own Sex with you: I think it is a little hard upon you; and I should have lik'd you should have had Miss *Darnford*; but then her Sister must have been ask'd; and I might as well make a publick Wedding; which, you know, would have requir'd Cloaths, and other Preparations. Besides, added he, a foolish Proposal was once made me of that second Sister, who has two or three thousand Pounds more than the other, left her by a Godmother, and she can't help being a little piqu'd; tho', said he, it was a Proposal they could not expect should succeed; for there is nothing in her Person nor Mind; and her Fortune, as that must have been the only Inducement, would not do by any means; and so I discourag'd it at once.

I am thinking, Sir, said I, of another mortifying Thing too; That were you to marry a Lady of Birth and Fortune, answerable to your own, all the Eve to the Day, would be taken up in reading, signing and sealing of Settlements, and Portion, and such-like. But now the poor *Pamela* brings you nothing at all! And the very Cloaths she wears, so very low is she, are intirely the Effects of your Bounty, and that of your good Mother! This makes me a little sad! — For, alas! Sir, I am so much oppressed by your Favours, and the Sense of the Obligations I owe you, that I cannot look up with the Confidence that I otherwise should, on this awful Occasion.

There is, my dear *Pamela*, said he, where the Power is wanting, as much Generosity in the Will as in the Action. To all that know your Story and your Merit, it will appear, that I cannot recompense you for what I have made you suffer. You have had too many hard Struggles and Exercises; and have nobly overcome; and who shall grudge you the Reward of the hard-bought Victory? — This Affair is so much the Act of my own Will, that I glory in being capable of distinguishing so much Excellence; and my Fortune is the more pleasureable to me, as it gives me Hope that I may make you some Part of Satisfaction for what you have undergone.

This, Sir, said I, is all Goodness, unmerited on my Side; and makes my Obligations the greater! I can only wish for more Worthiness! — But how poor is it to offer nothing but Words for such generous Deeds! — And to say, I *wish!* — For what is a Wish, but the acknowledg'd want of Power to oblige! And a Demonstration of one's Poverty, in every thing but *Will!*

And that, my dear Girl, said he, is every thing! 'Tis All I want! 'Tis All that God himself requires of us; for where there is a *Will*, the Actions must be govern'd by it, or it cannot be called a Will: But no more of these little Doubts, tho' they are the natural Impulses of a generous and grateful Heart. I want not to be employ'd in Settlements: That is for those to regard, who make Convenience and Fortune the prime Considerations. I have Possessions ample enough for us both; and you deserve to share them with me; and you shall do it, with as little Reserve, as if you had brought me what the World reckons an Equivalent: For, as to my own Opinion, you bring me what is infinitely more valuable, an experienc'd Truth, a well-try'd Virtue, and a Wit and Behaviour more than

equal to the Station you will be placed in: To say nothing of this sweet Person, that itself might captivate a Monarch; and of the Meekness of a Temper, and Sweetness of Disposition, which make you superior to all the Women I ever saw.

Thus kind and soothing, and honourably affectionate was the dear Gentleman, to the unworthy, doubting, yet assured *Pamela*; and thus patiently did he indulge, and generously pardon, my impertinent Weakness. He offer'd to go himself to Lady *Jones*, in the Morning, and reveal the Matter to her, and desine her Secrecy and Presence; but I said, That would disoblige the young Lady *Darnfords*. No, Sir, said I, I will cast myself upon your generous Kindness; for why should I fear the kind Protector of my Weakness, and the Guide and Director of my future Steps?

You cannot, said he, forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*; for she must know it; and suffer her to be with you? Yes, Sir, said I, I can: She is very civil to me now: And her former Wickedness I will forgive, for the sake of the happy Fruits that have attended it; and because *you* mention her.

Well, said he, I will call her in, if you please!— As you please, Sir, said I. And he rung for her; and when she came in, he said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am going to intrust you with a Secret. Sir, answer'd she, I will be sure to keep it as such. Why, said he, we intend to—morrow, privately as possible, for our Wedding—day; and Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* are to be here, as to Breakfast with me, and to shew Mr. *Peters* my little Chapel. As soon as the Ceremony is over, we will take a little Airing in the Chariot, as we have done at other times; and so it will not be wonder'd that we are dress'd. And the two Parsons have promis'd Secrecy, and will go home. I believe you can't well avoid letting one of the Maids into the Secret; but that I leave to you.

Sir, reply'd she, we all concluded it would be in a few Days; and I doubt it won't be long a Secret. No, said he, I don't desire it should; but you know we are not provided for a publick Wedding, and I shall declare it when we go to *Bedfordshire*, which won't be long. But the Men, who lie in the Outhouses, need not know it; for, by some means or other, my Sister *Davers* knows all that passes.

Do you know, Sir, said she, that her Ladyship intends to be down here with you, in a few Days? Her Servant told me so, who brought you the Letter you was angry at. I hope, said he, we shall be set out for t'other House first; and shall be pleas'd she loses her Labour. Sir, continu'd she, her Ladyship proposes to be here time enough to hinder your Nuptials; which she, as well as we did, takes will be the Latter—end of next Week. Well, said he, let her come; but yet I desire not to see her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said to me, Give me Leave, Madam, to wish you all manner of Happiness. But I am afraid I have too well obey'd his Honour, to be forgiven by you. Indeed, Mrs. *Jewkes*, return'd I, you will be more your own Enemy than I will be. I will look all forward: And shall not presume, so much as by a Whisper, to set my good Master against any one he pleases to approve of. And, as to his old Servants, I shall always value them, and never offer to dictate to his Choice, or influence it by my own Caprices.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, you find you have no Cause to apprehend any thing. My *Pamela* is very placable; and as we have both been Sinners together, we must be both included in one Act of Grace.

Such an Example of Condescension, as I have before me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I, may make you very easy; for I must be highly unworthy, if I did not forego all my little Resentments, if I had any, for the sake of so much Goodness to myself.

You are very kind, Madam, said she; and you may depend upon it, I will atone for all my Faults, by my future Duty and Respect to you, as well as to my Master.

That's well said on both sides, said he; but, Mrs. *Jewkes*, to assure you that my good Girl here has no Malice, she chuses you to attend her in the Morning, at the Ceremony, and you must keep up her Spirits. —I shall, reply'd she, be very proud of the Honour: But I cannot, Madam, but wonder to see you so very low—spirited, as you have been these two or three Days past, with so much Happiness before you.

Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*, answer'd I, there can be but one Reason given; and that is, that I am a sad Fool!— But, indeed, I am not ingrateful neither; nor would I put on a foolish Affectation: But my Heart, at times, sinks within me; I know not why, except at my own Unworthiness, and because the Honour done me is too high for me to support myself under, as I should do. It is an Honour, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added I, I was not born to; and no wonder then, I behave so awkwardly. She made me a fine Compliment upon it, and withdrew, repeating her Promises of Care, Secrecy, &c.

He parted with me, with infinite Tenderness; and I came up, and set to writing, to amuse my Thoughts, and

wrote thus far. And Mrs. *Jewkes* being come up, and it being past Twelve, I will go to-bed; but not one Wink, I fear, shall I get this Night. — I could beat myself for Anger. Sure there is nothing ominous in this strange Folly! — But I suppose all young Maidens are the same, so near so great a Change of Condition, tho' they carry it off more discreetly than I.

THURSDAY, Six o'Clock in the Morning.

I Might as well have not gone to-bed last Night, for what Sleep I had. Mrs. *Jewkes* often was talking to me, and said several things that would have been well enough from any body else of our Sex; but the poor Woman has so little Purity of Heart, that it is all *Say* from her, and goes no further than my Ears.

I fancy my Master has not slept much neither; for I heard him up, and walking about his Chamber, ever since Break of Day. To be sure, poor Gentleman, he must have some Concern, as well as I; for here he is going to marry a poor foolish unworthy Girl, brought up on the Charity, as one may say, (at least, Bounty) of his worthy Family! And this foolish Girl must be, to all Intents and Purposes, after Twelve o'Clock this Day, as much his Wife, as if he were to marry a Dutchess! — And here he must stand the Shocks of common Reflection; The great 'Squire *B.* has done finely! he has marry'd his poor Servant *Wench!* will some say. The Ridicule and rude Jests of his Equals, and Companions too, he must stand: And the Disdain of his Relations, and Indignation of Lady *Davers*, his lofty Sister! — Dear good Gentleman! he will have enough to do, to be sure! —O how shall I merit all these things at his Hands! I can only do the best I can; and pray to God to reward him, and to resolve to love him with a pure Heart, and serve him with a sincere Obedience. I hope the dear Gentleman will continue to love me for this; for, alas! I have nothing else to offer! But, as I can hardly expect so great a Blessing, if I can be secure from his Contempt, I shall not be unfortunate; and must bear his Indifference, if his rich Friends should inspire him with it, and proceed with doing my Duty with Chearfulness.

Half an Hour past Eight o'Clock.

My good dear Master, my kind Friend, my generous Benefactor, my worthy Protector, and, Oh! all the good Words in one, my affectionate Husband, that is so soon to be, (be curbed in, my proud Heart, know thyself, and be conscious of thy Unworthiness!—) has just left me, with the kindest, tenderest Expressions, and gentlest Behaviour that ever blest a happy Maiden. He approached me with a sort of reined-in Rapture. My *Pamela!* said he, May I just ask after your Employment! Don't let me chide my dear Girl this Day, however. The two Parsons will be here to Breakfast with us at Nine; and yet you are not a bit dress'd! Why this Absence of Mind, and sweet Irresolution!

Why, indeed, Sir, said I! I will set about a Reformation this Instant! He saw the Common-prayer Book lying in the Window. I hope, said he, my lovely Maiden has been conning the Lesson she is by—and-by to repeat. Have you not, *Pamela?* and clasped his Arms about me, and kissed me. Indeed, Sir, said I, I have been reading over the solemn Service?— And what thinks my Fairest, for so he called me, of it? —O Sir, 'tis very awful, and makes one shudder to reflect upon it!— No wonder, said he, it should affect my sweet *Pamela* : I have been looking into it this Morning, and I can't say, but I think it a solemn, but very suitable Service. But this I tell my dear Love, continu'd he, and again clasped me to him, There is not a Tittle in it, that I cannot joyfully subscribe to: And that, my dear *Pamela*, should make you easy, and join chearfully in it with me. I kissed his dear Hand; O my generous, kind Protector, said I, how gracious is it to confirm thus the doubting Mind of your poor Servant! which apprehends nothing so much as her own Unworthiness of the Honour and Blessing that await her!— He was pleased to say, I know well, my dearest Creature, that, according to the Liberties we People of Fortune generally give ourselves, I have promised a great deal, when I say so. But I would not have said it, if, deliberately, I could not with all my Heart. So, banish from your Mind all Doubts and Difficulties; let a generous Confidence in me take place; and let me see it does, by your Chearfulness, in this Day's solemn Business; and then I will love you for ever!

May God Almighty, Sir, said I, reward all your Goodness to me! —That is all I can say. But, Oh! how kind it is in you, to supply the want of the Presence and Comfortings of a dear Mother; of a loving Sister, or of the kind Companions of my own Sex, which most Maidens have, to sooth their Anxieties on the so near Approach of so awful a Solemnity! —You, Sir, are All these tender Relations in One to me! Your Condescensions and Kindness shall, if possible, embolden me to look up to you without that sweet Terror, that must confuse poor bashful Maidens, on such an Occasion, when they are surrender'd up to a more doubtful Happiness, and to half strange Men; whose good Faith, and good Usage of them, must be less experienced, and is all involv'd in the dark Bosom of Futurity, and only to be proved by the Event.

This, my dear *Pamela*, said he, is most kindly said! —It shews me, that you enter gratefully into my Intention. For I would, by my Conduct, supply all these dear Relations to you; and I voluntarily promise, from my Heart, to you, what I think I could not with such assured Resolutions of Performance, to the highest-born Lady in the Kingdom. For, let me tell my sweet Girl, that, after having been long tost by the boisterous Winds of a more culpable Passion, I have now conquer'd it, and am not so much the Victim of your Love, all charming as you are, as of your Virtue; and therefore I may more boldly promise for myself, having so stable a Foundation for my Affection; which, should this outward Beauty fail, will increase with your Virtue, and shine forth the brighter, as that is more illustriously display'd, by the augmented Opportunities which the Condition you are now entering into, will afford you. —O the dear charming Man! how nobly, and encouragingly kind was all this!

I could not suitably express myself, and he said, I see my Girl is at a Loss for Words! I doubt not your kind Acceptance of my Declarations. And when I have acted too much the Part of a Libertine formerly, for you to look back without some Anxiety, I ought not, being now happily convicted, to say less. —But why loses my dear Girl her Time? I will now only add, that I hope for many happy Years to make good, by my Conduct, what so willingly flows from my Lips.

He kissed me again, and said, But, whatever you do, *Pamela*, be chearful; for else, may-be, of the small Company we shall have, some one, not knowing how to account for your too nice Modesty, may think there is *some other* Person in the World, whose Addresses would be still more agreeable to you.

This he said with an Air of Sweetness and Plesantry; but it alarm'd me exceedingly, and made me resolve to appear as calm and chearful as possible. For this was indeed a most affecting Expression, and enough to make me, if any thing can, behave as I ought, and to force my idle Fears to give way to Hopes, so much better grounded. —And I began almost, on this Occasion, to wish Mr. *Williams* were not to marry me, lest I should behave like a Fool; and so be liable to an Imputation, which I should be most unworthy if I deserved.

So I set about dressing me instantly; and he sent Mrs. *Jewkes* to assist me. But I am never long a Dressing, when I set about it; and my Master has now given me a Hint, that will, for half an Hour more, at least, keep my Spirits in a brisk Circulation. Yet it concerns me a little too, lest he should have any, the least Shadow of a Doubt, that I am not, Mind and Person, intirely his. And so being now ready, and not called to Breakfast, I sat down and writ thus far. I might have mention'd, that I dress'd myself in a rich white Sattin Night-gown, that had been my good Lady's, and my best Head-cloths, &c. I have got such a Knack of writing, that, when I am by myself, I cannot sit without a Pen in my Hand. —But I am now called to Breakfast. I suppose the Gentlemen are come! —Now, Courage, *Pamela*; Remember thou art upon thy good Behaviour: —Fie upon it! my Heart begins to flutter again! —Foolish Heart! lie still! Never, sure, was any Maiden's perverse Heart under so little Command as mine! —It gave itself away, at first, without my Leave; it has been, for Weeks, pressing me with its Wishes; and yet now, when it should be happy itself, and make me so, it is throb, throb, throb, like a little Fool; and filling me with such unseasonable Misgivings, as abate the rising Comforts of all my better Prospects!

THURSDAY, near Three o-Clock .

I Thought I should have found no Time nor Heart to write again this Day. But here are three Gentlemen come, unexpectedly, to dine with my Master; and so I shall not appear. He has done all he could, civilly, to send them away; but they will stay, tho', I believe, he had rather they would not. And so I have nothing to do but to write till I go to Dinner myself with Mrs. *Jewkes*: For my Master was not prepared for this company; and it will be a little latish to day. So I will begin with my happy Story where I left off.

When I came down to Breakfast, Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* were both there. And as soon as my Master heard me coming down, he met me at the Door, and led me in with great Tenderness. He had kindly spoke to them, as he told me afterwards, to mention no more of the Matter to me, than needs must. I paid my Respects to them, I believe, a little awkwardly, and was almost out of Breath; but said, I had come down a little too fast.

When *Abraham* came in to wait, my Master said, (that the Servants should not mistrust) 'Tis well, Gentlemen, you came as you did: For my good Girl and I were going to take an Airing till Dinnertime. I hope you'll stay and dine with me. Sir, said Mr. *Peters*, we won't hinder you; I only came, having a little Time upon my Hands, to see your Chapel; but must be at home at Dinner; and Mr. *Williams* will dine with me. Well then, said my Master, we will pursue our Intention, and ride out for an Hour or two, as soon as I have shewed Mr. *Peters* my little Chapel. Will you, *Pamela*, after Breakfast, walk with us to it? *If* — *if*, said I, and had like to have stammer'd, foolish that I was! *if* you please, Sir. I could look none of them in the Face! *Abraham* looking at me; Why, Child, said my Master, you have hardly recover'd your Fright yet: How came your Foot to slip? 'Tis well you did not hurt yourself. Said Mr. *Peters*, improving the Hint, You han't sprain'd your Ankle, Madam, I hope? No, Sir, said I, I believe not! But 'tis a little *painful* to me. And so it was; for I meant my Foolishness! — *Abraham*, said my Master, bid *Robin* put the Horses to the Coach, instead of the Chariot; and if these Gentlemen *will* go, we can set them down. No matter, Sir, said Mr. *Peters*, I had as lieve walk, if Mr. *Williams* chuses it. Well then, said my Master, let it be the Chariot, as I told him.

I could eat nothing, tho' I attempted it; and my Hand shook so, I spilled some of my Chocolate, and so put it down again; and they were all very good, and looked another way. My Master said, when *Abraham* was out, I have a quite plain Ring here, Mr. *Peters*. And I hope the Ceremony will dignify the Ring; and that I shall give my Girl Reason to think it, for that Cause, the most valuable one that can be presented her. Mr. *Peters* said, he was sure I should set more by it, than the richest Diamond in the World.

I had bid Mrs. *Jewkes* not to dress herself, lest she should give Cause of Mistrust; and she took my Advice.

When Breakfast was over, my Master said, before *Abraham*, Well, Gentlemen, we will step into the Chapel; and you must give me your Advice, as to the Alterations I design. I am in the more Haste, because the Survey you are going to take of it, for the Alterations, will take up a little time; and we shall have but a small Space between that and Dinner, for the Tour I design to make. — *Pamela*, you'll give us your Opinion, won't you? Yes, Sir, said I; I'll come after you.

So they went out, and I sat down in the Chair again, and fanned myself; I am sick at Heart, said I, I think, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Said she, Shall I fetch you a little Cordial? — No, said I, I am a sad Fool! I want Spirits, that's all. She took her Smelling-bottle, and would have given it me; but I said, Keep it in your Hand; may-be, I may want it; but I hope not.

She gave me very good Words; and begg'd me to go: And I got up, but my Knees beat so against one another, I was forced to sit down again. But, at last, I held by her Arm; and passing by *Abraham*, I said, This ugly Slip, coming down Stairs, has made me limp, tho'; so I must hold by you. Do you know, said I, what Alterations there are to be in the Chapel, that we must all give our Opinions of them?

Nan, she told me, was let into the Secret; and she had order'd her to stay at the Chapel Door, to see that nobody came in. My dear Master came to me, at entering the Chapel, and took my Hand, and led me up to the Altar. Remember, my dear Girl, whisper'd he, and be chearful. I am, I will, sir, said I; but I hardly knew what I said; and so you may believe, when I said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Don't leave me; pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't leave me; as if I had all Confidence in her, and none where it was most due. So she kept close to me. God forgive me! but I never was so absent in my Life, as at first: Even till Mr. *Williams* had gone on in the Service, so far as to the awful Words about

requiring us, as we should answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment; and then the solemn Words, and my Master's whispering, Mind this, my Dear, made me start. Said he, still whispering, Know *you* any Impediment? I blush'd, and said, softly, None, Sir, but my great Unworthiness.

Then follow'd the sweet Words, *Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded Wife, &c.* and I began to take Heart a little, when my dearest Master answer'd, audibly, to this Question, *I will.* But I could only make a Curchee, when they asked me; tho', I am sure, my Heart was readier than my Speech, and answer'd to every Article of *obey, serve, love and honour.*

Mr. *Peters* gave me away, and I said after Mr. *Williams*, as well as I could, as my dear Master did, with a much better Grace, the Words of Betrothment; and the Ceremony of the Ring passing next, I received the dear Favour at his worthy Hands, with a most grateful Heart; and he was pleased to say afterwards, in the Chariot, that when he had done saying, *With this Ring I thee wed, &c.* I made a Curchee, and said, Thank you, Sir. May-be, I did; for, I am sure, it was a most grateful Part of the Service; and my Heart was overwhelm'd with his Goodness, and the tender Grace wherewith he perform'd it. I was very glad, that the next Part was the Prayer, and Kneeling; for I trembled so, I could hardly stand, betwixt Fear and Delight.

The joining of our Hands afterwards, the Declaration of our being marry'd to the few Witnesses present; for, reckoning *Nan*, whose Curiosity would not let her stay at the Door, they were but Mr. *Peters*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and she; the Blessing, the Psalm, and the subsequent Prayers, and the concluding Exhortation, were so many beautiful, welcome and lovely Parts of this divine Office, that my Heart began to be delighted with them, and my Spirits to be a little freer.

And thus, my dearest, dear Parents, is your happy, happy, thrice happy *Pamela*, at last, marry'd; and to who?—Why, to her beloved, gracious Master! the Lord of her Wishes! —And thus the dear, once naughty Assailer of her Innocence, by a blessed Turn of Providence, is become the kind, the generous Protector and Rewarder of it. God be evermore blessed and praised! and make me not wholly unworthy of such a transcendent Honour!— And bless and reward the dear, dear good Gentleman, who has thus exalted his unworthy Servant, and given her a Place, which the greatest Ladies would think themselves happy in!

My Master saluted me most ardently, and said, God give you, my dear Love, as much Joy on this Occasion, as I have. And he presented me to Mr. *Peters*, who saluted me; and said, You may excuse me, dear Madam; for I gave you away, and you are my Daughter. And Mr. *Williams* modestly withdrawing a little way; Mr. *Williams*, said my Master, pray accept my Thanks, and wish your *Sister* Joy. So he saluted me too; and said, Most heartily, Madam, I do. And I will say, that to see so much Innocence and Virtue, so eminently rewarded, is one of the greatest Pleasures I have ever known. This my Master took very kindly.

Mrs. *Jewkes* would have kissed my Hand at the Chapel Door; but I put my Arms about her Neck, for I had got a new Recruit of Spirits just then, and kissed her; and said, Thank you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, for accompanying me. I have behav'd sadly. No, Madam, said she, pretty well, pretty well! While the Gentlemen were talking, I dropt down on my Knees in a Corner, and once more blessed God for this so signal a Mercy; and Mr. *Peters* afterwards walked out with me; and Mr. *Williams* and my Master talked together, and came out after us.

Mr. *Peters*, when we came into the Parlour, said, I once more, Madam, must wish you Joy of this happy Occasion. I wish every Day may add to your Comsorts; and may you very long rejoice in one another; for you are the loveliest Couple I ever saw join'd. I told him, I was infinitely oblig'd to his kind Opinion, and good Wishes; and hoped my future Conduct would not make me unworthy of them.

My good Benefactor came in with Mr. *Williams*: So, my dear Life, said he, How do you do? A little more compos'd, I hope! —Well, you see this is not so dreadful an Affair as you apprehended. Sir, said Mr. *Peters*, very kindly, 'tis a very solemn Circumstance, and I love to see it so reverently and awfully enter'd upon. It is a most excellent Sign; for the most thoughtful Beginnings make the most prudent Proceedings. Mrs. *Jewkes*, of her own accord, came in with a large silver Tumbler, filled with Sack, and a Toast, and Nutmeg, and Sugar; and my Master said, That's well thought of, Mrs. *Jewkes*; for we have made but sorry Breakfastings. And he would make me take some of the Toast; as they all did, and drank pretty heartily: And I drank a little, and it chear'd my Heart, I thought, for an Hour after.

My Master took a fine Diamond Ring from his Finger, and presented it to Mr. *Peters*; who receiv'd it very kindly. And to Mr. *Williams* he said, My old Acquaintance, I have reserv'd for you, against a Variety of Sollicitations, the Living I always design'd for you; and I beg you'll prepare to take Possession of it; and as the

doing it may be attended with some Expence, pray accept of this towards it; and so he gave him (as he told me afterwards it was) a Bank Note of 50*l*.

So did this generous good Gentleman bless us all, and me in particular; for whose sake he was as bounteous as if he had marry'd one of the noblest Fortunes.

So he took his Leave of the Gentlemen, recommending Secrecy again, for a few Days, and they left him; and none of the Servants suspected any thing, as Mrs. *Jewkes* believes. And then I threw myself at his Feet, blessing God, and blessing him for his Goodness, and he overwhelm'd me with Kindness; calling me his sweet Bride, and twenty lovely Epithets, that swell my grateful Heart beyond the Power of Utterance.

He afterwards led me to the Chariot; and we took a delightful Tour round the neighbouring Villages; and he did all he could, to dissipate those still perverse Anxieties that dwell upon my Mind, and, do what I can, spread too thoughtful an Air, as he tells me, over my Countenance.

We came home again by half an Hour after One; and he was pleasing himself with thinking, not to be an Hour out of my Company this blessed Day, that (as he was so good as to say) he might inspire me with a Familiarity that should improve my Confidence in him, when he was told, that a Footman of Sir *Charles Hargrave* had been here, to let him know, that his Master, and two other Gentlemen, were on the Road to take a Dinner with him, in their Way to *Nottingham*.

He was heartily vex'd at this, and said to me, He should have been glad of their Companies at any other Time; but that it was a barbarous Intrusion now; and he wish'd they had been told he would not be at home at Dinner: And besides, said he, they are horrid Drinkers, and I shan't be able to get them away to Night, perhaps; for they have nothing to do, but travel round the Country, and beat up their Friends Quarters all the Way; and 'tis all one to them, whether they stay a Night, or a Month, at a Place. But, added he, I'll find some way, if I can, to turn them off, after Dinner.— Confound them, said he, in a violent Pet, that they should come this Day, of all the Days in the Year!

We had hardly alighted, and got in, before they came; three mad Rakes they seem'd to be, as I looked out of the Window, setting up a Hunting-note, as soon as they came to the Gate, that made the Court-yard echo again, and smacking their Whips in Concert.

So I went up to my Chamber, and saw (what made my Heart throb) Mrs. *Jewkes's* officious Pains to put the Room in Order for a Guest, that however welcome, as now my Duty teaches me to say, is yet dreadful to me to think of. So I refuged myself in my Closet, and had recourse to Pen and Ink, for my Amusement, and to divert my Anxiety of Mind. —If one's Heart is so sad, and one's Apprehensions so great, where one so extremely loves, and is so extremely obliged; What must be the Case of those poor Maidens, who are forced, for sordid Views, by their tyrannical Parents, or Guardians, to marry the Man they almost hate, and, perhaps, to the Loss of the Man they most love? O that is a sad thing indeed!— And what have not such cruel Parents to answer for? and what do not such poor innocent Victims suffer?— But, blessed be God, this Lot is far from being mine!

My good Master, for I cannot yet have the Presumption to call him by a more tender Epithet, came up to me; and said, Well, I just came to ask my dear Bride! (O the charming, charming Word!) how she does? I see you are writing, my Dear, said he: These consounded Rakes are half mad, I think, and will make me so! However, said he, I have order'd my Chariot to be got ready, as if I was under an Engagement five Miles off, and will set them out of the House, if possible; and then ride round, and come back, as soon as I can get rid of them. I find, said he, Lady *Davers* is full of our Affairs. She has taken great Freedoms with me before Sir *Charles*; and they have all been at me, without Mercy; and I was forced to be very serious with them, or else they would have come up to have seen you, as I would not call you down.— He kissed me, and said, I shall quarrel with them, if I can't get them away; for I have lost two or three precious Hours with my Soul's Delight; and so he went down.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd me to walk down to Dinner in the little Parlour. I went down, and she was so complaisant as to offer to wait upon me at Table; and would not be persuaded, without Difficulty, to sit down with me. But I insisted she should; For, said I, it would be very extraordinary if one should so soon go into such Distance, Mrs. *Jewkes*! — Whatever the Station of our good Master may require of me, added I, I hope I shall always conduct myself in such a manner, that Pride and Insolence shall bear no Part in my Character. You are very good, Madam, said she; but I will always know my Duty to my Master's Lady. —Why then, reply'd I, if I must take State upon me so early, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me exact from you what you call your Duty; and sit down with me when I desire you. This prevailed upon her; and I made shift to eat a bit of Apple-pie, and a little Custard; but I had no Appetite

to any thing else.

My good Master came in again, and said, Well, thank my Stars! these Rakes are going now; but I must set out with them; and I chuse my Chariot; for if I took Horse, I should have Difficulty to part with them; for they are like a Snow-ball, and intend to gather Company as they go, to make a merry Tour of it for some Days together. We both got up, when he came in; Fie, *Pamela*, said he! why this Ceremony now? —Sit still, Mrs. *Jewkes*!— Nay, Sir, said she, I was loth to sit down, but my Lady would have me!— She is very right, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, and tapp'd me on the Cheek; for we are not yet half marry'd; and so she is not above half your Lady yet! —Don't look so down, don't be so silent, my Dearest, said he; why, you hardly spoke twenty Words to me all the time we were out together. Something I will allow for your bashful Sweetness; but not too much. —Mrs. *Jewkes*, have you no pleasant Tales to tell my *Pamela*, to make her smile, till I return? —Yes, Sir, said she, I could tell twenty pleasant Stories; but my Lady is too nice to hear them; and yet, I hope, I should not be shocking neither. Ah! poor Woman! thought I; thy chastest Stories will make a modest Person blush, if I know thee; and I desire to hear none of them. My Master said, Tell her one of the shortest you have, in my Hearing. Why, Sir, said she, I knew a bashful young Lady, as Madam may be, marry'd to ——— Dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, interrupted I, no more of your Story, I beseech you! I don't like the Beginning of it. Go on, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master. No, pray, Sir, don't require it, said I; pray don't. Well, said he, then we'll have it another time, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

And so *Abraham* coming to tell him, the Gentlemen were going, and his Chariot was ready; Thank God, said he; and went to them, and sat out with them. I took a Turn in the Garden, with Mrs. *Jewkes*, after they were gone: And having walked a-while, I said, I should be glad of her Company down the Elm-walk, to meet the Chariot: For, Oh! I know not how to look up at him, when he is with me; nor how to bear his Absence, when I have Reason to expect him! What a strange Contradiction there is in this unaccountable Passion!

What a different Aspect every thing in and about this House bears now, to my thinking, to what it once had! The Garden, the Pond, the Alcove, the Elm-walk. But, Oh! my Prison is become my Palace; and no wonder every thing wears another Face! We sat down upon the broad Style, leading towards the Road, and Mrs. *Jewkes* was quite another Person to me, to what she was the last time I sat there!

At last by best Beloved return'd, and alighted there. What, my *Pamela*! (said he, and kissed me) brings you this way? I hope, to meet me? —Yes, Sir, said I. That's kind, indeed, said he; but why that averted Eye?—that down-cast Countenance, as if you was afraid of me? You must not think so, Sir, said I. Revive my Heart then, said he, with a more chearful Aspect; and let that over-anxious Sollicitude which appears in the charmingest Face in the World, be chased from it.— Have you, my dear Girl, any Fears that I can dissipate; any Doubts that I can obviate; any Hopes that I can encourage; any Request that I can gratify? Speak, my dear *Pamela*; and if I have Power, *but* speak, and to purchase one Smile, it shall be done!

I cannot, Sir, said I, have any Fears, any Doubts, but that I shall never be able to deserve all your Goodness. I have no Hopes, but that my future Conduct may be agreeable to you, and my determined Duty well accepted. Nor have I any Request to make, but that you will forgive all my Imperfections; and, among the rest, this foolish Weakness, that makes me seem to you, after all the generous Things that have passed, to want this further Condescension, and these kind Assurances. But, indeed, Sir, I am oppress'd by your Bounty; my Spirits sink under the Weight of it; and the Oppression is still the greater, as I see not how, possibly, in my whole future Life, by all I can do, to merit the least of your Favours.

I know your grateful Heart, said he, but remember, my Dear, what the Lawyers tell us, That Marriage is the highest Consideration which the Law knows. And this, my sweet Bride, has made you mine, and me yours; and you have the best Claim in the World to share my Fortune with me. But, set that Consideration aside, what is the Obligation you have to me? Your Mind is pure as that of an Angel, and as much transcends mine. Your Wit and your Judgment, to make you no Compliment, are more than equal to mine: You have all the Graces that Education can give a Woman; improv'd by a Genius which makes those Graces natural to you. You have a Sweetness of Temper, and a noble Sincerity, beyond all Compare; and in the Beauty of your Person, you excel all the Ladies I ever saw. Where then, my Dearest, is the Obligation, if not on my side to you? —But to avoid these Comparisons, let us talk of nothing henceforth but Equality; for if you will set the Riches of your Mind, and your unblemished Virtue, against my Fortune, (which is but an accidental Good, as I may call it, and all I have to boast of) the Condescension will be yours; and I shall not think I can possibly deserve you, till, after your sweet Example, my future Life shall become nearly as blameless as yours.

O Sir, said I, what Comfort do you give me, that, instead of my being in Danger of being insnared by the high Condition to which your Goodness has exalted me, you make me hope, that I shall be confirm'd and improv'd by you; and that we may have a Prospect of perpetuating each other's Happiness, till Time shall be no more! —But, Sir, I will not, as you once caution'd me, be too serious. I will resolve, with these sweet Encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be! And I hope I shall, more and more, shew you that I have no Will but yours. He kissed me very tenderly, and thanked me for this kind Assurance, as he called it. And so we enter'd the House, Mrs. *Jewkes* having left us as soon as my Master alighted.

Eight o'Clock at Night.

Now these sweet Assurances, my dear Father and Mother, you will say, must be very Consolatory to me, and voluntierly on his Side, all that could be wish'd for on mine; and I was resolved, if possible, to subdue my idle Fears and Apprehensions.

Ten o'Clock at Night.

As we sat at Supper, he was generously kind to me, as well in his Actions as Expressions. He took notice, in the most delicate manner, of my Endeavour to conquer my Foibles, and said, I see, with Pleasure, my dear Girl strives to comport herself in a manner suitable to my Wishes: I see even thro' the sweet tender Struggles of your over-nice Modesty, how much I owe to your Desire of obliging me. As I have once told you, that I am the Conquest more of your Virtue than your Beauty; so, not one alarming Word or Look shall my beloved *Pamela* hear or see, to give her Reason to suspect the Truth of what I aver. You may the rather believe me, continued he, as you may see the Pain I have to behold any thing that concerns you, even tho' your Concern be causeless. And yet I will indulge my dear Girl's bashful Weakness so far, as to own that so pure a Mind may suffer from Apprehension, on so important a Change as this; and I can therefore be only displeas'd with such Part of your Conduct, as may make your Sufferings greater than my own; when I am resolv'd, thro' every Stage of my future Life, in all Events, to study to make them less.

After Supper, of which, with all his sweet Persuasions, I could hardly taste, he made me drink two Glasses of Champaign, and afterwards a Glass of Sack; which he kindly forc'd upon me, by naming your Healths: And as the Time of retiring drew on, he took notice, but in a very delicate manner, how my Colour went and came; and how foolishly I trembled. Nobody, surely, in such delightful Circumstances, ever behav'd so silly!— And he said, My dearest Girl, I fear you have had too much of my Company for so many Hours together; and would better recollect yourself, if you retir'd for half an Hour to your Closet.

I wish'd for this, but durst not say so much, lest he should be angry; for, as the Hours grew on, I found my Apprehensions increase, and my silly Heart was the unquieter, every time I could lift up my Eyes to his dear Face; so sweetly terrible did he appear to my Apprehensions. I said, You are all Goodness, dear Sir; and I boldly kiss'd his dear Hand, and press'd it to my Lips, with both mine. And he saluting me very fervently, gave me his Hand, seeing me hardly able to stand, and led me to my Chamber-door, and then most generously withdrew.

I went to my Closet; and the first thing I did, on my Knees, again thank'd God for the Blessing of the Day; and besought his Divine Goodness to conduct my future Life in such a manner, as should make me a happy Instrument of his Glory. After this, being now left to my own Recollection, I grew a little more assur'd and lightsome; and the Pen and my Paper being before me, I amus'd myself with writing thus far.

Eleven o'Clock Thursday Night.

Mrs. *Jewkes* being come up with a Message, desiring to know, whether her Master may attend upon me in my *Closet*; and hinting to me, that, however, she believed, he did not expect to find me *there*, I have sent Word, that I beg he would indulge me one Quarter of an Hour.— So, committing myself to the Mercies of the Almighty, who has led me thro' so many strange Scenes of Terror and Affrightment, to this happy, yet awful Moment, I will wish you, my dear Parents, a good Night; and tho' you will not see this in time, yet I know I have your hourly Prayers; and therefore cannot fail of them now. So, Good–night, Good–night! God bless you, and God bless me. *Amen*, *Amen*, if it be his blessed Will, subscribes

Your ever dutiful Daughter!

FRIDAY Evening.

O How this dear, excellent Man indulges me in every thing! Every Hour he makes me happier, by his sweet Condescension, than the former. He pities my Weakness of Mind, allows for all my little Foibles, endeavours to dissipate my Fears; his Words are so pure, his Ideas so chaste, and his whole Behaviour so sweetly decent, that never, surely, was so happy a Creature as your *Pamela*! I never could have hoped such a Husband could have fallen to my Lot! And much less, that a Gentleman, who had allow'd himself in Attempts, that now I will endeavour to forget for ever, should have behav'd with so very delicate and unexceptionable a Demeanour. No light, frothy Jests drop from his Lips; no alarming Railleries; no offensive Expressions, nor insulting Airs, reproach or wound the Ears of your happy, thrice happy Daughter. In short, he says every thing that may embolden me to look up, with Pleasure, upon the generous Author of my Happiness.

At Breakfast, when I knew not how to see him, he embolden'd me by talking of *you*, my dear Parents; a Subject, he generously knew, I could talk of: And gave me Assurances, that he would make you both happy. He said, he would have me send you a Letter, to acquaint you with my Nuptials; and, as he could make Business that way, *Thomas* should carry it purposely, as to-morrow. Nor will I, said he, my dear *Pamela*, desire to see your Writings, because I told you I would not; for now will I, in every thing, religiously keep my Word with my dear Spouse (O the dear delightful Word!); and you may send all your Papers to them, from those they have, down to this happy Moment; only let me beg they will preserve them, and let me have them when they have read them, as also those I have not seen; which, however, I desire not to see till then; but then shall take it for a Favour, if you will grant it.

It will be my Pleasure, as well as my Duty, Sir, said I, to obey you in every thing. And I will write up to the Conclusion of this Day, that they may see how happy you have made me.

I know you will both join with me to bless God for his wonderful Mercies and Goodness to you, as well as to me: For he was pleased to ask me particularly after your Circumstances, and said, he had taken notice that I had hinted, in some of my first Letters, that you ow'd Money in the World; and he gave me Fifty Guineas, and bid me send them to you in my Pacquet, to pay your Debts, as far as they would go; and that you would quit your present Business, and put yourself, and my dear Mother, into a creditable Appearance; and he would find a better Place of Abode for you than that you had, when he returned to *Bedfordshire*. O how shall I bear all these exceeding great and generous Favours!— I send them, wrapt up, Five Guineas in a Parcel, in double Papers.

To me he gave no less than One hundred Guineas more; and said, I would have you, my Dear, give Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you go away from hence, what you think fit, out of these, as from yourself!— Nay, good dear Sir, said I, let that be what you please. Give her then, said he, Twenty Gineas, as a Compliment on your Nuptials. Give *Colbrand* Ten Guineas: Give the two Coachmen, Five Guineas each; to the two Maids at this House, Five Guineas each: Give *Abraham* Five Guineas: Give *Thomas* Five Guineas; and give the Gardeners, Grooms and Helpers, Twenty Guineas among them. And when, said he, I return with you to the other House, I will make you a suitable Present, to buy you such Ornaments as are fit for my beloved Wife to appear in. For now, my *Pamela*, continu'd he, you are not to mind, as you once proposed, what other Ladies will say; but to appear as my Wife ought to do. Else it will look as if what you thought of, as a Means to avoid the Envy of others of your Sex, was a wilful Slight in me, which, I hope, I never shall be guilty of; and I will shew the World, that I value you as I ought, and as if I had marry'd the first Fortune in the Kingdom: And why should it not be so? When I know none of the first Quality that matches you in Excellence?

He saw I was at a Loss for Words, and said, I see, my dearest Bride! my Spouse! my Wife! my *Pamela*! your grateful Confusion And kissing me, as I was going to speak, I will stop your dear Mouth, said he: You shall not so much as thank me; for when I have done ten times more than this, I shall but poorly express my Love for so much Beauty of Mind, and Loveliness of Person; which thus, said he, and clasped me to his generous Bosom, I can proudly now call my own!— O how can I think of any thing, but returned Love, Joy and Gratitude!

And thus generously did he banish from my Mind those painful Reflections, and bashful Apprehensions, that made me dread to see him, for the first time this Day, when I was called to attend him at Breakfast, and made me all Ease, Composure and Tranquillity.

He then, thinking I seem'd somewhat thoughtful, proposed a little Turn in the Chariot, till Dinnertime; and this was another sweet Relief to me; and he diverted me with twenty agreeable Relations, of what Observations he had made in his Travels; and gave me the Characters of the Ladies and Gentlemen in his other Neighbourhood; telling me whose Acquaintance he would have me most cultivate; and when I mention'd Lady *Davers*, with Apprehension, he said, To be sure I love my Sister dearly, notwithstanding her violent Spirit; and I know she loves me; and I can allow a little for her Pride, because I know what once my own was; and because she knows not my *Pamela*, and her Excellencies, as I do. But you must not, my Dear, forget what belongs to your Character, as my Wife, nor meanly stoop to her; tho' I know you will chuse, by Softness, to try to move her to a proper Behaviour. But it shall be my Part to see that you do not yield too much.

However, continued he, as I would not publickly declare my Marriage here, I hope she won't come near us till we are in *Bedfordshire*; and then, when she knows we are marry'd, she will keep away, if she is not willing to be reconcil'd; for she dare not, surely, come to quarrel with me, when she knows it is done; for that would have an hateful and wicked Appearance, as if she would try to make Differences between Man and Wife. —But we will have no more of this Subject, nor talk of any thing, added he, that shall give Concern to my Dearest. And so he changed the Talk to a more pleasing Subject, and said the kindest and most soothing things in the World.

When we came home, which was about Dinnertime, he was the same obliging, sweet Gentleman; And, in short, is studious to shew, on every Occasion, his generous Affection to me. And, after Dinner, he told me, he had already wrote to his Draper, in Town, to provide him new Liveries; and to his late Mother's Mercer, to send him down Patterns of the most fashionable Silks, for my Choice. I told him, I was unable to express my Gratitude for his Favours and Generosity; and as he knew best what befitted his own Rank and Condition, I would wholly remit myself to his good Pleasure; but, by all his repeated Bounties to me, of so extraordinary a Nature, I could not but look forward with Awe, upon the Condition to which he had exalted me; and now I feared I should hardly be able to act up to it in such a manner as should justify the Choice he had condescended to make. But that, I hoped, I should have not only his generous Allowance for my Imperfections, which I could only assure him should not be wilful ones, but his kind Instructions; and that as often as he observ'd any Part of my Conduct such as he would have alter'd, and could not intirely approve, that he would let me know it; and I would think his Reproofs of beginning Faults the kindest and most affectionate things in the World; because they would keep me from committing greater; and be a Means to continue to me the Blessing of his good Opinion.

He answer'd me in the kindest manner; and assured me, That nothing should ever lie upon his Mind which he would not reveal, and give me an Opportunity either of convincing him, or being convinced myself.

He then asked me, When I should be willing to go to the *Bedfordshire* House? I said, Whenever he pleased. Said he, We will come down hither again before the Winter, if you please, in order to cultivate the Acquaintance you have begun with Lady *Jones*, and Sir *Simon's* Family; and, if it please God to spare us to one another, in the Winter I will give you, as I promised, for two or three Months, my Company in *London*. And, I think, added he, if my Dear pleases, we will set out next Week, about *Tuesday*, for t'other House. I can have no Objection, Sir, said I, to any thing you propose; but how will you avoid Miss *Darnfora's* Sollicitation for an Evening, to dance? Why, said he, we can make *Monday* Evening do for that Purpose, if they won't excuse us. But, if you please, said he, I will invite Lady *Jones*, Mr. *Peters* and his Family, and Sir *Simon* and his Family, to my little Chapel, on *Sunday* Morning, and to stay Dinner with me; and then I will declare my Marriage to them, because my dear Life shall not leave this Country, with the least Reason for a Possibility of any body's doubting that it is so. Oh! how good this was! —But, indeed, his Conduct is all of a Piece, noble, kind, and considerate! What a happy Creature, by God's Goodness, am I! — And then, may—be, said he, they will excuse us till we return into this County again, as to the Ball. Is there any thing, added he, that my beloved *Pamela* has still to wish? if you have, freely speak.

Hitherto, my dearest Sir, reply'd I, you have not only prevented my Wishes, but my Hopes, and even my Thoughts. And yet I must own, since your kind Command of speaking my Mind, seems to shew that you expect from me, I should say something, that I have only one or two things to wish more, and then I shall be too happy. Say, said he, what they are? Sir, proceeded I, I am, indeed, ashamed to ask any thing, lest it should not be agreeable to you; and lest it should look as if I was taking Advantage of your kind Condescensions to me, and knew not when to be satisfy'd!

I will only tell you, *Pamela*, said he, that you are not to imagine, that these things which I have done, in hopes of obliging you, are the sudden Impulses of a *new* Passion for you. But, if I can answer for my own Mind, they

proceed from a regular and uniform Desire of obliging you; which, I hope, will last as long as your Merit lasts; and that, I make no doubt, will be as long as I live; and I can the rather answer for this, because I really find so much Delight in myself in my present way of Thinking and Acting, as infinitely over-pays me; and which, for that Reason, I am likely to continue for *both* our sakes. My beloved *Wife*, therefore, said he, for, methinks, I am grown fond of a Name I once despised, may venture to speak her Mind; and I will promise, that, so far as it is agreeable to me, and I cheerfully can, I will comply; and you will not insist upon it, if that cannot be the Case.

To be sure, Sir, said I, I ought not, neither will I. And now you embolden me to become an humble Petitioner; and that, as I ought, upon my Knees, for the reinstating such of your Servants, as I have been the unhappy Occasion of their disobliging you. He raised me up, and said, My beloved *Pamela* has too often been in this suppliant Posture to me, to permit it any more. Rise, my Fairest, and let me know whom, in particular, you would reinstate; and he kindly held me in his Arms, and pressed me to his beloved Bosom. Mrs. *Jervis*, Sir, said I, in the first place; for she is a good Woman; and the Misfortunes she has had in the World, make your Displeasure most heavy to her.

Well, said he, who next? Mr. *Longman*, Sir, said I; and, I am sure, kind as they have been to me, yet would I not ask it, if I could not vouch for their Integrity, and if I did not think it was my dear Master's Interest to have such good Servants.

Have you any thing further? said he. —Sir, said I, your good old Butler, who has so long been in your Family, before the Day of your happy Birth; I would, if I might, become an Advocate for!

Well, said he, I have only to say, That had not Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, and *Jonathan* too, joined in a Body, in a bold Appeal to Lady *Davers*, which has given her the insolent Handle she has taken to intermeddle in my Affairs, I could easily have forgiven all the rest of their Conduct; tho' they have given their Tongues no little Licence about me; but I could have forgiven them, because I desire every body to love you; and it is with Pride that I observe the Opinion and Love of them, and every body else that knows you, justify my own.— But yet, I will forgive even this, because my *Pamela* desires it; and I will send a Letter myself, to tell *Longman* what he owes to your Interposition, if the Estate he has made in my Family, does not set him above the Acceptance of it. And, as to Mrs. *Jervis*, do you, my Dear, write a Letter to her, and give her your Commands, instantly, on the Receipt of it, to go and take Possession of her former Charge; for now, my dearest Girl, she will be more immediately your Servant; and I know you love her so well, that you'll go thither with the more Pleasure, to find her there. —But don't think, added he, that all this Compliance is to be for nothing. Ah! Sir, said I, tell me but what I can do, poor as I am in Power, but rich in Will; and I will not hesitate one Moment. Why then, said he, of your own Accord, reward me for my cheerful Compliance, with one sweet Kiss. —I instantly said, Thus then, dear Sir, will I obey; and, Oh! you have the sweetest and most generous way in the World, to make that a Condition, which gives me double Honour, and adds to my Obligations. And so I clasped my Arms about his Neck, and was not ashamed to kiss him once, and twice, and three times, once for every forgiven Person.

Now, my dearest *Pamela*, said he, what other things have you to ask? Mr. *Williams* is already taken Care of; and, I hope, will be happy. —Have you nothing to say for *John Arnold*?

Why, dear Sir, said I, you have seen the poor Fellow's Penitence in my Letters. —Yes, my Dear, so I have; but that is his Penitence for his having serv'd me, against you; and, I think, when he would have betray'd me afterwards, he deserves nothing to be said or done for him by either.

But, dear Sir, said I, this is a Day of Jubilee; and the less he deserves, poor Fellow, the more will be your Goodness. And let me add one Word; That as he was divided in his Inclinations between his Duty to you, and good Wishes to me, and knew not how to distinguish between the one and the other, when he finds us so happily united by your great Goodness to me, he will have no more Puzzles in his Duty; for he has not failed in any other Part of it; but, I hope, will serve you faithfully for the future.

Well then, suppose I put Mrs. *Jewkes* in a good way of Business, in some Inn, and give her *Fohn* for a Husband? And then your Gypsy Story will be made out, that she will have a Husband younger than herself.

You are all Goodness, Sir, said I. I can freely forgive poor Mrs. *Jewkes*, and wish her happy. But permit me, Sir, to ask, Would not this look like a very heavy Punishment to poor *Fohn*? —And as if you could not forgive him, when you are so generous to every body else?

He smiled, and said, O my *Pamela*, this for a forgiving Spirit, is very severe upon poor *Jewkes*: But I shall never, by the Grace of God, have any more such trying Services to put him or the rest upon; and if *you* can forgive

him, I think *I* may; and so *Fohn* shall be at your Disposal. And now let me know, what my *Pamela* has further to wish?

O my dearest Sir, said I, not one single Wish more has your grateful *Pamela*. My Heart is overwhelm'd with your Goodness! Forgive these Tears of Joy, added I! —You have left me nothing to pray for, but that God will bless you with Life, and Health, and Honour, and continue to me the Blessing of your Esteem; and I shall then be the happiest Creature in the World.

He clasped me in his Arms, and said, You cannot, my dear Life, be so happy in me, as I am in you. O how heartily I despise all my former Pursuits and headstrong Appetites! what Joys, what Joys, flow from virtuous Love! Joys which the narrow Soul of the Libertine cannot take in, nor his Thought conceive! —And which I myself, whilst a Libertine, had not the least Notion of!

But, said he, I expected, my dear Spouse, my *Pamela*, had something to ask for herself: But since all her own Good is absorbed in the Delight her generous Heart takes in promoting that of others, it shall be my Delight to prevent her Wishes, and to study to make her Care for herself unnecessary, by my anticipating Kindness.

In this manner, my dear Parents, is your happy Daughter blessed in a Husband! O how my exulting Heart leaps at the dear, dear Word! —And I have nothing to do, but to be humble, and to look up with Gratitude to the all-gracious Dispenser of these Blessings!

So, with a thousand Thanks, I afterwards retired to my Closet, to write you thus far. And having completed what I purpose for this Pacquet, and put up the kind, obliging Present, I have nothing more to say, but that I hope soon to see you both, and receive your Blessings on this happy, thrice happy Occasion. And so, hoping for your Prayers, that I may preserve an humble and upright Mind to my gracious God, a dutiful Gratitude to my dear Master and Husband,—that I may long rejoice in the Continuance of these Blessings and Favours, and that I may preserve, at the same time, an obliging Deportment to every one else, I conclude myself,

Your ever dutiful and most happy Daughter, Pamela B——.

O think it not my Pride, my dear Parents, that sets me on glorying in my Change of Name. Yours will be always dear to me, and what I shall never be ashamed of, I am sure! But yet— For such a Husband! —What shall I say, since Words are too faint to express my Gratitude and my Joy!

I have taken Copies of my Master's Letter to Mr. *Longman*, and mine to Mrs. *Jervis*, which I will send with the further Occurrences when I go to the other dear House, or give you when I see you, as I now hope soon to do.

SATURDAY

Morning, the Third of my happy Nuptials.

I Must still write on, till I come to be settled in the Duty of the Station to which I am so generously exalted, and to let you participate with me the transporting Pleasures that arise from my new Condition, and the Favours that are hourly heaped upon me by the best of Husbands. When I had got my Pacquet for you finish'd, I then set about writing, as he had kindly directed me, to Mrs. *Jervis*; and had no Difficulty till I came to sign my Name; and so I brought it down with me, when I was called to Supper, unsigned.

My good Master, I hardly have yet the Courage to call him freely by a tenderer Name, had been writing to Mr. *Longman*; and he said, pleasantly, See here, my Dearest, what I have written to your *Somebody*. I read as follows:

'Mr. Longman, I have the Pleasure to acquaint you, that last *Thursday* I was marry'd to my beloved *Pamela*. I have had Reason to be disobliged with you, and Mrs. *Jervis* and *Jonathan*, not for your Kindness to, and Regard for my dear Spouse, that now is, but for the manner in which you appealed to my Sister *Davers*; which has made a very wide Breach between her and me. But as it was one of her first Requests, that I would overlook what had past, and reinstate you all in your former Charges, I think myself oblig'd, without the least Hesitation, to comply with it. So, if you please, you may enter again upon an Office which you have always executed with unquestionable Integrity, and to the Satisfaction of

'Yours, &c.

'Friday Afternoon.

I shall set out next *Tuesday* or *Wednesday*, God willing, for *Bedfordshire*; and desire to find *Jonathan*, as well as you, in your former Offices; in which, I dare say, you'll have the more Pleasure, as you have such an early Instance of the Sentiments of my dear Wife, from whose Goodness you may expect every agreeable thing. She writes herself to Mrs. *Jervis*.'

I thanked him most gratefully for his Goodness, and afterwards took the above Copy of it. And shew'd him my Letter to Mrs. *Jervis*, as follows:

'My dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I have joyful Tidings to communicate to you. For Yesterday I was happily marry'd to the best of Gentlemen, yours and my beloved Master. I have only now to tell you, that I am inexpressibly happy: That my generous Benefactor denies me nothing, and even anticipates my Wishes. You may be sure I could not forget my dear Mrs. *Jervis*; and I made it my Request, and had it granted, as soon as asked, that you might return to the kind Charge, which you executed with so much Advantage to our Master's Interest, and so much Pleasure to all under your Direction. All the Power that is put into my Hands, by the most generous of Gentlemen, shall be exerted to make every thing easy and agreeable to you; and as I shall soon have the Honour of attending my beloved Spouse to *Bedfordshire*, it will be a very considerable Addition to my Delights, and to my unspeakable Obligations to the best of Men, to see my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, and to be received by her with that Pleasure, which I promise myself from her Affection. For I am, my dear good Friend, and always will be,

'Yours, very affectionately and gratefully, Pamela ———'

He read this Letter, and said, 'Tis Yours, my Dear, and must be good: But don't you put your Name to it? Sir, said I, your Goodness has given me a Right to a very honourable one: But as this is the first Occasion of this kind, except that to my dear Father and Mother, I think I ought to shew it you unsign'd, that I may not seem over-forward to take Advantage of the Honour you have done me.

However sweetly humble and requisite, said he, this may appear to my dear *Pamela's* Niceness, it befits me to tell you, that I am, every Moment, more and more pleas'd with the Right you have to my Name: And, my dear Life, added he, I have only to wish I may be half as worthy as you are of the happy Knot so lately knit. He then took a Pen himself, and wrote after *Pamela*, his most worthy Surname; and I under-wrote thus: "O rejoice with me, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, that I am enabled, by God's Graciousness, and my dear Master's Goodness, thus to write myself."

These Letters, and the Pacquet to you, were sent away by Mr. *Thomas* early this Morning.

My dearest Master is just gone to take a Ride out, and intends to call upon the Lady *Jones*, Mr. *Peters*, and Sir *Simon Darnford*, to invite them to Chapel and Dinner to-morrow; and says, he chuses to do it himself, because

the Time is so short, they will, perhaps, deny a Servant.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. *Williams* was here Yesterday, to ask Leave to go to see his new Living, and to provide for taking Possession of it; and seem'd so pleas'd with my Master's Kindness and Fondness for me, as well as his generous Deportment to himself, that he left us in such a Disposition, as shew'd him quite happy. I am very glad of it; for it would rejoice me to be an humble Means of making all Mankind so: And Oh! what Returns ought I not to make to the Divine Goodness! and how ought I to strive to diffuse the Blessings I experience, to all in my Knowledge! —For else, what is it for such a Worm as I to be exalted! What is my *single* Happiness, if I suffer it, Niggard-like, to extend no further than myself? —But then, *indeed*, do God Almighty's Creatures act worthy of the Blessings they receive, when they make, or endeavour to make, the whole Creation, so far as is in the Circle of their Power, happy!

Great and good God! as thou hast enlarg'd my Opportunities, enlarge also my Will, and make me delight in dispensing to others, a Portion of that Happiness which I have myself so plentifully receiv'd at the Hands of thy gracious Providence! Then shall I not be useless in my Generation! —Then shall I not stand a single Mark of God's Goodness to a poor worthless Creature, that in herself is of so poor Account in the Scale of Beings, a mere Cypher on the wrong Side of a Figure; but shall be placed on the right Side; and, tho' nothing worth in myself, shall give Signification by my Place, and multiply the Blessings I owe to God's Goodness, who has distinguish'd me by so fair a Lot!

This, as I conceive, is the indispensable Duty of a high Condition; and how great must be the Condemnation of poor Creatures, at the great Day of Account, when they shall be asked, What Uses they have made of the Opportunity put into their Hands? and are able only to say, We have lived but to ourselves. We have circumscrib'd all the Power thou hast given us into one narrow, selfish Circle: We have heaped up Treasures for those who came after us, tho' we know not whether they will not make a still worse Use of them than we ourselves did. And how can such poor selfish Pleaders expect any other Sentence, than the dreadful, *Depart, ye Cursed!*

But sure, my dear Father and Mother, such Persons can have no Notion of the exalted Pleasures that flow from doing Good, were there to be no After-account at all!

There is something so satisfactory and pleasing to Reflection, on the being able to administer Comfort and Relief to those who stand in need of it, as infinitely rewards the beneficent Mind. And how often have I experienced this in my good Lady's time; tho' but the second-hand Dispenser of her Benefits to the Poor and Sickly, when she made me her Almoner! —How have I been affected with the Blessings which the Miserable have heaped upon her for her Goodness, and upon me for being but the humble Conveyer of her Bounty to them! —And how delighted have I been, when the moving Reports I have made of a particular Distress, has augmented my good Lady's first Intentions in its Relief!

This I recall, with Pleasure, because it is now, by God's Goodness, become my Part to do those good things she was wont to do: And Oh! let me watch myself, that my prosperous State do not make me forget to look up with due Thankfulness, to the Providence which has intrusted me with the Power, that so I may not incur a terrible Woe by the Abuse or the Neglect of it!

Forgive me these Reflections, my dear Parents, and let me have your Prayers, that I may not find my present Happiness a Snare to me; but that I may consider, that more and more will be expected from me, in Proportion to the Power given me; and that I may not so unworthily act as if I believ'd I ought to set up my Rest in my *mean Self*; and think nothing further to be done, with the Opportunities put into my Hand, by the Divine Favour, and the best of Men!

SATURDAY, Seven o'Clock in the Evening.

My Master return'd home to Dinner, in Compliment to me, tho' much press'd to dine with Lady *Jones*, as he was also by Sir *Simon*, to dine with him. But Mr. *Peters* could not conveniently provide a Preacher for his own Church to-morrow Morning, at so short a Notice; Mr. *Williams* being gone, as I said, to his new Living; but believed he could for the Afternoon; and so he promised to give his Company to Dinner, and to read Afternoon Service; and this made my Master invite all the rest, as well as him, to Dinner, and not to Church; and made them promise to come; and told Mr. *Peters*, he would send his Coach for him and his Family.

Miss *Darnford* told him, pleasantly, she would not come, unless he would promise her to be at his Wedding; by which, I find, Mr. *Peters* has kept the Secret, as my Master desired.

He was pleased to give me an Airing after Dinner in the Chariot, and renew'd his kind Assurances to me, and, if possible, is kinder than ever. This is sweetly comfortable to me; because it shews me, he does not repent of his Condescensions to me; and it encourages me to look up to him with more Satisfaction of Mind, and less Doubtfulness.

I begg'd Leave to send a Guinea to a poor Body in the Town, that I heard, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, lay very ill, and was very destitute. He said, Send two, my Dear, if you please. Said I, Sir, I will never do any thing of this kind without letting you know what I do. He most generously answer'd, I shall then, perhaps, have you do less Good than you would otherwise do, from a Doubt of me; tho', I hope, your Discretion, and my own Temper, which is not avaricious, will make such Doubt causeless.

Now, my Dear, continued he, I'll tell you how we will order this Point, to avoid even the Shadow of Uneasiness on one side, or Doubt on the other.

As to your Father and Mother, in the first Place, they shall be quite out of the Question; for I have already determin'd in my Mind about them; and it is thus: They shall go down, if they and you think well of it, to my little *Kentish* Estate; which I once mentioned to you in such a manner, as made you reject it with a Nobleness of Mind, that gave me Pain then, but Pleasure since. There is a pretty little Farm and House, untenanted, upon that Estate, and tolerably stock'd, and I will further stock it for them; for such industrious Folks won't know how to live without some Employment; and it shall be their's for both their Lives, without paying any Rent; and I will allow them 50*l. per Annum* besides, that they may keep up the Stock, and be kind to any other of your Relations, without being beholden to you or me, for small matters; and for greater, where needful, you shall always have it in your Power to accommodate them; for I shall never question your Prudence. And we will, so long as God spares our Lives, go down once a Year to see them, and they shall come up as often as they please, it cannot be too often, to see us; for I mean not this, my Dear, to send them from us. —Before I proceed, Does my *Pamela* like this?

O, Sir, said I, either I have not Words, or else the *English* Tongue affords them not, to express sufficiently my Gratitude. Learn me, dear Sir, continued I, and pressed his dear Hands to my Lips, learn me some other Language, if there be any, that abounds with more grateful Terms, that I may not thus be choaked with Meanings, for which I can find no adequate Utterance.

My Charmer! says he, your Language is all wonderful, as your Sentiments; and you most abound when you seem most to want! —All that I wish, is, to find my Proposals agreeable to you; and if my *first* are not, my *second* shall be, if I can but know what you wish.

Did I say too much, my dearest Parents, when I said, he was, if possible, kinder and kinder! —O the blessed Man! How my Heart is overwhelm'd with his Goodness!

Well, said he, my Dearest, let me desire you to mention this to them, and see if they approve it. But if it be your Choice, and theirs, to have them nearer to you, or even under the Roof with you, I will freely consent to it.

O no, Sir, said I (and I fear almost sinn'd in my grateful Flight) I am sure they would not chuse that; they could not, perhaps, serve God so well, if they were to live with you; for, so constantly seeing the Hand that blesses them, they would, maybe, as must be my Care to avoid, be tempted to look no further in their Gratitude, than to the dear Dispenser of such innumerable Benefits!

Excellent Creature! said he, my Beloved wants no Language, nor Sentiment neither! and her charming Thoughts, so sweetly express'd, would grace any Language; and this is a Blessing almost peculiar to my Fairest.

—Your so kind Acceptance, my *Pamela*, added he, repays the Benefit, with Interest, and leaves me under Obligation to your Goodness.

But now, my Dearest, I will tell you what we will do, with regard to Points of your own private Charity; for, far be it from me, to put under that Name the Subject we have been mentioning: Because that, and more than that, is *Duty*, to Persons so worthy, and so nearly related to my *Pamela*, and, as such, to myself. —O how the sweet Man out—does me in Thoughts, Words, Power, and every thing!

And this, said he, lies in very small Compass; for I will allow you Two hundred Pounds a Year, which *Longman* shall constantly pay you, at Fifty Pounds a Quarter, for your own Use, and of which I expect no Account; to commence from the Day you enter into my other House; I mean, said he, that the first Fifty Pounds shall then be due; because you shall have something to begin with. And, added the dear generous Man, if this be pleasing to you, let it, since you say you want Words, signify it by such a sweet Kiss as you gave me Yesterday. I hesitated not a Moment to comply with these obliging Terms, and threw my Arms about his dear Neck, tho' in the Chariot, and blessed his Goodness to me. But indeed, Sir, said I, I cannot bear this generous Treatment. He was pleased to say, Don't be uneasy, my Dear, about these Trifles; God has bless'd me with a very good Estate, and all of it in a prosperous Condition, and well tenanted. I lay up Money every Year, and have besides, large Sums in Government and other Securities; so that you will find, what I have hitherto promised, is very short of that Proportion of my Substance, which, as my dearest Wife, you have a Right to.

In this sweet manner did we pass the Time till Evening, when the Chariot brought us home; and then our Supper succeeded in the same agreeable manner. And thus, in a rapturous Circle, the Time moves on; every Hour bringing with it something more delightful than the past! —Sure nobody was ever so blest as I!

SUNDAY, the Fourth Day of my Happiness.

Not going to Chapel this Morning, the Reason of which I told you, I bestowed the Time, from the Hour of my Beloved's rising, to Breakfast, in Prayer and Thanksgiving, in my Closet; and now I begin to be quite easy, chearful and free in my Spirits; and the rather, as I find myself encouraged by the Tranquility, Serenity, and pleasing Vivacity in the Temper and Behaviour of my beloved Spouse; who thereby shews he does not repent of his Goodness to me.

I attended him to Breakfast, and drank my Chocolate with great Pleasure, and eat two Bits of Toast; and he seemed quite pleased with me, and said, Now does my Dearest begin to look upon me with an Air of Serenity and Satisfaction: It shall be always, added he, my Delight to give you Occasion for this sweet becoming Aspect of Confidence and Pleasure in me. —My Heart, dear Sir, said I, is quite easy, and has lost all its foolish Tumults, which combating with my Gratitude, gave an ingrateful Appearance to my Behaviour: But now your Goodness, Sir, has enabled it to get the better of its uneasy Apprehensions, and my Heart is all of one Piece, and devoted to you, and grateful Tranquillity. And could I be so happy as to see you and my good Lady *Davers* reconciled, I have nothing in this World to wish for more, but the Continuance of your Favour. He said, I wish this Reconciliation, my Dearest, as well as you; and I do assure you, more for your sake than my own: And if she would behave tolerably, I would make the Terms easier to her for that Reason.

He said, I will lay down one Rule for you, my *Pamela*, to observe in your Dress; and I will tell you every thing I like or dislike, as it occurs to me; and I would have you do the same, on your Part, that nothing may lie upon either of our Minds that shall occasion the least Reservedness.

I have often observed, in marry'd Folks, that, in a little while, the Lady grows careless in her Dress; which, to me, looks as if she would take no Pains to secure the Affection she had gained, and shews a Slight to her Husband, that she had not to her Lover: Now, you must know, this has always given me great Offence; and I should not forgive it, even in my *Pamela*; tho' she would have this Excuse for herself, that thousands could not make, That she looks lovely in every thing. So, my Dear, I shall expect of you always, to be dress'd by Dinner-time, except something extraordinary happens; and this, whether you are to go abroad, or stay at home. For this, my Love, will continue to you that sweet Ease in your Dress and Behaviour, which you are so happy a Mistress of; and whoever I bring home with me to my Table, you will be in Readiness to receive them; and will not want to make those foolish Apologies, to unexpected Visitors, that carry with them a Reflection on the Conduct of those who make them; and besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your Husband, as you would to Persons less familiar to your Sight.

This, dear Sir, said I, is a most obliging Injunction; and I most heartily thank you for it, and will always take care to obey it.— Why, my Dear, said he, you may better do this than half your Sex: Because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seem'd to think it the Privilege of Birth and Fortune, to turn Day into Night, and Night into Day, and are seldom stirring till 'tis time to sit down to Dinner; and so all the good old Family Rules are revers'd; for they breakfast when they should dine; dine, when they should sup; and sup, when they should go to-bed; and, by the Help of dear Quadrille, sometimes go to-bed when they should rise.— In any thing but these, my Dear, continued he, I expect you to be a Lady. And my good Mother was one of this old-fashion'd Cut, tho', in all other respects, as worthy a Lady as any in the Kingdom. And so you have not been used to the new Way, and may the easier practise the other.

Dear Sir, said I, pray give me more of your sweet Injunctions. Why then, continued he, I shall, in the usual Course, and generally, if not hinder'd by Company, like to go to-bed with my Dearest, by Eleven; and if I don't, shan't hinder you. I ordinarily now rise by Six, in Summer. I will allow you to lie half an Hour after me, or so.

Then you'll have some time at your own Dispose, till you give me your Company to breakfast; which may be always so, as that we may have done at a little after Nine.

Then will you have several Hours, again, at your Disposal, till Two o'Clock, when I shall like to sit down at Table.

You will then have several useful Hours more to employ yourself in, as you shall best like; and I would generally go to Supper by Eight; and when we are resolved to stick to these old-fashion'd Rules, as near as we

can, we shall make our Visitors conform to them too, and expect them from us, and suit themselves accordingly: For I have always observ'd, that it is in every one's Power to prescribe Rules to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous Jestings at first, and that too from such, generally, as are not the most worthy to be minded; and, after a while, they will say, It signifies nothing to ask him: He will have his own Way. There is no putting him out of his Byass. He is a regular Piece of Clockwork, will they joke, and all that: And why, my Dear, should we not be so? For Man is as frail a Piece of Machinery, as any Clockwork whatever; and, by Irregularity, is as subject to be disorder'd.

Then, my Dear, continued the charming Man, when they see they are received, at my Times, with an open Countenance and chearful Heart; when they see Plenty and Variety at my Board, and meet a kind and hearty Welcome from us both, they will not offer to break in upon my Conditions, nor grudge me my regular Hours: And as most of these People have nothing to do, except to rise in a Morning, they may as well come to Breakfast with us, at half an Hour after Eight, in Summer, as at Ten or Eleven. To Dinner at Two, as at Four, Five, or Six; and to Supper at Eight, as at Ten or Eleven. And then our Servants too will know, generally, the Times of their Business, and the Hours of their Leisure or Recess; and we, as well as they, shall reap the Benefit of this Regularity. And who knows, my Dear, but we may revive the good old Fashion in our Neighbourhood, by this means?— At least, it will be doing our own Parts towards it; and answering the good Lesson I learned at School, *Every one mend one*. And the worst that will happen will be, that when some of my Brother Rakes, such as those we were broke in upon, so unwelcomly, last *Thursday*, are got out of the Way, if that can ever be, and fall to considering whom they shall go to dine with in their Rambles, they will only say, We must not go to him; for his Dinner-time is over; and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better; or, perhaps, they will take a Supper and a Bed with me instead of it.

Now, my Dearest, continued the kind Man, you see here are more of my Injunctions, as you call them; and tho' I will not be so set, as to quarrel if they are not always exactly comply'd with; yet, as I know you won't think them unreasonable, I shall be glad they may as often as they can; and you will give your Orders accordingly, to *your* Mrs. *Jervis*, who is a good Woman, and will take Pleasure in obeying you.

O dearest, dear Sir, said I, have you no more of your sweet Injunctions to honour me with? They oblige and improve me at the same time! —What a happy Lot is mine!— God Almighty reward your Goodness to me!

Why, let me see, my Dearest, said he. —But I think of no more at present. For it would be needless to say, how much I value you for your Sweetness of Temper, and that open Chearfulness of Countenance which adorns you, when nothing has given my Fairest Apprehensions for her Virtue: A Sweetness, and a Chearfulness, that prepossesses in your Favour, at first Sight, the Mind of every one that beholds you. —I need not, I hope, say, that I would have you diligently preserve this sweet Appearance: Let no thwarting Accident, no cross Fortune, (for we must not expect to be exempt from such, happy as we now are in each other!) deprive this sweet Face of this its principal Grace: And when any thing displeasing happens, in a quarter of an Hour, at farthest, begin to mistrust yourself, and apply to your Glass; and if you see a Gloom arising, or arisen, banish it instantly, smooth your dear Countenance, resume your former Composure; and then, my Dearest, whose Heart must always be seen in her Face, and cannot be a Hypocrite, will find this a means to smooth her Passions also; and if the Occasion be too strong for so sudden a Conquest, she will know how to do it more effectually, by repairing to her Closet, and begging that gracious Assistance, which has never yet failed her: And so shall I, my Dear, who, as you once, but too justly, observ'd, have been too much indulged by my good Mother, have an Example from you, as well as a Pleasure in you which will hardly ever be palled.

One thing, continued he, I have frequently observed, at the Houses of other Gentlemen, That when we have unexpectedly visited, or broke in upon the Family Order, laid down by their Ladies; and especially if any of us have lain under the Suspicion of having occasionally seduced our marry'd Companion into bad Hours, or given indifferent Examples, the poor Gentleman has been oddly affected at our coming; tho' the good Breeding of the Lady has made her just keep up Appearances. He has looked so conscious; has been so afraid, as it were, to disoblige; has made so many Excuses for some of us, before we have been accused, as has always shewn me how unwelcome we have been; and how much he is obliged to compound with his Lady for a tolerable Reception of us; and, perhaps, she too, in Proportion to the honest Man's Concern to court her Smiles, has been more reserv'd, stiff and formal; and has behav'd with an Indifference, and Slight, that has often made me wish myself out of *her* House; for too plainly have I seen, that it was not *his*.

This, my Dear, you will judge by my Description, has afforded me Subject for Animadversion upon the marry'd Life; for a Man may not (tho', in the main, he is willing to flatter himself, that he is Master of his House, and will assert himself upon great Occasions, when his Prerogative is strongly invaded) be always willing to contend; and such Women as those I have described, are always ready to take the Field, and are worse Enemies than the old *Parthians*, who annoy most, when they seem to retreat; and never fail to return to the Charge again, and carry on the offensive War, till they have tired out Resistance, and made the Husband willing, like a vanquish'd Enemy, to compound for small Matters, in order to preserve something. At least, the poor Man does not care to let his Friends see his Case, and so will not provoke a Fire to break out, that, he sees, (and so do his Friends too) the meek Lady has much ado to smother; and which, very possibly, burns with a most comfortable Ardour, after we are gone.

You smile, my *Pamela*, said he, at this whimsical Picture; and I am sure, I never shall have Reason to include you in these disagreeable Out-lines; but yet I will say, that I expect from you, whoever comes to my House, that you accustom yourself to one even, uniform Complaisance: That no Frown take place on your Brow: That however ill or well provided we may be for their Reception, you shew no Flutter or Discomposure: That whoever you may have in your Company at the Time, you signify not, by the least reserved Look, that the Stranger is come upon you unseasonably, or at a Time you wished not. But be facetious, kind, obliging to all; and if to any one more than another, to such as have the least Reason to expect it from you, or who are most inferior at the Table; for thus will you, my *Pamela*, cheer the doubting Mind, quiet the uneasy Heart, and diffuse Ease, Pleasure, and Tranquillity around my Board.

And be sure, my Dear, continued he, let no little Accidents ruffle your Temper. I shall never forget once, that I was at Lady *Arthur's*; and a Footman happen'd to stumble, and let fall a fine China Dish, and broke it all to pieces: It was grievous to see the Uneasiness it gave the poor Lady. And she was so sincere in it, that she suffer'd it to spread all over the Company, and it was a pretty large one too; and not a Person in it, but turn'd either her Consoler, or fell into Stories of the like Misfortunes; and so we all became, for the rest of the Evening, nothing but blundering Footmen, and careless Servants, or were turn'd into broken Jars, Plates, Glasses, Tea-cups, and such-like brittle Substances. And it affected me so much, that when I came home, I went to-bed, and dreamt, that *Robin*, with the Handle of his Whip, broke the Fore glass of my Chariot; and I was so sollicitous, methought, to keep the good Lady in Countenance for *her* Anger, that I broke his Head in Revenge, and stabb'd one of my Coach-horses. And all the Comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not exposed myself before Company; and there were no Sufferers but guilty *Robin*, and one innocent Coach-horse; for when my Hand was in, I might as reasonably have killed the other three.

I was exceedingly diverted with these facetious Hints, and the pleasant manner in which he gave them; and I promis'd to improve by the excellent Lessons contain'd in them.

I then went up and dressed myself, as like a Bride as I could, in my best Cloaths, and, on Enquiry, finding my dearest Master was gone to walk in the Garden, I went to find him out. He was reading in the little Alcove; and I said, Sir, am I licens'd to intrude upon you, without your Commands? —No, my Dear, said he, because you cannot *intrude*. I am so wholly yours, that where-ever I am, you have not only a Right to join me; but you do me a very acceptable Favour at the same time.

I have, Sir, said I, obey'd your first kind Injunction, as to dressing myself before Dinner; but, may-be, you are busy, Sir? He put up the Paper he was reading, and said, I can have no Business or Pleasure of equal Value to your Company, my Dear. What was you going to say? —Only, Sir, to know, if you have any more kind Injunctions to give me? —I could hear you talk a whole Day together. —You are very obliging, *Pamela*, said he; but you are so perfectly what I wish, that I might have spar'd those I gave you; but I was willing you should have a Taste of my Freedom with you, to put you upon the like with me. For I am confident there can be no Friendship lasting without Freedom, and without communicating to one another even the little Caprices, if my *Pamela* can have any such, which may be most affecting to us.

Now, my Dear, said he, be so kind to find some Fault with me, and tell me what you would wish me to do, to appear more agreeable to you. O, Sir, said I, and I could have kissed him, but for Shame, (To be sure I shall grow a sad fond Hussy!) I have not one single thing to wish for; no, not one! — He saluted me very kindly, and said, he should be sorry if I had, and forbore to speak it. Do you think, my dear Sir, said I, that your *Pamela* has no Conscience? Do you think, that because you so kindly oblige her, and delight in obliging her, that he must rack

her Invention for Trials of your Goodness, and knows not when she is happy!— O my dearest Sir, added I, less than one half of the Favours you have so generously conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmost Wishes!

My dear Angel, said he, and kissed me again, I shall be troublesome to you with my Kisses, if you continue thus sweetly obliging, in your Actions and Expressions. O Sir, said I, I have been thinking, as I was dressing myself, what an excellent Example you have given me of the Lessons you teach me. For here, Sir, you are most charmingly dress'd yourself, as you have commanded me, before Dinner.

Then, Sir, when you command me, at your Table, to cheer the doubting Mind, and comfort the uneasy Heart, and to behave most kindly to those who have least Reason to expect it, and are most inferior; how sweetly, in every Instance that could possibly occur, have you done this yourself, by your poor, unworthy *Pamela*, till you have diffused, in your own dear Words, Ease, Pleasure and Tranquillity around my glad Heart.

Then again, Sir, when you bid me not be disturbed by little Accidents, or by Strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, how noble an Instance did you give me of this; when, on our dear Wedding day, the coming of Sir *Charles Hargrave*, and the other two Gentlemen, (for which you was quite unprovided, and hinder'd our Happiness of dining together on that chosen Day) did not so disturb you, but that you entertained the Gentlemen pleasantly, and parted with them civilly and kindly! —What charming Instances are these, I have been recollecting with Pleasure, of your pursuing the Doctrine you deliver!

My Dear, said he, these Observations are very kind in you, and much to my Advantage: But if I do not always, (for I fear these were too much Accidents) so well pursue the Doctrines I lay down, my *Pamela* must not expect that my Imperfections will be a Plea for her Non-observance of my Lessons, as you call them; for, I doubt, I shall never be half so perfect as you; and so I cannot permit you to fall back in your Goodness, tho' I may find myself unable to advance, as I ought, in my Duty.

I hope, Sir, said I, by God's Grace, I never shall. I believe it, said he; but I only mention this, knowing my own Defects, lest my future Lessons should not be so well warranted by my Practice, as in the Instances you have kindly recollected.

He was pleased to take Notice of my Dress, and spanning my Waste with his Hands, said, What a sweet Shape is here! It would make one regret to lose it; and yet, my beloved *Pamela*, I shall think nothing but that Loss wanting, to complete my Happiness! —I put my bold Hand before his Mouth, and said, Hush, hush! O fie, Sir! —The freest thing you have ever yet said, since I have been yours! — He kissed my Hand, and said, Such an innocent Wish, my Dearest, may be permitted me, because it is the End of the Institution.— But say, Would such a Case be unwelcome to my *Pamela*? —I will say, Sir, said I, and hid my blushing Face on his Bosom, that your Wishes, in every thing, shall be mine; but pray, Sir, say no more! —He kindly saluted me, and thanked me, and changed the Subject.— I was not too free, I hope.

Thus we talked, till we heard the Coaches; and then he said, Stay here, in the Garden, my Dear, and I'll bring the Company to you. And when he was gone, I passing by the Back-door, kneeled down against it, and blessed God for not permitting my then so much desired Escape. I went to the Pond, and kneeled down on the mossy Bank, and again blessed God there, for his Mercy in my Escape from myself, my then worst Enemy, tho' I thought I had none but Enemies, and no Friend near me. And so I ought to do in almost every Step of this Garden, and every Room in this House!— And I was bending my Steps to the dear little Chapel to make my Acknowledgment there; but I saw the Company coming towards me.

Miss *Darnford* said, So, Miss! how do you do now? O, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your Wedding; for I shall long to be there. Lady *Jones* was pleased to say, I look'd like an Angel. And Mrs. *Peters* said, I improved upon them every time they saw me. Lady *Darnford* was also pleased to make me a fine Compliment, and said, I looked freer and easier every time she saw me. Dear-heart! I wish, thinks I, you would spare these Compliments; for I shall have some Joke, I doubt, passed upon me by-and-by, that will make me suffer for all these fine things.

Mr. *Peters* said, softly, God bless you, dear *Daughter*! —But not so much as my Wife knows it. —Sir *Simon* came in last, and took me by the Hand, and said, Squire *B.* by your Leave. And kissed my Hand five or six times, as if he was mad; and held it with both his, and made a very free Jest, by way of Compliment, in his Way. Well, I think a *young Rake* is hardly tolerable; but an *old Rake*, and an *old Beau*, are two very sad Things! —And all this before Daughters Women-grown! —I whisper'd my Dearest, a little after, and said, I fear I shall suffer much from

Sir *Simon's* rude Jokes, by—and—by, when you reveal the Matter! —'Tis his way, my Dear, said he; you must now grow above these things. —Miss *Nanny Darnford* said to me, with a sort of half—grave, ironical Air,—Well, Miss, if I may judge by your easy Deportment now, to what it was when I last saw you, I hope you will let my Sister, if you won't me, see the happy Knot ty'd! For she is quite wild about it. —I curcheed, and only said, You are all very good to me, Ladies.— Mr. *Peters's* Niece said, Well, Miss, I hope, before we part, we shall be told the happy Day. My good Master heard her, and said, You shall, you shall, Madam! —That's pure! said Miss *Darnford*.

He took me aside, and said, softly, Shall I lead them to the Alcove, and tell them there, or stay till we go in to Dinner? —Neither, Sir, I think, said I; I fear I shan't stand it.— Nay, said he, they must know it; I would not have invited them else.— Why then, Sir, said I, let it alone till they are going away. — Then, reply'd he, you must pull off your Ring. No, no, Sir, said I, that I must not.— Well, said he, do you tell Miss *Darnford* of it yourself.— Indeed, Sir, answer'd I, I cannot.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came officiously to ask my Master, just then, if she should bring a Glass of Rhenish and Sugar before Dinner for the Gentlemen and Ladies; and he said, That's well thought of; bring it, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

And she came, with *Nan* attending her, with two Bottles and Glasses, and a Salver; and must needs, making a low Curchee, offer first to me, saying, Will your Ladyship begin? I colour'd like Scarlet, and said, No;— my Master, to be sure!

But they all took the Hint; and Miss *Darnford* said, I'll be hang'd if they have not stole a Wedding. Said Mrs. *Peters*, It must be certainly so! Ah! Mr. *Peters*.

I'll assure you, said he, I have not marry'd them. Where were you, said she, and Mr. *Williams*, last *Thursday* Morning? Said Sir *Simon*, Let me alone, let me alone; if any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out; I'm a Justice of the Peace, you know. And so he took me by the Hand, and said, Come, Madam, answer me, by the Oath you have taken; Are you marry'd or not?

My Master smiled to see me look so like a Fool; and I said, Pray, Sir *Simon*!— Ay, ay, said he, I thought you did not look so smirking upon us for nothing.— Well then, *Pamela*, said my Master, since your Blushes discover you, don't be ashamed, but confess the Truth!

Now, said Miss *Darnford*, I am quite angry. And said Lady *Darnford*, I am quite pleas'd; let me give you Joy, dear Madam, if it be so. And so they all said, and saluted me round.— I was vexed it was before Mrs. *Jewkes*; for she shook her fat Sides, and seem'd highly pleas'd to be a Means of discovering it.

Nobody, said my Master, wishes me Joy. No, said Lady *Jones*, very obligingly, nobody need; for with such a peerless Spouse, you want no good Wishes! —And he saluted them; and when he came last to me, said, before them all, Now, my sweet Bride, my *Pamela*, let me conclude with you; for here I began to love, and here I desire to end loving, but not till my Life ends.

This was sweetly said, and taken great Notice of; and it was doing Credit to his own generous Choice, and vastly more than I merited.

But I was forced to stand a many more Jokes afterwards. For Sir *Simon* said, several times, Come, come, Madam, now you are become one of us, I shall be a little less scrupulous than I have been, I'll assure you.

When we came in to Dinner, I made no Difficulty of what all offer'd me, the Upper—end of the Table; and perform'd the Honours of it with pretty tolerable Presence of Mind, considering. And, with much ado, my good Benefactor promising to be down again before Winter, we got off the Ball; but appointed *Tuesday* Evening, at Lady *Darnford's*, to take Leave of all this good Company, who promised to be there, my Master designing to set out on *Wednesday* Morning for *Bedfordshire*.

We had Prayers in the little Chapel, in the Afternoon; but they all wished for the good Clerk again, with great Encomiums upon you, my dear Father; and the Company staid Supper also, and departed exceeding well satisfied, and with abundance of Wishes for the Continuance of our mutual Happiness; and my Master desired Mr. *Peters* to answer for him to the Ringers, at the Town, if they should hear of it, till our Return into this Country, and that then he would be bountiful to them; because he would not publickly declare it till he had first done so in *Bedfordshire*.

MONDAY, the fifth Day.

I Have had very little of my dear Friend's Company this Day; for he only staid Breakfast with me, and rid out to see a sick Gentleman about eighteen Miles off, who begg'd (by a Man and Horse on purpose) to speak with him, believing he should not recover, and upon Part of whose Estate my Master has a Mortgage. He said, My Dearest, I shall be very uneasy, if I am oblig'd to tarry all Night from you; but, lest you should be alarm'd, if I don't come home by Ten, don't expect me: For poor Mr. *Carlton* and I have pretty large Concerns together, and if he should be very ill, and would be comforted by my Presence, (as I know he loves me, and his Family will be more in my Power if he dies, than I wish for) Charity will not let me refuse.

It is now Ten o'Clock at Night, and I fear he will not return. I fear for the sake of his poor sick Friend, who I doubt is worse. Tho' I know not the Gentleman, I am sorry for his own sake, for his Family's sake, and for my dear Master's sake, who by his kind Expressions I find loves him: And methinks I should be sorry any Grief should touch his generous Heart; tho' yet, there is no living in this World, without too many Occasions for Concern, even in the most prosperous State. And it is fit it should be so; or else, poor Wretches as we are! we should look no further, but be like sensual Travellers on a Journey homeward, who, meeting with good Entertainment at some Inn on the Way, put up their Rest there, and never think of pursuing their Journey to their proper Home. —This, I remember, was often a Reflection of my good Lady's, to whom I owe it.

Eleven o'Clock.

Mrs. *Jewkes* has been with me, and ask'd if I will have her for a Bedfellow in want of a better? I said, I thank'd her; but I would see how it was to lie by myself one Night.

I might have mention'd, that I made Mrs. *Jewkes* dine and sup with me, and she was much pleas'd with it, and my Behaviour to her. And I could see by her Manner, that she was a little struck inwardly at some of her former Conduct to me. But, poor Wretch, it is, I much fear, because I am what I am; for she has otherwise very little Remorse, I doubt.— Her Talk and Actions are intirely different from what they us'd to be, quite circumspect and decent; and I should have thought her virtuous, and even pious, had I never known her in another Light.

By this, we may see, my dear Father and Mother, of what Force Example is; and what is in the Power of the Heads of Families to do: And this shews, that evil Examples, in Superiors, are doubly pernicious, and doubly culpable, because such Persons are bad *themselves*, and not only do no *Good*, but much *Harm*, to *others*; and the Condemnation of such must, to be sure, be so much the greater! —And how much the greater still must my Condemnation be, who have had such a religious Education under you, and been so well nurtur'd by my good Lady, if I should forget, with all these Mercies heap'd upon me, what belongs to the Station God has preferr'd me to! —Oh how I long to be doing some Good! For all that is past yet, is my dear, dear Master's; God bless him! and return him safe to my Wishes; for methinks already 'tis a Week since I saw him! If my Love would not be troublesome and impertinent, I should be nothing else; for I have a grateful Spirit, and I had Need to have such a one; for I am poor in every thing but Will.

TUESDAY Morning, Eleven o'Clock .

My dear, dear—Master (I'm sure I should still say; but I will learn to rise to a softer Epithet, now—and—then) is not yet come. I hope he is safe and well! —So Mrs. *Jewkes* and I went to Breakfast. But I can do nothing but talk and think of him, and all his Kindness to me, and to you, which is still me, more intimately! —I have just receiv'd a Letter from him, which he wrote Over—night, as I find by it, and sent early the next Morning. This is a Copy of it.

To Mrs. Andrews.

Monday Night.

My dearest Pamela, I Hope my not coming home this Night will not frighten you. You may believe I can't help it. My poor Friend is so very ill, that I doubt he can't recover. His Desires to have me stay with him are so strong, that I shall sit up all Night with him, as it is now near One o'Clock in the Morning; for he can't bear me out of his Sight: And I have made him and his distress'd Wife and Children so easy, in the kindest Assurances I could give him, of my Consideration for him and them, that I am look'd upon (as the poor disconsolate Widow, as she, I doubt, will soon be, tells me) as their good Angel. I could have wish'd we had not engag'd to the good Neighbourhood at Sir *Simon's* for to-morrow Night; but I am so desirous to set out on *Wednesday* for the other House, that, as well as in Return for the Civilities of so many good Friends, who will be there on Purpose, I would not put it off. What I beg of you, therefore, my Dear, is, that you would go in the Chariot to Sir *Simon's*, the sooner in the Day the better, because you will be diverted with the Company, who all so much admire you; and I hope to join you there by your Tea-time in the Afternoon, which will be better than going home, and returning with you, as it will be six Miles Difference to me; and I know the good Company will excuse my Dress, on the Occasion. I count every Hour of this little Absence for a Day; for I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

'My dearest Love, For ever Yours, &c.

'If you could go to dine with them, it will be a Freedom that would be very pleasing to them, and the more, as they don't expect it.'

I began to have a little Concern, lest his Fatigue should be too great, and for the poor sick Gentleman and Family; but told Mrs. *Jewkes*, that the least Intimation of his Choice should be a Command to me, and so I would go to Dinner there; and order'd the Chariot to be got ready to carry me: when a Messenger came up, just as I was dress'd, to tell her, she must come down immediately. I see at the Window, that Visitors are come; for there is a Chariot and six Horses, the Company gone out of it, and three Footmen on Horseback; and I think the Chariot has Coronets. Who can it be, I wonder? —But here I will stop, for I suppose I shall soon know.

Good-sirs! how unlucky this is! What shall I do? —Here is Lady *Davers* come; her ownself! And my kind Protector a great, great many Miles off. —Mrs. *Jewkes* out of Breath comes and tells me this, and says she is inquiring for my Master and me. She ask'd her, it seems, naughty Lady as she is, if I was *whor'd* yet! There's a Word for a Lady's Mouth! —Mrs. *Jewkes* says, she knew not what to answer. And my Lady said, She is not marry'd, I hope? And, said she, I said, No; because you have not own'd it yet publickly. My Lady said, That was well enough. Said I, I will run away, Mrs. *Jewkes*; and let the Chariot go to the Bottom of the Elm-walk' and I will steal out of the Door unperceiv'd.— But, said she, she is inquiring for you, Madam, and I said you was within, but going out; and she said, she would see you presently, as soon as she could have Patience. What did she call me, said I? *The Creature*, Madam: *I will see the Creature*, said she, *as soon as I can have Patience*. Ay, but, said I, *the Creature* won't let her, if she can help it.

Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes* favour my Escape for this once, for I am sadly frightened. —Said she, I'll bid the Chariot go down as you order, and wait till you come; and I'll step down, and shut the Hall-door, that you may pass down unobserv'd; for she sits cooling herself in the Parlour over-against the Staircase. That's a good Mrs. *Jewkes*! said I: But who has she with her? Her Woman, said she, and her Nephew; but he is on Horseback, and is gone into the Stables; and they have three Footmen. —And I wish, said I, they were all *three* hundred Miles off! —What shall I do! — So I wrote thus far, and wait impatiently to hear the Coast is clear.—

Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, I must come down, or she will come up. What does she call me now? said I. *Wench*, Madam. *Bid the Wench come down to me*. And her Nephew, and her Woman are with her.

Said I, I can't go, and that's enough! —You might contrive it that I might get out, if you would.— Indeed, Madam, said she, I cannot; for I went to shut the Door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over-against the Stair-case. Then, said I, I'll get out of the Window, I think!— (and fann'd myself) for I am sadly frightened. Laud, Madam, said she, I wonder you so much disturb yourself!— You're on the right Side the Hedge, I'm sure; and I would not be so discompos'd for any body. Ay, said I, but who can help Constitution? I dare say you would no more be so discompos'd, than I can help it.— Said she, Indeed, Madam, if it was to me, I would put

on an Air as Mistress of the House, as you are, and go and salute her Ladyship, and bid her welcome. Ay, ay, reply'd I, fine Talking! — But how unlucky this is, your good Master is not at home!

What Answer shall I give her, said she, to her desiring to see you?— Tell her, said I, I am sick abed; I'm dying, and must not be disturb'd; I'm gone out, — or any thing!

But her Woman came up to me, just as I had utter'd this, and said, How do you do, Mrs. *Pamela*? My Lady desires to speak with you. So I must go. — Sure she won't beat me! — Oh that my dear Protector was at home!

Well, now I will tell you all that happen'd in this frightful Interview. — And very bad it was.

I went down, dress'd as I was, and my Gloves on, and my Fan in my Hand, to be just ready to get into the Chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling Fits had been over now; but I was mistaken, for I trembled sadly. Yet resolv'd to put on as good an Air as I could.

So I went to the Parlour, and said, making a very low Curchee, Your Servant, my good Lady! And your Servant again, said she, *my Lady* ; for I think you are dress'd out like one.

A charming Girl tho', said her rakish Nephew, and swore a great Oath; dear Aunt, forgive me, but I must kiss her, and was coming to me. And I said, Forbear, uncivil Gentleman! I won't be us'd freely. *Jackey*, said my Lady, sit down, and don't touch the Creature! — She's proud enough already. There's a great Difference in her Air, I'll assure you, since I saw her last.

Well, Child, said she, sneeringly, how dost find thyself? — Thou'rt mightily come on of late! — I hear strange Reports about thee! — Thou'rt almost got into Fool's Paradise, I doubt! — And wilt find thyself terribly mistaken in a little while, if thou thinkest my Brother will disgrace his Family to humour thy Baby-face!

I see, said I, sadly vex'd, (her Woman and Nephew smiling by) your Ladyship has no very important Commands for me, and I beg Leave to withdraw. *Beck*, said she, to her Woman, shut the Door; my young Lady and I must not have done so soon.

Where's your well-manner'd Deceiver gone, Child? says she. — Said I, When your Ladyship is pleas'd to speak intelligibly, I shall know how to answer.

Well, but my dear Child, said she in Drollery, don't be too pert neither, I beseech thee. Thou wilt not find thy Master's Sister half so ready to take thy Freedoms, as thy mannerly Master is! — So, a little of that Modesty and Humility that my Mother's Waiting-maid used to shew, will become thee better than the Airs thou givest thyself, since my Mother's Son has taught thee to forget thyself.

I would beg, said I, one Favour of your Ladyship, that if you would have me keep my Distance, you will not forget your own Degree. — Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget my Degree, wouldst thou not keep thy Distance then?

If you, Madam, said I, lessen the Distance yourself, you will descend to my Level, and make an Equality, which I don't presume to think of; for I can't descend lower than I am, — at least in your Ladyship's Esteem!

Did I not tell you, *Jackey*, said she, that I should have a Wit to talk to? — He, who swears like a Gentleman, at every Word, rapt out an Oath, and said, drolling, I think, Mrs. *Pamela*, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady *Davers*! — Sir, said I, I hope there was no Need for your Information, and so I can't thank you for it; especially as you seem to think it wants an Oath to convince me of it.

He look'd more foolish than I at this, if possible, not expecting such a Reprimand — And said at last, Why, Mrs. *Pamela*, you put me half out of Countenance with your witty Reproof! — Sir, said I, you seem quite a fine Gentleman, and it will not be easily done, I dare say.

How now, Pert-ones, said my Lady, do you know who you talk to? — I think I do not, Madam, reply'd I: And, for fear I should forget myself more, I'll withdraw. Your Ladyship's Servant, said I, and was going: But she rose, and gave me a Push, and pull'd a Chair, and setting the Back against the Door, sat down in it.

Well, said I, I can bear any thing at your Ladyship's Hands; but I was ready to cry tho'. And I went, and sat down, and fann'd myself at the other End of the Room.

Her Woman, who stood all the Time, said softly, Mrs. *Pamela*, you should not sit in my Lady's Presence. And my Lady, tho' she did not hear her, said, You shall sit down, Child, in the Room where I am, when I give you Leave.

So I stood up, and said, When your Ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, one might be indulg'd to sit down. But I ask'd you, said she, Whither your Master is gone? To one Mr. *Carlton*, Madam, said I, about eighteen Miles off, who is very sick. And when does he come home? — This Evening, Madam, said I. And where are you going?

To a Gentleman's House in the Town, Madam. And how was you to go? —In the Chariot, Madam.— Why, you must be a Lady in time, to be sure!— I believe you'd become a Chariot mighty well, Child! — Was you ever out in it, with your Master?

Pray your Ladyship, said I, be pleased to ask half a dozen such Questions together; because one Answer may do for all! — Why, Boldface, said she, you'll forget your Distance, and bring me to your Level before my Time.

So I could no longer refrain Tears, but said, Pray your Ladyship, let me ask what I have done to be thus severely treated? I never did your Ladyship any Harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleas'd to hint, I should be more intitled to your Pity than your Anger.

She arose, and took me by the Hand, and led me to her Chair, and then sat down; and still holding my Hand, said, Why, *Pamela*, I did indeed pity you while I thought you innocent; and when my Brother seiz'd you, and brought you down hither, without your Consent, I was concern'd for you. And I was still more concern'd for you, and lov'd you, when I heard of your Virtue and Resistance, and your virtuous Efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffer'd yourself to be prevail'd upon, and have lost your Innocence, and added another to the Number of the Fools he has ruin'd, (*This shock'd me a little!*) I cannot help shewing my Displeasure to you.

Madam, reply'I, I must beg no hasty Judgment; I have not lost my Innocence! — Take care, take care, *Pamela*, said she! — Don't lose your Veracity, as well as your Honour! — Why are you here, when you are at full Liberty to go whither you please?— I will make one Proposal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me?— I will instantly set out with you, in my Chariot, and not stay half an Hour longer in this House, if you'll go with me. — Now, if you're innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can.

I am innocent, Madam, reply'd I, and willing to keep so; and yet I cannot consent to this. Then, said she, very mannerly, Thou lyest, Child, that's all; and I give thee up!

And so she arose, and walk'd about the Room in great Wrath. Her Nephew and her Woman said, Your Ladyship's very good; 'tis a plain Case; a very plain Case!

I would have remov'd the Chair, to have gone out, but her Nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the Honour I was rais'd to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not shew some Spirit; and I said, What, Sir, is your Pretence in this House, to keep me a Prisoner here? Because, said he,— I like it.— Do you so, Sir? reply'd I: If that's the Answer of a Gentleman to such a one as I, it would not, I dare say, be the Answer of a Gentleman to a Gentleman. —My Lady! my Lady! said he, a Challenge, a Challenge, by Gad! No, Sir, said I, I am of a Sex that gives no Challenges; and you think so too, or you would not give this Occasion for the Word.

Said my Lady, Don't be surpriz'd, Nephew; the Wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her Master's Bed-fellow. — *Pamela, Pamela*, said she, and tapp'd me upon the Shoulder, two or three times, in Anger, thou hast lost thy Innocence, Girl; and thou hast got some of thy bold Master's Assurance, and art fit to go any-whither.— Then, and please your Ladyship, said I, I am unworthy of your Presence, and desire I may quit it.

No, reply'd she, I will know first what Reason you can give for not accepting my Proposal, if you are innocent? I can give, said I, a very good one; but I beg to be excus'd. I will hear it, said she. Why then, answer'd I, I should perhaps have less Reason to like this Gentleman, than where I am.

Well then, said she, I'll put you to another Trial. I'll set out this Moment with you to your Father and Mother, and give you up safe to them. What do you say to that?— Ay, Mrs. *Pamela*, said her Nephew, now what does your Innocence say to that? —'Fore Gad, Madam, you have puzzled her now.

Be pleas'd, Madam, said I, to call off this fine Gentleman. Your Kindness in these Proposals makes me hope you will not have me baited. I'll be d—— said he, if she does not make me a Bull-dog! Why she'll toss us all by-and-by! Sir, said I, you indeed behave as if you were in a Bear-garden.

Jackey, be quiet, said my Lady. You only give her a Pretence to evade my Questions. Come, answer me, *Pamela*. I will, Madam, said I, and it is thus: I have no Occasion to be beholden to your Ladyship for this Honour; for I am to set out tomorrow Morning on the Way to my Parents.— Now again, thou lyest, Wench. — I am not of Quality, said I, to answer to such Language. —Once again, said she, provoke me not, by these Reflections, and this Pertness; if thou dost, I shall do something by thee unworthy of myself. That, thinks I, you have done already; but I ventur'd not to say so. But who is to carry you, said she, to your Father and Mother? Who my Master pleases, Madam, said I. Ay, said she, I doubt not, thou wilt do every thing he pleases, if thou hast not already. Why now tell me, *Pamela*, from thy Heart, hast thou not been in Bed with thy Master? Ha, Wench! —I was quite

shock'd at this, and said, I wonder how your Ladyship can use me thus! —I am sure you can expect no Answer; and my Sex, and my tender Years, might exempt me from such Treatment, with a Person of your Ladyship's Birth and Quality, and who, be the Distance ever so great, is of the same Sex with me.

Thou art a confident Wench, said she, I see! —Pray, Madam, said I, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the Town to Dinner. No, reply'd she, I can't spare you, and whoever you are to go to, will excuse you, when they are told 'tis I that commands you not to go;—and you may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you consider that 'tis the unexpected Coming of your late Lady's Daughter, and your Master's Sister, that commands your Stay.

But a Pre-engagement, your Ladyship will consider, is something! —Ay, so it is; but I know not what Reason Waiting-maids have to assume these *Airs of Pre-engagements*! —Oh *Pamela, Pamela*, I am sorry for thy thus aping thy Betters, and giving thyself such *Airs*; I see thou'rt quite spoil'd! Of a modest, innocent Girl, that thou wast, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the World, but what I fear thou art.

Why, please your Ladyship, said her Kinsman, what signifies all you say? The Matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a Fairy-dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her Dream's out. —Bad as you take me to be, Madam, said I, I am not used to such Language or Reflections as this Gentleman gives me; and I won't bear it.

Well, *Jackey*, said she, be silent; and shaking her Head, Poor Girl, said she! —What a sweet Innocence is here destroy'd! —A thousand Pities! — I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and then has assum'd a Carriage upon it, that all those Creatures are distinguish'd by!—

I cry'd sadly for Vexation; and said, Say what you please, Madam: If I can help it, I will not answer another Word.—

Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and ask'd, If her Ladyship was ready for Dinner. She said, Yes. I would have gone out with her; but my Lady said, taking my Hand, she could not spare me. And, Miss, said she, you may pull off your Gloves, and lay your Fan by, for you shan't go; and if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at Dinner, and then I shall have a little further Talk with you.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said to me, Madam, may I speak one Word with you? —I can't tell, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said I; for my Lady holds my Hand, and you see I am a kind of Prisoner.

What you have to say, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said she, you may speak before me. But she went out, and seem'd vex'd for me; and she says, I look'd like the very Scarlet.

The Cloth was-laid in another Parlour, and for three Persons, and she led me in: Come, my little Dear, said she, with a Sneer, I'll hand you in, and I wou'd have you think it as well as if it was my Brother.

What a sad Case, thought I, should I be in, if I were as naughty as she thinks me! It was bad enough as it was.

Jackey, said my Lady, come, let us go to Dinner. She said to her Woman, Do you, *Beck*, help *Pamela* to 'tend us; we will have no Men-fellows. ——— Come, my young Lady, shall I help you off with your white Gloves? —I have not, Madam, said I, deserv'd this at your Ladyship's Hands.

Mrs. *Jewkes* coming in with the first Dish, she said, Do you expect any body else, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that you lay the Cloth for three? —Said she, I hop'd your Ladyship and Madam would have been so well reconcil'd, that she would have sat down too. —What means the clownish Woman? said my Lady, in great Disdain: Could you think the Creature should sit down with me. —She does, Madam, and please your Ladyship, with my Master. —I doubt it not, good Woman, said she, and lyes with him too, does she not? Answer me, Fat-face! —How these Ladies are privileg'd!

If she does, Madam, said she, there may be a Reason for it, perhaps! And went out. —So, said she, has the Wench got thee over too! —Come, my little Dear, pull off thy Gloves, I say; and off she pull'd my Left Glove herself, and 'spy'd my Ring. O my dear God! said she, if the Wench has not got a Ring! —Well, this is a pretty Piece of Foolery, indeed! Dost know, my Friend, that thou art miserably trick'd! —And so, poor Innocent, thou hast made a fine Exchange, hast thou not? Thy Honesty for this Bauble! And I'll warrant, my little Dear has topp'd her Part, and paraded it like any real Wife; and so mimicks still the Condition! — Why, said she, and turn'd me round, thou art as mincing as any Bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *Pre-engagements*! Pr'ythee, Child, walk before me to that Glass, survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the Theatrical Part given thee!

I was then resolv'd to try to be silent; although most sadly vex'd. —So I went and sat me down in the Window,

and she took her Place at the upper End of the Table; and her sawcy *Jackey*, fleeing at me most provokingly, sat down by her. —Said he, Shall not the Bride sit down by us, Madam? Ay, well thought of, said my Lady: Pray, Mrs. Bride, your Pardon for sitting down in your Place? —I said nothing.

Said she, with a poor Pun, Thou hast some Modesty, however, Child! For thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit down*, tho' in my Presence! —I still kept my Seat, and said nothing. —Thinks I, this is a sad Thing, and I am hinder'd too from shewing my Duty where it is most due, and shall have Anger there too, may-be, if my dear Master should be there before me! —So she eat some Soup, as did her Kinsman; and then as she was cutting up a Fowl, said, If thou *long'st*, my little Dear, I will help thee to a Pinion, or Breast, or any thing. But may-be, Child, said he, thou likest the Rump, shall I bring it thee? And then laugh'd like an Idiot, for all he is a Lord's Son, and may be a Lord himself. —For he is the Son of the Lord—; and his Mother, who was Lord *Davers's* Sister, being dead, he has receiv'd what Education he has, from Lord *Davers's* Direction. Poor Wretch! for all his Greatness! he'll ne'er die for a Plot,—at least of his own hatching. If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his Picture. But for one of 25 or 26 Years of Age, much about the Age of my dear Master, he is a most odd Mortal.

Pamela, said my Lady, help me to a Glass of Wine. No, *Beck*, said she, you shan't; for she was offering to do it. I will have my Lady Bride confer that Honour upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*. I was silent, and never stirr'd.

Dost hear, *Chastity*? said she. Help me to a Glass of Wine, when I bid thee. —What! not stir! Then I'll come and help thee to one. Still I stirr'd not, and fanning myself, continu'd silent. Said she, When I have ask'd thee, Meek-ones, half a dozen Questions together, I suppose thou wilt answer them all at once! Pretty Creature, is not that it?

I was so vex'd, I bit a Piece of my Fan out, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, and did nothing but flutter it, and fan myself.

I believe, said she, my next Question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest-ones, I shall be intitled to an Answer.

He arose, and brought the Bottle and Glass, Come, said he, Mrs. Bride, be pleas'd to help my Lady, and I will be your Deputy. Sir, reply'd I, it is in a good Hand; help my Lady yourself. —Why, Creature, said she, dost thou think thyself above it? — And then flew into a Passion, Insolence! continued she, this Moment, when I bid you, know your Duty, and give me a Glass of Wine; or—

So, I took a little Spirit then—thinks I, I can but be beat—If, said I, to attend your Ladyship at Table, or even kneel at your Feet, was requir'd of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the Person you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received Honours, that she thinks requires her to act another Part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I cannot do it.

She seem'd quite surpriz'd, and look'd now upon her Kinsman, and then upon her Woman. —I'm astonish'd! I'm quite astonish'd! —Well then, I suppose you would have me conclude you my Brother's Wife; wou'd you not?

Your Ladyship, said I, compels this from me! — Well, return'd she, but dost thou thyself think thou art so? —Silence, said her Kinsman, gives Consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, Madam, and pay my Duty to my new Aunt?

Tell me, said my Lady, what, in the Name of Impudence, possesses thee, to dare to look upon thyself as my Sister? —Madam, reply'd I, that is a Question will better become your most worthy Brother to answer, than me?

She was rising in great Wrath; but her Woman said, Good your Ladyship; you'll do yourself more Harm, than her; and if the poor Girl has been deluded so, as you have heard, with the Sham-marriage, she'll be more deserving of your Ladyship's Pity than Anger. , *Beck*, very , said my Lady; but there's no bearing the Impudence of the Creature mean-time.

I would have gone out at the Door, but her Kinsman run and set his Back against it. I expected bad Treatment from her Pride and violent Temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, Sir, when my Master comes to know your rude Behaviour, you will, may-be, have Cause to repent it. And went and sat down in the Window again.

Another Challenge, by Gad! said he; but I am glad she says her *Master*! —You see, Madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been so much deluded as you think for. And coming to me with a most barbarous Air of Insult, he said, kneeling on one Knee before me; My new Aunt, your *Blessing*, or your *Curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my Dinner!

I gave him a most contemptuous Look: Tinsel'd Toy, said I, (for he was lac'd all over) Twenty or Thirty Years hence, when you are *at Age*, I shall know how to answer you better; mean-time, sport with your Footmen, and not me! And so I remov'd to another Window nearer the Door, and he look'd like a sad Foolish, as he is.

Beck, Beck, said my Lady, this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my Kinsman and Lord *Davers's* to be thus used by such a Slut? And was coming to me: And indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor Heart, after all. But Mrs. *Jewkes*, hearing high Words, came in again, with the second Course, and said, Pray your Ladyship, don't so discompose yourself. I am afraid this Day's Business will make Matters wider than ever between your good Ladyship and your Brother: For my Master doats upon Madam.

Woman, said she, do thou be silent! Sure, I, that was born in this House, may have some Privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy Servants in it!

I beg Pardon, Madam, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*; and turning to me, said, Madam, my Master will take it very ill, if you make him wait for you thus. So I rose to go out; but my Lady said, If it was only for *that* Reason, she shan't go. —And went to the Door, and shut it, and said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Woman, don't come again till I call you; and coming to me, took my Hand, and said, Find your Legs, Miss, if you please.

I stood up, and she tapp'd my Cheek! Oh! says she, that scarlet Glow shews what a rancorous little Heart thou hast, if thou durst shew it; but come this way. And so led me to her Chair: Stand there, said she, and answer me a few Questions while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent Master to Account; and then I'll have you Face to Face, and all this Mystery of Iniquity shall be unravell'd; for, between you, I will come to the Bottom of it.

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the Window on the other Side the Parlour, looking into the private Garden; and her Woman said, Mrs. *Pamela*, don't make my Lady angry. Stand by her Ladyship, as she bids you. Said I, Pray, good now, let it suffice you to attend your *Lady's* Commands, and don't lay *yours* upon *me*. —Your Pardon, sweet Mrs. *Pamela*, said she. Times are much alter'd with you, I'll assure you! Said I, Her Ladyship has a very good Plea to be free in the House that she was *born* in. But you may as well confine your Freedoms to the House in which you had your *Breeding*. Why, how now, Mrs. *Pamela*, said she! Since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a Piece of my Mind. Hush, hush, *good Woman*, said I, alluding to my Lady's Language to Mrs. *Jewkes*; my Lady wants not your Assistance! —Besides, I can't scold!

The Woman was ready to stutter with Vexation; and Lord *Jackey* laugh'd as if he would burst his Sides; G—d— me, *Beck*, said he, you'd better let her alone to my Lady here; for she'll be too many for twenty such as you and I. —And then he laugh'd again, and repeated—*I can't scold*, quoth—a! but, by Gad, Miss, you can speak d—d spiteful Words, I can tell you that! —Poor *Beck* ! poor *Beck* ! —Fore Gad, she's quite dumb-founder'd!

Well, but, *Pamela*, said my Lady, come hither, and tell me truly: Dost thou think thyself really marry'd? —Said I, and approach'd her Chair, My good Lady, I will answer all your Commands, if you'll have Patience with me, and not be so angry as you are; but I can't bear to be us'd thus by this Gentleman, and your Ladyship's Woman. Child, said she, thou art very impertinent to my Kinsman; thou can'st not be civil to me; and my Ladyship's Woman is much thy Betters. But that's not the Thing! —Dost thou think thou art really marry'd?

I see, Madam, said I, you are resolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* Answer I shall return: If I should say, I am not, then your Ladyship will call me hard Names, and perhaps I should tell a Fib. If I should say, I am, your Ladyship will ask how I have the Impudence to be so,—and will call it a Sham-marriage. I will, said she, be answer'd more directly. Why, what, and please your Ladyship, does it signify what I think? Your Ladyship will believe as you please.

But canst thou have the Vanity, the Pride, the Folly, said she, to think thyself actually marry'd to *my* Brother? He is no Fool, Child; and Libertine enough of Conscience; and thou art not the first in the List of his credulous Harlots. —Well, well, said I, (and was in a sad Flutter) as I am easy and pleas'd with my Lot, pray your Ladyship let me continue so, as long as I can. It will be Time enough for me to know the worst, when the worst comes. And if it will be so bad, your Ladyship should pity me, rather than thus torment me before my Time.

Well, said she, but dost not think I am concern'd that a young Wench, whom my poor dear Mother lov'd so well, should thus cast herself away, and suffer herself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble Stand as thou mad'st for so long a Time?

I think myself far from being deluded and undone, and please your Ladyship; and am as innocent and virtuous as ever I was in my Life. Thou lye'st, Child, said she. So your Ladyship told me *twice* before!

She gave me a Slap on the Hand for this; and I made a low Curchee, and said, I humbly thank your

Ladyship!—but I could not refrain Tears. And added, Your dear Brother, Madam; however, won't thank your Ladyship for this Usage of me, tho' I do. Come a little nearer me, my Dear, said she, and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou think'st thou hast not made Mischief enough already between a Sister and Brother But, Child, if he was here, I would serve thee worse, and him too. I wish he was, said I. —Dost thou threaten me, Mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?

Now, pray your Ladyship, said I, (but got to a little Distance) be pleas'd to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *Honour*, or rather *Misfortune*, to come into your Presence; whether you have said *one* Thing befitting your Ladyship's Degree to me, even supposing I was the Wench, and the Creature, you suppose me to be? —Come hither, my pert Dear, reply'd she; come but within my Reach for one Moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest.

To be sure she meant to box my Ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy Lot, if I could not shew some Spirit.

When the Cloth was taken away, I said, I suppose I may now depart your Presence, Madam? I suppose not, said she. Why, I'll lay thee a Wager, Child, thy Stomach's too full to eat, and so thou may'st fast till thy mannerly Master comes home.

Pray your Ladyship, said her Woman, let the poor Girl sit down at Table with Mrs. *Jewkes* and me.— Said I, you are very kind, Mrs. *Worden*; but Times, as you said, are much alter'd with me; and I have been of late so much honour'd by better Company, that I can't stoop to yours.

Was ever such Confidence, said my Lady! Poor *Beck*, poor *Beck*, said her Kinsman; why, she beats you quite out of the Pit!— Will your Ladyship, said I, be pleased to tell me how long I am to tarry For you'll please to see by that Letter, that I am oblig'd to attend my Master's Commands. And so I gave her the dear Gentleman's Letter from Mr. *Carlton's*, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the Honour done me by him. Ay, said she, this is my worthy Brother's Hand. It is directed to Mrs. *Andrews*. That's to you, I suppose, Child? And so she read on, making Remarks as she went along, in this manner:

My dearest PAMELA, — "Mighty well!" — *I hope my not coming home this Night will not frighten you!*— "Vastly tender, indeed!— And did it frighten you, Child!" — *You may believe I can't help it.* "No, to be sure!— A Person in thy Way of Life, is more tenderly used than an honest Wife. But mark the End of it!" — *I could have wish'd,* "Prythee, *Jackey*, mind this," *we* "mind the significant *We*," *had not engaged to the good Neighbourhood, at Sir Simon's for to-morrow Night.* — "Why, does the good Neighbourhood, and does Sir *Simon*, permit thy Visits, Child? They shall have none of mine then, I'll assure them!" *But I am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other House* — "So, *Jackey*, we but just nick'd it, I find." — *that, as well as in Return for the Civilities of so many good Friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off.* — "Now mind, *Jackey*." — *What I beg of you,*—"Mind the Wretch, that could use me and your Uncle, as he has done; he is turn'd Beggar to this Creature!" *I beg of you, therefore, my Dear*, "My Dear ! there's for you!— I wish I may not be quite sick before I get thro'." — *What I beg of you, therefore, my Dear*, and then she look'd me full in the Face *is, that you will go in the Chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the Day, the better;*—"Dear Heart! and why so, when WE were not expected till Night? Why, pray observe the Reason—Hem!" said she *Because you will be diverted with the Company;* "Mighty kind indeed!" — *who all,* " *Jackey, Jackey*, mind this," — *who all so much admire you* . "Now he'd ha' been hang'd to have said so complaisant a thing, had he been marry'd, I'm sure!" — "Very , Aunt, said he: A plain Case that!" — Thinks I, that's hard upon poor Matrimony, tho'. I hope my Lady don't find it so. But I durst not speak out. *Who all so much admire you*, said she "I must repeat that— Pretty Miss— I wish thou wast as *admirable* for thy Virtue, as for that Baby-face of thine!" — *And I hope to join you there by your Tea-time, in the Afternoon!* — "So, you're in very good Time, Child, an Hour or two hence, to answer all your important Pre-engagements!" — *which will be better than going home, and returning with you; as it will be six Miles Difference to me; and I know the good Company will excuse my Dress on the Occasion.* "Very , any Dress is good enough, I'm sure, for such Company as *admire* thee, Child, for a Companion in thy ruin'd State! — *Jackey, Jackey*, mind, mind again! more fine things still." *I count every Hour of this little Absence for a Day;*—"There's for you! Let me repeat it," *I count every Hour of this little Absence for a Day!*— "Mind too the Wit of the good Man! One may see Love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his Deary; no less than, according to *his* amorous Calculation, a Dozen Days and Nights, at least! and yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a Little Absence. Well said, my good accurate and consistent Brother. —But wise Men in Love, are always the

greatest Simpletons!— But now comes the Reason, why this little Absence, which, at the same time, is so GREAT an Absence, is so *tedious*:" For *I am*, "Ay, now for it!"— *with the utmost Sincerity, My dearest Love*, "Out upon Dearest Love! I shall never love the Word again! Pray bid your Uncle never call me Dearest Love, *Jackey!*" —*For Ever Yours!*—"But, Brother, thou lye'st! —Thou knowest thou dost.— And so, my good Lady *Andrews*, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest Love* will be *for Ever Yours!* And hast thou the Vanity to believe this! —But stay, here is a Postscript. The poor Man knew not when to have done to his *dearest Love*. —He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, *his dearest Love*, you are mighty happy in such a Lover!" —*If you could go to dine with them,*— "Cry your Mercy, my *dearest Love*, now comes the Pre-engagement!" *it will be a Freedom that will be very pleasing to them, and the more as they don't expect it.*

Well, so much for this kind Letter! But you see you cannot honour this admiring Company with this little-expected, and, but in Complaisance to his Folly, I dare say, little-desired Freedom. And I cannot forbear *admiring* you so much myself, my *dearest Love*, that I will not spare you at all, this whole Evening. For 'tis a little hard, if thy Master's Sister may not be blest a little bit with thy charming Company.

So I found I had shewed her my Letter to very little Purpose, and repented it several times, as she read on. —Well then, I hope, said I, your Ladyship will give me Leave to send my Excuses to your good Brother, and say, that your Ladyship is come, and is so fond of me, that you will not let me leave you.— Pretty Creature! said she; and wantest thou thy good Master to come, and quarrel with his Sister on thy Account? —But thou shalt not stir from my Presence; and I would now ask thee, What it is thou meanest by shewing me this Letter?— Why, Madam, said I, to shew your Ladyship how I was engaged for this Day and Evening.— And for nothing else? said she. Why, I can't tell, Madam, said I: But if you can collect from it any other Circumstances, I might hope I should be not the worse treated.

I saw her Eyes began to sparkle with Passion; and she took my Hand, and said, grasping it very hard, I know, confident Creature, that you shew'd it me to insult me!— You shew'd it me, to let me see, that he could be civiller to a Beggar-born, than to me, or to my good Lord *Davers!*— You shew'd it me, as if you'd have me be as credulous a Fool as yourself, to believe your Marriage, when I know the whole Trick of it, and have Reason to believe you do too; and you shew'd it me, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted Dirt, to the Disgrace of a Family, ancient and untainted beyond most in the Kingdom; and now will I give thee One hundred Guineas for one bold Word, that I may fell thee at my Foot.

Was not this very dreadful! To be sure, I had better have kept the Letter from her. I was quite frighten'd!— And this fearful Menace, and her fiery Eyes, and rageful Countenance, made me lose all my Courage!— So I said, weeping, Good your Ladyship, pity me! —Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the World.

Tho' I know, said she, the whole Trick of thy pretended Marriage, and thy foolish Ring here, and all the rest of the wicked Nonsense; yet I should not have Patience with thee, if thou but offerest to let me know thy Vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to my Brother! —I could not bear the Thought!— So take care, *Pamela*; take care, beggarly Brat; take care.

Good your Ladyship, said I, spare my dear Parents. They are honest and industrious: They were once in a very creditable Way, and never were Beggars. Misfortunes may attend any body: And I can bear the cruellest Imputations on myself, because I know my Innocence; but upon such honest, industrious Parents, who lived thro' the greatest Trials, without being beholden to any thing but God's Blessing, and their own hard Labour; I cannot bear Reflection.

What! art thou setting up for a Family, Creature as thou art! God! give me Patience with thee! I suppose my Brother's Folly for thee, and his Wickedness together, will, in a little while, occasion a Search at the Herald's-office, to set out thy wretched Obscurity. Provoke me, I desire thou wilt. One hundred Guineas will I give thee, to say but thou thinkest thou art marry'd to my Brother!

Your Ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say, will please; but your Ladyship is resolved to quarrel with me; since I must not say what I think, on one hand nor another, whatever your Ladyship designs by me, be pleased to do, and let me depart your Presence!

She gave me a Slap on the Hand, and reached to box my Ear; but Mrs. *Jewkes* hearkening without, and her Woman too, they both came in at that Instant; and Mrs. *Jewkes* said, pushing herself in between us, Your Ladyship knows not what you do. Indeed you don't. My Master would never forgive me, if I suffer'd, in his

House, one he so dearly loves, to be so used; and it must not be, tho' you are Lady *Davers*. Her Woman too interposed, and told her, I was not worth her Ladyship's Anger. But she was like a Person beside herself.

I offer'd to go out, and Mrs. *Jewkes* took my Hand, to lead me out: But her Kinsman set his Back against the Door, and put his Hand to his Sword, and said, I should not go, till his Aunt permitted it. He drew it half-way; and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out, Oh! the Sword! the Sword! and, not knowing what I did, I run to my Lady herself, and clasp'd my Arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my Enemy, and said, sinking on my Knees, Defend me, good your Ladyship! The Sword! the Sword! —Mrs. *Jewkes* said, Oh! my Lady will fall into Fits; but Lady *Davers* was, herself, so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her Words, and said, *Jackey*, don't draw your Sword!— You see, as great as her Spirit is, she can't bear that.

Come, said she, be comforted; he shan't fright you!— I'll try to overcome my Anger, and will pity you. So, Wench, rise up, and don't be foolish. Mrs. *Jewkes* held her Salts to my Nose, and I did not faint. And my Lady said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if you would be forgiven, leave *Pamela* and me by ourselves; and, *Jackey*, do you withdraw; only you, *Beck*, stay.

So I sat down in the Window, all in a sad Fluster; for, to be sure, I was sadly frightened. —Said her Woman, You should not sit in my Lady's Presence, Mrs. *Pamela*. Yes, let her sit till she is a little recover'd of her Fright, said my Lady, and set my Chair by her. And so she sat over-against me, and said, To be sure, *Pamela*, you have been very provoking with your Tongue, to be sure you have, as well upon my Nephew, (who is a Man of Quality too) as me. And, palliating her cruel Usage, and beginning, I suppose, to think herself, she had carry'd it further than she could answer it to her Brother, she wanted to lay the Fault upon me; Own, said she, you have been very saucy, and beg my Pardon, and beg *Jackey's* Pardon; and I will try to pity you: For you are a sweet Girl, after all;— if you had but held out, and been honest.

'Tis injurious to me, Madam, said I, to imagine I am not honest! —Said she, Have you not been a-bed with my Brother? tell me that. —Your Ladyship, reply'd I, asks your Questions in a strange Way, and in strange Words.

Oh! your Delicacy is wounded, I suppose, by my plain Question!— This Niceness will soon leave you Wench: It will indeed. But answer me directly. Said I, Then your Ladyship's next Question will be, Am I marry'd? And you won't bear my Answer to that,—and will beat me again.

I han't beat you yet; have I, *Beck*? said she. So you want to make out a Story, do you? —But, indeed, I can't bear thou should'st so much as *think* thou art *my* Sister. I know the whole Trick of it; and so, 'tis my Opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little Cunning, that it may look like a Cloak to thy yielding, and get better Terms from him. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, Wench, thou seest I know the World a little;—almost at much at Thirty-two, as thou dost at Sixteen. —Remember that!

I rose from the Window, and walking to the other End of the Room, Beat me again, if you please, said I; but I must tell your Ladyship, I scorn your Words, and am as much marry'd as your Ladyship!

At that she run to me, but her Woman interposed again; Let the vain wicked Creature go from your Presence, Madam, said she. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your Ladyship. Stand away, *Beck*, said she. That's an Assertion that I would not take from my Brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I! —Is that to be borne? But if the Creature believes she is, Madam, said her Woman, she is to be as much pity'd for her Credulity, as despised for her Vanity.

I was in hopes to have slipt out of the Door; but she caught hold of my Gown, and pulled me back. Pray your Ladyship, said I, don't kill me!— I have done no Harm. —But she lock'd the Door, and put the Key in her Pocket. So seeing Mrs. *Jewkes* before the Window, I lifted up the Sash, and said, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I believe it would be best for the Chariot to go to your Master, and let him know, that Lady *Davers* is here; and I cannot leave her Ladyship.

She was resolved to be displeas'd, let me say what I would. Said she, No, no; he'll then think that I make the Creature my Companion, and know not how to part with her. I thought your Ladyship, reply'd I, could not have taken Exceptions at this Message. Thou knowest nothing, Wench, said she, of what belongs to People of Condition: How shouldst thou? Nor, thought I, do I desire it, at this Rate.

What shall I say, Madam? said I. Nothing at all, reply'd she; let him expect his *Dearest Love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *Hours*, and he will make every one a *Day*, in his amorous Account. —Mrs. *Jewkes* coming nearer me, and my Lady walking about the Room, being then at the End, I whisper'd, Let *Robert* stay at the Elms; I'll have a Struggle for't by-and-by.

As much marry'd as I! repeated she. —The Insolence of the Creature! —And so she walk'd about the Room,

talking to herself, to her Woman, and now—and—then to me; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent. And then it was, Am I not worthy an Answer? If I speak, said I, your Ladyship is angry at me, tho' ever so respectfully; if I do not, I cannot please: Would your Ladyship tell me but how I shall oblige you, and I would do it with all my Heart?

Confess the Truth, said she, that thou't an undone Creature; hast been in Bed with thy Master; and art sorry for it, and for the Mischief thou hast occasion'd between him and me; and then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of Guineas, and some honest Farmer may take Pity of thee, and patch up thy Shame, for the sake of the Money; and if nobody will have thee, thou must vow Penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee.

I was quite sick at Heart, at all this passionate Extravagance, and to be hinder'd from being where was the Desire of my Soul, and afraid too of incurring my dear Master's Displeasure; and, as I sat, I saw it was no hard matter to get out of the Window, into the Front-yard, the Parlour being even with the Yard, and so have a fair Run for it; and after I had seen my Lady at the other End of the Room again, in her Walks, having not pulled down the Sash, when I spoke to Mrs. *Jewkes*, I got upon the Seat, and whipt out in a Minute, and ran away as hard as I could drive, my Lady calling after me to return, and her Woman at the other Window: But two of her Servants appearing at her crying out, and she bidding them stop me, I said, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows; but their Lady's Commands would have prevail'd on them, had not Mr. *Colbrand*, who, it seems, had been kindly order'd, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, to be within Call, when she saw how I was treated, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce Looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and said, He would *chine* the Man, that was his Word, who offer'd to touch his Lady; and so he run alongside of me; and I heard my Lady say, The Creature flies like a Bird! And, indeed, Mr. *Colbrand*, with his huge Strides, could hardly keep pace with me; and I never stopt till I got to the Chariot; and *Robert* had got down, seeing me running at a Distance, and held the Door in his Hand, with the Step ready down; and in I jumpt, without touching the Step, saying, Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my Lady's Reach! And he mounted, and *Colbrand* said, Don't be frighten'd, Madam; nobody shall hurt you. —And shut the Door, and away *Robert* drove; but I was quite out of Breath, and did not recover it, and my Fright, all the Way.

Mr. *Colbrand* was so kind, but I did not know it till the Chariot stopt at Sir *Simon's*, to step up behind the Coach, lest, as he said, my Lady should send after me; and he told Mrs. *Jewkes*, when he got home, that he never saw such a Runner as me, in his Life.

When the Chariot stopt, which was not till Six o'Clock, so long did this cruel Lady keep me, Miss *Darnford* run out to me; O, Madam, said she, ten times welcome! but you'll be beat, I can tell you; for here has been the Squire come these two Hours, and is very angry at you.

That's hard indeed, said I! —Indeed I can't afford it!—for I hardly knew what I said, having not recover'd my Fright. Let me sit down, Miss, anywhere, said I; for I have been sadly off. So I sat down, and was quite sick with the Hurry of my Spirits, and lean'd upon her Arm.

Said she, Your Lord and Master came in very moody; and when he had staid an Hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and said, He did not expect so little Complaisance from you. And he is now sat down, with great Persuasions, to a Game at Loo. —Come, you must make your Appearance, Lady fair; for he's too sullen to attend you, I doubt.

You have no Strangers, have you, Miss, said I? — Only two Women Relations from *Stamford*, reply'd she, and an humble Servant of one of them. —Only all the World, Miss! said I. —What shall I do, if he be angry? I can't bear that.

Just as I had said so, came in Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones*, to chide me, as they said, for not coming sooner. And before I could speak, came in my dear Master. I ran to him. How d'ye, *Pamela*, said he, and saluted me, with a little more Formality than I could well bear. —I expected half a Word from me, when I was so complaisant to your Choice, would have determin'd you, and that you'd been here to Dinner;—and the rather, as I made my Request a reasonable one, and what, I thought, would be agreeable to you. O dear Sir, said I, pray, pray hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeas'd: Mrs. *Jewkes* will tell you, that as soon as I had your kind Commands, I said, I would obey you, and come to Dinner with these good Ladies; and so prepared myself instantly, with all the Pleasure in the World. Lady *Darnford* and Miss said, I was their Dear! —Look you, said Miss, did I not tell you, Stately—ones, that something must have happen'd? But O these Tyrants! these Men!

Why, what hinder'd it, my Dear? said he: Give yourself Time; you seem out of Breath! —O Sir, said I, Out of Breath! well I may! —For, just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the Court-yard, but Lady *Davers*! —Lady *Davers*! Nay, then, my sweet Dear, said he, and kissed me more tenderly, hast thou had a worse Trial than I wish thee, from one of the haughtiest Women in *England*, tho' my Sister! —For she, too, my *Pamela*, was spoiled by my good Mother! —But have you seen her?

Yes, Sir, said I, and more than seen her! —Why, sure, said he, she has not had the Insolence to strike my Girl!— Sir, said I, but tell me you forgive me; for indeed I could not come sooner; and these good Ladies but excuse me; and I'll tell you all another time; for to take up the good Company's Attention now, will spoil their Pleasantry, and be to them, tho' more important to me, like the Lady's broken China, you caution'd me about.

That's a dear Girl! said he; I see my Hints are not thrown away upon you; and I beg Pardon for being angry at you; and, for the future, will stay till I hear your Defence before I judge you. Said Miss *Darnford*, This is a little better! To own a Fault, is some Reparation; and what every lordly Husband will not do. He said, But tell me, my Dear, Did Lady *Davers* offer you any Incivility? O Sir, reply'd I, she is your Sister, and I must not tell you all; but she has used me very severely. Did you tell her, said he, you was marry'd?— Yes, Sir, I did at last: But she will have it, 'tis a Sham-marriage, and that I am a vile Creature: And she was ready to beat me, when I said so; for she could not have Patience that I should be deem'd her Sister, as she said.

How unlucky it was, reply'd he, I was not at home? — Why did you not send to me here? Send, Sir! I was kept Prisoner by Force. They would not let me stir, or do you think, I would have been hinder'd from obeying you? Nay, I told them, that I had a Pre-engagement; but she ridiculed me, and said, Waiting-maids talk of Pre-engagements! and then I shew'd her your kind Letter; and she made a thousand Remarks upon it, and made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her; and I was a *Creature*, and *Wench*, and all that was naught. But you must not be angry with her, on my Account.

Well, but, said he, I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with her; for she came before Dinner, I suppose, if it was soon after you had received my Letter? No, Sir, dine with my *Lady*! no indeed! Why, she would make me wait at Table upon her, with her Woman, because she would not expose herself and me before the Men-servants; which, you know, Sir, was very good of her Ladyship.

Well, said he, but *did* you wait at Table upon her? Would you have had me, Sir? said I.— Only, *Pamela*, reply'd he, if you did, and knew not what belong'd to your Character, as my Wise, I shall be very angry with you. Sir, said I, I did not; but refused it, out of Consideration of the Dignity you have raised me to; else, Sir, I could have waited on my Knees upon your Sister.

Now, said he, you confirm my Opinion of your Prudence and Judgment. She is an insolent Woman, and shall dearly repent it. But, Sir, she is to be excus'd, because she won't believe I am indeed marry'd; so don't be too angry at her Ladyship.

He said, Ladies, pray don't let us keep you from the Company; I'll only ask a Question or two more, and attend you. Said Lady *Jones*, I so much long to hear this Story of poor Madam's Persecution, that if it was not improper, I should be glad to stay. Miss *Darnford* would stay for the same Reason; my Master saying, he had no Secrets to ask, and that it was kind of them to interest themselves in my Grievances.

But Lady *Darnford* went in to the Company, and told them the Cause of my Detention; for, it seems, my dear Master loved me too well, to keep to himself the Disappointment my not being here to receive him, had given him; and they had all given the two Miss *Boroughs's*, and Mr. *Perry*, the *Stamford* Guests, such a Character of me, that they said they were impatient to see me.

Said my Master, But, *Pamela*, you said, *They* and *Them*; Who had my Sister with her, besides her Woman? Her Nephew, Sir, and three Footmen on Horseback; and she and her Woman were in her Chariot and Six.

That's a sad Coxcomb, said he: How did he behave to you?— Not extraordinarily, Sir; but I should not complain; for I was even with him; because I thought I ought not to bear with him as with my Lady.

By Heaven! said he, if I knew he behav'd unhandsomely to my Jewel, I'd send him home to his Uncle without his Ears. Indeed, Sir, return'd I, I was as hard upon him, as he was upon me. Said he, 'Tis kind to make the best for them. But I believe I shall make them dearly repent their Visit, if I find their Behaviour to call for my Resentment.

But, sure, my Dear, you might have got away when you went to your own Dinner? Indeed, Sir, said I, her Ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir.— So you han't eat any Dinner? No, indeed, Sir, nor had a Stomach to any. My poor Dear! said he. But then, how got you away at last? —O, Sir, reply'd I, I jump'd out of

the Parlour Window, and run away to the Chariot, which had waited for me several Hours, by the Elm-walk, from the Time of my Lady's coming (for I was just going, as I said); and Mr. *Colbrand* saw me thro' her Servants, whom she call'd to, to stop me; and was so kind to step behind the Chariot, unknown to me, and saw me safe here.

I'm sure, said he, these insolent Creatures must have treated you vilely. But tell me, What Part did Mrs. *Jewkes* act in this Affair? A very kind Part, Sir, said I, in my Behalf; and I shall thank her for it. Sweet Creature, said he, thou makest the best for every body; but I hope she deserves it; for she knew you are married. —But come, we'll now join the Company, and try to forget all you have suffer'd, for two or three Hours, that we may not fill the Company with our Concerns; and resume the Subject as we go home. And you shall find, I will do you Justice as I ought. But you forgive me, Sir, said I, and are not angry? Forgive you, my Dear! return'd he. —I hope you forgive me! —I shall never make you Satisfaction for what you have suffer'd *from* me, and *for* me! And with those Words, he led me into the Company.

He very kindly presented me to the two Stranger Ladies, and the Gentleman, and them to me; and Sir *Simon*, who was at Cards, rose from Table, and saluted me: Adad! Madam, said he, I'm glad to see you here. What, it seems you have been a Prisoner! 'Tis well you was, or your Spouse and I should have sat in Judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful Punishment for your first Crime of *Læsæ Majestatis* (I had this explained to me afterwards, as a sort of Treason against my Liege Lord and Husband). For we Husbands, hereabout, said he, are resolv'd to turn over a new Leas with our Wives, and *your* Lord and Master shall shew us the Way, I can tell you that. But I see by your Eyes, my sweet Culprit, added he, and your Complexion, you have had sour Sauce to your sweet Meat.

Miss *Darnford* said, I think we are oblig'd to our sweet Guest, at last; for she was forced to jump out at a Window to come to us. Indeed! said Mrs. *Peters*;—and my Master's Back being turn'd, says she, Lady *Davers*, when a Maiden, was always vastly passionate; but a very good Lady when it was over. And she'd make nothing of slapping her Maids about, and begging their Pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently; otherwise she used to say, The *Creatures* were even with her.

Ay, said I, I have been a many *Creatures* and *Wenches*, and I know not what; for these were the best of her Names. And I thought I ought to act up to the Part her dear Brother has given me; and so, truly, I have but just escaped a good Cuffing.

Miss *Boroughs* said to her Sister, as I heard, but she did not design it, What a sweet Creature is this! And then she takes so little upon her, is so free, so easy, and owns the Honour done her so obligingly! Said Mr. *Perry*, softly, The loveliest Person I ever saw! Who could have the Heart to be angry with her one Moment?

Says Miss *Darnford*, Here, my dearest Neighbour, these Gentry are admiring you strangely; and Mr. *Perry* says, you are the loveliest Lady he ever saw; and says it to his own Mistress's Face too, I'll assure you—Or else, says Miss *Boroughs*, I should think he much flatter'd me.

O Miss, return'd I, you are exceedingly obliging; but your kind Opinion ought to learn me Humility, and to reverence so generous a Worth as can give a Preference against yourself, where it is so little due. Indeed, Madam, said Miss *Nanny Boroughs*, I love my Sister well; but it would be a high Compliment to any Lady, to be deem'd worthy of a second or third Place after you.

There is no answering such Politeness, said I: I am sure Lady *Davers*, was very cruel to keep me from such kind Company. 'Twas our Loss, Madam, said Miss *Darnford*. I'll allow it, said I, in Degree, Miss; for you have all been deprived, several Hours, of an humble Admirer.

Mr. *Perry* said, I never before saw so young a Lady shine forth with such Graces of Mind and Person. Alas! Sir, said I, my Master coming up, Mine is but a borrow'd Shine, like that of the Moon: Here is the Sun, to whose fervent Glow of Generosity I owe all the saint Lustre that your Goodness is pleased to look upon with so much kind Distinction.

Mr. *Perry* was pleased to hold up his Hands; and the Ladies look'd upon one another. And my Master said, hearing part of the last Sentence, What's the pretty Subject, that my *Pamela* is displaying, so sweetly, her Talents upon?

Oh! Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, I will pronounce you the happiest Gentleman in *England*. And I, said Miss *Boroughs*; And I, said Miss *Darnford*; And I, said each of the other.

My Master said, most generously, Thank ye, Thank ye, Thank ye, all round, my dear Friends. I know not your Subject; but if you believe me so, for a single Instance of this dear Girl's Goodness, what must I think myself,

when blest with a thousand Instances, and experiencing it in every single Act and Word! I do assure you, my *Pamela's* Person, all lovely as you see it, is far short of her Mind; That first impress'd me in her Favour; but that only made me her *Lover* : But they were the Beauties of her Mind, that made me her *Husband* ; and proud, my sweet Dear, said he, pressing my Hand, am I of that Title.

Well, said Mr. *Perry*, very kindly and politely, Excellent as your Lady is, I know not the Gentleman that could deserve her, but that one, who could say such just and such fine things.

I was all abash'd; and took Miss *Darnford's* Hand, and said, Save me, dear Miss, by your sweet Example, from my rising Pride. But could I deserve half these kind things, what a happy Creature should I be! Said Miss *Darnford*, You deserve them all, indeed you do.

The greatest Part of the Company being sat down to Loo, my Master being press'd, said, he would take one Game at Whist; but had rather be excused too, having been up all Night; and I asked how his Friend did? We'll talk of that, said he, another time; which, and his Seriousness, made me fear the poor Gentleman was dead, as it prov'd.

We cast in, and Miss *Boroughs* and my Master were together, and Mr. *Perry* and I; and I had all four Honours the first time, and we were up at one Deal. Said my Master, An honourable Hand, *Pamela*, should go with an honourable Heart; but you'd not have been up, if a Knave had not been one. Whist, Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, you know, was a Court Game originally, and the Knave, I suppose, signified always the prime Minister.

'Tis well, said my Master, if now there is but One Knave in a Court, out of Four Persons, take the Court thro'.

The King and Queen, Sir, said Mr. *Perry*, *can* do no Wrong, you know. So there are Two that *must* be good out of Four; and the Ace seems too plain a Card to mean much Hurt.

We compliment the King, said my Master, in that manner; and 'tis well to do so, because there is something sacred in the Character. But yet, if Force of Example be consider'd, it is going a great way; for certainly a good Master makes a good Servant, generally speaking.

One thing, added he, in regard to the Ace; I have always look'd upon that plain and honest-looking Card, in the Light you do. And have consider'd Whist as an *English* Game in its Original; which has made me fonder of it than of any other. For, by the Ace, I have always thought the Laws of the Land denoted; and, as the Ace is above the King or Queen, and wins them; I think the Law should be thought so too; tho', may-be, I shall be deem'd a *Whig* for my Opinion.

I shall never play at Whist, said Mr. *Perry*, without thinking of this, and shall love the Game the better for the Thought; tho' I am no Party-man. Nor I, said my Master; for I think the Distinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* odious; and love the one or the other, only as they are honest and worthy Men; and have never, (nor ever shall, I hope) given a Vote, but according to what I thought was for the publick Good, let either *Whig* or *Tory* propose it.

I wish, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Perry*, all Gentlemen, in your Station, would act so. If there was no undue Influence, said my Master, I am willing to think so well of all Mankind, that I believe they generally would.

But you see, said he, by my *Pamela's* Hand, when all the Court-cards get together, and are acted by *one Mind*, the Game is usually turn'd accordingly. Tho' now-and-then, too, it may be so circumstanced, that *Honours* will do them no Good; and they are forced to depend altogether upon *Tricks*.

I thought this way of Talking prettier than the Game itself. But I said, Tho' I have won the Game, I hope, Sirs, I am no *Trickster* . No, said my Master, God forbid but *Court-cards* should *sometimes* win with *Honour*! But you see, for all that, your Game is as much owing to the *Knave*, as the *King*; and you, my Fair-one, lost no Advantage, when it was put into your Power.

Else, Sir, said I, I should not have done Justice to my Partner: You are certainly right, *Pamela*, reply'd he; tho' you thereby beat your Husband. Sir, said I, You may be my Partner next, and I must do Justice, you know. Well, said he, always chuse so worthy a Friend, as Chance has given you for a Partner, and I shall never find Fault with you, do what you will.

Mr. *Perry* said, You are very good to me, Sir; and Miss *Boroughs*, I observed, seem'd pleas'd with the Compliment to her humble Servant; by which I saw she esteem'd him, as he seems to deserve. Dear-sirs! said I, how much better is this, than to be lock'd in by Lady *Davers*?

The Supper was brought in sooner on my Account, because I had had no Dinner; and there passed very agreeable Compliments on the Occasion. Lady *Darnford* would help me first, because I had so long fasted, as she said. Sir *Simon* would have placed himself next me: And my Master said, he thought it was best, where there was

an equal Number of Ladies and Gentlemen, that they should sit intermingled, that the Gentlemen might be employ'd in helping and serving the Ladies. Lady *Darnford* said, She hoped Sir *Simon* would not sit above any Ladies, at his own Table especially. Well, said he, I shall fit over-against her however; and that's as well.

My dearest Sir could not keep his Eye off me, and seem'd generously to be delighted with all I did, and all I said; and every one was pleased to see his kind and affectionate Behaviour to me.

Lady *Jones* brought up the Discourse about Lady *Davers* again; and my Master said, I fear, *Pamela* you have been hardly used, more than you'll say. I know my Sister's passionate Temper too well, to believe she could be over-civil to you, especially as it happen'd so unluckily that I was out. If, added he, she had had no Pique to you, my Dear, yet what has passed between her and me, has so exasperated her, that I know she would have quarrel'd with my *Horse*, if she had thought I valued it, and nobody else was in her way. Dear Sir, said I, don't say so of good Lady *Davers*.

Said he, Why, my Dear, I know she came on purpose to quarrel; and had she not found herself under a very violent Uneasiness, after what had passed between us, and my Treatment of her Lord's Letter, she would not have offer'd to come near me. What sort of Language had she for me, *Pamela*? O, Sir, very good, only *her well-manner'd Brother*, and such as that!

Only, said he, 'tis taking up the Attention of the Company disagreeably, or I could tell you almost every Word she said. Lady *Jones* wish'd to hear a further Account of my Lady's Conduct, and most of the Company join'd with her, particularly Mrs. *Peters*; who said, That as they knew the Story, and Lady *Davers's* Temper, tho' she was very good in the main, they could wish to be so agreeably entertain'd, if he and I pleas'd; because they imagin'd I should have no Difficulties after this.

Tell me then, *Pamela*, said he, did she lift up her Hand at you? Did she strike you? But I hope not! A little Slap of the Hand, said I, or so!— Insolent Woman! She did not, I hope, offer to strike your Face? Why, said I, I was a little saucy once or twice, and she would have given me a Cuff on the Ear, if her Woman and Mrs. *Jewkes* had not interpos'd? Why did you not come out at the Door? Because, said I, her Ladyship sat her Chair against it, one while, and another while lock'd it; else I offer'd, several times, to get away.

She knew I expected you here? You say, you shew'd her my Letter to you? Yes, Sir, said I; but I had better not; for she was then more exasperated, and made strange Comments upon it. I doubt it not, said he; but, did she not see, by the kind Epithets in it, that there was room to think we were marry'd? O, Sir, reply'd I, and made the Company smile, she said, For that very Reason, she was sure I was not marry'd.

That's like my Sister! said he, exactly like her; and yet she lives very happily herself. For her poor Lord never contradicts her. Indeed he *dare* not.

You was a great many *Wenches*, was you not, my Dear? for that's a great Word with her. —Yes, Sir, said I, *Wenches* and *Creatures* out of Number; and worse than all that. What? tell me, my Dear. Sir, said I, I must not have you angry with Lady *Davers*. While you are so good to me, 'tis all nothing, only the Trouble that I cannot be suffer'd to shew how much I honour her Ladyship, as your Sister.

Well, said he, you need not be afraid to tell me: I must love her, after all; tho' I shall not be pleas'd with her on this Occasion. And I know it is her mistaken Love for me, that makes her so uneasy; and, after all, she comes, I know, to be reconciled to me; tho' it must be thro' a good hearty Quarrel first. For she can shew a deal of Sun-shine; but it must be always after a Storm. And I'll love her dearly, if she has not been, and will not be, too hard upon my Dearest.

Mr. *Peters* said, Sir, you are very good, and very kind. I love to see this Complaisance to your Sister, tho' she be in Fault, so long as you can shew it with so much Justice to the sweetest Innocence and Merit in the World. By all that's good, Mr. *Peters*, said he, I'd present my Sister with One thousand Pounds, if she would kindly take my dear *Pamela* by the Hand, and wish her Joy, and call her Sister! — And yet I should be unworthy of the dear Creature that smiles upon me there, if it was not principally for her sake, and the Pleasure it would give her, that I say this: For I will never be thoroughly reconciled to my Sister, till she does; for I most sincerely think, as to myself, that my dear Spouse, there she sits, does me more Honour in her new Relation, than she receives from me!

Sir, said I, I am overwhelm'd with your Goodness! —And my Eyes were filled with Tears of Joy and Gratitude. And all the Company, with one Voice, blessed him. And Lady *Jones* was pleased to say, The Company and Behaviour of you two happy Ones to each other, are the most edifying I ever knew. I am always improv'd

when I see you. How happy would every good Lady be with such a Gentleman, and every good Gentleman with such a Lady! —In short, you seem made for one another.

O, Madam, said I, you are so kind, so good to me, that I know not how to thank you enough. Said she, You deserve more than I can express; for, to all who know your Story, you are a matchless Person. You are an Ornament to our Sex, and your Virtue, tho' your dear Spouse is so excellent and generous as he is, has met with no more than its due Reward. And God long bless you together.

You are, said my dearest Sir, very good to me, Madam, I am sure. I have taken Liberties in my former Life, that deserved not so much Excellence. I have offended extremely, by Trials glorious to my *Pamela*, but disgraceful to me, against a Virtue that I now consider as almost sacred; and I shall not think I deserve her, till I can bring my Manners, my Sentiments, and my Actions, to a Conformity with her own. And, in short, my *Pamela*, said he, I want you to be nothing but what you are, and have been. You cannot be better; and if you could, it would be but filling me with Despair to attain the awful Heights of Virtue, at which you are arrived. Perhaps, added the dear Gentleman, the Scene I have beheld within these twelve Hours, has made me more serious than otherwise I should have been; But I'll assure you, before all this good Company, I speak the Sentiments of my Heart; and those not of this Day only.

What a happy Daughter is yours, O my dear Father and Mother! I owe it all to God's Grace, and yours and my good Lady's Instructions; and to these let me always look back with grateful Acknowledgments, that I may not impute to myself, and be proud, my very great Happiness.

The Company were so kindly pleas'd with our Concerns, and my dear Master's Goodness, that he observing their Indulgence, and being himself curious to know what had pass'd between my Lady and me, repeated his Question, What she had call'd me besides Wench and Creature? And I said, My Lady, supposing I was wicked, lamented over me very kindly, my Depravity and Fall, and said what a thousand Pities it was, so much Virtue, as she was pleas'd to say, was so destroy'd, and that I had yielded after so noble a Stand, as she said.

Excuse me, Gentlemen and Ladies, said I; you know my Story, it seems; and I am commanded by one, who has a Title to all my Obedience, to proceed.

They gave all of them Bows of Approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my Story.—

I told her Ladyship, continued I, that I was still innocent, and would be so, and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise! Why, tell me, Wench, said she,—but I think I must not tell you what she said. Yes, do, said my Master, to clear my Sister; we shall think it very bad else.

I held my Hand before my Face, and said, Why, she said, Tell me, Wench, hast thou not been a-bed with thy Master! —That she said. —And when I said, she ask'd strange Questions, and in strange Words, she ridicul'd my Delicacy, as she call'd it, and said my Niceness would not last long. She said, I must know I was not really marry'd, that my Ring was only a Sham, and all was my Cunning to cloak my yielding, and get better Terms: She said, she knew the World as much at Thirty-two, as I did at Sixteen; and bid me remember that.

I took the Liberty to say, (but I got a good way off) That I scorn'd her Ladyship's Words, and was as much marry'd as her Ladyship. And then, Goodsirs, I had certainly been cuff'd, if her Woman had not interposed, and told her I was not worth her Anger; and that I was as much to be pitied for my Credulity, as despis'd for my Vanity.

My poor *Pamela*, said my Master, this was too-too hard upon you! O Sir, said I, how much easier it was to me, than if it had been so! —That would have broke my Heart quite! —For then I should have deserv'd it all, and worse; and these Reproaches, added to my own Guilt, would have made me truly wretched!

Lady *Darnford*, at whose Right-hand I sat, kissed me with a kind of Rapture, and call'd me a sweet Exemplar for all my Sex. Mr. *Peters* said very handsome Things. So did Mr. *Perry*; and Sir *Simon* had Tears in his Eyes, and said to my Master, Why, Neighbour, Neighbour, this is excellent, by my Troth. I believe there is something in Virtue, that we had not well considered. On my Soul there has been but one Angel come down for these thousand Years, and you have got her.

Well, my Dearest, said my Master, pray proceed with your Story till we have done Supper, since the Ladies seem pleas'd with it. Why, Sir, said I, her Ladyship went on in the same manner; but said one time, (and held me by the Hand) she would give me a hundred Guineas for one provoking Word, or if I would but say, I *believ'd* myself marry'd, that she might sell me at her Foot. But, Sir, you must not be angry with her Ladyship. She call'd me *Painted Dirt*, *Baby-face*, *Waiting-maid*, *Beggar-brat*, and *Beggar-born*; but I said, as long as I knew my

Innocence, I was easy in every thing, but to have my dear Parents abused. I said, they were never Beggars, nor beholden to any body; nor to any thing but God's Grace, and their own Labour: That they once lived in Credit; that Misfortunes might befall any body; and that I could not bear they should be treated so undeservedly.

Then her Ladyship said, Ay, she supposed my Master's Folly would make us now set up for a Family, and that the Herald's Office would shortly be search'd to make it out.

Exactly my Sister again! said he. So you could not please her any way?

No, indeed, Sir. When she commanded me to fill her a Glass of Wine, and would not let her Woman do it, she ask'd, If I was above it? I then said, If, to attend your Ladyship at Table, or even kneel at your Feet, was requir'd of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the Person you think me. But, if it be to triumph over one, who has received Honours that she thinks require from her another Part, that she may not be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I cannot do it. This quite astonish'd her Ladyship; and a little before, her Kinsman brought me the Bottle and Glass, and requir'd me for fill it for my Lady at her Command, and call'd himself my Deputy; and I said, 'Tis in a good Hand; help my Lady yourself. So, Sir, added I, you see I could be a little saucy upon Occasion.

You please me well, my *Pamela*, said he. This was quite right. But proceed.

Her Ladyship said, She was astonish'd! adding, She suppos'd I would have her look upon me as her Brother's Wife: And ask'd me, What, in the Name of Impudence, possessed me, to *dare* to look upon myself as her Sister! And I said, That was a Question better became her most worthy Brother to answer than me. And then I thought I should have had her Ladyship upon me; but her Woman interposed.

I afterwards told Mrs. *Jewkes* at the Window, That since I was hinder'd from going to you, I believ'd it was best to let *Robert* go with the Chariot, and say, Lady *Davers* was come, and I could not leave her Ladyship. But this did not please, and I thought it would, too; for she said, No, no, he'll think I make the Creature my Companion, and know not how to part with her.

Exactly, said he, my Sister again!

And she said, I knew nothing what belong'd to People of Condition; how should I? —What *shall* I say, Madam? said I. Nothing at all, answer'd she; let him expect his *dearest Love*, alluding to your kind Epithet in your Letter, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more Hours to this heavy Absence, and every one will become a Day in his amorous Account.

So, to be short, I saw nothing to be done, and I fear'd, Sir, you would wonder at my Stay, and be angry; and I watch'd my Opportunity, while my Lady, who was walking about the Room, was at the further End; and the Parlour being a Ground-floor in a manner, I jump'd out of the Window, and run for it.

Her Ladyship call'd after me; so did her Woman; and I heard her say, I flew like a Bird; and she call'd to two of her Servants in Sight to stop me; but I said, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows. And Mr. *Colbrand* having been planted at hand by Mrs. *Jewkes*, (who was very good in the whole Affair,) and incurr'd her Ladyship's Displeasure, once or twice, by taking my Part, seeing how I was us'd) put on a fierce Look, cock'd his Hat with one Hand, and put t'other on his Sword, and said, He would chine the Man who offer'd to touch his Lady. And so he ran a long-side of me, and could hardly keep Pace with me: —And here, my dear Sir, concluded I, I am, at yours, and the good Company's Service.

They seem'd highly pleas'd with my Relation; and my Master said, he was glad Mrs. *Jewkes* behav'd so well, as also Mr. *Colbrand*. Yes, Sir, said I, when Mrs. *Jewkes* interposed once, her Ladyship said, It was hard, she, who was born in that House, could not have some Privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy Servants. And she call'd her another time *Fat-face*, and *woman'd* her most violently.

Well, said my Master, I am glad, my Dear, you have had such an Escape. My Sister was always passionate, as Mrs. *Peters* knows. And my poor Mother had enough to do with us both. For we neither of us wanted Spirit; and when I was a Boy, I never came home from School or College, for a few Days, but tho' we long'd to see one another before, yet ere the first Day was over, we had a Quarrel; for she being seven Years older than me, was always for domineering over me, and I could not bear it. And I used, on her frequently quarrelling with the Maids, and being always a Word and a Blow, to call her Captain *Bab*; for her Name is *Barbara*. And when my Lord *Davers* courted her, my poor Mother has made up Quarrels between them three times in a Day; and I, used to tell her, she would certainly beat her Husband, marry whom she would, if he did not beat her first, and break her Spirit.

Yet has she, continued he, very good Qualities. She was a dutiful Daughter, is a good Wife; she is bountiful to

her Servants, firm in her Friendships, charitable to the Poor, and, I believe, never any Sister better loved a Brother, than she me: And yet, she always lov'd to vex and teaze me; and as I would bear a Resentment longer than she, she'd be one Moment the most provoking Creature in the World, and the next would do any thing to be forgiven; and I have made her, when she was the Aggressor, follow me all over the House and Garden to be upon good Terms with me.

But this Case piques her the more, because she had found out a Match for me, in the Family of a Person of Quality, and had set her Heart upon bringing it to Effect, and had even proceeded far in it, without my Knowledge, and brought me into the Lady's Company, unknowing of her Design: But I was then averse to Matrimony at all; and was angry at her proceeding in it so far without my Privity or Encouragement: And she cannot, for this Reason, bear the Thoughts of my being now marry'd; and to her Mother's Waiting-maid too, as she reminds my dear *Pamela*, when I had declin'd her Proposal with the Daughter of a noble Earl.

This is the whole Case, said he; and allowing for the Pride and Violence of her Spirit, and that she knows not, as I do, the transcendent Excellencies of my dear Spouse, and that all her View, in her own Conception, is, mine and my Family's Honour, she is a little to be allow'd for. Tho' never fear, my *Pamela*, but that I, who never had a Struggle with her, that I did not get the better, will do you Justice, and myself too.

This Account of Lady *Davers* pleas'd every body, and was far from being to her Ladyship's Disadvantage in the main: And I would do any thing in the World to have the Honour to be in her Ladyship's good Graces. Yet I fear it will not be easily, if at all effected. But I will proceed!

After Supper, nothing would serve Miss *Darnford* and Miss *Boroughs*, but we must have a Dance, and Mr. *Peters*, who plays a good Fiddle, urg'd it forward; my dear Master, tho' in a Riding-dress, danc'd (and danc'd sweetly) with Miss *Boroughs*.

Sir *Simon*, for a Gentleman of his Years, danc'd well, and took me out; but put on one of his free Jokes, that I was fitter to dance with a younger Gentleman; and he would have it, tho' I had not danc'd since my dear Lady's Death to signify, except once or twice to please Mrs. *Jervis*, and indeed believ'd all my dancing Days over, that as my Master and I were the best Dancers, we should dance once together *before* Folks, as the odd Gentleman said; and my dear Sir was pleas'd to oblige him: And he afterwards danc'd with Miss *Darnford*, who I think has much more Skill and Judgment than I; tho' they compliment me with an easier Shape and Air.

We left the Company, with great Difficulty, at about Eleven, my dear Master having been up all Night before, and we being at the greatest Distance from Home; tho' they seem'd inclinable not to break up so soon, as they were Neighbours; and the Ladies said they long'd to hear what would be the End of Lady *Davers's* Interview with her Brother.

My Master said, He fear'd we must not now think of going next Day to *Bedfordshire*, as we had intended, and perhaps might see them again. And so we took Leave, and set out for Home; where we arriv'd not till Twelve o' Clock; and found Lady *Davers* had gone to Bed about Eleven, wanting sadly that we should come home first; but so did not I.

Mrs. *Jewkes* told us, That my Lady was sadly fretted, that I had got away so; and seem'd a little apprehensive of what I would say of the Usage I had receiv'd from her. She ask'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, If she thought I was really marry'd? And Mrs. *Jewkes* telling her, Yes, she fell into a Passion, and said, Begone, bold Woman; I cannot bear thee. See not my Face till I send for thee. Thou hast been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worse than ever. She said, She would not have told her Ladyship, if she had not ask'd her; and was sorry she had offended.

She sent for her at Supper-time; Said she, I have another Question to ask thee, Woman, and tell me Yes, if thou darest. Was ever any thing so odd? — Why then, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I will say No, before your Ladyship speaks. — My Master laugh'd, Poor Woman! said he. — She call'd her *insolent*, and *Assurance*; and said, Begone, bold Woman as thou art; — but come hither. Dost thou know if that young Harlot is to lie with my Brother to-night?

She said, she knew not what to answer, because she had threaten'd her, if she said Yes. But at last, my Lady said, I will know the Bottom of this Iniquity. I suppose they won't have so much Impudence to lie together, while I'm in the House; but I dare say they have been Bed-fellows.

Said she, I will lie to-night in the Room I was born in; so get that Bed ready. That Room being our Bed-chamber, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after some Hesitation, reply'd, Madam, my Master lies there, and has the Key. I

believe, Woman, said she, thou tellest me a Story Indeed Madam, said she, he does; and has some Papers there he will let nobody see; for Mrs. *Jewkes* said, she fear'd she would beat her, if she went up, and found by my Cloaths, and some of my Master's, how it was.

So she said, I will then lie in the best Room, as it is called; and *Jackey* shall lie in the little green Room adjoining to it. Has thy Master got the Key of those? — No, Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*; I will order them to be made ready for your Ladyship.

And where dost thou lay thy pursy Sides, said she? Up two Pair of Stairs, Madam, next the Garden And where lies the young Harlotry, continued she? Sometimes with me, Madam, said she. And sometimes with thy virtuous Master, I suppose, said my Lady.— Ha, Woman! what say'st thou? I must not speak, said Mrs. *Jewkes*. Well, thou mayst go, said she; but thou hast the Air of a Secret-keeper of that sort: I dare say thou'lt set the good Work forward most cordially. Poor Mrs. *Jewkes*! said my Master, and laugh'd most heartily.

This Talk we had whilst we were undressing. So she and her Woman lay together in the Room my Master lay in before I was happy.

I said, Dear Sir, pray in the Morning let me lock myself up in the Closet, as soon as you rise; and not be call'd down for ever so much; for I am afraid to see her Ladyship: And I will employ myself about my Journal, while these Things are in my Head. Don't be afraid, my Dear, said he; am not I with you?

Mrs. *Jewkes* pity'd me for what I had undergone in the Day; and I said, We won't make the worst of it to my dear Master, because we won't exasperate where we would reconcile; but, added I, I am much oblig'd to you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I thank you. Said my Master, I hope she did not beat your Lady, Mrs. *Jewkes*? Not much, Sir, said she; but I believe I sav'd my Lady once: Yet, added she, I was most vex'd at the young Lord. Ay, Mrs. *Jewkes*, said my Master, let me know his Behaviour. I can chastise him, tho' I cannot my Sister, who is a Woman; let me therefore know the Part he acted.

Nothing, my dear Sir, said I, but Impertinence, if I may so say, and Foolishness, that was very provoking; but I spar'd him not, and so there is no Room, Sir, for your Anger. No, Sir, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, nothing else indeed.

How was her Woman? said my Master. Pretty impertinent, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, as Ladies Women will be. But, said I, you know she sav'd me once or twice. Very, Madam, return'd Mrs. *Jewkes*. And she said to me at Table, continued she, that you was a sweet Creature; she never saw your Equal; but that you had a Spirit, and she was sorry you answer'd her Lady so, who never bore so much Contradiction before. I told her, added Mrs. *Jewkes*, that if I was in your Ladyship's Place, I should have taken much more upon me, and that you was all Sweetness. And she said, I was got over, she saw.

TUESDAY Morning, the Sixth of my Happiness.

My Master had said to Mrs. *Jewkes*, That he should not rise till Eight or Nine, as he had lay up all the Night before; but it seems, my Lady, knowing he usually rose about Six, got up soon after that Hour, rais'd her Woman, and her Nephew; having a whimsical Scheme in her Head, to try to find whether we were in Bed together: And at about half an Hour after Six, she rapt at our Chamber-door.

My Master was wak'd at the Noise, and asked who was there? Open the Door, said she; open it this Minute! I said, clinging about his Neck, Dear, dear Sir, pray, pray don't! —O save me, save me! Don't fear, *Pamela*, said he. The Woman's mad, I believe.

But he call'd out, Who are you? What do you want?— You know my Voice well enough, said she!— I *will* come in! —Pray, Sir, said I, don't let her Ladyship in. —Don't be frighted, my Dear, said he; she thinks we are not marry'd, and are afraid to be found a-bed together. I'll let her in; but she shan't come near my Dearest.

So he slipt out of Bed, and putting on some of his Cloaths, and Gown, and Slippers, he said, What bold body dares disturb my Repose thus? and open'd the Door. In rush'd she; I'll see your Wickedness, said she, I will! In vain shall you think to hide it from me! —What should I hide? said he. How dare you set a Foot into my House after the Usage I have receiv'd from you? —I had cover'd myself over Head and Ears, and trembled every Joint. He look'd and 'spy'd her Woman, and Kinsman, in the Room, she crying out, Bear Witness, *Jackey*; bear Witness, *Beck*; the Creature is now in his Bed. And not seeing the young Gentleman before, who was at the Feet of the Bed, he said, How now, Sir? What's your Business in this Apartment! Begone this Moment! —And he went away directly.

Beck, said my Lady, you see the Creature is in his Bed. I do, Madam, answer'd she. My Master came to me, and said, Ay look, *Beck*, and bear Witness; here is my *Pamela*! —My dear Angel, my lovely Creature, don't be afraid; look up, and see how frantickly this Woman of Quality behaves.

At that I just peep'd, and saw my Lady, who could not bear this, coming to me; and she said, Wicked abandon'd Wretch, vile Brother, to brave me thus! I'll tear the Creature out of Bed before your Face, and expose you both as you deserve.

At that he took her in his Arms, as if she had been nothing, and carrying her out of the Room, she cry'd out, *Beck, Beck!* help me, *Beck*; the Wretch is going to fling me down Stairs. Her Woman ran to him, and said, Good Sir, for God's sake, do no Violence to my Lady: Her Ladyship has been ill all Night.

He sat her down in the Chamber she lay in, and she could not speak for Passion. Take care of your Lady, said he; and when she has render'd herself more worthy of my Attention, I'll see her; till then, at her Peril, and yours too, come not near my Apartment. And so he came to me, and with all the sweet soothing Words in the world, pacify'd my Fears, and gave me Leave to go to write in my Closet, as soon as my Fright was over, and to stay there till Things were more calm And so he dress'd himself, and went out of the Chamber, permitting me, at my Desire, to fasten the Door after him.

At Breakfast-time my Master tapp'd at the Door, and I said, Who's there? I, my Dearest, said he. Oh! then, reply'd I, will I open it with Pleasure. I had wrote on a good deal; but I put it by when I ran to the Door. I would have lock'd it again, when he was in; but he said, Am not I here! Don't be afraid. Said he, Will you come down to Breakfast, my Love? O no, dear Sir, said I; be pleas'd to excuse me. Said he, I cannot bear the Look of it, that the Mistress of my House should breakfast in her Closet, as if she durst not come down, and I in it! — O dearest Sir, reply'd I, pray pass that over for my sake; and don't let my Presence aggravate your Sister, for a kind Punctilio. Then, my Dear, said he, I shall breakfast with you here. No, pray, dear Sir, answer'd I, breakfast with your Sister, That, my Dear, reply'd he, will too much gratify her Pride, and look like a Slight to you.— Dear Sir, said I, your Goodness is too great, for me to want punctilious Proofs of it. Pray oblige her Ladyship. She is your Guest; surely, Sir, you may be freest with your dutiful Wife!

She is a strange Woman, said he: How I pity her!— She has thrown herself into a violent Fit of the Colick, thro' Passion! And is but now, her Woman says, a little easier. I hope, Sir, said I, when you carry'd her Ladyship out, you did not hurt her. No, reply'd he, I love her too well. I sat her down in the Apartment she had chosen; and she but now desires to see me, and that I will breakfast with her, or refuses to touch any thing. But, if my Dearest

please, I will insist it shall be with you at the same time.

O no, no, dear Sir, said I, I should never forgive myself, if I did. I would on my Knees beg her Ladyship's Goodness to me, now I am in your Presence, tho' I thought I ought to carry it a little stiff when you was absent, for the sake of the Honour you had done me. And, dear Sir, if my deepest Humility will please, permit me to shew it.

You shall do nothing, return'd he, unworthy of my Wife, to please the proud Woman!— But I will, however, permit you to breakfast by yourself this once, as I have not seen her since I have used her in so barbarous a manner, as I understand she exclaims I have; and as she will not eat any thing, unless I give her my Company.— So he saluted me, and withdrew, and I lock'd the Door after him again for Fear.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, soon after, rapp'd at my Door. Who's there? said I. Only I, Madam. So I open'd the Door. 'Tis a sad Thing, Madam, said she, you should be so much afraid in your own House. She brought me some Chocolate and Toast; and I ask'd her about my Lady's Behaviour. She said, She would not suffer any body to attend but her Woman, because she would not be heard what she had to say; but she believ'd, she said, her Master was very angry with the young Lord, as she call'd her Kinsman; for as she pass'd by the Door, she heard him say, in a high Tone, I hope, Sir, you did not forget what belongs to the Character you affume: or to that Effect.—

About one o'Clock, my Master came up again, and he said, Will you come down to Dinner, *Pamela*, when I send for you? Whatever you command, Sir, I must do: But my Lady won't desire to see me. No matter whether she will or no. But I will not suffer that she shall prescribe her insolent Will my Wife, and in your own House too.— I will by my Tenderness to you, mortify her Pride, and it cannot be done so well as to her Face.

Dearest Sir, said I, pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myself. It will make my Lady but more inveterate.— Said he, I have told her we are marry'd She is out of all Patience about it, and yet pretends *not* to believe it. Upon that I tell her, Then she shall have it her own way, and that I am *not*. And what has she to do with it either way? She has scolded and begg'd, commanded and pray'd, bless'd me, and curs'd me, by Turns, twenty times, in these few Hours. And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes storm'd at her, sometimes argued, sometimes raged; and at last I lest her, and took a Turn in the Garden for an Hour to compose myself, because you should not see how the foolish Woman ruffled me; and just now, I came out, seeing her coming in.

Just as he had said so, I cry'd, Oh! my Lady, my Lady! for I heard her Voice in the Chamber, saying, Brother, Brother, one Word with you!— Stopping in Sight of the Closet where I was. He stept out, and she went up to the Window that looks towards the Garden, and said, Mean Fool that I am, to follow you up and down the House in this manner, tho' I am shunn'd and avoided by you! You a Brother!—you a Barbarian! —Is it possible we could be born of one Mother?

Why, said he, do you charge me with a Conduct to you, that you bring upon yourself? —Is it not surprizing, that you should take Liberties with me, that the dear Mother you have nam'd, never gave you an Example for to any of her Relations? — Was it not sufficient, that I was insolently taken to Task by you in your Letters, but my Retirements must be invaded? My House insulted? And, if I have one Person dearer to me than another, that that Person must be singled out for an Object of Violence?

Ay, said she, that one Person is the Thing! —But tho' I came up with a Resolution to be temperate, and to expostulate with you on your avoiding me so unkindly, yet cannot I have Patience to look upon that Bed in which I was born, and to be made the guilty Scene of your Wickedness with such a—

Hush! said he, I charge you, call not the dear Girl by any Name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her Excellence; and I desire you'll not repeat the Freedoms you have taken below.

She stamp'd with her Foot, and said, God give me Patience! So much Contempt to a Sister that loves you so well; and so much Tenderness to a vile——

He put his Hand before her Mouth, Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you. You know not the Innocence you abuse so freely; I ought not, neither will I bear it.

She sat down, and fann'd herself, and burst into Tears, and such Sobs of Grief, or rather Passion, that griev'd me to hear; and I sat and trembled sadly.—

He walk'd about the Room, in great Anger; and at last said, Let me ask you, Lady *Davers*, why I am thus insolently to be called to Account by you. Am I not independent? Am I not of Age? Am I not at Liberty to please myself?— Would to God, that instead of a Woman and my Sister, any Man breathing had dar'd, whatever his Relation under that of a Father, to give himself half the Airs you have done! —Why did you not send of this accursed Errand your Lord, who could write me such a Letter as no Gentleman should write, nor any Gentleman

tamely receive? He should have seen the Difference.

We all know, said she, that since your *Italian* Duel, you have commenc'd a Bravo; and all your Airs breathe as strongly of the Manslayer as of the Libertine. This, said he, I will bear; for I have no Reason to be asham'd of that Duel, nor the Cause of it; since it was to save a Friend; and because 'tis levell'd at myself only: But suffer not your Tongue to take too great a Liberty with my *Pamela*.

She interrupted him, in a violent Burst of Passion. If I bear this, said she, I can bear any thing! —O the little Strumpet!— He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully, Begone, rageful Woman, begone this Moment from my Presence! Leave my House this Instant!— I renounce you, and all Relation to you; and never more let me see your Face, or call me Brother. And took her by the Hand to lead her out. She laid hold of the Curtains of the Window, and said, I will not go! you shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the Wretch's Hearing, and suffer *her* to triumph over me in your barbarous Treatment of me.

Not considering anything, I run out of the Closet, and threw myself at my dear Master's Feet, as he held her Hand, in order to lead her out; and I said, Dearest Sir, let me beg, that no Act of Unkindness, for my sake, pass between so worthy and so near Relations. Dear, dear Madam, said I, and clasp'd her Knees, pardon and excuse the unhappy Cause of all this Evil; on my Knees I beg your Ladyship to receive me to your Grace and Favour, and you shall find me incapable of any Triumph but in your Ladyship's Goodness to me.

Creature, said she, art *thou* to beg an Excuse for me!— Art *thou* to implore my Forgiveness! Is it to *thee* I am to owe the Favour that I am not cast headlong from my Brother's Presence! Begone to thy Corner, Wench; begone, I say, lest thy Paramour kill me for trampling thee under my Foot.

Rise, my dear *Pamela*, said my Master; rise, dear Life of my Life, and expose not so much Worthiness to the ingrateful Scorn of so violent a Spirit. And so he led me to my Closet again, and there I sat and wept.

Her Woman came up, just as he had led me to my Closet, and was returning to her Lady; and she very humbly said, Excuse my Intrusion, good Sir! —I hope I may come to my Lady. Yes, Mrs. *Worden*, said he, you may come in, and pray take your Lady down Stairs with you, for fear I should too much forget what belongs either to my Sister or myself!

I began to think (seeing her Ladyship so outrageous with her Brother) what a happy Escape I had had the Day before, tho' hardly enough us'd in Conscience too, as I thought.

Her Woman begg'd her Ladyship to walk down, and she said, *Beck*, seest thou that Bed? That was the Bed that I was born in; and yet that was the Bed, thou sawest as well as I, the wicked *Pamela* in this Morning, and this Brother of mine just risen from her!

, said he; you both saw it, and 'tis my Pride that you *could* see it. 'Tis my Bridal-bed, and 'tis abominable that the Happiness I knew before you came hither, should be so barbarously interrupted.

Swear to me but, thou bold Wretch, said she; swear to me, that *Pamela Andrews* is really and truly thy lawful Wife, without Sham, without Deceit, without Double-meaning, and I know what I have to say.

I'll humour you for once, said he; and then swore a solemn Oath, that I was. And, said he, did I not tell you so at first?

I cannot yet believe you, said she, because, in this Particular, I had rather have called you *Knave* than *Fool*.— Provoke me not too much, said he; for if I should as much forget myself as you have done, you'd have no more of a Brother in me, than I have a Sister in you!

Who marry'd you? said she; tell me that: Was it not a broken Attorney in a Parson's Habit? Tell me truly, in the Wench's Hearing. When she's undeceived, she'll know how to behave herself better! Thank God, thought I, it is not so.

No, said he, and I'll tell you, that I bless God, I abhorred that Project, before it was brought to bear; and Mr. *Williams* marry'd us.— Nay then, said she — but answer me another Question or two, I beseech you. Who gave her away? Parson *Peters*, said he. Where was the Ceremony perform'd? In my own little Chapel, which you may see, as it was put in Order on purpose.

Now, said she, I begin to fear there is something in it! But who was present? said she. Methinks, reply'd he, I look like a fine Puppy, to suffer myself to be thus interrogated by an insolent Sister. But, if you must know, Mrs. *Jewkes* was present. O the Procuress, said she! But nobody else? Yes, said he, all my Heart and Soul!

Wretch! said she! And what would thy Father and Mother have said, had they lived to this Day? Their Consents, reply'd he, I should have thought it my Duty to ask; but not yours, Madam.

Suppose, said she, I had marry'd my Father's Groom! what would you have said to that? — I could not have behav'd worse, reply'd he, than you have done. And would you not have thought, said she, I had deserv'd it?

Said he, Does your Pride let you see no Difference in the Case you put? None at all, said she. Where can the Difference be between a Beggar's Son marry'd by a Lady; or a Beggar's Daughter made a Gentleman's Wife?

Then I'll tell you, reply'd he; The Difference is, a Man ennobles the Woman he takes, be she *who* she will; and adopts her into his own Rank, be it *what* it will: But a Woman, tho' ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean Marriage, and descends from her own Rank, to his she stoops to.

When the noble Family of *Stuart* ally'd itself into the low Family of *Hyde*, (comparatively low, I mean) did any body scruple to call the Lady Royal Highness, and Duchess of *York*? And did any body think her Daughters, the late Queen *Mary* and Queen *Anne*, less Royal for that?

When the broken-fortun'd Peer goes into the City to marry a rich Tradesman's Daughter, be he Duke or Earl, does not his Consort immediately become ennobled by his Choice? and who scruples to call her Lady Duchess, or Countess?

But when a Duchess, or Countess Dowager, descends to mingle with a Person of obscure Birth, does she not then degrade herself? and is she not effectually degraded? And will any Duchess or Countess rank with her?

Now, Lady *Davers*, do you not see a Difference between my marrying my dear Mother's beloved and deserving Waiting-maid, with a Million of Excellencies about her, and such Graces of Mind and Person, as would adorn any Distinction; and your marrying a sordid Groom, whose constant Train of Education, Conversation, and Opportunities, could poffibly give him no other Merit, than that which must proceed from the vilest lowest Taste, in his sordid Dignifier?

O the Wretch! said she, how he finds Excuses to palliate his Meanness!

Again, said he, let me observe to you, Lady *Davers*, when a Duke marries a private Person, is he not still her Head, by virtue of being her Husband? But, when a Lady descends to marry a Groom, is not that Groom her Head, as her Husband? And does not that Difference strike you? For what Lady of Quality ought to respect another, who has made so sordid a Choice, and set a Groom above her? For, would not that be to put that Groom upon a Par with themselves? — Call this Palliation, or what you will; but if you see not the Difference, you are blind, and a very unfit Judge for yourself, much more unfit to be a Censurer of me.

I'd have you, said she, publish your fine Reasons to the World, and they will be sweet Encouragements to all the young Gentlemen that read them, to cast themselves away on the Servant-wenches in their Families.

Not at all, Lady *Davers*, reply'd he: For, if any young Gentleman stays till he finds such a Person as my *Pamela*; so enrich'd with the Beauties of Person and Mind, so well accomplish'd, and so fitted to adorn the Degree she is raised to, he will stand as easily acquitted, as I shall be to all the World that sees her, except there be many more Lady *Davers's* than I apprehend can possibly be met with.

And so, return'd she, you say, You are actually and really marry'd, honestly, or rather foolishly, marry'd to this Slut?

I am indeed, said he, if you presume to call her so! And why should I not, if I please? Who is there ought to contradict me? Whom have I hurt by it? — Have I not an Estate, free and independent? Am I likely to be beholden to you, or any of my Relations? And why, when I have a Sufficiency in my own single Hands, should I scruple to make a Woman equally happy, who has all I want? For Beauty, Virtue, Prudence, and Generosity too, I will tell you, she has more than any Lady I ever saw. Yes, Lady *Davers*, she has all these *naturally*; they are *born* with her; and a few Years Education, with her Genius, has done more for her, than a whole Life has done for others.

No more, no more, I beseech you, said she; thou surfeitest me, honest Man, with thy weak Folly. Thou art worse than an Idolater; thou hast made a graven Image, and thou fallest down and worshippest the Works of thine own Hands; and, *Jerohoam* like, would have every body else bow down before thy Calf!

Well said, Lady *Davers*! Whenever your Passion suffers you to descend to Witticism, 'tis almost over with you. But, let me tell you, tho' I worship myself this sweet Creature that you call such Names, I want nobody else to do it; and should be glad you had not intruded upon me, to interrupt me in the Course of our mutual Happiness.

Well said, well said, my kind, my well-manner'd Brother! said she. I shall, after this, very little interrupt your mutual Happiness, I'll assure you. I thought you a Gentleman once, and prided myself in my Brother; but I'll say with the Burial Service, *Asbes to Asbes, and Dirt to Dirt!*

Ay, said he, Lady *Davers*, and there we must all end at last; you with all your Pride, and I with my plentiful

Fortune, must come to it; and then where will be your Distinction? Let me tell you, except you and I both mend our Manners, tho' you have been no Duellist, no Libertine, as you call me, this amiable Girl, whom your Vanity and Folly so much despises, will out-soar us both, infinitely outsoar us; and He that judges best, will give the Preference where due, without Regard to Birth or Fortune.

Egregious Preacher, said she! What, my Brother already turn'd *Puritan*! —See what Marriage and Repentance may bring a Man to! I heartily congratulate this Change! —Well, said she, and came towards me, and I trembled to see her coming; but her Brother followed to observe her, and I stood up at her Approach, and she said, Give me thy Hand, Mrs. *Pamela*, Mrs. *Andrews*, Mrs. — what shall I call thee! —Thou hast done Wonders in a little time: Thou hast not only made a Rake a Husband; but thou hast made a Rake a Preacher! But take care, added she, after all, in ironical Anger, and tapp'd me on the Neck, take care that thy Vanity begins not where his ends; and that thou callest not thyself my Sister!

She shall, I hope, Lady *Davers*, said he, when she can make as great a Convert of you from Pride, as she has of me from Libertinism.

Mrs. *Jewkes* just then came up, and said, Dinner was ready. Come, my *Pamela*, said my dear Master; you desired to be excus'd from breakfasting with us; but I hope you'll give Lady *Davers* and me your Company to Dinner.

How dare you insult me thus? said my Lady. — How dare you, said he, insult me by your Conduct in my own House, after I have told you I am marry'd? How dare you think of staying here one Moment, and refuse my Wife the Honours that belong to her, as such?

Merciful God! said she, give me Patience! and held her Hand to her Forehead.

Pray, Sir, dear Sir, said I, excuse me; don't vex my Lady. —Be silent, my dear Love, said he; you see already what you have got by your sweet Condescension. You have thrown yourself at her Feet, and, insolent as she is, she has threaten'd to trample upon you. She'll ask you presently, if she is to owe her Excuse to your Interposition; and yet nothing else can make her forgiven.

Poor Lady! she could not bear this, and, as if she was discomposed, she ran to her poor grieved Woman, and took hold of her Hand, and said, Lead me down, lead me down, *Beck*! Let us instantly quit this House, this cursed House, that once I took Pleasure in; order the Fellows to get ready, and I will never see it, nor its Owner, more. And away she went down Stairs, in a great Hurry. And the Servants were order'd to make ready for their Departure.

I saw my Master was troubled, and I went to him, and I said, Pray, dear Sir, follow my Lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her Love to you. — Poor Woman! said he, I am concern'd for her! But I insist upon your coming down, since Things are gone so far. Her Pride will get new Strength else, and we shall be all to begin again.

Dearest, dear Sir, said I, excuse me going down this once! In deed, my Dear, I won't, reply'd he. What! shall it be said, that my Sister shall scare my Wife from my Table, and I present? —No, I have borne too much already; and so have you. And I charge you come down, when I send for you.

He departed, saying these Words, and I durst not dispute; for I saw, he was determin'd. And there is as much Majesty as Goodness in him; as I have often had Reason to observe, tho' never more, than on the present Occasion with his Sister. Her Ladyship instantly put on her Hood and Gloves, and her Woman ty'd up a Handkerchief full of Things; for her principal Matters were not unpack'd, and her Coachman got her Chariot ready, and her Footmen their Horses, and she appear'd resolved to go. But her Kinsman and Mr. *Colbrand* had taken a Turn together, some-where; and she would not come in, but sat fretting on a Seat in the Fore-yard, with her Woman by her; and at last said, to one of the Footmen, Do you, *James*, stay, to attend my Nephew; and we'll take the Road we came.

Mrs. *Jewkes* went to her Ladyship, and said, Your Ladyship will be pleas'd to stay Dinner; 'tis just coming upon Table. No, said she, I have enough of this House! I have indeed But give my Service to your Master, and I wish him happier than he has made me.

He had sent for me down, and I came, tho' unwillingly, and the Cloth was laid in the Parlour I had jump'd out of; and there was my Master walking about it. Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and asked, If he pleas'd to have Dinner brought in? for my Lady would not come in, but desired her Service, and wish'd him happier than he had made her. He seeing at the Window, when he went to that Side of the Room, all ready to go, stept out to her, and said, Lady *Davers*, if I thought you would not be harden'd rather than soften'd by my Civility, I would ask you to walk in, and at least let your Kinsman and Servants dine before they go. She wept, and turn'd her Face from him to hide

it; he look her Hand, and said, Come, Sister, let me prevail upon you: Walk in. No! said she, don't ask me. — I wish I could hate you, as much as you hate me! — You do, said he, and great deal more, I'll assure you; or else you'd not vex me as you do. —Come, pray, walk in. Don't ask me, said she. Her Kinsman just then return'd: Why, Madam, said he, your Ladyship won't go till you have din'd, I hope, No, *Jackey*, said she, I can't stay; I'm an *Intruder* here, it seems! —Think, said my Master, of the Occasion you gave for that Word. Your violent Passions are the only *Intruders*! Lay them aside, and never Sister was dearer to a Brother. Don't say such another Word, said she, I beseech you; for I am too easy to forgive you any thing, for one kind Word! —You shall have One hundred, said he, nay, Ten thousand, if they will do, my dear Sister. And kissing her, he added, Pray give me your Hand. *John*, said he, put up the Horses; you are all as welcome to me, for all your Lady's angry with me, as at any Inn you can put up at. Come, Mr. H. said he, lead your Aunt in; for she won't permit that Honour to me.

This quite overcame her; and she said, giving her Brother her Hand, Yes, I will, and you shall lead me any-whither!—and kiss'd him. But don't think, said she, I can forgive you neither. And so he led her into the Parlour where I was. But, said she, why do you lead me to this Wench? 'Tis my Wife, my dear Sister; and if you will not love her, yet don't forget common Civilities to her, for your own sake.

Pray, Madam, said her Kinsman, since your Brother is pleas'd to own his Marriage, we must not forget common Civilities, as the 'Squire says. And, Sir, added he, permit me to wish you Joy. Thank you, Sir said he. And may I, said he, looking at me? Yes, Sir, reply'd my Master. So he saluted me, very complaisantly, and said, I vow to Gad, Madam, I did not know this Yesterday; and, if I was guilty of a Fault, I beg your Pardon.

My Lady said, Thou'rt a good-natur'd foolish Fellow; thou mightst have sav'd this nonsensical Parade, till I had given thee Leave. Why, Aunt, said he, if they're actually marry'd, there's no Help for't, and we must not make Mischief between Man and Wife.

But, Brother, said she, do you think I'll sit at Table with the Creature? No contemptuous Names I beseech you, Lady *Davers*! I tell you she is really my Wife; and I must be a Villain to suffer her to be ill used. She has no Protector but me; and, if you will permit her, she will always love and honour you. —Indeed, indeed, I will, Madam, said I.

I cannot, I wo'not sit down at Table with her, said she: *Pamela*, I hope thou dost not think I will? Indeed, Madam, said I, if your good Brother will permit it, I will attend your Chair all the time you dine, to shew my Veneration for your Ladyship, as the Sister of my kind Protector. See, said he, her Condition has not altered her; but I cannot permit in her a Conduct unworthy of my Wife, and I hope my Sister would not expect it neither.

Let her leave the Room, reply'd she, if I must stay. Indeed, you're out of the Way, Aunt, said her Kinsman; that is not right, as Things stand. Said my Master, No, Madam, that must not be, but if it must be so, we'll have two Tables; you and your Nephew shall sit at one, and my Spouse and I at the other: And then see what a Figure your unreasonable Punctilio will make you cut. —She seem'd irresolute, and he sat her down at the Table, the first Course, which was Fish, being brought in. Where, said she to me, wouldst thou presume to sit? Wouldst have me give *Place* to thee *too*, Wench? —Come, come, said my Master, I'll put that out of Dispute: and so sat himself down by her Ladyship, at the upper End of the Table, and plac'd me on his Left-hand. Excuse me, my Dear, said he, this once excuse me! —Oh! your cursed Complaisance, said she, to such a———Hush, Sister! Hush, said he! I will not bear her to be spoken slightly of! 'Tis enough, that to oblige your violent and indecent Caprice, you make me compromise with you thus.

Come, Sir, added he, pray take your Place next your gentle Aunt! —*Beck*, said she, do you sit down by *Pamela* there, since it must be so; we'll be hail Fellow all! With all my Heart, reply'd my Master: I have so much Honour for all the Sex, that I would not have the meanest Person of it stand, while I sit, had I been to have made the Custom. Mrs. *Worden*, pray sit down. Sir, said she, I hope I shall know my Place better.

My Lady sat considering, and then lifting up her Hands, said, Lord! what will this World come to? —To nothing but what's very good, reply'd my Master, if such Spirits as Lady *Davers*'s do but take the Rule of it. Shall I help you, Sister, to some of that Carp? Help your Beloved, said she! That's kind, said he! —Now, that's my good Lady *Davers*. Here, my Love, let me help you, since my Sister desires it! —Mighty well! return'd she, mighty well! —But sat on one Side, turning from me, as it were.

Dear Aunt, said her Kinsman, let's see you buss and be Friends; since 'tis so, what signifies it? Hold thy Fool's Tongue, said she! Is thy Tone so soon turn'd since Yesterday? Said my Master, I hope nothing affronting was offer'd Yesterday to my Wife in her own House. She hit him a good smart Slap on the Shoulder; Take that,

impudent Brother, said she. I'll *Wife* you, and in *her own* House! She seem'd half afraid; but he, in very good Humour, kiss'd her, and said, I thank you, Sister, I thank you. But I have not had a Blow from you before of some Time!

'Fore Gad, Sir, said her Kinsman, 'tis very kind of you to take it so well. Her Ladyship is as good a Woman as ever liv'd; but I have had many a Cuff from her myself.

I won't put it up neither, said my Master, except you'll assure me, you have seen her serve her Lord so.

I press'd my Foot to his, and said, softly, Don't, dear Sir! —What, said she, is the Creature begging me off from Insult? If *his* Manners won't keep him from outraging me, I wo'not owe his Forbearance to *thee*, Wench.

Said my Master, and put some Fish on my Lady's Plate, Well, does Lady *Davers* use the Word *Insult*! —But, come, let me see you eat one Mouthful, and I'll forgive you; and he put the Knife in one of her Hands, and the Fork in the other. As I hope to live, said he, I cannot bear this silly Childishness, for nothing at all. I am quite asham'd of it.

She put a little Bit to her Mouth, but put it down in her Plate again: I cannot eat, said she; I cannot swallow, I'm sure. It will certainly choak me. He had forbid his Men—servants to come in, that they might not behold the Scene he expected; and rose from Table himself, and fill'd a Glass of Wine, her Woman offering, and her Kinsman rising to do it. Mean—time, his Seat between us being vacant, she turn'd to me, How now, Confidence, said she, darest thou sit next *me*? Why dost thou not rise, and take the Glass from thy Property?

Sit still, my Dear, said he, I'll help you both. But I arose; for I was afraid of a good Cuff; and said, Pray, Sir, let me help my Lady! So you shall, reply'd he, when she's in a Humour to receive it as she ought. Sister, said he, with a Glass in his Hand, Pray drink; you'll perhaps eat a little Bit of something then. Is this to insult me, said she? —No, really, return'd he; but to incite you to eat; for you'll be sick for want of it.

She took the Glass, and said, God forgive you, wicked Wretch, for your Usage of me this Day! — This is a little as it used to be! —I once had your Love; —and now it is changed; and for who? that vexes me! And wept so, she was forced to set down the Glass.

You don't do well, said he. You neither treat me like your Brother, nor a Gentleman; and if you would suffer me, I would love you as well as ever. —But, for a Woman of Sense and Understanding, and a fine—bred Woman, as I once thought my Sister, you act quite a childish Part. Come, added he, and held the Glass to her Lips, let your Brother, that you once lov'd, prevail on you to drink this Glass of Wine.— She then drank it. He kiss'd her, and said, Oh! how Passion deforms the noblest Minds! You have lost a good deal of that Loveliness that used to adorn my Sister. And let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my Sister again! —For Lady *Davers* is indeed a fine Woman, and has a Presence as majestick for a Lady, as her dear Brother has for a Gentleman.

He then sat down between us again, and said, when the second Course came in, Let *Abraham* come in, and wait. I touch'd his Toe again; but he minded it not; and I saw he was right; for her Ladyship began to recollect herself, and did not behave half so sorrowfully before the Servants, as she had done; and help'd herself with some little Freedom; but she could not forbear a strong Sigh and a Sob, now—and—then. She call'd for a Glass of the same Wine she had drank before. Said he, shall I help you again, Lady *Davers*?—and rose at the same time, and went to the Side—board, and filled her a Glass. Indeed, said she, I love to be sooth'd by my Brother! —Your Health, Sir!

Said my Master to me with great Sweetness, My Dear, now I'm up, I'll fill for you! —I must serve *both* Sisters alike! She look'd at the Servant, as if he were a little Check upon her, and said to my Master, How now, Sir! —Not that you know of. He whisper'd her, Don't shew any Contempt before my Servants to one I have so deservedly made their Mistress. Consider 'tis done. —Ay, said she, that's the Thing that kills me.

He gave me a Glass; My good Lady's Health, Sir, said I, and stood up. —That won't do, said she, leaning towards me, softly; and was going to say, Wench, or Creature, or some such Word. And my Master, seeing *Abraham* look towards her, her Eyes being red and swell'd, said, Indeed, Sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you. About what, said she? Why, reply'd he, about your Lord's not coming down, as he had promised. He sat down, and she tapp'd him on the Shoulder: Ah! Wickedone, said she, nor will that do neither! —Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a Lady of your Sense and Merit, to be slighted, if it was so; but I am sure my Lord loves you, as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happen'd.

She shook her Head, and said, That's like your Art! —This makes one amaz'd you should be so caught! —Who, my Lord caught! said he; no, no! he'll have more Wit than so! But I never heard you was jealous before.

Nor, said she, have you any Reason to think so now! Honest Friend, you need not wait, said she; my Woman will help us to what we want. Yes, let him, reply'd he. *Abraham*, fill me a Glass. Come, said my Master, Lord *Davers* to you, Madam: I hope he'll take care he is not found out! —You're very provoking, Brother, said she. I wish you was as good as Lord *Davers*. —But don't carry your Jest too far. Well, said he, 'tis a tender Point, I own. I've done!

By these kind Managements the Dinner passed over better than I expected. And when the Servants were withdrawn, my Master said, still keeping his Place between us, I have a Question to ask you, Lady *Davers*; and that is, If you'll bear me Company to *Bedfordshire*. I was intending to set out thither to-morrow. But I'll tarry your Pleasure, if you'll go with me.

Is thy Wife, as thou callest her, to go along with thee, Friend? said she. Yes, to be sure, answer'd he, my dear Quaker Sister, and took her Hand, and smil'd. And wouldst have me parade it with her on the Road? —Hay! —And make one to grace her Retinue? —Hay! —Tell me how thou'dst chalk it out, if I would do as thou wouldst have me, honest Friend!

He clasped his Arms about her, and kissed her: You are a dear saucy Sister, said he; but I must love you! —Why, I'll tell you how I'd have it. Here shall you, and my *Pamela*—Leave out *my*, I desire you, if you'd have me sit patiently. No, said he, I can't do that. Here shall you, and my *Pamela*, go together in your Chariot, if you please; and she will then appear as one of your Retinue; and your Nephew and I will sometimes ride, and sometimes go into my Chariot, to your Woman.

Shouldst thou like this, Creature? said she to me.— If your Ladyship think it not too great an Honour for me, Madam, said I. Yes, reply'd she, but my Ladyship does think it would be too great an Honour.

Now I think of it, said he, this must not be, neither; for without you'd give her the Hand, in your own Chariot, my Wife would be thought your Woman, and that must not be. Why, that would, may-be, said she, be the only Inducement for me to bear her near me, in my Chariot. —But, how then? —Why then, when we came home, we'd get Lord *Davers* to come to us, and stay a Month or two.

And what if he was to come? —Why I would have you, as I know you have a good Fancy, give *Pamela* your Judgment on some Patterns I expect from *London*, for Cloaths. —Provoking Wretch! said she; now I wish I may keep my Hands to myself. I don't say it to provoke you, said he, nor ought it to do so. But when I tell you, I am marry'd, Is it not a Consequence, that we must have new Cloaths?

Hast thou any more of these obliging things to say to me, Friend? said she. I will make you a Present, return'd he, worth your Acceptance, if you will grace us with your Company at Church, when we make our Appearance! —Take that, said she, if I die for't; Wretch that thou art! And was going to hit him a great Slap, but he held her Hand. Her Kinsman said, Dear Aunt, I wonder at you! why all these are things of Course.

I begg'd Leave to withdraw; and, as I went out, my good Master said, There's a Person! There's a Shape! There's a Sweetness! O Lady *Davers*! were you a Man, you would doat on her, as I do. Yes, said the naughty Lady, so I should, for my Harlot, but not for a Wife. I turn'd, on this, and said, Indeed your Ladyship is cruel; and well may Gentlemen take Liberties, when Ladies of Honour say such things! And I wept, and added, Your Ladyship's Influence, if your good Brother were not the most generous of Men, would make me very unhappy.

No Fear, Wench; no Fear, said she: Thou'lt hold him, as long as any body can, I see that! —Poor *Sally Godfrey* never had half the Interest in him, I'll assure you!

Stay, my *Pamela*, said he, in a Passion; stay, when I bid you. You have heard, this Day, two vile Charges upon me! I love you with such a Affection, that I ought to say something before this malicious Accuser, that you may not think your consummate Virtue link'd to too black a Villain.

Her Nephew seem'd uneasy, and blam'd her much; and I came back, but trembled as I stood; and he sit me down, and said, taking my Hand, I have been accused, my Dear, as a Dueller, and now as a Profligate, in another Sense! and there was a Time, I should not have received these Imputations with so much Concern as I now do, when I would wish, by degrees, by a Conformity of my Manners to your Virtue, to shew every one the Force your Example has upon me. But this briefly is the Case of the first.

I had a Friend, who had been basely attempted to be assassinated by Bravoës, hir'd by a Man of Title in *Italy*, who, like many other Persons of Title, had no Honour; and at *Padua*, I had the Fortune to disarm one of these Bravoës in my Friend's Defence, and made him confess his Employer; and him, I own, I challeng'd. At *Sienna* we met, and he dy'd in a Month after, of a Fever, but, I hope, not occasion'd by the slight Wounds he had receiv'd

from me, tho' I was obliged to leave *Italy* upon it, sooner than I intended, because of his numerous Relations, who looked upon me as the Cause of his Death. Tho' I pacify'd them by a Letter I wrote them from *Inspruck*, acquainting them with the Baseness of the Deceased; and they followed me not to *Munich*, as they had intended.

This is one of the good-natur'd Hints, that might shock your Sweetness on reflecting that you are yoked with a Murderer. The other—Nay, Brother, said she, say no more. 'Tis your own Fault if you go further. She shall know it all, said he; and I defy the utmost Stretch of your Malice.

When I was at College, I was well received by a Widow Lady, who had several Daughters, and but small Fortunes to give them; and the old Lady set one of them; a deserving good Girl she was; to draw me in to a Marriage with her, for the sake of the Fortune I was Heir to; and contriv'd many Opportunities to bring us and leave us together. I was not then of Age; and the young Lady, not half so artful as her Mother, yielded to my Addresses, before the Mother's Plot could be ripen'd, and so utterly disappointed it. This, my *Pamela*, is the *Sally Godfrey* this malicious Woman, with the worst Intentions, has inform'd you of. And whatever other Liberties I may have taken; for perhaps some more I have, which, had she known, you had heard of, as well as this; I desire Heaven will only forgive me till I revive its Vengeance by the like Offences, in Injury to my *Pamela*.

And now, my Dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy Sister of mine has said all the Bad she knows of me; and what, at a proper Opportunity, when I could have convinced you, that they were not my *Boast*, but my *Concern*, I should have acquainted you with, myself; for I am not fond of being thought better than I am: Tho', I hope, from the Hour I devoted myself to so much Virtue, to that of my Death, my Conduct shall be irreproachable.

She was greatly mov'd at this, and the noble Manner in which the dear Gentleman own'd and repented of his Faults; and gushed out into Tears, and said, No, don't yet go, *Pamela*, I beseech you. My Passion has carry'd me too far a great deal; and coming to me, she took my Hand, and said, You must stay to hear me beg his Pardon, and so took his Hand—But, to my Concern, (for I was grieved for her Ladyship's Grief) he burst from her; and went out of the Parlour into the Garden, in a violent Rage, that made me tremble. Her Ladyship sat down, and leaned her Head against my Bosom, and made my Neck wet with her Tears, holding me by my Hands; and I wept for Company. — Her Kinsman walked up and down the Parlour, in a sad Fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and said, The 'Squire has order'd his Chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoken to by any body. Where is he? said she—Walking in the Garden till 'tis ready, reply'd he.

Well, said she, I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitched! And now, said she, malicious as he calls me, will he not forgive me for a Twelvemonth: For I tell you, *Pamela*, if ever you offend, he will not easily forgive. I was all delighted, tho' sad, to see her Ladyship so good to me. Will you venture, said she, to accompany me to him! —Dare you follow a Lion in his Retreats? —I'll attend your Ladyship, said I, where-ever you command. Well, Wench, said she, *Pamela*, I mean, thou art very good in the main! —I should have lov'd thee as well as my Mother did—if—but 'tis all over now! Indeed you should not have marry'd my Brother! But come, I must love him! Let's find him out. And yet will he now use me worse than a Dog! —I should not, added she, have so much exasperated him: For whenever I have, I have always had the worst of it. He knows I love him!

In this manner her Ladyship talk'd to me, learning on my Arm, and walked into the Garden. I saw he was still in a Tumult, as it were; and he took another Walk to avoid us. —She call'd after him, and said, Brother, Brother, Let me speak to you!— One Word with you! And as we made haste towards him, and came near to him; I desire, said he, That you'll not oppress me more with your Follies and your Violence. I have borne too much with you. And I will vow for a Twelvemonth, from this Day— Hush, said she, don't vow, I beg you; for too well will you keep it, I know by Experience, if you do: You see, said she, I stoop to ask *Pamela* to be my Advocate. Sure that will pacify you!

Indeed, said he, I desire to see neither of you, on such an Occasion; and let me only be left to myself; for I will not be intruded upon thus; and was going away.— But she said, One Word first, I desire —If you'll forgive me, I'll forgive you! — What, said the dear Man, haughtily, will you forgive me! —Why, said she, for she saw him too angry to mention his Marriage, as a Subject that requir'd her Pardon,— I will forgive you all your bad Usage of me this Day.

I will be serious with you, Sister, said he: I wish you most sincerely well; but let us, from this Time, study so much one another's Quiet, as never to come near one another more. —Never? said she. —And can you desire this, barbarous Brother! can you? — I can, I do, said he; and I have nothing to do, but hide from you, not a Brother, but

a Murderer, and a Profligate, unworthy of your Relation; and let me be consign'd to Penitence for my past Evils: A Penitence however, that shall not be broken in upon by so violent an Accuser.

Pamela, said he, and made me tremble, How dare you approach me, without Leave, when you see me thus disturb'd!— Never, for the future, come near me, while I am in these Tumults, unless I send for you.

Dear Sir! said I—Leave me, interrupted he. I will set out for *Bedfordshire* this Moment: What! Sir, said I, without me?— What have I done! You have too meanly, said he, for my Wife, stooped to this furious Sister of mine; and, till I can recollect, I am not pleased with you: But *Colbrand* shall attend you, and two other of my Servants; and Mrs. *Jewkes* shall wait upon you part of the Way. And I hope, you'll find me in a better Disposition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimidate my Lady, I believe I could not have borne it: But it was grievous to me; for I saw he was most sincerely in a Passion.

I was afraid, said she, he would be angry at you, as well as me; for well do I know his unreasonable Violence, when he is moved. But one Word, Sir, said she; Pardon *Pamela*, if you won't me; for she has committed no Offence, but that of Good-nature to me, and at my Request. I will begone myself, directly, as I was about to do, had you not prevented me.

I prevented you, said he, thro' Love; but you have stung me for it, thro' Hatred. But as for my *Pamela*, I know, besides the present Moment, I cannot be angry with her; and therefore I desire her never to see me on such Occasions, till I can see her in the Temper I ought to be in when so much Sweetness approaches me. 'Tis therefore, I say, my Dearest, leave me now.

But, Sir, said I, must I leave you, and let you go to *Bedford* without me! O dear Sir, how can I? —Said my Lady, You may go to-morrow, both of you, as you had design'd, and I will go away this Afternoon; and since I cannot be forgiven, I will try to forget I have a Brother.

May I, Sir, said I, beg all your Anger on myself, and to be reconciled to your good Sister? Presuming *Pamela*! reply'd he, and made me start, art thou then so hardy, so well able to sustain a Displeasure, which, of all things, I expected, from thy Affection and thy Tenderness, thou wouldst have wished to avoid?— Now, said he, and took my Hand, and, as it were, tost it from him, begone from my Presence, and reflect upon what you have said to me!

I was so frighted, for then I saw he took amiss what I said, that I took hold of his Knees, as he was turning from me, and I said, Forgive me, good Sir; you see I am not so hardy! I cannot bear your Displeasure! And was ready to sink.

His Sister said, Only forgive *Pamela*; 'tis all I ask! —You'll break her Spirit quite! —You'll carry your Passion as much too far as I have done! —I need not say, said he, how well I love her: but she must not intrude upon me at such times as these! —I had intended, as soon as I could have quell'd, by my Reason, the Tumults you had caused by your Violence, to have come in, and taken such a Leave of you both, as might become a Husband and a Brother; but she has, unbidden, broken in upon me, and must take the Consequence of a Passion, which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own.

Said she, Did I not love you so well, as Sister never loved a Brother, I should not have given you all this Trouble. And did I not, said he, love you better than you are resolv'd to deserve, I should be indifferent to all you say. But this last Instance, (after the Duelling-story, which you would not have mention'd, had you not known it is always matter of Concern for me to think upon) of poor *Sally Godfrey*, is a Piece of Spite and Meanness, that I can renounce you my Blood for.

Well, said she, I am convinced it was wrong. I am asham'd of it myself. 'Twas poor, 'twas mean, 'twas unworthy of your Sister: And 'tis for this Reason I stoop to follow you, to beg your Pardon, and even to procure for my Advocate one, that I thought had some Interest in you, if I might have believed your own Professions to her; which now I shall begin to think made purposely to insult me.

I care not what you think! —After the Meanness you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with Pity. For, indeed, you have fallen very low with me.

'Tis plain I have, said she. But, I'll begone. — And so, Brother, let me call you so this once! God bless you! And, *Pamela*, said her Ladyship, God bless you! And kissed me, and wept.

I durst say no more; and my Lady turning from him, he said, Your Sex is the D—I; how strangely can you discompose, calm, and turn, as you please, us poor Weathercocks of Men! Your last kind Blessing to my *Pamela*, I cannot stand! Kiss but each other again. And he then took both our Hands, and join'd them; and my Lady

saluting me again, with Tears on both sides, he put his kind Arms about each of our Waists, and saluted us with great Affection, saying, Now, God bless you both, the two dearest Creatures I have in the World.

Well, said she, you will quite forget my Fault about Miss—He stopt her, before she could speak the Name, and said, For ever forget it! —And, *Pamela*, I'll forgive you too, if you don't again make my Displeasure so light a thing to you, as you did just now!

Said my Lady, She did not make your Displeasure a light thing to her; but the heavier it was, the higher Compliment she made me, that she would bear it all, rather than not see you and me reconciled. No matter for that, said he: It was either an Absence of Thought, or a Slight, by Implication at least, that my Niceness could not bear from her Tenderness. For, looked it not presuming, that she could stand my Displeasure, or was sure of making her Terms when she pleas'd? Which, fond as I am of her, I assure her, will not be always, in wilful Faults, in her own Power.

Nay, said my Lady, I can tell you, *Pamela*, you have a Gentleman here in my Brother; and you may expect such Treatment from him, as that Character, and his known good Sense and Breeding, will always oblige him to shew: But *if* you offend, the Lord have Mercy upon you! —You see how it is by poor me! —And yet, I never knew him forgive so soon.

I am sure, said I, I will take care as much as I can! for I have been frighted out of my Wits, and had offended before I knew where I was.

So happily did this Storm blow over; and my Lady was quite subdu'd and pacify'd. When we came out of the Garden, his Chariot was ready; and he said, Well, Sister, I had most assuredly gone away towards my other House, if things had not taken this happy Turn; and if you please, instead of it, you and I will take an Airing: And pray, my Dear, said he to me, bid Mis. *Jewkes* order Supper by Eight o'Clock, and we shall then join you.

Sir, added he, to her Nephew, will you take your Horse, and escorte us? I will, said he; and am glad, at my Soul, to see you all so good Friends. —So my dear lordly Master (O my dear Parents! he is very dreadful when he pleases, I see! —But, I hope, I shall never incur his Anger) handed my Lady into his Chariot, and her Kinsman, and his Servant, rode after them; and I went up to my Closet, to ruminate on these things. And, foolish thing that I am, this poor Miss *Sally Godfrey* runs in my Head! —How soon the Name and Quality of a Wife gives one Privileges, in one's own Account! —Yet, methinks, I want to know more about her; for, is it not strange, that I, who lived Years in the Family, should have heard nothing of this? But I was so constantly with my Lady, that I might the less hear of it; for she, I dare say, never knew it, or she would have told me.

But I dare not ask him about the poor Lady— Yet I wonder what became of her? Whether she be living? And whether any thing came of it? —May—be I shall hear full soon enough: —But I hope not to any bad Purpose.

As to the other unhappy Case, I know it was talk'd of, that in his Travels, before I was taken into the Family long, he had one or two Broils; and, from a Youth, he was always remarkable for Courage, and is reckon'd a great Master of his Sword. God grant he may never be put to use it! And that he may be always preserved in Honour and Safety!

About Seven o'Clock, my Master sent word, that he would have me not expect him to Supper. For that he and my Lady his Sister, and Nephew, were prevailed upon to stay with Lady *Jones*; and that Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* Family, had promised to meet them there. I was glad that they did not send for me; and the rather, as I hoped those good Families, being my Friends, would confirm my Lady a little in my Favour; and so I follow'd my Writing closely.

About Eleven o'Clock they return'd. I had but just come down, having tir'd myself with my Pen, and was sitting talking with Mrs. *Jewkes* and Mrs. *Worden*, whom I would, tho' unwillingly on their Sides, make sit down over—against me. Mrs. *Worden* asked me Pardon, in a good deal of Confusion, for the Part she had acted against me; saying, That Things had been very differently represented to her; and that she little thought I had been marry'd, and that she was behaving so rudely to the Lady of the House.

I said, I took nothing amiss, and very freely forgave her; and hoped my new Condition would not make me forget how to behave properly to every one; but that I must endeavour to act not unworthy of it, for the Honour of the Gentleman who had so generously raised me to it.

Mrs. *Jewkes* said, that my Situation gave me great Opportunities of shewing the Excellency of my Nature, that I could forgive Offences against me so readily, as she for her own Part, must always, she said, acknowledge, with Confusion of Face.

People, said I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't know how they shall act, when their Wills are in the Power of their Superiors; and I always thought one should distinguish between Acts of Malice, and of implicit Obedience; tho', at the same time, a Person should know how to judge between Lawful and Unlawful. And even the Great, continued I, tho' at present angry they are not obey'd, will afterwards have no ill Opinion of a Person for withstanding them in their unlawful Commands.

Mrs. *Jewkes* seem'd a little concern'd at this; and I said, I spoke chiefly from my own Experience; for that I might say, as they both knew my Story, that I had not wanted both for Menaces and Temptations; and had I comply'd with the one, or been intimidated by the other, I should not have been what I was.

Ah! Madam, said Mrs. *Jewkes*, I never knew any body like you: And I think your Temper sweeter since the happy Day, than before; and that, if possible, you take less upon you than before.

Why, a good Reason, said I, may be assigned for that: I thought myself in Danger: I look'd upon every one as my Enemy; and it was impossible that I should not be fretful, uneasy, jealous. But when my dearest Sir had taken from me the Ground of my Uneasiness, and made me quite happy, I should have been very blameable if I had not shewn a satisfy'd and easy Mind, and a Temper that should engage every one's Respect and Love at the same time, if possible: And so much the more, as it was but justifying, in some sort, the Honour I had received; for the fewer Enemies I made myself, the more I engaged every one to think, that my good Benefactor had been less to blame in descending as he has done.

This way of talking pleas'd them both very much; and they made me many Compliments upon it, and wished me to be always happy, as, they said, I so well deserved.

We were thus engaged, when my Master and his Sister, and her Nephew, came in. And they made me quite alive, in the happy Humour in which they all return'd. The two Women would have withdrawn; but my Master said, Don't go, Mrs. *Worden*; Mrs. *Jewkes*, pray stay; I shall speak to you presently So he came to me, and saluting me, said, Well, my dear Love, I hope I have not trespass'd upon your Patience, by an Absence longer than we design'd. But it has not been to your Disadvantage; for tho' we had not your Company, we have talked of nobody else but you.

My Lady came up to me, and said, Ay, Child, you have been all our Subject. I don't know how it is; but you have made two or three whole Families, in this Neighbourhood, as much your Admirers, as your Friend here.

My Sister, said he, has been hearing your Praises, *Pamela*, from half a score Mouths, with more Pleasure than her Heart will easily let her express.

My good Lady *Davers's* Favour, said I, and the Continuance of yours, Sir, would give me more Pride than that of all the rest of the World put together.

Well, Child, said she, proud Hearts don't come down all at once; tho' my Brother here has, this Day, set mine a good many Pegs lower than I ever knew it: But I will say, I wish you Joy with my Brother; and so kissed me.

My dear Lady, said I, you for ever oblige me! —I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so!— And, I hope, I shall always, thro' my Life, shew your Ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful Sense of your Goodness.

But, Child, said she, I shall not give you my Company when you make your Appearance. Let your own Merit make all your *Bedfordshire* Neighbours your Friends, as it has done here, by your *Lincolnshire* ones; and you'll have no need of my Countenance, nor any body's else.

Now, said her Nephew, 'tis my Turn; I wish you Joy with all my Soul, Madam; and, by what I have seen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deserve; and so all the Company says, where we have been. And pray forgive all my Nonsense to you.

Sir, said I, I shall always, I hope, respect as I ought, so near a Relation of my good Lord and Lady *Davers*; and I thank you for your kind Compliment.

Gad, *Beck*, said he, I believe you've some Forgiveness too to ask; for we were all to blame, to make Madam, here, fly the Pit, as she did! Little did we think we made her quit her own House.

Thou always, said my Lady, say'st too much or too little.

Mrs. *Worden* said, I have been treated with so much Goodness and Condescension, since you went, that I have been beforehand, Sir, in asking Pardon for myself.

So my Lady sat down with me half an Hour, and told me how her Brother had carry'd her a fine Airing, and had quite charm'd her with his kind Treatment of her; and had much confirm'd her in the good Opinion she had

begun to entertain of my discreet and obliging Behaviour: But, continued she, when he would make me visit, without intending to stay, my old Neighbours, (for, said she, *Lady Jones* being nearest, we visited her first; and she scrap'd all the rest of the Company together) they were all so full of your Praises, that I was quite borne down; and, truly, it was *Saul* among the Prophets!

You may believe how much I was delighted with this; and I spar'd not my due Acknowledgments.

When her Ladyship took Leave, to go to-bed, she said, Good-night to you, heartily, and to your good Man. I kiss'd you when I came in, out of Form; but I now kiss you out of more than Form, I'll assure you.

Join with me, my dear Parents, in my Joy for this happy Turn; the contrary of which, I so much dreaded, and was the only Difficulty I had to labour with! —This poor Miss *Sally Godfrey*, I wonder what's become of her, poor Soul! —I wish he would, of his own Head, mention her again. —Not that I am *very* uneasy neither. —You'll say, I must be a little saucy, if I was.

My dear Master gave me an Account, when we went up, of the Pains he had taken with his beloved Sister, as he himself styled her; and of all the kind Things the good Families had said in my Behalf; and that he observ'd she was not so much displeas'd with hearing them, as she was at first; when she would not permit any body to speak of me as his Wife. And that my Health, as his Spouse, being put; when it came to her, she drank it; but said, Come, Brother, here's your *Pamela* to you. —But I shall not know how to stand this Affair, when the Countess ——— and the young Ladies come to visit me. It was with one of those young Ladies, that she was so fond of promoting a Match with her Brother. —*Lady Betty*, I know, said she, will rally me smartly upon it; and you know, Brother, she wants neither Wit, nor Satire. He said, I hope, *Lady Betty*, whenever she marries, will meet with a better Husband than I should have made her; for, on my Conscience, I think, I should hardly have made a tolerable one to any but *Pamela*.

He told me, That they rallied him on the Stateliness of his Temper; and said, They saw he would make an exceeding good Husband where he was; but it must be owing to my Meekness, more than his Complaisance; for, said Miss *Darnford*, I could see, well enough, when your Ladyship detained her, tho' he had but hinted his Desire of finding her at our House, he was so out of Humour at her supposed Non-complaisance, that mine and my Sister's Pity for her was much more engag'd than our Envy.

Ay, said my Lady, he is too lordly a Creature, by much, and can't bear Disappointment, and never could.

Said he, Well, *Lady Davers*, you should not, of all Persons, find Fault with me; for I bore a great deal from you, before I was at all angry.

Yes, reply'd she; but when I had gone a little too far, as I own I did, you made me pay for it severely enough! You know you did, Sauce-box. And the poor thing too, added she, that I took with me for my Advocate, so low had he brought me! he treated in such a manner, as made my Heart ach for her: But part was *Art*, I know, to make me think the better of her.

Indeed, Sister, said he, there was very little of that; for, at that time, I cared not what you thought, nor had Complaisance enough to have given a Shilling for your good or bad Opinion of her or me. And, I own, I was displeas'd to be broken in upon, after your Provocations, by either of you; and she must learn that Lesson, never to come near me, when I am in those Humours; which shall be as little as possible; for, after a-while, if let alone, I always come to myself, and am sorry for the Violence of a Temper so like my dear Sister's here: And, for this Reason, think it is no matter how few Witnesses I have of its Intemperance, while it lasts; especially since every Witness, whether they merit it or not, as you see in my *Pamela's* Case, must be a Sufferer by it, if, unsent for, they come in my Way.

He repeated the same Lesson to me again, and inforc'd it; and own'd, that he was angry with me in Earnest, just then; tho' more with himself, afterwards, for being so: But when, *Pamela*, said he, you wanted to transfer all my Displeasure upon yourself, it was so much braying me with your Merit, as if I must soon end my Anger, if placed there; or it was making it so light to you, that I was truly displeas'd. For, continued he, I cannot bear that you should wish, on any Occasion whatever, to have me angry with you, or not to value my Displeasure, as the heaviest Misfortune that could befall you.

But, Sir, said I, you know, that what I did was to try to reconcile my Lady, and as she herself observ'd, it was paying her a high Regard. It was so, reply'd he; but never think of making a Compliment to her, or any body living, at my Expence. Besides, she had behav'd herself so intolerably, that I began to think you had stooped too much, and more than I ought to permit my Wife to do; and Acts of Meanness are what I can't endure in any body,

but especially where I love; and as she had been guilty of a very signal one, I had much rather have renounced her, at that time, than have been reconciled to her.

Sir, said I, I hope I shall always comport myself so, as not wilfully to disoblige you for the future; and the rather do I hope this, as I am sure I shall want only to *know* your Pleasure, to *obey* it. But this Instance shews me, that I may *much* offend, without designing it in the *least*.

Now, *Pamela*, reply'd he, don't be too serious; I hope I shan't be a very tyrannical Husband to you. Yet do I not pretend to be perfect, or to be always govern'd by Reason in my first Transports; and I expect, from your Affection, that you will bear with me when you find me wrong. I have no ingrateful Spirit, and can, when cool, enter as impartially into myself, as most Men; and then I am always kind and acknowledging, in proportion as I have been out of the Way.

But, to convince you, my Dear, continued he, of your Fault, (I mean, with regard to the Impetuosity of my Temper; for there was no Fault in your Intention, *that* I acknowledge) I'll observe only, that you met, when you came to me, while I was so out of Humour, a Reception you did not expect, and a harsh Word or two, that you did not deserve. Now, had you not broken in upon me, while my Anger lasted, but stay'd till I had come to you, or sent to desire your Company, you'd have seen none of this; but that affectionate Behaviour, that, I doubt not, you'll always merit, and I shall always take Pleasure in expressing; and in *this Temper* shall you always find a *proper Influence* over me: But you must not suppose, whenever I am out of Humour, that, in opposing yourself to my Passion, you oppose a proper Butt to it; but when you are so good, like the slender Reed, to bend to the Hurricane, rather than, like the sturdy Oak, to resist it, you will always stand firm in my kind Opinion, while a contrary Conduct would uproot you, with all your Excellencies, from my Soul.

Sir, said I, I will endeavour to conform myself, in all things, to your Will. I make no Doubt, but you will: And I'll endeavour to make my Will as conformable to Reason as I can. And, let me tell you, that this Belief of you, is one of the Inducements I have had to marry at all. For nobody was more averse to this State than myself; and now we're upon this Subject, I'll tell you why I was so averse.

We People of Fortune, or such as are born to large Expectations, of both Sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occasionally touch'd upon this, *Pamela*, several times in your Journal, so justly, that I need say the less to you. We are usually so headstrong, so violent in our Wills, that we very little bear Controul.

Humour'd by our *Nurses*, thro' the Faults of our Parents, we practise first upon them; and shew the *Gratitude* of our Dispositions, in an Insolence that ought rather to be check'd and restrain'd, than encouraged.

Next, we are to be indulg'd in every thing at School; and our *Masters and Mistresses* are rewarded with further grateful Instances of our boisterous Behaviour.

But, in our wise Parents Eyes, all looks well, all is forgiven and excus'd; and for no other Reason, but because we are *Theirs*.

Our next Progression is, we exercise our Spirits, when brought home, to the Torment and Regret of our *Parents themselves*, and torture their Hearts by our undutiful and perverse Behaviour to them; which, however ingrateful in us, is but the natural Consequence of their culpable Indulgence to us, from Infancy upwards.

And then, next, after we have, perhaps, half broken their Hearts, a *Wife* is look'd out for: Convenience, or Birth and Fortune, are the first Motives, Affection the last (if it is at all consulted): And two People thus educated, thus trained up in a Course of unnatural Ingratitude, and who have been headstrong Torments to every one who has had a Share in their Education, as well as to those to whom they owe their Being, are brought together; and what can be expected, but that they should pursue, and carry on, the same comfortable Conduct, in Matrimony, and join most heartily to plague one another? And, in some measure, indeed, this is right, because hereby they tevenge the Cause of all those who have been aggrieved and insulted by them, upon one another.

The Gentleman has never been controuled: The Lady has never been contradicted.

He cannot bear it from one whose new Relation, he thinks, should oblige her to shew a quite contrary Conduct.

She thinks it very barbarous, now, for the *first* time, to be opposed by a Man, from whom she expected nothing but Tenderness.

So great is the Difference, between what they both expect *from* one another, and what they both find *in* each other, that no wonder Misunderstandings happen; that these ripen to Quarrels; that Acts of Unkindness pass, which, even had the first Motive to their Union been *Affection*, as usually it is not, would have effaced all manner of tender Impressions on both sides.

Appeals to Parents or Guardians often ensue: If, by Mediation of Friends, a Reconciliation takes place, it hardly ever holds; for why? The Fault is in the Minds of *both*, and *neither* of them will think so; so that the Wound (not permitted to be probed) is but skinn'd over, and rankles still at the Bottom, and at last breaks out with more Pain and Anguish than before. Separate Beds are often the Consequence; perhaps Elopements; if not, an unconquerable Indifference, possibly Aversion. And whenever, for Appearance—sake, they are obliged to be together, every one sees, that the yawning Husband, and the vapourish Wife, are truly insupportable to one another; but, separate, have freer Spirits, and can be tolerable Company.

Now, my Dear, I would have you think, and, I hope, you will have no other Reason, that had I marry'd the first Lady in the Land, I would not have treated her better than I will my *Pamela*. For my Wife *is* my Wife; and I was the longer in resolving on the State, because I knew its Requisites, and doubted my Conduct in it.

I believe I am more nice than many Gentlemen; but it is because I have been a close Observer of the Behaviour of wedded Folks, and hardly have ever seen it to be such as I could like in my own Case. I shall, possibly, give you Instances, of a more particular Nature, of this, as we are *longer*, and, perhaps, I might say, *better* acquainted.

Had I marry'd with the Views of most Gentlemen, and with such as my good Sister (supplying the Place of my Father and Mother) would have recommended, I had wedded a fine Lady, brought up pretty much in my own Manner, and used to have her Will in every thing.

Some Gentlemen can come into a Compromise; and, after a few Struggles, sit down tolerably contented. But, had I marry'd a Princess, I could not have done so. I must have loved her exceedingly well, before I had consented to knit the Knot with her, and prefer'd her to all her Sex; for without this, *Pamela*, Indifferences, if not Disgusts, will arise in every wedded Life, that could not have made me happy at home; and there are sewer Instances, I believe, of Mens loving better after Matrimony, than of Womens; the Reasons of which 'tis not my present Purpose to account for.

Then I must have been morally sure, that she prefer'd me to all Men; and, to convince me of this, she must have lessen'd, not aggravated, my Failings; she must have borne with my Imperfections; she must have watch'd and study'd my Temper; and if ever she had any Points to carry, any Desire of overcoming, it must have been by Sweetness and Complaisance; and yet not such a slavish one, as should make her Condescension seem to be rather the Effect of her Insensibility, than Judgment or Affection.

She should not have given Cause for any Part of my Conduct to her, to wear the least Aspect of Compulsion or Force. The Word *Command*, on my Side, or *Obedience*, on hers, I would have blotted from my Vocabulary. For this Reason I should have thought it my Duty to have desired nothing of her, that was not significant, reasonable, or just; and that then she should, on hers, have shewn no Reluctance, Uneasiness, or Doubt, to oblige me, even at half a Word.

I would not have excus'd her to let me twice injoin the same thing, while I took such care to make her Compliance with me reasonable, and such as should not destroy her own free Agency, in Points that ought to be allow'd her. And if I was not always right, that yet she would bear with me, if she saw me set upon it; and expostulate with me on the right side of Compliance; for that would shew me, (supposing *Small Points* in Dispute, from which the greatest Quarrels, among *Friends*, generally arise) that she differ'd from me, not for *Contradiction—Sake*, but desir'd to convince me for *my own*; and that I should, another time, take better Resolutions.

This would be so obliging a Conduct, that I should, in Justice, have doubled my Esteem for one, who, to humour me, could give up her own Judgment; and I should see she could have no other View in her Expostulations, after her Compliance had passed, than to rectify my Notions for the future; and it would have been impossible then, but I must have paid the greater Deference to her Opinion and Advice in more momentous Matters.

In all Companies she must have shewn, that she had, whether I deserved it altogether, or not, a high Regard and Opinion of me; and this the rather, as that such a Conduct in her, would be a Reputation and Security to herself; for if ever we Rakes attempt a marry'd Lady, our first Encouragement, exclusive of our own Vanity, arises from the indifferent Opinion, Slight, or Contempt she expresses for her Husband.

That therefore she would draw a kind Veil over my Faults; that such as she could not hide, she would extenuate: That she would place my better Actions in an advantageous Light, and shew, that I had *her* good Opinion, at least, whatever Liberties the *World* took with my Character.

She must have valued my Friends for *my* sake; been chearful and easy, whomever I had brought home with me; and whatever Faults she had observed in me, have never blamed me before Company; at least, with such an Air of Superiority as should have shewn she had a better Opinion of her own Judgment, than mine.

Now, my *Pamela*, this is but a faint Sketch of the Conduct I must have expected from my Wife, let her Quality have been what it would, or have lived with her on bad Terms. Judge then, if, to me, a Lady of the modish Taste could have been tolerable.

The Perverseness and Contradiction I have too often seen, in some of my Visits, even among People of Sense, as well as Condition, had prejudiced me to the marry'd State; and, as I knew I could not bear it, surely I was in the right to decline it; and you see, my Dear, that I have not gone among this Class of People for a Wife; nor know I indeed, where, in any Class, I could have sought one, or had one, suitable to my Mind, if not you. For here is my Misfortune; I could not have been contented to have been *but moderately happy* in a Wife.

Judge you, from all this, if I could very well bear, that you should think yourself so well secur'd of my Affection, that you could take the Faults of others upon yourself; and, by a supposed supererogatory Merit, think your Interposition sufficient to atone for the Faults of others.

Yet am I not perfect myself: No, I am greatly imperfect. Yet will I not allow, that my Imperfections shall excuse those of my Wife, or make her think I ought to bear Faults in her, that she can rectify, because she bears greater from me.

Upon the Whole, I may expect, that you will bear with me, and study my Temper, *till*, and only *till*, you see I am capable of returning Insult for Obligation; and till you think that I shall be of a gentler Deportment, if I am roughly used, than otherwise. One thing more I will add, That I should scorn myself, if there was one Privilege of your Sex, that a Princess might expect, as my Wise, to be indulg'd in, that I would not allow to my *Pamela*. For you are the Wife of my Affections: I never wish'd for one before you, nor ever do I hope to have another!

I hope, Sir, said I, my future Conduct—— Pardon me, said he, my Dear, for interrupting you; but it is to assure you, that I am so well convinc'd of your affectionate Regards for me, that I know I might have spared the greatest Part of what I have said: And indeed, it must be very bad for both of us, if I should have Reason to think it *necessary* to say so much. But one thing has brought on another; and I have rather spoken what my Niceness has made me *observe* in *other* Families, than what I *fear* in *my own*. And therefore, let me assure you, I am thoroughly satisfy'd with your Conduct hitherto. You shall have no Occasion to repent it. And you shall find, tho' greatly imperfect, and passionate, on particular Provocations, (which yet I will try to overcome) that you have not a brutal or ungenerous Husband, who is capable of offering Insult for Condescension, or returning Evil for Good.

I thank'd him for these kind Rules, and generous Assurances; and assured him, that they had made so much Impression on my Mind, that these, and his most agreeable Injunctions before given me, and such as he should hereafter be pleased to give me, should be so many Rules for my future Conduct.

And I am glad of the Method I have taken of making a Journal of all that passes in these first Stages of my Happiness, because it will sink the Impression still deeper; and I shall have recourse to them for my better Regulation, as often as I shall mistrust my Memory.

Let me see: What are the Rules I am to observe from this awful Lecture? Why, these:

1. That I must not, when he is in great Wrath with any body, break in upon him, without his Leave. — *Well, I'll remember it, I warrant. But yet I fancy this Rule is almost peculiar to himself.*
2. That I must think his Displeasure the heaviest thing that can befall me. *To be sure I shall.*
3. And so that I must not wish to incur it, to save any body else. *I'll be further if I do.*
4. That I must never make a Compliment to any body at his Expence.
5. That I must not be guilty of any Acts of wilful Meanness! *There is a great deal meant in this; and I'll endeavour to observe it all. To be sure, the Occasion on which he mentions this, explains it; that I must say nothing, tho' in Anger, that is spiteful or malicious; that is disrespectful or undutiful, and such-like.*

6. That I must bear with him, even when I find him in the wrong. *This is a little hard, as the Case may be! I wonder whether poor Miss Sally Godfrey be living or dead!*
7. That I must be as flexible as the Reed in the Fable, lest, by resisting the Tempest, like the Oak, I be torn up by the Roots. *Well! I'll do the best I can! —There is no great Likelihood, I hope, I should be too perverse; yet, sure, the Tempest will not lay me quite level with the Ground neither.*
8. That the Education of young People of Condition is generally wrong. Memorandum, *That if any Part of Childrens Education fall to my Lot, I never indulge or humour them in things that they ought to be restrain'd in.*
9. That I accustom them to bear Disappointments and Controul.
10. That I suffer them not to be too much indulged in their Infancy.
11. Nor at School.
12. Nor spoil them when they come home.
13. For that Children generally extend their Perverseness from the Nurse to the Schoolmaster; from the Schoolmaster to the Parents.
14. And, in their next Step, as a proper Punishment for all, make their own Selves unhappy.
15. That undutiful and perverse Children make had Husbands and Wives: *And, collaterally, bad Masters and Mistresses.*
16. That not being subject to be controuled early, they cannot, when marry'd, bear one another.
17. That the Fault lying deep, and in the Minds of each, neither will mend it.
18. Whence follow Misunderstandings, Quarrels, Appeals, ineffectual Reconciliations, Separations, Elopements—or, at best, Indifference; perhaps, Aversion. —Memorandum, *A good Image of unhappy Wedlock, in the Words Yawning Husband and Vapourish Wife, when together:— But separate, both quite alive.*
19. Few marry'd Persons behave as he likes!— *Let me ponder this with Awe and Improvement.*
20. Some Gentlemen can compromise with their Wives for. Quietness—sake; but he can't.— *Indeed I believe that's! —I don't desire he should.*
21. That Love before Marriage is absolutely necessary.
22. That there are fewer Instances of Mens than Womens loving better after Marriage. —*But why so? I wish he had given his Reasons for this! I fancy they would not have been to the Advantage of his own Sex.*
23. That a Woman give her Husband Reason to think she prefers him before all Men. *Well, to be sure this should be so.*
24. That if she would overcome, it must be by Sweetness and Complaisance; *that is, by yielding, he means, no doubt.*

25. Yet not such a slavish one neither, as should rather seem the Effect of her Insensibility, than Judgment or Affection!
26. That the Words Command and Obey shall be blotted out of his Vocabulary. *Very good!*
27. That a Man should desire nothing of his Wife but what is significant, reasonable, just. *To be sure that is right.*
28. But then, that she must not shew Reluctance, Uneasiness, or Doubt, to oblige him; and that too at half a Word; and must not be bid twice to do one thing. —*But may not there be some Occasions, where this may be a little dispens'd with? But he says afterwards, indeed,*
29. That this must be only while he took care to make her Compliance reasonable, and consistent with her free Agency, in Points that ought to be allow'd her. —*Come, this is pretty well, considering.*
30. That if the Husband be *set* upon a wrong Thing, she must not dispute with him, but do it, and expostulate afterwards. —*Good—sirs! I don't know what to say to this! —It looks a little hard, methinks! —This would bear a smart Debate, I fancy, in a Parliament of Women.* —But then he says,
31. Supposing they are only small Points that are in Dispute. —*Well, this mends it a little. For small Points, I think, should not be stood upon.*
32. That the greatest Quarrels among Friends, *and Wives and Husbands are or should be Friends*, arise from small Matters. —*I believe this is very ; for I had like to have had Anger here, when I intended very well.*
33. That a Wife should not desire to convince her Husband for Contradiction sake; but for his own. *As both will find their Account in this, if one does; I believe 'tis very just.*
34. That in all Companies a Wife must shew Respect and Love to her Husband.
35. And this for the sake of her own Reputation and Security; for,
36. That Rakes cannot have a greater Encouragement to attempt a marry'd Lady's Virtue, than her slight Opinion of her Husband. *To be sure, this stands to Reason, and is a fine Lesson.*
37. That a Wife should therefore draw a kind Veil over her Husband's Faults.
38. That such as she could not conceal, she should extenuate.
39. That his Virtues she should place in an Advantageous Light.
40. And shew the World, that he had her good Opinion at least.
41. That she must value his Friends for *his* sake.
42. That she must be chearful and easy in her Behaviour, to whomsoever he brings home with him.
43. That whatever Faults she sees in him, she never blames him before Company.
44. At least, with such an Air of Superiority, as if she had a less Opinion of his Judgment than her own.
45. That a Man of nice Observation cannot be contented to be only *moderately* happy in a Wife.

46. That a Wife take care how she ascribe supererogatory Merit to herself; so as to take the Faults of others upon her. —*Indeed, I think it is well if we can bear our own! This is of the same Nature with the Third. And touches upon me on the present Occasion, for this wholesome Lecture.*

47. That *his* Imperfections must not be a Plea for *hers*. *To be sure, 'tis no matter how good the Women are; but 'tis to be hoped, Men will allow a little. But, indeed, he says,*

48. That a Husband who expects all this, is to be incapable of returning Insult for Obligation, or Evil for Good; and ought not to abridge her of any Privilege of her Sex.

Well, my dear Parents, I think this last Rule crowns the rest, and makes them all very tolerable; and a generous Man, and a Man of Sense, cannot be too much obliged. And, as I have this Happiness, I shall be very unworthy, if I do not always so *think*, and so *act*.

Yet, after all, you'll see I have not the easiest Task in the World. But I know my own Intentions, that I shall not wilfully err; and so fear the less.

Not one Hint did he give, that I durst lay hold of, about poor Miss *Sally Godfrey*. I wish my Lady had not spoken of it. For it has given me a Curiosity that is not quite so pretty in me; especially so early in my Nuptials, and in a Case so long ago past. Yet he intimated too, to his Sister, that he had had other Faults, (of this Sort, I suppose) that had not come to her Knowledge!————— But I make no Doubt, he has seen his Error, and will be very good for the future. I wish it, and pray it may be so, for his own dear sake!

WEDNESDAY, the Seventh.

When I arose in the Morning, I went to wait on Lady *Davers*, seeing her Door open; and she was in Bed, but awake, and talking to her Woman. I said, I hope I don't disturb your Ladyship: No, not at all, said she; I am glad to see you. How do you?—— Well, added she, when do you set out for *Bedfordshire*? I said, I can't tell, Madam. It was design'd as to-day; but I have heard no more of it.

Sit down, said she, on the Bed-side.—— I find, by the Talk we had Yesterday and last Night, you have had but a poor Time of it, *Pamela*, (I must call you so yet, said she) since you was brought to this House, till within these few Days. And Mrs. *Jewkes* too has given *Beck* such an Account, as makes me pity you.

Indeed, Madam, said I, if your Ladyship knew all, you *would* pity me; for never poor Creature was so hard put to it. But I ought to forget it all now, and be thankful.

Why, said she, as far as I can find, 'tis a Mercy you are here now. I was sadly moved with some part of your Story. And you have really made a noble Defence, and deserve the Praises of all our Sex.

It was God enabled me, Madam, reply'd I. Why, said she, 'tis the more extraordinary, because, I believe, if the Truth was known, you lov'd the Wretch not a little. While my Trials lasted, Madam, said I, I had not a *Thought* of *any thing*, but to preserve my Innocence; much less of Love.

But tell me truly, said she, Did you not love him all the time? I had always, Madam, answer'd I, a great Reverence for my Master, and thought all his good Actions doubly good; and for his naughty ones, tho' I abhorr'd his Attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wish'd him well; but I did not know that it was Love. Indeed I had not the Presumption!

Sweet Girl! said she; that's prettily said: But when he found he could not gain his Ends, and begun to be sorry for your Sufferings, and to admire your Virtue, and to profess honourable Love to you, What did you think?

Think, and please your Ladyship! I did not know what to think! I could neither hope, nor believe so great an Honour would fall to my Lot; and I fear'd more from his Kindness, for some time, than I had done from his Unkindness: And having had a private Intimation, from a kind Friend, of a Sham-marriage intended, by means of a Man who was to personate a Minister, it kept my Mind in too much Suspense, to be greatly overjoy'd at his kind Declaration.

Said she, I think he *did* make two or three Attempts upon you in *Bedfordshire*? Yes, Madam, said I, he was very naughty, to be sure!

And *here*, he proposed Articles to you, I understand? Yes, Madam, reply'd I; but I abhorr'd so much the Thoughts of being a kept Creature, that I rejected them with great Boldness; and was resolved to die before I would consent to them.

He after wards attempted you, I think; Did he not? O, yes, Madam! said I, a most sad Attempt he made; and I had like to have been lost; for Mrs. *Jewkes* was not so good as she should have been. And so I told her Ladyship that sad Offer, and how I fell into Fits; and that they, believing me dying, forbore. Any Attempts after this base one? said she.

He was not so good as he should have been, return'd I, once, in the Garden, afterwards; but I was *so* watchful, and *so* ready to take the Alarm!

But, said she, did he not threaten you, at times, and put on his stern Airs, every now-and-then? —— Threaten, Madam! reply'd I; yes, I had enough of that!—— I thought I should have dy'd for Fear, several times. How could you bear that? said she: For he is a most daring and majestick Mortal! He has none of your puny Hearts, but as courageous as a Lion; and, Boy and Man, never fear'd any thing. I myself, said she, have a pretty good Spirit; but when I have made him truly angry, I have always been forced to make it up with him, as well as I could. For, Child, he is not one that is easily reconciled, I'll assure you.

But, after he had profess'd honourable Love to you, Did he never attempt you again? No, indeed, Madam, he did not. But he was a good while struggling with himself, and with his Pride, as he called it, before he could stoop so low; and consider'd, and consider'd again: And once, upon my saying but two or three Words, that displeas'd him, when he was very kind to me, he turn'd me out of Doors; in a manner, at an Hour's Warning; for he sent me above a Day's Journey towards my Father's; and then sent a Man and Horse, Post-haste, to fetch me back again;

and has been exceedingly kind and gracious to me ever since, and made me happy.

That sending you away, said she, one Hour, and sending after you the next, is exactly like my Brother; and 'tis well if he don't turn you off twice or thrice before a Year come about, if you vex him: And he would have done the same by the first Lady in the Land, if he had been marry'd to her. Yet has he his Virtues, as well as his Faults; for he is generous, nay, he is noble in his Spirit; hates little dirty Actions; he delights in doing Good: But does not pass over a wilful Fault easily. He is wise, prudent, sober and magnanimous; and will not tell a Lye, nor disguise his Faults; but you must not expect to have him all to yourself, I doubt.

But I'll no more harp upon this String: You see how he was exasperated at me; and he seem'd to be angry at you too; tho' something of it was Art, I believe.

Indeed, Madam, said I, he has been pleased to give me a most noble Lecture; and I find he was angry with me in Earnest, and that it will not be an easy Task to behave unexceptionably to him: For he is very nice and delicate in his Notions, I perceive; but yet, as your Ladyship says, exceeding generous.

Well, says she, I'm glad thou hadst a little bit of his Anger, else I should have thought it Art; and I don't love to be treated with low Art, any more than he; and I should have been vex'd, if he had done it by me.

But I understand, Child, says she, that you keep a Journal of all Matters that pass, and he has several times found means to get at it: Should you care I should see it? It could not be to your Disadvantage; for I find it had no small Weight with *him* in your Favour; and I should take great Pleasure to read all his Stratagems, Attempts, Contrivances, Menaces, and Offers to you, on one hand; and all your pretty Counter-plottings, which he much praises, your resolute Resistance, and the noble Stand you have made to preserve your Virtue; and the Steps by which his Pride was subdued, and his Mind induced to honourable Love, till you were made what you now are: For it must be a rare, an uncommon Story; and will not only give me great Pleasure in reading, but will intirely reconcile me to the Step he has taken. And that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a Match with him and Lady *Betty* ———; and had said so much of it, that the Earl, her Father, approv'd of it; and so did the Duke of ———, her Uncle; and Lady *Betty* herself was not averse: And now shall I be hunted to Death about it; and this has made me so outrageous as you have seen me upon the Matter. But when I can find, by your Writings, that your Virtue is but suitably rewarded, it will be not only a good Excuse for me, but for him, and make me love you.

There is nothing that I would not do, said I, to oblige your Ladyship; but my poor Father and Mother (who would rather have seen me buried quick in the Earth, than to be seduced by the greatest of Princes) have them in their Hands at present; and your dear Brother has bespoken them, when they have done reading them; but if he gives me Leave, I will shew them to your Ladyship with all my Heart; not doubting your generous Allowances, as I have had his; tho' I have treated him very freely all the way, while he had naughty Views; and that your Ladyship would consider them as the naked Sentiments of my Heart, from Time to Time, deliver'd to those, whose Indulgence I was sure of; and for whose Sight, only, they were written.

Give me a Kiss now, said her Ladyship, for your chearful Compliance; for I make no doubt my Brother will consent I shall see them, because they must needs make for *your* Honour; and I see he loves you better than any one in the World.

I have heard, continued her Ladyship, a mighty good Character of your Parents, as industrious, honest, sensible, good Folks, who know the World; and, as I doubt not my Brother's Generosity, I am glad they will make no ill Figure in the World's Eye.

Madam, said I, they are the honestest, the loveingest, and the most conscientious Couple breathing. They once lived creditably; brought up a great Family, of which I am the youngest; but had Misfortunes, thro' their doing beyond their Power for two unhappy Brothers, who are both dead, and whose Debts they stood bound for, and so became reduced, and, by harsh Creditors, (where most of the Debts were not of their own contracting) turn'd out of all; and having, without Success, try'd to set up a little Country School, (for my Father understood a little of Accompts, and wrote a pretty good Hand) forced to take to hard Labour; but honest all the Time; contented; never repining and loving to one another; and, in the midst of their Poverty and Disappointments, above all Temptation; and all their Fear was, that I should be wicked, and yield to Temptation, for the sake of worldly Riches: And to God's Grace, and their good Lessons, and those I imbib'd from my dear good Lady, your Ladyship's Mother, it is that I owe the Preservation of my Innocence, and the happy Station I now am exalted to.

She was pleased to kiss me again, and said, There is such a noble Simplicity in thy Story, such an honest

Artlessness in thy Mind, and such a sweet Humility in thy Deportment, notwithstanding thy present Station, that I believe I shall be forced to love thee, whether I will or not: And the Sight of your Papers, I dare say, will crown the Work, will disarm my Pride, banish my Resentment on Lady *Betty's* account, and justify my Brother's Conduct; and, at the same time, redound to your own everlasting Honour, as well as to the Credit of our Sex: And so I make no doubt but my Brother will let me see them.

Mrs. *Worden*, said my Lady, I can say any thing before you; and you will take no Notice of our Conversation; but I see you are much touched with it: Did you ever hear any thing prettier, more unaffected, sincere, free, easy? ————— No, never, Madam, answer'd she, in my Life; and it is a great Pleasure, to see so happy a Reconciliation taking Place, where there is so much Merit.

I said, I have discover'd so much Prudence in Mrs. *Worden*, that, as well for that, as for the Confidence your Ladyship places in her, I have made no Scruple of speaking my Mind freely before her; and of blaming my dear Master, while he was blameworthy, as well as acknowledging his transcendent Goodness to me since; which, I am sure, exceeds all I can ever deserve. Maybe not, said my Lady. I hope you'll be very happy in one another; and I'll now rise, and tell him my Thoughts, and ask him to let me have the reading of your Papers; for I promise myself much Pleasure in them; and shall not grudge a Journey, and a Visit to you, to the other House, to fetch them.

Your Ladyship's Favour, said I, was all I had to wish for; and if I have that, and the Continuance of your dear Brother's Goodness to me, I shall be easy under whatever else may happen.

And so I took my Leave, and withdrew; and she let me hear her say to Mrs. *Worden*, 'Tis a charming Creature, Mrs. *Worden* !————— I know not which excels, her Person or her Mind!————— And so young a Creature too! — Well may my Brother love her!

I am afraid, my dear Father and Mother, I shall now be too proud indeed.————— I had once a good mind to have asked her Ladyship about Miss *Sally Godfrey*; but I thought it was better let alone, as she did not mention it herself. May-be, I shall hear it too soon. But I hope not!————— I wonder, tho', whether she be living or dead!

We breakfasted together with great good Temper; and my Lady was very kind, and asking my good Master, he gave Leave, very readily, she should see all my Papers, when you return'd them to me; and he said, He was sure, when she came to read them, she would say, that I had well deserv'd the Fortune I had met with, and would be of Opinion, that, all the Kindness of his future Life would hardly be a sufficient Reward for my Virtue, and make me Amends for my Sufferings.

My Lady resolving to set out the next Morning, to return to her Lord, my Master order'd every thing to be made ready for his doing the like, to *Bedfordshire*; and this Evening our good Neighbours will sup with us, to take Leave of my Lady and us.

WEDNESDAY Night.

Nothing particular having passed at Dinner and Supper, but the most condescending Goodness, on my Lady's side, to me; and the highest Civilities from Mr. *Peters's* Family; from Lady *Jones*, from Sir *Simon's* Family, &c. and reciprocal good Wishes all round; and a Promise obtain'd from my Benefactor, that he would endeavour to pass a Fortnight or three Weeks in these Parts, before the Winter set in; I shall conclude this Day with observing, that I disposed of the Money my Master was so good to put into my Hands, in the Method he was pleased to direct; and I gave Mrs. *Jewkes* hers, in such a manner, as highly pleased her; and she wished me, with Tears, all kind of Happiness; and pray'd me to forgive her all her past Wickedness to me, as she herself called it. I begg'd Leave of my Master to present Mrs. *Worden* with Five Guineas, for a Pair of Gloves; which he said was well thought of.

SATURDAY.

On *Thursday* Morning my Lady set out for her own Seat; and my good Sir and I, attended by Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham* and *Thomas*, for this dear House. Her Ladyship parted with her Brother and me with great Tenderness, and made me promise to send her my Papers; which I find she intends to entertain Lady *Betty* with, and another Lady or two, her Intimates, as also her Lord; and hopes to find, as I believe, in the Reading of them, some Excuse for her Brother's Choice.

My dearest Master has been all Love and Tenderness on the Road, as he is in every Place, and on every Occasion. And Oh! what a delightful Change was this Journey, to that which, so contrary to all my Wishes, and so much to my Apprehensions, carry'd me hence to the *Lincolnshire* House! And how did I bless God at every Turn, and at every Stage!

We did not arrive here till yesterday Noon. *Abraham* rode before, to let them know we were coming. And I had the Satisfaction to find every body there I wished to see. When the Chariot enter'd the Court-yard, I was so strongly impress'd with the Favour and Mercies of God Almighty, on remembering how I was sent away the last time I saw this House; the Leave I took; the Dangers I had encounter'd; a poor cast-off Servant Girl; and now returning a joyful Wife, and the Mistress, thro' his Favour, of the noble House I was turn'd out of; that I was hardly able to support the Joy I felt in my Mind on the Occasion. He saw how much I was moved, and tenderly ask'd me, why I seem'd so affected? I told him, and lifted his dear Hand to my Lips, and said, O, Sir! God's Mercies, and your Goodness to me, on entering this dear, dear Place, are above my Expression! I can hardly bear the Thoughts of them!—— He said, Welcome, thrice welcome, Joy of my Life! to your own House: And kissed my Hand in Return. All the common Servants stood at the Windows, as unseen as they could, to observe us. He took my Hand, with the most condescending Goodness in the World, and, with great Complaisance, led me into the Parlour, and kissed me with the greatest Ardour. Welcome again, my dearest Spouse, said he, a thousand times welcome, to the Possession of a House that is not more mine than yours.

I threw myself at his Feet: Permit me, dear Sir, thus to bless *God*, and thank *you*, for all *his* Mercies, and *your* Goodness. O may I so behave, as not to be *utterly unworthy*; and then how *happy* shall I be! God give me, my Dearest, said he, Life and Health to reward all your Sweetness: And no Man can be then so blest as I!

Where (said he to *Abraham*, who passed by the Door, Where) is Mrs. *Jervis*?—— She bolted in! Here, good Sir, said she, here, good Madam, am I, waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both!—— I ran to her, and clasp'd my Arms about her Neck, and kissed her: O my dear Mrs. *Jervis*! said I, my other dear Mother! receive your happy, happy *Pamela*: And join with me to bless God, and bless our Master, for all these great Things!—— I was ready to sink into her Arms thro' Excess of Joy, to see the dear good Woman, who had been so often a mournful Witness of my Distress, as now of my Triumph!—— Dearest Madam, said she, you do me too much Honour. Let my whole Life shew the Joy I take in your deserv'd good Fortune, and in my Duty to you, for the early Instance I received of your Goodness in your kind Letter. O, Mrs. *Jervis*, reply'd I, *There* all Thanks are due, both from you and me: For our dear Master granted me this Blessing, as I may justly call it, the very first Moment I begg'd it of him. Your Goodness, Sir, said she, I will for ever acknowledge; and I beg Pardon for the wrong Step I made, in applying to my Lady *Davers*.—— He was so good as to salute her, and said, All's over now, Mrs. *Jervis*; and I shall not remember you *ever* disoblig'd me. I always respected you, and shall now, more and more, value you, for the sake of that dear good Creature, that, with Joy unfeign'd, I can call my Wife. God bless your Honour, for ever! said she; and many, *many* happy Years may ye live together, the Envy and Wonder of all who know you!

But where, said my dear Master, is honest *Long-man*? and where is *Jonathan*? —Come, Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, you shall shew me them, and all the good Folks, presently; and let me go up with you to behold the dear Apartments, which I have seen *before* with such different Emotions to what I shall *now* do.

We went up; and in every Room, the Chamber I took Refuge in, when my Master pursu'd me, my Lady's Chamber, her Dressing-room, Mrs. *Jervis*'s Room, not forgetting her Closet, my own little Bed-chamber, the Green-room, and in each of the others, I kneeled down severally, and blessed God for my past Escapes, and present Happiness; and the good Woman was quite affected with the Zeal and Pleasure with which I made my

thankful Acknowledgments to the Divine Goodness. O my excellent Lady! said she, you are still the same good, pious, humble Soul I knew you; and your Marriage has added to your Graces, as I hope it will to your Blessings.

Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, said I, you know not what I have gone thro'! You know not what God has done for me! You know not what a happy Creature I am now! I have a thousand, thousand things to tell you; and a whole Week would be too little, every Moment of it spent in relating to you what has befallen me, to make you acquainted with it all. We shall be sweetly happy together, I make no doubt. But I charge you, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, whatever you call me before Strangers, that when we are by ourselves, you call me nothing but *your Pamela*. For what an ingrateful Creature should I be, who have receiv'd so many Mercies at the Hand of God, if I attributed them not to his Divine Goodness, but assumed to myself insolent Airs upon them! No, I hope, I shall be more and more thankful, as I am more and more blest; and more humble, as God, the Author of all my Happiness, shall more distinguish me.

We went down again to the Parlour, to my dear Master. Said he, Call in again Mr. *Longman*; he longs to see you, my Dear. He came in: God bless you, my sweet Lady, said he; as now, God be praised, I may call you. Did I not tell you, Madam, that Providence would find you out? O, Mr. *Longman*, said I, God be praised for all his Mercies!—— I am rejoiced to see you; and I laid my Hand on his, and said, Good Mr. *Longman*, how do you do!—— I must always value you; and you don't know how much of my present Happiness I owe to the Sheets of Paper, and Pens and Ink you furnish'd me with. I hope, my dear Sir and you are quite reconciled. —O Madam, said he, how good you are! —— Why, I cannot contain myself for Joy! and then he wiped his Eyes, good Man!

Said my Master, Yes, I have been telling Mr. *Longman*, that I am obliged to him for his ready Return to me; and that I will intirely forget his Appeal to Lady *Davers*; and I hope he'll find himself quite as easy and happy as he wishes.—— My Partner here, Mr. *Longman*, I dare promise you, will do all she can to make you so. God bless you both together! said he. 'Tis the Pride of my Heart to see this!—— I return'd with double Delight, when I heard the blessed News; and I am sure, Sir, said he, mark old *Longman's* Words, God will bless you for this every Year more and more!—— You don't know how many Hearts you have made happy by this generous Deed!—— I am glad of it, said my dear Master; I am sure I have made my own happy: And, Mr. *Longman*, tho' I must think you Somebody, yet, as you are not a young Man, and so won't make me jealous, I can allow you to wish my dear Wife Joy in the tenderest manner. Adad, Sir, said he, I am sure you rejoice me with your Favour: 'Twas what I long'd for, but durst not presume. My Dear, said my Master, receive the Compliment of one of the honestest Hearts in *England*, that always rever'd your Virtues!— And the good Man saluted me with great Respect; and said, God in Heaven bless you both, and kneeled on one Knee. I must quit your Presence! Indeed I must!—— And away he went.

Your Goodness, Sir, said I, knows no Bounds! O may my Gratitude never find any!—— I saw, said my Master, when the good Man approach'd you, that he did it with so much Awe and Love mingled together, that I fancied he long'd to salute my Angel; and I could not but indulge his honest Heart. How bless'd am I, said I, and kiss'd his Hand — And indeed I make nothing now of kissing his dear Hand, as if it was my own!

When honest old Mr. *Jonathan* came in to attend at Dinner, so clean, so sleek, and so neat, as he always is, with his silver Hair, I said, Well, Mr. *Jonathan*, how do you? I am glad to see you?— You look as well as ever, thank God! O dear, Madam! said he, better than ever, to have such a blessed Sight!—— God bless you and my good Master!— and I hope, Sir, said he, you'll excuse all my past Failings. Ay, that I will, *Jonathan*, said he; because you never had any, but what your Regard for my dear Spouse here was the Occasion of. And now I can tell you, you can never err, because you cannot respect her too much. O Sir, said he, your Honour is exceeding good. I'm sure I shall always pray for you both.

After Dinner Mr. *Longman* coming in, and talking of some Affairs under his Care, he said afterwards, All your Honour's Servants are now happy; for *Robert*, who left you, had a pretty little Fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your Service. He was here but Yesterday, to enquire when you and my Lady return'd hither; and hop'd he might have Leave to pay his Duty to you both. Ay, said my Master, I shall be glad to see honest *Robin*; for that's another of your Favourites, *Pamela*.— It was high time, I think, I should marry you, were it but to engage the Respects of all my Family to myself. There are, Sir, said I, ten thousand Reasons why I should rejoice in your Goodness.

But I was going to say, said Mr. *Longman*, That all your Honour's old Servants are now happy, but one. You

mean *John Arnold*? said my Master. I do, indeed, said he, if you'll excuse me, Sir. O said I, I have had my Prayer for poor *John* answer'd, as favourably as I could wish. ————— Why, said Mr. *Longman*, to be sure poor *John* has acted no very good Part, take it all together; but he so much honour'd you, Sir, and so much respected you, Madam, that he would have been glad to have been obedient to both; and so was faithful to neither. But indeed the poor Fellow's Heart's almost broke, and he won't look out for any other Place; and says, he must live in your Honour's Service, or he must die wretched very shortly. Mrs. *Jervis* was there when this was said; Indeed, says she, the poor Man has been here every Day since he heard the Tidings that have rejoiced us all; and he says, he hopes he shall yet be forgiven. Is he in the House now? said my Master. He is, Sir; and was here when your Honour came in, and play'd at hide-and-seek to have one Look at you both when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his Wits for Joy, when he saw your Honour hand my Lady in. *Pamela*, said my dear Master, you're to do with *John* as you please. You have full Power. Then pray Sir, said I, let poor *John* come in.

The poor Fellow came in, with so much Confusion, that I have never seen a Countenance that express'd so lively Consciousness of his Faults, and mingled Joy and Shame. How do you do, *John*? said I; I hope you're very well!— The poor Fellow could hardly speak, and look'd with Awe upon my Master, and Pleasure upon me. Said my Master, Well, *John*, there is no room to say any thing to a Man that has so much Concern already: I am told you will serve me whether I will or not; but I turn you over altogether to my Spouse here. And she is to do by you as she pleases. You see, *John*, said I, your good Master's Indulgence. Well may I forgive, that have so generous an Example. I was always persuaded of your honest Intentions, if you had known how to distinguish between your Duty to your Master, and your Good-will to me: You will now have no more Puzzles on that Account, from the Goodness of your dear Master. I shall be but too happy said the poor Man. God bless your Honour! God bless you, Madam! ————— I now have the Joy of my Soul, in serving you both; and I will make the best of Servants, to my Power. Well then, *John*, said I, your Wages will go on, as if you had not left your Master: May I not say so, Sir? said I. Yes, surely, my Dear, reply'd he, and augment them too, if you find his Duty to you deserves it. A thousand Million of Thanks, said the poor Man: I am very well satisfy'd, and desire no Augmentation; and so he withdrew overjoy'd; and Mrs. *Jervis* and Mr. *Longman* were highly pleas'd; for tho' they were incens'd against him for his Fault to me, when Matters look'd badly for me, yet they, and all his Fellow-servants, always lov'd *John*.

When Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis* had din'd, they came in again, to know if he had any Commands; and my dear Master filling a Glass of Wine, said, Mr. *Longman*, I am going to toast the happiest and honestest Couple in *England*, my dear *Pamela's* Father and Mother. —Thank you, dear Sir, said I.

Said he, I think that little *Kentish* Purchase wants a Manager; and as it is a little out of *your* Way, Mr. *Longman*, I have been purposing, if I thought Mr. *Andrews* would accept of it, that he should enter upon *Hodges's* Farm, that was, and so manage for me that whole little Affair; and we will well stock the Farm for him, and make it comfortable; and I think, if he will take that Trouble upon him, it will be an Ease to you, and a Favour to me.

Your Honour, said he, cannot do a better thing; and I have had some Inkling given me, that you might, if you pleased, augment that Estate, by a Purchase, of equal Amount, contiguous to it; and as you have so much Money to spare, I can't see your Honour can do better. Well, said he, let me have the Particulars another time, and we will consider about it. But my Dear, added he, you'll mention this to your Father, if you please.

I have too much Money, Mr. *Longman*, continu'd he, lies useless; tho', upon this Occasion, I shall not grudge laying out as much in Liveries, and other things, as if I had marry'd a Lady of a Fortune equal, if possible, to my *Pamela's* Merit; and I reckon you have a good deal in Hand. Yes, Sir, said he, more than I wish I had. But I have a Mortgage in View, if you don't buy that *Kentish* thing, that I believe will answer very well; and when Matters are riper, will mention it to your Honour.

I took with me to *Lincolnshire*, said my Master, upwards of Six hundred Guineas, and thought to have laid most of them out there (Thank God, thought I, you did not! for he offer'd me Five hundred of them, you know!) But I have not laid out above Two hundred and fifty of them; so Two hundred I left there in my *Escritoire*; because I shall go again for a Fortnight or so, before Winter; and Two hundred I have brought with me. And I have Money, I know not what, in three Places here; the Account of which is in my Pocketbook, in my Library.

You have made some little Presents, *Pamela*, to my Servants there, on our Nuptials; and these Two hundred that I have brought up, I will put into your Disposal, that, with some of them, you shall do here as you did there.

I am asham'd, good Sir, said I, to be so costly and so worthless! Pray, my Dear, said he, say not a Word of that.

Said Mr. *Longman*, Why, Madam, with Money in Stocks, and one thing or another, his Honour could buy half the Gentlemen round him. He wants not Money, and lays up every Year. And it would have been pity, but his Honour should have wedded just as he has. Very, Mr. *Longman*, said my Master; and pulling out his Purse, said, Tell out, my Dear, Two hundred Guineas, and give me the rest.— I did so. Now, said he, take them yourself, for the Purposes I mentioned. But, Mr. *Longman*, do you, before Sunset, bring my dear Girl Fifty Pounds, which is due to her this Day, by my Promise; and every three Months, from this Day, pay her Fifty Pounds more; which will be Two hundred Pounds *per Annum*; and this is for her to lay out at her own Discretion, and without Account, in such a way, as shall derive a Blessing upon us all: For she was my Mother's Almoner, and shall be mine, and her own too.— I'll go for it this Instant, said Mr. *Longman*.

When he was gone, I looked upon my dear generous Master, and on Mrs. *Jervis*; and he gave me a Nod of Assent; and I took Twenty Guineas, and said, Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, accept of this; which is no more than my generous Master order'd me to present to Mrs. *Jewkes*, for a pair of Gloves, on my happy Nuptials, and so you, who are so much better intitled to them, by the Love I bear you, must not refuse them.

Said she, Mrs. *Jewkes* was on the Spot, Madam, at the happy Time. Yes, said my Master, but *Pamela* would have rejoiced to have had you there instead of her. That I should, Sir, reply'd I, or instead of any body except my own Mother. She gratefully accepted them, and thank'd us both: But I don't know what she should thank *me* for; for I was not worth a fourth Part of them myself.

I'd have you, my Dear, said he, in some handsome manner, as you know how, oblige *Longman* to accept of the like Present.

Mr. *Longman* return'd from his Office, and brought me the fifty Pounds, saying, I have enter'd this new Article with great Pleasure. *To my Lady— Fifty Pounds, to be paid the same Sum quarterly*. O Sir, said I, what will become of me to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your Bounty. —It is a Shame to take all that your profuse Goodness would heap upon me thus: But indeed it shall not be without Account. —Make no Words, my Dear, said he. Are you not my Wife? And have I not endow'd you with my Goods? and, hitherto, this is a very small Part.

Mr. *Longman*, said I, and Mrs. *Jervis*, you both see how I am even oppress'd with unreturnable Obligations. God bless the Donor, and God bless the Receiver! said Mr. *Longman*; I am sure they will bring back good Interest; for, Madam, you had ever a bountiful Heart; and I have seen the Pleasure you used to take to dispense my late Lady's Alms and Donations.

I'll warrant, Mr. *Longman*, said I, notwithstanding you are so willing to have me take large Sums for nothing at all, I should affront you, if I asked you to accept from me a Pair of Gloves only, on Account of my happy Nuptials. He seem'd not readily to know how to answer, and my Master said, If Mr. *Longman* refuse you, my Dear, he may be said to refuse your first Favour, On that I put twenty Guineas in his Hand; but he insisted upon it, that he would take but Five. I said, I must desire you to oblige me, Mr. *Longman*, or I shall think I have affronted you. Well, if I must, said he, I know what I know. What is that, Mr. *Longman*, said I? — Why, Madam, said he, I will not lay it out till my young Master's Birth Day, which I hope will be within this Twelve-month.

Not expecting any thing like this from the old Gentleman, I look'd at my Master, and then blush'd so, I could not hold up my Head. Charmingly said, Mr. *Longman*, said my Master, and clasped me in his Arms; O my dear Life! God send it may be so. — You have quite delighted me, Mr. *Longman*! Tho' I durst not have said such a Thing for the World.— Madam, said the old Gentleman, I beg your Pardon; I hope no Offence. But I'd speak it ten times in a Breath to have it so, take it how you please, as long as my good Master takes it so well. Mrs. *Jervis*, said my Master, this is an over-nice dear Creature; you don't know what a Life I have had with her, even on this side Matrimony.— Said Mrs. *Jervis*, I think Mr. *Longman* says very well; I am sure I shall hope for it too.

Mr. *Longman*, who had struck me of a Heap, withdrawing soon after, my Master said, Why, My Dear, you can't look up! The old Man said nothing shocking. I did not expect it, tho', from him, said I. I was not aware but of some innocent Pleasantry. Why, so it was, said he, both innocent and pleasant. And I won't forgive you, if you don't say as he says. Come, speak before Mrs. *Jervis*. May every thing happen, Sir, said I, that will give you Delight! — That's my dear Love, said he, and kiss'd me with great Tenderness.

When the Servants had dined, I desired to see the Maidens, and all Four came up together. You are welcome home, Madam, said *Rachel*; We rejoice all to see you here, and more to see you our Lady. O my good old Acquaintances, said I, you see how good God, and the best of Gentlemen have been to me! O I joy to see you!

How do you do, *Rachel*? How do you, *Jane*? How do you do, *Hannah*? How do you do, *Cicely*? And I took each of them by the Hand, and could have kissed them. — For, said I to myself, I kissed you all last time I saw you, in Sorrow; why should I not kiss you all with Joy? But I forbore in Honour of their dear Master's Presence.

They seem'd quite transported with me; and my good Master was pleas'd with the Scene. See here, my Lasses, said he, your Mistress! I need not bid you respect her; for you always lov'd her; and she'll have it as much in her Power as Inclination to be kind to the Deserving. Indeed, said I, I shall always be a kind Friend to you; and your dear good Master, has order'd me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me, on my Happiness. And so I gave them five Guineas a-piece; and said God bless you every one. I am overjoy'd to see you!— And they withdrew with the greatest Gratitude and Pleasure, praying for us both.

I turn'd to my dear Master, 'Tis to you, dear Sir, said I, next to God, who put it into your generous Heart, that all my Happiness is owing! That my Mind thus overflows with Joy and Gratitude! And I would have kissed his Hand; but he clasped me in his Arms, and said, You deserve it, my Dear! You deserve it all. Mrs. *Jervis* came in; said she, I have seen a very affecting Sight; you have made your Maidens quite happy, Madam, with your Kindness and Condescension! I saw them all Four, as I came by the Hall Door, just got up from their Knees, praising and praying for you both! Dear good Bodies, said I; and did *Jane* pray too? God return their Prayers upon themselves, I say.

My Maste sent for *Jonathan*, and I held up all the Fingers of my two Hands; and my Master giving a Nod of Approbation as he came in, I said, Well, Mr. *Jonathan*, I could not be satisfy'd without seeing you in Form, as it were, and thanking you for all your past Good-will to me. You'll accept of *that* for a Pair of Gloves, on this happy Occasion; and I gave him ten Guineas, and took his honest Hand between both mine: God bless you, said I, with your Silver Hairs, so like my dear Father!— I shall always value such a good old Servant of the best of Masters! — He said, O such Goodness! Such kind Words! — It is Balm to my Heart! Blessed be God I have lived to this Day! — And his Eyes swam in Tears, and he withdrew. — My Dear, said my Master, you make every one happy! — O Sir, said I, 'tis you, 'tis you; and let my grateful Heart always spring to my Lips, to acknowledge the Blessings you heap upon me.

Then in came *Harry*, and *Isaac*, and *Benjamin*, and the two Grooms of this House, and *Arthur* the Gardener, for my dear Master had order'd them by Mrs. *Jervis* thus to be marshall'd out; and he said, Where's *John*? Poor *John* was asham'd, and did not come in till he heard himself call'd for. I said to them, How do you do, *Henry*? How do you do, *Isaac*? How do you do, *Benjamin*? How do you do, *Arthur*? And you, and you, *Rithard* and *Roger*? God bless you every one. My Master said, I have given you a Mistress, my Lads, that is the Joy of my Heart. You see her Goodness and Condescension! Let your Respects to her be but answerable, and she'll be proportionably as great a Blessing to you all as she is to me. *Harry* said, In the Names of all your Servants, Sir, I bless your Honour and your good Lady: And it shall be all our Studies to deserve her Ladyship's Favour, as well as your Honour's. And so I gave every one five Guineas, to rejoice, as I said, in my Happiness.

When I came to *John*, I said, I saw you before, *John*; but I again tell you, I am glad to see you. He said, he was quite asham'd and confounded. O, said I, forget every thing that's past, *John*!— Your dear good Master will, and so will I For God has wonderfully brought about all these Things, by the very Means I once thought most grievous. Let us therefore look forward, and be only asham'd to commit Faults for the Time to come. For they may not always be attended with like happy Consequences.

Arthur, said my Master, I have brought you a Mistress that is a great Gardener. She'll shew you a new Way to plant Beans. And never anybody had such a Hand at improving a Sunflower, as she! — O Sir, Sir, said I; but yet a little dash'd; all my Improvements in every kind of Thing are owing to you, I am sure! — And so I think I was even with the dear Man, and yet appear'd grateful before his Servants They withdrew, blessing us both, as the rest had done.

And then came in the Postilion, and two Helpers, (for my Master has both here, and at *Lincolnshire*, fine Hunting horses, and it is the chief Sport he takes Delight in) as also the Scullion-boy; And I said, How do you, all of you? And how dost do, *Tommy*? I hope you're very good. Here, your dear Master has order'd you something a piece, in Honour of me. And my Master holding three Fingers to me, I gave the Postilion and Helpers three Guineas each, and the little Boy two; and bid him let his poor Mother lay it out for him, for he must not spend it idly. Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abrabam* and *Thomas*, I had before presented at t'other House.

And when they were all gone, but Mrs. *Jervis*, I said, And now, dearest Sir, permit me on my Knees, thus, to

bless you, and pray for you. And Oh, may God crown you with Length of Days, and Increase of Honour; and may your happy, happy *Pamela*, by her grateful Heart, appear always worthy in your dear Eyes, tho' she cannot be so in her own, nor in those of any others!

Mrs. *Jervis*, said my Master, you see the Excellency of this sweet Creature! And when I tell you, that the Charms of her Person, all lovely as she is, bind me not so strongly to her as the Graces of her Mind, congratulate me, that my Happiness is built on so stable a Basis!— Indeed I do, most sincerely, Sir, said she!— This is a happy Day to me.

I stept into the Library, while he was thus pouring out his Kindness for me to Mrs. *Jervis*; and bless'd God there on my Knees, for the Difference I now found to what I had once known in it. — And when I have done the same in the first Scene of my Fears, the once frightful Summer-house, I shall have gone thro' most of my distressful Scenes with Gratitude; but shall never forbear thanking God in my Mind, for his Goodness to me in every one. Mrs. *Jervis* I find, had whisper'd him what I had done above, and he saw me on my Knees, with my Back towards him, unknown to me; but softly put to the Door again, as he had open'd it a little Way. And I said, not knowing he had seen me, You have some charming Pictures here, Sir:— Yes, said he, my dear Life, so I have; but none equal to that, which your Piety affords me!— And may the God you delight to serve bless more and more my dear Angel. Sir, said I, you are all Goodness!— I hope, reply'd he, after your sweet Example, I shall be better and better! — Do you think, my dear Father and Mother, there ever was so happy a Creature as I! To be sure it would be very ingrateful to think with Uneasiness, or any thing but Compassion, of poor Miss *Sally Godfrey*.

He order'd *Jonathan* to let the Evening be pass'd merrily, but wisely, as he said, with what every one liked, whether Wine or October.

He was pleas'd afterwards to lead me up Stairs, and gave me Possession of my Lady's Dressingroom and Cabinet, and her fine Repeating-watch and Equipage; and in short of a complete Set of Diamonds, that were his good Mother's; as also of the two Pair of Diamond Earrings, the two Diamond Rings, and Diamond Necklace he mention'd in his naughty Articles, which her Ladyship had intended for Presents to Miss *Tomlins*, a rich Heiress that was propos'd for his Wife, when he was just come from his Travels; but which went off, after all was agreed upon on both the Friends Sides, because he approv'd not her Conversation; and she had, as he told his Mother, too masculine an Air; and he never could be brought to see her but once, tho' the Lady lik'd him very well. He presented me also with her Ladyship's Books, Pictures, Linnen, Laces, &c. that were in her Apartments, and bid me call those Apartments mine. O give me, my good God, Humility and Gratitude!

SUNDAY Night.

This day, as Matters could not be ready for our Appearance at a better Place, we staid at home; and my dear Master employ'd himself a good deal in his Library. And I have been taken up pretty much, I hope, as I ought to be, in Thankfulness, Prayer, and Meditation in my newly presented Closet: And I hope God will be pleas'd to give a Blessing to me; for I have the Pleasure to think I am not puffed up with this great Alteration; and yet am not wanting to look upon all these Favours and Blessings in the Light wherein I ought to receive them, both at the Hands of God, and my dear Benefactor.

We din'd together with great Pleasure, and I had in every Word and Action, all the Instances of Kindness and Affection that the most indulg'd Heart could with. He said he would return to his Closet again; and at Five o' Clock would come and take a Walk with me in the Garden, and so retir'd as soon as he had din'd; and I went up to mine.

About Six he was pleas'd to come up to me, and said, Now, my Dear, I will attend you for a little Walk in the Garden; and I gave him my Hand with great Pleasure. This Garden is much better cultivated than the *Lincolnshire* one; but that is larger; and has nobler Walks in it; and yet here is a pretty Canal in this, and a Fountain, and Cascade. We had a deal of sweet Conversation as we walk'd; and, after we had taken a Turn round, I bent towards the little Garden, and when I came near the Summer-house, took the Opportunity to slip from him, and just whipt up the Steps of this once frightful Place; and kneeled down, and said, I bless thee, O God, for my Escapes, and for thy Mercies! O let me always possess a grateful and humble Heart! And I whipt down again, and join'd him; and he hardly missed me.

Several of the neighbouring Gentry sent their Compliments to him on his Return, but not a Word about his Marriage, particularly 'Squire *Arthur*, 'Squire *Towers*, 'Squire *Brooks*, and 'Squire *Martin* of the Grove.

MONDAY.

I Had a good deal of Employment in chusing Patterns for my new Cloaths. He thought nothing too good; but I thought everything I saw was; and he was so kind, to pick out Six of the richest, for me to chuse three Suits out of, saying, we would furnish ourselves with more in Town, when we went thither. One was a white flower'd with Gold most richly; and he was pleased to say, that as I was a Bride, I should make my Appearance in that the following *Sunday*. And so we shall have in two or three Days, from several Places, nothing but Mantuamakers and Taylors at Work. Bless me! what a chargeable, and what a worthless Hussy I am, to the dear Gentleman! —But his Fortune and Station require a great deal of it; and his Value for me, will not let him do less than if he had marry'd a Fortune equal to his own; and then, as he says, it would be a Reflection upon him if he did. —And so I doubt it will be as it is: For, either way, the World will have something to say. He made me also chuse some very fine Laces, and Linen; and has sent a Message on purpose, with his Orders, to hasten all down; what can be done in Town, as the Millenary Matters, &c. to be completed there, and sent by particular Messengers, as done. All to be here, and finished by *Saturday* Afternoon without fail.

I send away *John* this Morning, with some more of my Papers to you, and with the few he will give you, separate. My Desire is, that you will send me all the Papers you have done with, that I may keep my Word with Lady *Davers*; to beg the Continuance of your Prayers and Blessings; to hope you will give me your Answer about my dear Benefactor's Proposal of the *Kentish* Farm; to beg you to buy two Suits of Cloaths, each, of the finest Cloth for you, my dear Father, and of a creditable Silk for my dear Mother; and good Linen, and every thing answerable; and that you will, as my dearest Sir bid me say, let us see you here, as soon as possible, and he will have his Chariot come for you, when you tell *John* the Day. Oh! how I long to see you both, my dear good Parents, and to share with you my Felicities!

You will have, I am sure, the Goodness to go to all your Creditors, which are chiefly those of my poor unhappy Brothers, and get an Account of all you are bound for; and every one shall be paid to the utmost Farthing, and Interest beside, tho' some of them have been very cruel and unrelenting. —But they are all intitled to their own, and shall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, *John* shall take my Papers down to this Place; that you may have something to amuse you of your dear Child's, instead of those you part with; and I will continue writing till I am settled, and you are determin'd; and then I shall apply myself to the Duties of the Family, in order to become as useful to my dear Benefactor, as my small Abilities will let me.

If you think a Couple of Guineas will be of Use to Mrs. *Mumford*, who I doubt has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me, (and I will return them to you) as for a Pair of Gloves on my Nuptials: And look thro' your poor Acquaintance, and Neighbours, and let me have a List of such honest, industrious Poor, as may be Objects of Charity; and have no other Afsistance; particularly such as are blind, lame, or sickly, with their particular Cases; and also, such poor Families and House-keepers as are reduced by Misfortunes, as ours was, and where a great Number of Children may keep them from rising to a State of tolerable Comfort: And I will chuse as well as I can; for I long to be making a Beginning, with the kind Quarterly Benevolence my dear good Benefactor has bestowed on me for such good Purposes.

I am resolv'd to keep Account of all these Matters, and Mr. *Longman* has already furnish'd me with a Vellum-book of all white Paper; some Sides of which I hope soon to fill, with the Names of proper Objects: And tho' my dear Master has given me all this without Account, yet shall he see, (but nobody else) how I lay it out, from Quarter to Quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an Accomptant, to the next Quarter, and strike a Ballance four times a Year, and a general Ballance at every Year's End. — And I have written in it, *Humble* Returns for Diyine Mercies; and lock it up safe in my newly presented Cabinet.

I intend to let Lady *Davers* seeno further of my Papers, than to her own angry Letter to her Brother; for I would not have her see my Reflections upon it; and she'll know, down to that Place, all that's necessary for her Curiosity, as to my Sufferings, and the Stratagems used against me, and the honest Part God enabled me to act: And I hope, when she sees them all, she will be quite reconcil'd; for she will see it is all God Almighty's Doings; and that a Gentleman of his Parts and Knowledge was not to be drawnin by such a poor young Body as me. I will

detain *John* no longer. He will tell you to read this last Part first, and while he stays. And so with my humble Duty to you both, and my dear Sir's kind Remembrance, I rest,
Your ever dutiful and gratefully happy Daughter.

WEDNESDAY Evening.

Honoured Father and Mother, I will now proceed with my Journal.

On *Tuesday* Morning, my dear Sir rode out, attended by *Abraham*; and he brought with him to Dinner Mr. *Martin* of the Grove, and Mr. *Arthur*, and Mr. *Brooks*, and one Mr. *Chambers*; and he stepped up to me, and said he had rode out too far to return to Breakfast; but he had brought with him some of his old Acquaintance, to dine with me. Are you sorry for it, *Pamela*, said he? I remembered his Lessons, and said, No, sure, Sir; I can't be angry at any thing you are pleas'd to do. Said he, you know Mr. *Martin's* Character, and have severely censur'd him in one of your Letters, as one of my Brother Rakes, and for his three Lyings—in.—

He then gave me the following Account, how he came to bring them. Said he, 'I met them all at Mr. *Arthur's*, and his Lady asked me, if I was really marry'd? I said, Yes, really. And to who, said Mr. *Martin*? Why, reply'd I, bluntly, to my Mother's Waiting—maid. They could not tell what to say to me, hereupon, and look'd one upon another. And I saw I had spoil'd a Jest, from each. Mrs. *Arthur* said, You have indeed, Sir, a charming Creature as ever I saw, and she has mighty good Luck. Ay, said I; and so have I. But I shall say the less, because a Man never did any thing of this Nature, that he did not think he ought, if it were but in Policy, to make the best of it. Nay, said Mr. *Arthur*, if you have sinn'd, it is with your Eyes open: For you know the World as well as any Gentleman of your Years in it.

'Why, really, Gentlemen, said I, I should be glad to please all my Friends; but I can't expect, till they know my Motives and Inducements, that it will be so immediately. But I do assure you, I am exceedingly pleased myself; and, that, you know, is most to the Purpose.

'Said Mr. *Brooks*, I have heard my Wife praise your Spouse that is, so much, for Beauty and Shape, that I wanted to see her of all Things. Why, reply'd I, if you'll all go and take a Dinner with me, you shall see her with all my Heart. And, Mrs. *Arthur*, will you bear us Company? No, indeed, Sir, said she. What, I'll warrant, my Wife will not be able to reconcile you to my *Mother's Waiting—maid*; is not that it? Tell Truth, Mrs. *Arthur*. Nay, said she, I shan't be backward to pay your Spouse a Visit, in Company of the neighbouring Ladies; but for one single Woman to go, on such a sudden Motion too, with so many Gentlemen, is not right. But that need not hinder you, Gentlemen. So, said he, the rest sent, that they should not dine at home; and they, and Mr. *Chambers*, a Gentleman lately settled in these Parts, one and all came with me: And so, my Dear, concluded he, when you make your Appearance next *Sunday*, you're sure of a Party in your Favour; for all that see you must esteem you.'

He went to them; and when I came down to Dinner, he was pleased to take me by the Hand, at my Entrance into the Parlour, and said, My dear Love, I have brought some of my good Neighbours to take a Dinner with you. I said, You are very good, Sir! —My Dear, this Gentleman is Mr. *Chambers*; and so he presented every one, to me; and they saluted me, and wish'd us both Joy.

Mr. *Brooks* said, I, for my Part, wish you Joy most heartily. My Wife told me a good deal of the Beauties of your Person; but I did not think we had such a Flower in our County. Sir, said I, your Lady is very partial to me; and you are so polite a Gentleman, that you will not contradict your good Lady.

I'll assure you, Madam, return'd he, you have not hit the Matter at all; for we contradict one another twice or thrice a Day. But the Devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a Case.

Said Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Brooks* says very, Madam, in both respects (meaning his Wife's and his own Contradiction to one another, as well as in my Favour); for, added he, they have been marry'd some Years.

As I had not the best Opinion of this Gentleman, nor his Jest, I said, I am almost sorry, Sir, for the Gentleman's Jest upon himself and his Lady; but I think it should have reliev'd him from a greater Jest, your pleasant Confirmation of it. —But still, the Reason you give that it may be so, I hope, is the Reason that may be given that it is not so. —to wit, That they have been married some Years.

Said Mr. *Arthur*, Mr. *Martin*, I think the Lady has very handsomely reprov'd you, I think so too, said Mr. *Chambers*; and it was but a very indifferent Compliment to a Bride. Said Mr. *Martin*, Compliment or not, Gentlemen, I have never seen a Matrimony of any time standing, that it was not so, little or much. But I dare say, it will never be so here.

To be sure, Sir, said I, if it was, I must be the ungratefulest Person in the World, because I am the most

obliged Person in it. That Notion, said Mr. *Arthur*, is so excellent, that it gives a moral Certainty, that it never can.

Sir, said Mr. *Brooks*, to my dear Sir, softly, You have a most accomplish'd Lady, I do assure you, as well in her Behaviour and Wit, as in her Person, call her what you please. Why, my dear Friend, said my Master, I must tell you, That her Person made me her Lover; but her Mind made her my Wife.

The first Course coming in, my dear Sir led me himself to my Place; and set Mr. *Chambers*, as the greatest Stranger, at my Right-hand, and Mr. *Brooks* at my Left; and Mr. *Arthur* was pleased to observe, much to my Advantage, on the Ease and Freedom with which I behav'd myself, and helped them; and said, He would bring his Lady to be a Witness, and a Learner both, of my Manner. I said, I should be proud of any Honour Lady *Arthur* would vouchsafe to do me; and if I once could promise myself the Opportunity of his good Lady's Example, and those of the other Gentlemen present, I should have the greater Opinion of my Worthiness to sit in the Place I fill'd, at present, with much Insufficiency.

Mr. *Arthur* drank to my Health and Happiness, and said, my Wife told your Spouse, Madam, You had very good Luck in such a Husband; but I now see who has the best of it. Said Mr. *Brooks*, Come, come, let's make no Compliments; for the plain Truth of the Matter is, our good Neighbour's Generosity and Judgment have met with so equal a Match, in his Lady's Beauty and Merit, that I know not which has the best Luck. But may you be both long happy together, say I! And so he drank a Glass of Wine.

My dear Sir, who always takes Delight to have me praised, seemed much pleased with our Conversation; and he said the kindest, tenderest, and most respectful Things in the World to me. Insomuch, that the rough Mr. *Martin* said, Did you ever think our good Friend here, who used to ridicule Matrimony so much, would have made so complaisant a Husband? How long do you intend, Sir, that this shall hold? As long as my good Girl deserves it, said he, and that I hope will be for ever. But, continued he, you need not wonder I have changed my Mind as to Wedlock; for I never expected to meet with one whose Behaviour and Sweetness of Temper was so well adapted to make me happy.

After Dinner, and having drank good Healths to each of their Ladies, I withdrew; and they sat and drank two Bottles of Claret apiece, and were very merry; and went away, full of my Praises, and vowing to bring their Ladies to see me.

John having brought me your kind Letter, my dear Father, I told my good Master, after his Friends were gone, how gratefully you received his generous Intentions as to the *Kentish* Farm, and promised your best Endeavours to serve him in that Estate; and that you hoped your Industry and Care would be so well employ'd in it, that you should be very little troublesome to him as to the liberal Manner in which he had intended to add to a Provision, that of itself exceeded all your Wishes. He was very well pleased with your cheerful Acceptance of it.

I am glad your Engagements in the World lie in so small a Compass: As soon as you have gotten an Account of them exactly, you will be pleased to send it me, with the List of the poor Folks you are so kind to promise to procure me.

I think, as my dear Master is so generous, you should think nothing that is plain too good. Pray, don't be afraid of laying out upon yourselves. My dear Sir intends that you shall not, when you come to us, return to your old Abode, but stay with us, till you set out for *Kent*; and so you must dispose of yourselves accordingly. And, I hope, my dear Father, you have quite left off all Slavish Business. As Farmer *Jones* has been kind to you, as I have heard you say, pray, when you take Leave of them, present them with three Guineas worth of good Books, such as a Family-Bible, a Common-Prayer, a Whole Duty of Man, or any other you think will be acceptable; for they live a great way from Church; and in Winter, the Ways from their Farm thither are impassable.

He has brought me my Papers safe: And I will send them to Lady *Davers* the first Opportunity, down to the Place I mentioned in my last.

My dear Sir, just now tells me, that he will carry me in the Morning a little Airing, about ten Miles off, in his Chariot and Four, to Breakfast at a Farmhouse, noted for a fine Dairy, and where, now-and-then, the neighbouring Gentry of both Sexes resort, for that Purpose. And he will send *Abraham* on Horse-back, before us; to let the good Folks know it.

THURSDAY.

We set out at about half an Hour after Six, accordingly, and driving pretty smartly, got at this truly neat House at half an Hour after Eight, and found *Abraham* there; and I was much pleas'd with the Neatness of the good Woman, and Daughter, and Maid; and he was so good as to say he would now—and—then take a Turn with me to the same Place, and on the same Occasion, as I seem'd to like it; for that it would be a pretty Exercise, and procure us Appetites to our Breakfasts, as well as our Return would to our Dinners. But I find this was not (tho' a very good Reason) the only one for which he gave me this agreeable Airing; as I shall acquaint you.

We were prettily receiv'd and entertain'd here, and an Elegance ran through every thing, Persons as well as Furniture, yet all plain. And my Master said to the good Housewife, Do your young Boarding—school Ladies still at times continue their Visits to you, Mrs. *Dobson* ? Yes, Sir, said she, I expect three or four of them every Minute.

There is, my Dear, said he, within three Miles of this Farm, a very good Boarding—school for Ladies: The Governess of it keeps a Chaise and Pair, which is to be made a double Chaise at Pleasure; and in Summer—time, when the Misses perform their Tasks to Satisfaction, she favours them with an Airing to this Place, three or four at a Time; and after they have breakfasted, they are carried back: And this serves both for a Reward, and for Exercise; and the Misses who have this Favour are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their respective Tasks.

A very good Method, Sir, said I. And just as we were talking, the Chaise came in with four Misses, all pretty much of a Size, and a Maid—servant to attend them. They were shewn another little neat Apartment, that went thro' ours, and made their Honours very prettily, as they passed by us. I went into the Room to them, and asked them Questions about their Work, and their Lessons; and what they had done to deserve such a fine Airing and Breakfasting; and they all answer'd me very prettily. And pray, little Ladies, said I, what may I call your Names? One was called Miss *Burdoff*, one Miss *Nugent*, one Miss *Booth*, and the fourth Miss *Goodwin*. I don't know which, said I, is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little Dears; and you have a very good Governess to indulge you with such a fine Airing, and such delicate Cream, and Bread and Butter. I hope you think so too.

My Master came in, and I had no Mistrust in the World; and he kissed each of them; but look'd more wistfully on Miss *Goodwin*, than any of the others; but I thought nothing just then: Had she been called Miss *Godfrey*, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we went from them, he said, Which do you think the prettiest of those Misses? Really, Sir, reply'd I, it is hard to say; Miss—*Booth* is a pretty brown Girl, and has a fine Eye; Miss *Burdoff* has a great deal of Sweetness in her Countenance, but not so regularly featur'd. Miss *Nugent* is very fair: And Miss *Goodwin* has a fine black Eye, and is besides, I think, the genteelest shap'd Child; but they are all pretty.

The Maid led them into the Garden, to shew them the Bee—hives; and Miss *Goodwin* made a particular fine Curchee to my Master; and I said, I believ'd Miss knows you, Sir; and taking her by the Hand, I said, Do you know this Gentleman, my pretty Dear?— Yes, Madam, said she, It is my own dear Uncle. I clasp'd her in my Arms, O why did you not tell me, Sir, said I, that you had a Niece among these little Ladies? And I killed her, and away she tript, after the others.

But pray, Sir, said I; How can this be? — You have no Sister nor Brother, but Lady *Davers*!—— How can this be?

He smiled; and then I said, O my dear Sir, tell me now of a Truth, Does not this pretty Miss stand in a nearer Relation to you, than as a Niece? — I know she does! I know she does! And I embrac'd him as he stood.

'Tis even so, my Dear, reply'd he; and you remember my Sister's good—natur'd Hint of Miss *Sally Godfrey*! I do well, Sir! answer'd I. But this is Miss *Goodwin*. Her Mother chose that for her, said he, because she should not be called by her own.

Well, said I, excuse me, Sir, I must go and have a little Prattle with her. I'll send for her in again, reply'd he; and in she came, in a Moment. I took her in my Arms, and said, O my charming Dear! will you love me? — Will you let me be your Aunt? Yes, Madam, answer'd she, with all my Heart! And I will love *you* dearly! But I mustn't love my Uncle! Why so? said he. Because, reply'd she, you would not speak to me at first! — And because you

would not let me call you, Uncle; (for it seems she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently) and yet, said the pretty Dear, I had not seen you a great while, so I hadn't!

Well, *Pamela*, said he, now can you allow me to love this little Innocent? Allow you, Sir! reply'd I; you would be very barbarous if you did not; and I should be more so, if I did not further it all I could, and love the little Lamb myself, for your sake, and for her own sake; and in Compassion to her poor dear Mother, tho' unknown to me. And Tears stood in my Eyes.

Said he, Why, my Love, are your Words so kind, and your Countenance so sad? — I drew to the Window, from the Child, and said, Sad it is not, Sir; but I have a strange Grief and Pleasure mingled at once in my Breast, on this Occasion: It is indeed a twofold Grief, and a twofold Pleasure. As how, my Dear? said he. — Why, Sir, said I, I cannot help being grieved for the poor Mother of this sweet Babe, to think, if she be living, that she must call her chiefest Delight her Shame; if she be no more, that she must have sad Remorses on her poor Mind; when she came to leave the World, and her little Babe: And, in the second Place, I grieve, that it must be thought a Kindness, to the dear little Soul, not to let her know how near the dearest Relation she has in the World is to her! — Forgive me, dear Sir, I say not this to reproach you, in the least. Indeed, I don't. And I have a twofold Cause of Joy; first, That I have had the Grace to escape the like Unhappiness with this poor Gentlewoman; and next, That this Discovery has given me an Opportunity to shew the Sincerity of my grateful Affection for you, Sir, in the Love I will always express to this dear Child!

And then I step to her again, and kissed her; and said, Join with me, my pretty Love, to beg your dear Uncle to let you come home, and live with your new Aunt! Indeed, my little Precious, I'll love you dearly!

Will you, Sir, said the little Charmer, will you let me go and live with my Aunt?

You are very good, my *Pamela*, said he.— And I have not once been deceived in the Hopes my fond Heart had entertained of your Prudence.— But will you, Sir, said I, will you grant me this Favour! — I shall most sincerely love the little Charmer; and all I am capable of doing for her, both by Example and Affection, shall most cordially be done. — My dearest Sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my Heart is set upon it!— What a sweet Employment and Companionship shall I have!

We'll talk of this some other Time, reply'd he; but I must, in Prudence, put some Bounds to your amiable Generosity. I had always intended to surprize you into this Discovery; but my Sister led the Way to it, out of a Poorness in her Spite, that I could not brook; and tho' you have pleased me beyond Expression, in your Behaviour on this Occasion; yet I can't say, that you have gone much beyond my Expectations; for I have such an high Opinion of you, that I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary Conduct to this you have express'd on so tender a Circumstance.

Well, Sir, said the dear little Miss, then you won't let me go home with my Aunt, will you? I'm sure she'll loves me! When you break up next, my Dear, said he, if you're a good Girl, you shall make your new Aunt a Visit. She made a low Curchee, Thank you, Sir, said she. Yes, my Dear, said I, and I'll get you some fine things against the Time. I'd have brought you some now, had I known I should have seen my pretty Love! Thank you, Madam, return'd she.

How old, Sir, said I, is Miss? Between Six and Seven, answer'd he. Was she ever, Sir, said I, at your House? My Sister, reply'd he, carry'd her there once, as a little Relation of her Lord's. I remember, Sir, said I, a little Miss; and Mrs. *Jervis* and I took her to be a Relation of Lord *Davers's*.

My Sister, said he, knew the whole Secret from the Beginning; and it made her a great Merit with me, that she kept it from the Knowledge of my Father, who was then living, and of my Mother, to her Dying day; tho' she descended so low, in her Rage, to hint the Matter to you.

The little Misses took their Leaves soon after; and I know not how, but I am strangely affected with this dear Child. I wish he would be so good as to let me have her home. It would be a great Pleasure to have such a fine Opportunity, oblig'd as I am, to shew my Love for himself, in my Fondness for this dear Miss.

As we came home together in the Chariot, he gave me the following Particulars of this Affair, additional to what he had before mention'd.

That this Lady was of a good Family, and the Flower of it: But that her Mother was a Person of great Art and Address, and not altogether so nice in the Particular between himself and Miss, as she ought to have been. That, particularly, when she had Reason to find him unsettled and wild, and her Daughter in more Danger from him, than he was from her; yet she encouraged their Privacies; and even, at last, when she had Reason to apprehend,

from their being surpriz'd together, in a way not so creditable to the Lady, that she was far from forbidding their private Meetings; on the contrary, that on a certain Time, she had set one, that had formerly been her Footman, and a Half-pay Officer, her Relation, to watch an Opportunity, and to frighten him into a Marriage with the Lady. That accordingly, when they had surpriz'd him in her Chamber, just as he had been let in, they drew their Swords upon him, and threaten'd instantly to kill him, if he did not promise Marriage on the Spot; and that they had a Parson ready below Stairs, as he found afterwards. That then he suspected, from some strong Circumstances, that Miss was in the Plot; which so enraged him, with their Menaces together, that he drew, and stood upon his Defence, and was so much in Earnest, that the Man he push'd into the Arm, and disabled; and pressing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he rushed in upon him, near the Top of the Stairs, and push'd him down one Pair, and he was much hurt with the Fall:— Not but that, he said, he might have paid for his Rashness; but that the Business of his Antagonists was rather to frighten than kill him. That, upon this, in the Sight of the old Lady, the Parson she had provided, and her other Daughters, he went out of their House, with bitter Execrations against them all.

That after this, designing to break off all Correspondence with the whole Family, and Miss too, she found means to engage him to give her a Meeting at *Woodstock*, in order to clear herself. That, poor Lady! she there was obliged, naughty Creature as he was! to make herself, quite guilty of a worse Fault, in order to clear herself of a lighter. That they afterwards met at *Godstow* often, at *Woodstock*, and every neighbouring Place to *Oxford*; where he was then studying, as it prov'd, guilty Lessons, instead of improving ones; till, at last, the Effect of their frequent Interviews grew too obvious to be concealed. That the young Lady then, when she was not fit to be seen, for the Credit of the Family, was confin'd, and all manner of Means were used, to induce him to marry her. That, finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his Father and Mother. But that he made his Sister acquainted with the Matter, who then happen'd to be at home, and, by her Management and Spirit, their Intentions of that sort, were frustrated; and seeing no Hopes, they agreed to Lady *Davers's* Proposals, and sent poor Miss down to *Marlborough*, where, at her Expence, which he answer'd to her again, she was provided for, and privately lay-in. That Lady *Davers* took upon herself the Care of the Little-one, till it came to be fit to be put to the Boarding-school, where it now is; and that he had settled upon the dear little Miss such a Sum of Money, as the Interest of it would handsomely provide for her; and the Principal would be a tolerable Fortune, fit for a Gentlewoman, when she came to be marriageable. And this, my Dear, said he, is the Story in brief. And I do assure you, *Pamela*, added he, I am far from making a Boast of, or taking a Pride in, this Affair: But since it has happen'd, I can't say, but I wish the poor Child to live, and be happy; and I must endeavour to make her so.

Sir, said I, to be sure you should; and I shall take a very great Pride to contribute to the dear little Soul's Felicity, if you will permit me to have her home. — But, added I, does not Miss know any thing who are her Father and Mother? —I wanted him to say, if the poor Lady was living or dead. —No, answer'd he. Her Governess has been told, by my Sister, That she is the Daughter of a Gentleman and his Lady, who are related, at a Distance, to Lord *Davers*, and now live in *Jamaica*; and she calls me Uncle, only because I am the Brother to Lady *Davers*, whom she calls Aunt, and who is very fond of her; as is also my Lord, who knows the whole Matter; and they have her, at all her little School Recesses, at their House, and are very kind to her.

I believe, added he, the Truth of the Matter is very little known or suspected; for as her Mother *is* of no mean Family, her Friends endeavour to keep it secret, as much as I; and Lady *Davers*, till her Wrath boil'd over, t'other Day, has manag'd the Matter very dexterously and kindly.

The Words, Mother *is* of no mean Family, gave me not to doubt the poor Lady was living. And I said, But how, Sir, can the dear Miss's poor Mother be content to deny herself the Enjoyment of so sweet a Child? —Ay, *Pamela*, reply'd he, now *you* come in; I see you want to know what's become of the poor Mother! —'Tis natural enough you should; but I was willing to see how the little Suspence would operate upon you. —Dear Sir, said I—Nay, reply'd he, 'tis very natural, my Dear! I think you have had a great deal of Patience, and are come at this Question so fairly, that you deserve to be answer'd.

You must know then, there is some Foundation for saying, That her Mother, at least, lives in *Jamaica*; for there she does live, and very happily too. For you must know, that she suffer'd so much in Childbed, that nobody expected her Life; and this, when she was up, made such an Impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing so much as the Thoughts of returning to her former Fault; and to say the Truth, I had intended to make her a Visit as soon as her Month was well up. And so, unknown to me, she engaged herself to go to *Jamaica*, with two young

Ladies, who were born there; but were returning to their Friends, after they had been four Years in *England* for their Education; and recommending to me, by a very moving Letter, her little Baby, and that I would not suffer it to be called by her Name, but *Goodwin*, that her Shame might be the less known, for hers and her Family's sake; she got her Friends to assign her Five hundred Pounds, in full of all her Demands upon her Family, and went up to *London*, and embarked, with her Companions, at *Gravesend*, and so sailed to *Jamaica*; where she is since well and happily marry'd; passing, to her Husband, for a young Widow, with one Daughter, which her first Husband's Friends take care of, and provide for. And so, you see, *Pamela*, that in the whole Story on both sides, the Truth is as much preserv'd as possible.

Poor Lady! said I; how her Story moves me! —I am glad she is so happy at last! And, my Dear, said he, Are you not glad she is so far off too? —As to that, Sir, said I, I cannot be sorry, to be sure, as she is so happy; which she could not have been here. For, Sir, I doubt, you would have proceeded with your Temptations, if she had not gone; and it shew'd she was much in Earnest to be good, that she could leave her native Country, leave all her Relations, leave you that she so well lov'd, leave her dear Baby, and try a new Fortune, in a new World, among quite Strangers, and hazard the Seas; and all to preserve herself from further Guiltiness! —Indeed, indeed, Sir, said I, I bleed for what her Distresses must be in this Life: I am grieved for her poor Mind's Remorse, thro' her Childbed Terrors, which could have so great and so worthy an Effect upon her afterwards; and I honour her Resolution; and should rank such a returning dear Lady in the Class of those who are most virtuous, and doubt not God Almighty's Mercies to her; and that her present Happiness is the Result of his gracious Providence, blessing her Penitence and Reformation. —But, Sir, said I, Did you not once see the poor Lady after her Lying—in?

I did not believe her so much in Earnest, answer'd he; and I went down to *Marlborough*, and heard she was gone from thence to *Calne*. I went to *Calne*, and heard she was gone to *Reading*, to a Relation's there. Thither I went, and heard she was gone to *Oxford*. I follow'd; and there she was; but I could not come at her Speech.

She at last received a Letter from me, begging a Meeting with her; for I found her Departure with the Ladies was resolved on; and that she was with her Friends only to take Leave of them, and receive her agreed-on Portion: And she appointed the *Saturday* following, and that was *Wednesday*, to give me a Meeting at the old Place, at *Woodstock*.

Then, added he, I thought I was sure of her, and doubted not I should spoil her intended Voyage. I set out on *Thursday* to *Gloucester*, on a Party of Pleasure; and on *Saturday* I went to the Place appointed, at *Woodstock*; but when I came there, I found a Letter instead of my Lady; and when I open'd it, it was to beg my Pardon for deceiving me. Expressing her Concern for her past Fault; her Affection to me; and the Apprehension she had, that she should be unable to keep her good Resolves if she met me: That she had set out the *Thursday* for her Embarkation; for that she fear'd nothing else could save her; and had appointed this Meeting on *Saturday*, at the Place of her former Guilt, that I might be suitably impress'd upon the Occasion, and pity and allow for her; and that she might get three or four Days start of me, and be quite out of my Reach. She recommended again, as upon the Spot where the poor Little one ow'd its Being, my Tenderness to it, for her sake: and that was all she had to request of me, she said; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own Dangers, and in every Difficulty she was going to encounter.

I wept at this moving Tale: And did not this impress you much, my dear Sir, said I? Surely, such an affecting Lesson as this, on the very guilty Spot too, (I admire the dear Lady's pious Contrivance!) must have had a great Effect upon you. One would have thought, Sir, it was enough to reclaim you for ever. All your naughty Purposes, I make no Doubt, were quite chang'd. Why, my Dear, said he, I was much mov'd, you may be sure, when I came to reflect: But, at first, I was so assur'd of being a successful Tempter, and spoiling her Voyage, that I was vexed, and much out of Humour; but when I came to reflect, as I said, I was quite overcome with this Instance of her Prudence, her Penitence, and her Resolution; and more admir'd her than I had ever done. Yet I could not bear she should so escape me neither; so much overcome me, as it were, in an heroic Bravery; and I hasten'd away, and got a Bill of Credit of Lord *Davers*, upon his Banker in *London*, for Five hundred Pounds, and set out for that Place; having called at *Oxford*, and got what Light I could, as to where I might hear of her there.

When I arriv'd in Town, which was not till *Monday* Morning, I went to a Place called *Crosbysquare*, where the Friends of the two Ladies liv'd. She had set out, in the Flying-coach, on *Tuesday*; got to the two Ladies that very Night; and, on *Saturday*, had set out, with them, for *Gravesend*, much about the Time I was expecting her at *Woodstock*.

You may suppose, that I was much affected, my Dear, with this. However, I got my Bill of Credit converted into Money; and I set out, with my Servant, on *Monday* Afternoon, and reached *Gravesend* that Night; and there I understood that she and the two Ladies had gone on Board from the very Inn I put up at, in the Morning; and the Ship waited only for the Wind, which then was turning about in its Favour.

I got a Boat directly, and put on Board the Ship, and asked for Mrs. *Godfrey*. But judge you, my dear *Pamela*, her Surprize and Confusion when she saw me. She had like to have fainted away. I offer'd any Money to put off the Sailing till next Day, but it would not be comply'd with; and fain would I have got her on Shore, and promised to attend her, if she would go over Land, to any Part of *England* the Ship would touch at. But she was immoveable.

Every one concluded me her humble Servant; and were touched at the moving Interview; the young Ladies, and their Female Attendants especially. With great Difficulty, upon my solemn Assurances of Honour, she trusted herself with me in one of the Cabins; and there I try'd, what I could, to prevail upon her to quit her Purpose: But all in vain: She said, I had made her quite unhappy by this Interview! She had Difficulties enough upon her Mind before; but now I had imbitter'd all her Voyage, and given her the deepest Distress.

I could prevail upon her, but for one Favour, and that with the greatest Reluctance; which was, to accept of the Five hundred Pounds, as a Present from me; and she promised, at my earnest Desire, to draw upon me for a greater Sum, as a Person that had her Effects in my Hands, when she arriv'd, if she should find it convenient for her. In short, this was all the Favour I could procure; for she would not promise so much as to correspond with me; and was determin'd on going; and, I believe, if I would have marry'd her, which yet I had not in my Head, she would not have been diverted from her Purpose.

But how, Sir, said I, did you part? I would have failed with her, answer'd he, and been landed at the first Port in *England*, or *Ireland*, I cared not which, they should put in at. But she was too full of Apprehensions to admit it; and the rough Fellow of a Master, Captain they call'd him, (but, in my Mind, I could have thrown him overboard) would not stay a Moment, the Wind and Tide being quite fair, and was very urgent with me to go ashore, or to go the Voyage; and being impetuous in my Temper, *spoilt, you know, my Dear, by my Mother*, and not used to Controul, I thought it very strange that Wind and Tide, or any thing else, should be preferr'd to me, and my Money: But so it was, I was forced to go, and so took Leave of the Ladies and the other Passengers; wish'd them a good Voyage; gave Five Guineas among the Ship's Crew, to be good to the Ladies; and took such a Leave as you may better imagine, than I express. She recommended, once more, to me, the dear Guest, as she called her, the Ladies being present, and thanked me for all these Instances of my Regard, which, she said, would leave a strong Impression on her Mind; and, at parting, she threw her Arms about my Neck, and we took such a Leave, as affected every one present, Men, as well as Ladies.

So, with a truly heavy Heart, I went down the Ship's Side to my Boat; and stood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could see her, and she at me, with her Handkerchief at her Eyes; and then I gaz'd at the Ship, *till* and *after* I had landed, as long as I could discern the least Appearance of it; for she was under Sail, in a manner, when I left her: And so I return'd, highly disturb'd, to my Inn.

I went to-bed, but rested not; return'd to *London* the next Morning; and set out that Afternoon again, for the Country. And so much, my Dear, for poor *Sally Godfrey*.— She sends, I understand, by all Opportunities, with the Knowledge of her Husband, to learn how her Child, by her first Husband, does; and has the Satisfaction to know she is happily provided for. And, about half a Year ago, her Spouse sent a little Negro Boy, of about ten Years old, as a Present, to wait upon her. But he was taken ill of the Small-pox, and died in a Month after he was landed.

Sure, Sir, said I, your generous Mind must have been long affected with this melancholy Case, and all its Circumstances. It hung upon me, indeed, some time, said he; but I was full of Spirits and Inconsideration. I went soon after to travel; a hundred new Objects danced before my Eyes, and kept Reflection from me. And, you see, I had, five or six Years afterwards, and even before that, so thoroughly lost all the Impressions you talk of, that I doubted not to make my *Pamela* change her Name, without either Act of Parliament or Wedlock, and be *Sally Godfrey* the Second.

O you dear naughty Gentleman! said I, this seems but too ! But I bless God that it is not so! — I bless God for your Reformation, and that for your own dear sake, as well as mine!

Well, my Dear, said he, and I bless God for it too! — I do most sincerely! — And 'tis my greater Pleasure,

because I have, as I hope, seen my Error so early; and that, with such a Stock of Youth and Health of my Side, in all Appearance, I can truly abhor my past Liberties, and pity poor *Sally Godfrey*, from the same Motives that I admire my *Pamela's* Virtues; and resolve, by the Grace of God, to make myself as worthy of them as possible: And I will hope, my Dear, your Prayers for my Pardon and my Perseverance, will be of no small Efficacy on this Occasion.

These agreeable Reflections, on this melancholy, but instructive, Story, brought us in View of his own House; and we alighted, and took a Walk in the Garden till Dinner was ready. And now we are so busy about making ready for our Appearance, that I shall hardly have time to write till that be over.

MONDAY Morning.

Yesterday we set out, attended by *John, Abraham, Benjamin* and *Isaac*, in fine new Liveries, in the best Chariot, which had been new clean'd, and lin'd, and new harness'd; so that it look'd like a quite new one: But I had no Arms to quarter with my dear Spouse's; tho' he jocularly, upon my taking Notice of my Obscurity, said, that he had a good mind to have the Olive-branch, which would allude to his Hopes, quarter'd for mine. I was dress'd in the Suit I mention'd, of White flower'd with Gold, and a rich Head-dress, and the Diamond Necklace, Ear-rings, &c. I also mention'd before. And my dear Sir, in a fine laced silk Waistcoat, of blue Paduasoy, and his Coat a pearlcolour'd fine Cloth, with gold Buttons and Buttonholes, and lin'd with white Silk; and he look'd charmingly indeed. I said, I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the Jewels; but he said, It would be thought a Slight to me from him, as his Wife; and tho', as I apprehended, it might be, that People would talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say any thing, than that I was not put upon an equal Foot, as his Wife, with any Lady he might have marry'd.

It seems, the neighbouring Gentry had expected us; and there was a great Congregation; for (against my Wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the Church to his Seat, we had abundance of Gazers, and Whisperers: But my dear Master behav'd with so intrepid an Air, and was so chearful and complaisant to me, that he did Credit to his kind Choice, instead of shewing as if he was asham'd of it; and as I was resolved to busy my Mind intirely with the Duties of the Day, my Intentness on that Occasion, and my Thankfulness to God, for his unspeakable Mercies to me, so took up my Attention, that I was much less concern'd than I should otherwise have been, at the Gazings and Whisperings of the Ladies and Gentlemen, as well as of the rest of the Congregation; whose Eyes were all turn'd to our Seat.

When the Sermon was ended, we staid the longer, because the Church should be pretty empty; but we found great Numbers at the Church Doors, and in the Church Porch; and I had the Pleasure of hearing many Commendations, as well of my Person, as my Dress and Behaviour, and not one Reflection, or Mark of Disrespect. 'Squire *Martin*, who is single, Mr. *Chambers*, Mr. *Arthur*, and Mr. *Brooks*, with their Families, were all there: And the four Gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the Chariot, and, in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented me, and my dear Sir; and Mrs. *Arthur*, and Mrs. *Brooks*, were so kind as to wish me Joy; and Mrs. *Brooks* said, You sent my Spouse, Madam, home, t'other Day, quite charm'd with that easy and sweet Manner, which you have convinced a thousand Persons, this Day, is so natural to you.

You do me great Honour, Madam, reply'd I. Such a good Lady's Approbation must make me too sensible of my Happiness. My dear Master handed me into the Chariot, and stood talking with Sir *Thomas Atkyns*, at the Door of it, (who was making him abundance of Compliments, and is a very ceremonious Gentleman, a little to Extremes) and I believe, to familiarize me to the Gazers, which concern'd me a little. For I was dash'd to hear the Praises of the Country People, and to see how they crouded about the Chariot. Several poor People begg'd my Charity, and I beckon'd *John* with my Fan, and said, Divide, in the further Church-Porch, that Money to the Poor, and let them come tomorrow Morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now.— So I gave him all the Silver I had, which happen'd to be between twenty and thirty Shillings; and this drew away from me, their clamorous Prayers for Charity.

Mr. *Martin* came up to me on the other side of the Chariot, and lean'd on the Door, while my Master was talking to Sir *Thomas*, from whom he could not get away, and said, By all that's good, you have charm'd the whole Congregation: Not a Soul but is full of your Praises. My Neighbour knew, better than any body could tell him, how to chuse for himself. Why, said he, the Dean himself look'd more upon you than his Book.

O Sir, said I, you are very encouraging to a weak Mind! I vow, said he, I say no more than's Truth: I'd marry to-morrow, if I was sure of meeting with a Person of but one half of the Merit you have. You are, said he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an Ornament to your Sex, an Honour to your Spouse, and a Credit to Religion! — Every body is saying so, added he; for you have, by your Piety, edified the whole Church.

As he had done speaking, the Dean himself complimented me, that the Behaviour of so sweet a Bride would be very edifying to his Congregation, and encouraging to himself. Sir, said I, you are very kind. I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good Instructions I shall have the Pleasure to receive from so worthy a Divine. He bow'd,

and went on.

Sir *Thomas* then apply'd to me, my Master stepping into the Chariot, and said, I beg Pardon, Madam, for detaining your good Spouse from you. But I have been saying, he is the happiest Man in the World. I bow'd to him; but I could have wish'd him further, to make me sit so in the Notice of every one; which, for all I could do, dash'd me not a little.

Mr. *Martin* said to my Master, If you'll come to Church every *Sunday*, with your charming Lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good Example to all the Neighbourhood. O, my dear Sir, said I, to my Master, You know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. *Martin*. He has, by his kind Expressions, made me dare to look up with Pleasure and Gratitude.

Said my Master, My dear Love, I am very much oblig'd, as well as you, to my good Friend Mr. *Martin*. And he said to him, We will constantly go to Church, and to every other Place, where we can have the Pleasure of seeing Mr. *Martin*.

Mr. *Martin* said, Gad, Sir, you are a happy Man; and I think your Lady's Example has made you more polite, and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, tho' we never thought you unpolite neither. And so he bow'd, and went to his own Chariot; and as we drove away, the People kindly blessed us, and called us a charming Pair. As I have no other Pride, I hope, in repeating these things, than in the Countenance the general Approbation gives to my dear Master for his stooping so low, you will excuse me for it, I know.

In the Afternoon, we went again to Church, and a little early, at my Request; but the Church was quite full, and soon after even crowded; so much does Novelty, the more's the Pity! attract the Eyes of Mankind. 'Squire *Martin* came in, after us, and made up to our Seat, and said, If you please, my dear Friend, I will take my Seat with you this Afternoon. With all my Heart, said my Master. I was sorry for it; but was resolv'd my Duty should not be made second to Bashfulness, or any other Consideration, and when Divine Service began, I withdrew to the further End of the Pew, and left the Gentlemen in the Front; and they behav'd quite suitably, both of them, to the Occasion. I mention this the rather, because Mr. *Martin* was not very noted for coming to Church, or Attention when there, before.

The Dean preached again, which he was not used to do, out of Compliment to us; and an excellent Sermon he made on the relative Duties of Christianity; and it took my peculiar Attention; for he made many fine Observations on the Subject. Mr. *Martin* address'd himself twice or thrice to me, during the Sermon; but he saw me so wholly engross'd with hearkening to the good Preacher, that he forbore interrupting me; yet I took care, according to my dear Sir's Lesson, formerly, to observe to him a chearful and obliging Behaviour, as one of his Friends and Intimates. My Master ask'd him to give him his Company to Supper; and he said, I am so taken with your Lady, that you must not give me too much Encouragement; for I shall be always with you, if you do. He was pleas'd to say, You cannot favour us with too much of your Company; and as I have left you in the Lurch, in your single State, I think you will do well to oblige us as much as you can; and who knows but my Happiness may reform another Rake? *Who* knows? — said Mr. *Martin*— Why, I know!— for I am more than half reform'd already.

At the Chariot-door, Mrs. *Arthur*, Mrs. *Brooks*, Mrs. *Chambers*, were brought to me, by their respective Spouses; and presently, the witty Lady *Iowers*, who banter'd me before, (as I once told you) join'd them; and Mrs. *Arthur* said, She wish'd me Joy: And that all the good Ladies, my Neighbours, would collect themselves together, and make me a Visit. This, said I, will be an Honour, Madam, that I can never enough acknowledge. It will be very kind so to countenance a Person, who will always study to deserve your Favour, by the most respectful Behaviour.

Lady *Towers* said, My dear Neighbour, you want no Countenance; your own Merit is sufficient. I had a slight Cold, that kept me at home in the Morning; but I heard you so much talk'd of, and prais'd, that I resolv'd not to stay away in the Afternoon. And I join in the Joy every one gives you. She turn'd to my Master, and said, You are a sly Thief, as I always thought you. Where have you stolen this Lady! And now, how barbarous is it, thus, unawares in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all! — You are very kind, Madam, said he, that you, and all my worthy Neighbours, see with my Eyes. But had I not known she had so much Excellency of Mind and Behaviour, as would strike every body in her Favour at first Sight, I should not have dared to class her with such of my worthy Neighbours, as now so kindly congratulate us both.

I own, said she, softly, I was one of your Censurers; but I never lik'd you so well in my Life, as for this Action,

now I see how capable your Bride is of giving Distinction to any Condition.— And coming to me, My dear Neighbour, said she, excuse me for having but in my Thought, the Remembrance that I have *seen you formerly*, when, by your sweet Air, and easy Deportment, you so much surpass us all, and give Credit to your present happy Condition.

Dear good Madam, said I, how shall I suitably return my Acknowledgments! But it will never be a Pain to me to look back upon my *former Days*, now I have the kind Allowance and Example of so many worthy Ladies to support me in the Honours to which the most generous of Men has raised me.

Sweetly said! she was pleased to say. If I was in another Place, I would kiss you for that Answer. Oh! happy, happy, Mr. *B.* said she to my Master; what Reputation have you not brought upon your Judgment! — I won't be long before I see you, added she, I'll assure you, if I come by myself. That shall be your own Fault, Madam, said Mrs. *Brooks*, if you do.

And so they took Leave; and I gave my Hand to my dear Sir, and said, How happy have you made me, generous Sir! — And the Dean, who was just come up, heard me, and said, And how happy you have made your Spouse, I'll venture to pronounce, is hard to say, from what I observe of you both. I curt'sy'd, and blush'd, not thinking any body heard me. And my Master telling him he should be glad of the Honour of a Visit from him; he said, He would pay his Respects to us, the first Opportunity, and would bring his Wife and Daughter to attend me. I said, That was doubly kind; and I should be very proud of cultivating so worthy an Acquaintance. I thanked him for his fine Discourse; and he thanked me for my Attention to it, which he called Exemplary: And so my dear Sir handed me into the Chariot; and we were carried home, *both* happy, and *both* pleased, thank God!

Mr. *Martin* came in the Evening, with another Gentleman, his Friend, one Mr. *Dormer*; and he entertained us with the favourable Opinion, he said, every one had of me, and of the Choice my good Benefactor had made.

This Morning the Poor came, according to my Invitation; and I sent them away with glad Hearts, to the Number of Twenty-five. They were not above Twelve or Fourteen, on *Sunday*, that *John* divided the Silver I gave among them; but others got hold of the Matter, and made up to the above Number.

TUESDAY.

My generous Master has given me, this Morning, a most considerate, but yet, from the Nature of it, melancholy Instance of his great Regard for my Unworthiness, which I never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of.

He took a Walk with me, after Breakfast, into the Garden; and a little Shower falling, he led me, for Shelter, into the little Summer-house, in the private Garden, where he formerly gave me Apprehensions; and sitting down by me, he said, I have now finish'd all that lies on my Mind, my Dear, and am very easy: For have you not wonder'd, that I have so much employ'd myself in my Library? Been so much at home, and yet not in your Company?— No, Sir, said I, I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing you please to employ yourself about; nor would give way to a Curiosity that should be troublesome to you: And besides, I know your large Possessions, and the Method you take of looking yourself into your Affairs, must needs take up some Portions of your Time, that I ought to be very careful how I invade.

Well, said he, but I'll tell you what has been my last Work: I have taken it into my Consideration, that, at present, my Line is almost extinct; and a great Part of my Estate, in case I die without Issue, will go to another Line; and other Parts of my personal Estate, will go into such Hands, as I should not care my *Pamela* should lie at their Mercy. I have therefore, as human Life is uncertain, made such a Disposition of my Affairs, as will make you absolutely independent and happy; as will secure to you the Power of doing a great deal of Good; and living as a Person ought to do, who is my Relict; and shall put it out of any body's Power to molest your Father and Mother, in the Provision I design them, for the Remainder of their Days: And I have finish'd all this very Morning, except to naming Trustees for you; and if you have any body you would confide in more than another, I would have you speak.

I was so touch'd with this mournful Instance of his excessive Goodness to me, and the Thoughts necessarily flowing from the solemn Occasion, that I was unable to speak, and at last reliev'd my Mind by a violent Fit of weeping; and could only say, clasping my Arms around the dear generous Gentleman! How shall I support this! So very cruel, yet so very kind!

Don't, my Dear, said he, be concern'd at what gives me Pleasure. I am not the nearer my End, for having made this Disposition; but I think the putting off these material Points, when so many Accidents every Day happen, and Life is so precarious, is one of the most inexcusable Things in the World. And there are so many important Points to be thought of, when Life is drawing to its utmost Verge; and the Mind may be so agitated and unfit, that it is a most sad thing to put off, to that Time, any of those Concerns, which more especially require a considerate and composed Frame of Temper, and perfect Health and Vigor to manage. My poor Friend, Mr. *Carlton*, who died in my Arms so lately, and had a Mind disturb'd by worldly Considerations on one side, a Weakness of Body, thro' his Distemper's Violence, on another, and the Concerns of still as much more Moment, as the Soul is to the Body, on a third, made so great an Impression upon me then, that I was the more impatient to come to this House, where were most of my Writings, in order to make the Disposition I have now perfected: And since it is grievous to my dear Girl, I will think myself of such Trustees, as shall be most for her Benefit. I have only therefore to assure you, my Dear, that in this Instance, as I will do in every other I can think of, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent. And because I shall avoid all Occasions, for the future, which may discompose you, I have but one Request to make; which is, That if it please God, for my Sins, to separate me from my dearest *Pamela*, that you will only resolve not to marry *one* Person; for I would not be such an *Herod*, as to restrict you from a Change of Condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other Person succeeding me in your Esteem.

I could not answer, and thought my Heart would have burst. And he continued, To conclude at once, a Subject that is so grievous to you, I will tell you, my *Pamela*, that this Person is Mr. *Williams*: And now I will acquaint you with my Motive for this Request; which is wholly owing to my Niceness, and to no Dislike I have for him, or Apprehension of any Likelihood that it will be so: But, methinks, it would reflect a little upon my *Pamela*, if she was to give way to such a Conduct, as if she had marry'd a Man for his *Estate*, when she had rather have had *another*, had it not been for *that*; and that now, the World will say, she is at Liberty to pursue her Inclination, the

Parson is the Man!— And I cannot bear even the most distant Apprehension, that I had not the Preference with you, of any Man living, let me have been what I would; as I have shewn my dear Life, that I have preferr'd her to all her Sex, of whatever Degree.

I could not speak, might I have had the World; and he took me in his Arms, and said, I have now spoken all my Mind, and expect no Answer; and I see you too much mov'd to give me one.— Only forgive me the Mention, as I have told you my Motive; which as much affects your Reputation as my Niceness; and offer not at an Answer;— only say, You forgive me. And I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my Dearest, for the rest of my Life; which, I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy Years.

Grief still choaked up the Passage of my Words; and he said, The Shower is over, my Dear, let us walk out again. — He led me by the Hand, and I would have spoke; but he said, I will not hear my dear Creature say any thing: To hearken to your Assurance of complying with my Request, would look as if I doubted you, and wanted it. I am confident I needed only to speak my Mind, to be observed by you; and I shall never more think of the Subject, if you don't remind me of it. He then most sweetly chang'd the Discourse.

Don't you with Pleasure, my Dear, said he, take in the delightful Fragrance that this sweet Shower has given to these Banks of Flowers? Your *Presence* is so enlivening to me, that I could almost fancy, that what we owe to the *Shower*, is owing to *That*: And all Nature, methinks, blooms around me, when I have my *Pamela* by my Side. You are a Poetess, my Dear; and I will give you a few Lines, that I made myself on such an Occasion as this I am speaking of, the Presence of a sweet Companion, and the fresh Verdure, that, after a Shower succeeding a long Draught, shew'd itself throughout all vegetable Nature. And then in a sweet and easy Accent, (with his dear Arms about me as we walk'd) he sung me the following Verses; of which he afterwards favour'd me with a Copy.

I.

*All Nature blooms when you appear;
The Fields their richest Liv'ries wear;
Oaks, Elms and Pines, blest with your View,
Shoot out fresh Greens, and bud anew.
The varying Seasons you supply;
And when you're gone, they fade and die.*

II.

*Sweet Philomel, in mournful Strains,
To you appeals, to you complains.
The tow'ring Lark, on rising Wing,
Warbles to you, your Praise does sing;
He cuts the yielding Air, and flies
To Heav'n, to type your future Joys.*

III.

*The purple Violet, damask Rose,
Each to delight your Senses blows.
The Lilies ope', as you appear,
And all the Beauties of the Year
Diffuse their Odors at your Feet,
Who give to ev'ry Flow'r its Sweet.*

IV.

*For Flow'rs and Women are ally'd;
Both, Nature's Glory, and her Pride!
Of ev'ry fragrant Sweet possess,
They bloom but for the Fair One's Breast;
And to the swelling Bosom born,
Each other mutually adorn.*

Thus sweetly did he palliate the Woes, which the Generosity of his Actions, mix'd with the Solemnness of the Occasion, and the strange Request he had vouchsafed to make me, had occasion'd. And all he would permit me to say, was, That I was not displeas'd with him!— Displeas'd with you, dearest Sir! said I: Let me thus testify my Obligations, and the Force all your Commands shall have upon me. And I took the Liberty to clasp my Arms about his Neck, and kissed him.

But yet my Mind was pained at times, and has been to this Hour.— God grant that I may never see the dreadful Moment, that shall shut up the precious Life of this excellently generous Benefactor of mine! And — but I cannot bear to suppose — I cannot say more on such a deep Subject!

Oh! what a poor thing is human Life in its best Enjoyments!— subjected to *imaginary* Evils, when it has no *real* ones to disturb it! and that can be made as effectually unhappy by its Apprehensions of remote Contingencies, as if it was struggling with the Pangs of a present Distress! This, duly reflected upon, methinks, should convince every one, that this World is not a Place for the immortal Mind to be confin'd to; and that there must be an Hereafter, where the *whole* Soul shall be satisfy'd.

But I shall get out of my Depth; my shallow Mind cannot comprehend, as it ought, these weighty Subjects: Let me, therefore, only pray, that after having made a grateful Use of God's Mercies here, I may, with my dear Benefactor, rejoice in that happy State, where is no Mixture, no Unsatisfiedness; and where all is Joy, and Peace, and Love, for evermore!

I said, when we sat at Supper, The charming Taste you gave me, Sir, of your poetical Fancy, makes me sure you have more Favours of this Kind, to delight me with, if you please; and may I beg to be indulg'd on this agreeable Head? — Hitherto, said he, my Life has been too much a Life of Gaiety and Action, to be busy'd so innocently. Some little Essays I have now—and—then attempted; but very few have I completed. Indeed I had not Patience nor Attention enough to hold me long to any one thing. Now—and—then, perhaps, I may occasionally shew you what I have attempted. But I never could please myself in this way.

FRIDAY.

We were Yesterday favour'd with the Company of almost all the neighbouring Gentry, and their good Ladies, who, by Appointment with one another, met to congratulate our Happiness. Nothing could be more obliging, more free and affectionate, than the Ladies; nothing more polite than the Gentlemen. All was perform'd, (for they came to Supper,) with Decency and Order, and much to every one's Satisfaction, which was principally owing to good Mrs. *Jervis's* Care and Skill; who is an excellent Manager.

For my part, I was dress'd out, only to be admir'd, as it seems; and truly, if I had not known, that I did not make *myself*, as you, my dear Father, once hinted to me; and if I had had the Vanity to think as well of myself, as the good Company was pleas'd to do, I might possibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady *Davers* said, tho' in Anger, yet in Truth, that I am but a *poor Bit of painted Dirt*. All that I value myself upon, is, that God has rais'd me to a Condition to be useful in my Generation, to better Persons than myself. This is my Pride: And I hope this will be *all* my Pride. For what was I of myself!— All the Good I can do, is but a poor third-hand Good; for my dearest Master himself is but the Second-hand. God, the All-gracious, the All-good, the All-bountiful, the All-mighty, the All-merciful God, is the First: To HIM, therefore, be all the Glory!

As I expect the Happiness, the unspeakable Happiness, my ever-dear and ever-honour'd Father and Mother, of enjoying you both here, under this Roof, so soon, (and pray let it be as soon as you can) I will not enter into the Particulars of the last agreeable Evening: For I shall have a thousand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tir'd with my Prattle when I see you!

I am to return these Visits singly; and there were Eight Ladies here, of different Families. Dear Heart, I shall find enough to do!— I doubt my Time will not be so well fill'd up, as I once promis'd my dear Sir!— But he is pleas'd, cheerful, kind, affectionate! O what a happy Creature am I!— May I be always thankful to God, and grateful to *him*!— When all these tumultuous Visitings are over, I shall have my Mind, I hope, subside into a Family Calm, that I may make myself a little useful to the Household of my dear Master; or else I shall be an unprofitable Servant indeed!

Lady *Davers* sent this Morning her Compliments to us both, very affectionately; and her Lord's good Wishes and Congratulations. And she desir'd my Writings *per* Bearer; and says, she will herself bring them to me again, with Thanks, as soon as she has read them; and she and her Lord will come and be *my* Guests (that was her particularly kind Word) for a Fortnight.

I have now but one thing to wish for, and then, methinks, I shall be all Ecstasy; and that is, Your Presence, both of you, and your Blessings; which I hope you will bestow upon me every Morning and Night, till you are settled in the happy manner my dear Spouse has intended.

Methinks I want sadly your List of the honest and worthy Poor; for the Money lies by me, and brings me no Interest. You see I am become a mere Usurer; and want to make Use upon Use: And yet, when I have done all, I cannot do so much as I ought. God forgive my Imperfections!

I tell my dear Sir, I want another Dairy-house Visit. To be sure, if he won't, at *present*, permit it, I shall, if it please God to spare us, tieze him like any over-indulged Wife, if, as the dear Charmer grows *older*, he won't let me have the Pleasure of forming her tender Mind, as well as I am able, lest, poor little Soul! she fall into such Snares as her unhappy dear Mother fell into. I am providing a Power of pretty Things for her, against I see her next, that I may make her love me, if I can.

Just now I have the blessed News, that you will set out, for this happy House, on *Tuesday* Morning. The Chariot shall be with you without fail. God give us a happy Meeting! O, how I long for it! Forgive your impatient Daughter, who sends this, to amuse you on your Journey; and desires to be

Ever most dutifully Yours.

Conclusion

Here end the Letters of the incomparable Pamela to her Father and Mother. For, as they arriv'd at their Daughter's House on *Tuesday* Evening in the following Week, she had no Occasion to continue her Journal longer.

The good old Couple were receiv'd, by her, with the utmost Joy and Duty; and with great Goodness and Complaisance by her generous Spouse. And having resided there till every thing was put in Order for them at the *Kentish* Estate, they were carried down thither by the 'Squire himself, and their Daughter, and put into Possession of the pretty Farm he had designed for them. In which they long liv'd comfortably, doing Good by their Examples, and their judicious Charities, to all about them.

They constantly, twice in every Year, for a Fortnight together, so long as they liv'd, visited their dear Daughter; and once a Year, at least, for a Week at a time, were visited by them again: And the 'Squire having added, by new Purchases, to that Estate, they, by their Diligence, augmented the Value of it, and deserved of him the Kindness he shew'd them.

As for the excellent Pamela; she enjoy'd, for many Years, the Reward of her Virtue, Piety and Charity; exceedingly beloved by both Sexes, and by all Degrees; and was look'd upon as the Mirror of her Age and Sex.

She made her beloved Spouse happy in a numerous and hopeful Progeny. And he made her the best and fondest of Husbands; and, after her Example, became remarkable for Piety, Virtue, and all the Social Duties of a Man and a Christian. And they charm'd every one within the Circle of their Acquaintance, by the Sweetness of their Manners, the regular Order and Oeconomy of their Household; by their chearful Hospitality, and a diffusive Charity to all worthy Objects within the Compass of their Knowledge.

She was regularly visited by the principal Ladies in the Neighbourhood; who were fond of her Acquaintance, and better'd by her Example.

Lady *Davers* became one of her sincerest and most affectionate Admirers. And her Lord, in a manner, doated upon her.

The poor little Miss *Goodwin* was, after a while, given up to her Wishes and Importunities, in order to be form'd by her Example; and, in Process of Time, was joined in Marriage with a Gentleman of Merit and Fortune, to whom she made an excellent Wife.

Appendix

Having thus brought this little History to a happy Period, the Reader will indulge us in a few brief Observations, which naturally result from it; and which will serve as so many Applications, of its most material Incidents, to the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes.

First, then, in the Character of the Gentleman, may be seen that of a fashionable Libertine, who allow'd himself in the free Indulgence of his Passions, especially as to the Fair Sex; and found himself supported in his daring Attempts, by an affluent Fortune in Possession, a personal Bravery, as it is called, readier to give than take Offence, and an imperious Will; yet as he betimes sees his Errors, and reforms in the Bloom of Youth, an edifying Lesson may be drawn from it, for the Use of such as are born to large Fortunes; and who may be taught, by his Example, the inexpressible Difference between the Hazards and Remorse which attend a profligate Course of Life; and the Pleasures which flow from virtuous Love, and virtuous Actions.

The Generosity of his Mind; his Sobriety, as to *Wine* and *Hours*; his prudent Oeconomy and Hospitality; the Purity and Constancy of his Affection, after his Change; his polite Behaviour to his *Pamela*; his generous Provision for her, in case he had died; his Bounty to her Parents, attended with such Marks of Prudence as made them useful to *himself*, as well as render'd *them* happy; and shew'd he was not acted merely by a blind and partial Passion; are so many Instances worthy of being remember'd in his Favour, and of being imitated, in Degree, by all such as are circumstanced as he was.

In the Character of Lady Davers, let the Proud and the High-born see the Deformity of unreasonableness of Passion, and how weak and ridiculous such Persons must appear, who suffer themselves, as is usually the Case, to be hurried from one Extreme to another; from the Height of Violence, to the most abject Submission; and subject themselves to be out-done by the humble Virtue they so much despise.

Let good Clergymen, in Mr. Williams, see that whatever Displeasure the doing of their Duty may give, for a Time, to their proud Patrons, Providence will, at last, reward their Piety, and turn their Distresses to Triumph; and make them even *more* valued for a Conduct that gave Offence while the Violence of Passion lasted, than if they had meanly stoop'd to flatter or sooth the Vices of the Great.

In the Examples of good old Andrews, and his Wife, let those, who are reduced to a low Estate, see, that Providence never fails to reward their Honesty and Integrity; and that God will, in his own good Time, extricate them, by means unforeseen, out of their present Difficulties, and reward them with Benefits unhop'd-for.

The Upper Servants of great Families may, from the odious Character of Mrs *Jewkes*, and the amiable ones of Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, &c. learn what to avoid, and what to chuse, to make themselves valued and esteem'd by all who know them.

And, from the double Conduct of poor *John*, the Lower Servants may learn Fidelity, and how to distinguish between the lawful and unlawful Commands of a Superior.

The poor deluded Female, who, like the once unhappy Miss Godfrey, has given up her Honour, and yielded to the Allurements of her designing Lover, may learn from her Story, to stop at the *first Fault*; and, by resolving to repent and amend, see the Pardon and Blessing which await her Penitence, and a kind Providence ready to extend the Arms of its Mercy to receive and reward her returning Duty. While the abandon'd Prostitute, pursuing the wicked Courses, into which, perhaps, she was at first *inadvertently* drawn, hurries herself into filthy Diseases, and an untimely Death; and, too probably, into everlasting Perdition afterwards.

Let the *desponding Heart* be comforted by the happy Issue which the Troubles and Trials of the lovely Pamela met with, when they see, in her Case, that no Danger nor Distress, however inevitable or deep to their Apprehensions, can be out of the Power of Providence to obviate or relieve; and which, as in various Instances in her Story, can turn the most seemingly grievous Things to its own Glory, and the Reward of suffering Innocence; and that, too, at a Time when all human Prospects seem to fail.

Let the *Rich*, and those who are *exalted* from a *low* to a *high Estate*, learn from her, that they are not promoted only for a *single Good*; but that Providence has raised them, that they should dispense to all within their Reach, the Blessings it has heaped upon them; and that the greater the Power is to which God has raised them, the greater is the Good that will be expected from them.

From the low Opinion she every-where shews of herself, and her attributing all her Excellencies to her pious Education, and her Lady's virtuous Instructions and Bounty; let Persons, even of *Genius* and *Piety*, learn, not to arrogate to themselves those Gists and Graces, which they owe least of all to themselves: Since the Beauties of Person are frail, and it is not in our Power to give them to ourselves, or to be either prudent, wise, or good, without the Assistance of Divine Grace.

From the same good Example, let *Children* see what a Blessing awaits their Duty to their Parents, tho' ever so low in the World: And that the only Disgrace is to be dishonest; but none at all to be poor.

From the *Oeconomy* she purposes to observe in her Elevation, let even *Ladies of Condition* learn, that there are Family Employments in which they may, and ought to, make themselves useful, and give good Examples to their Inferiors, as well as Equals. And that their Duty to God, Charity to the Poor and Sick, and the different Branches of Household Management, ought to take up the most considerable Portions of their Time.

From her signal *Veracity*, which she never forfeited, in all the Hardships she was try'd with, tho' her Answers, as she had Reason to apprehend, would often make against her; and the Innocence she preserved throughout all her Stratagems and Contrivances to save herself from Violation; Persons, even *sorely tempted*, may learn to preserve a sacred Regard to *Truth*; which always begets a Reverence for them, even in the corruptest Minds.

In short,

Her obliging Behaviour to her Equals, before her Exaltation; her Kindness to them afterwards; her forgiving Spirit, and her Generosity;

Her Meekness, in every Circumstance where her Virtue was not concern'd;

Her charitable Allowances for others, as in the Case of Miss *Godfrey*, for Faults she would not have forgiven in herself.

Her Kindness and Prudence to the Offspring of that melancholy Adventure;

Her Maiden and Bridal Purity, which extended as well to her Thoughts as to her Words and Actions;

Her signal Affiance in God;

Her thankful Spirit;

Her grateful Heart;

Her diffusive Charity to the Poor, which made her blessed by them whenever she appear'd abroad;

The chearful Ease and Freedom of her Deportment;

Her Parental, Conjugal and Maternal Duty;

Her Social Virtues;

Are all so many signal Instances of the Excellency of her Mind; which may make her Character worthy of the Imitation of her Sex, from low to high Life. And the Editor of these Sheets will have his End, if it inspires a laudable Emulation in the Minds of any worthy Persons, who may thereby intitle themselves to the Rewards, the Praises, and the Blessings, by which she was so deservedly distinguished.